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THE

# NATIONAL MAGAZINE

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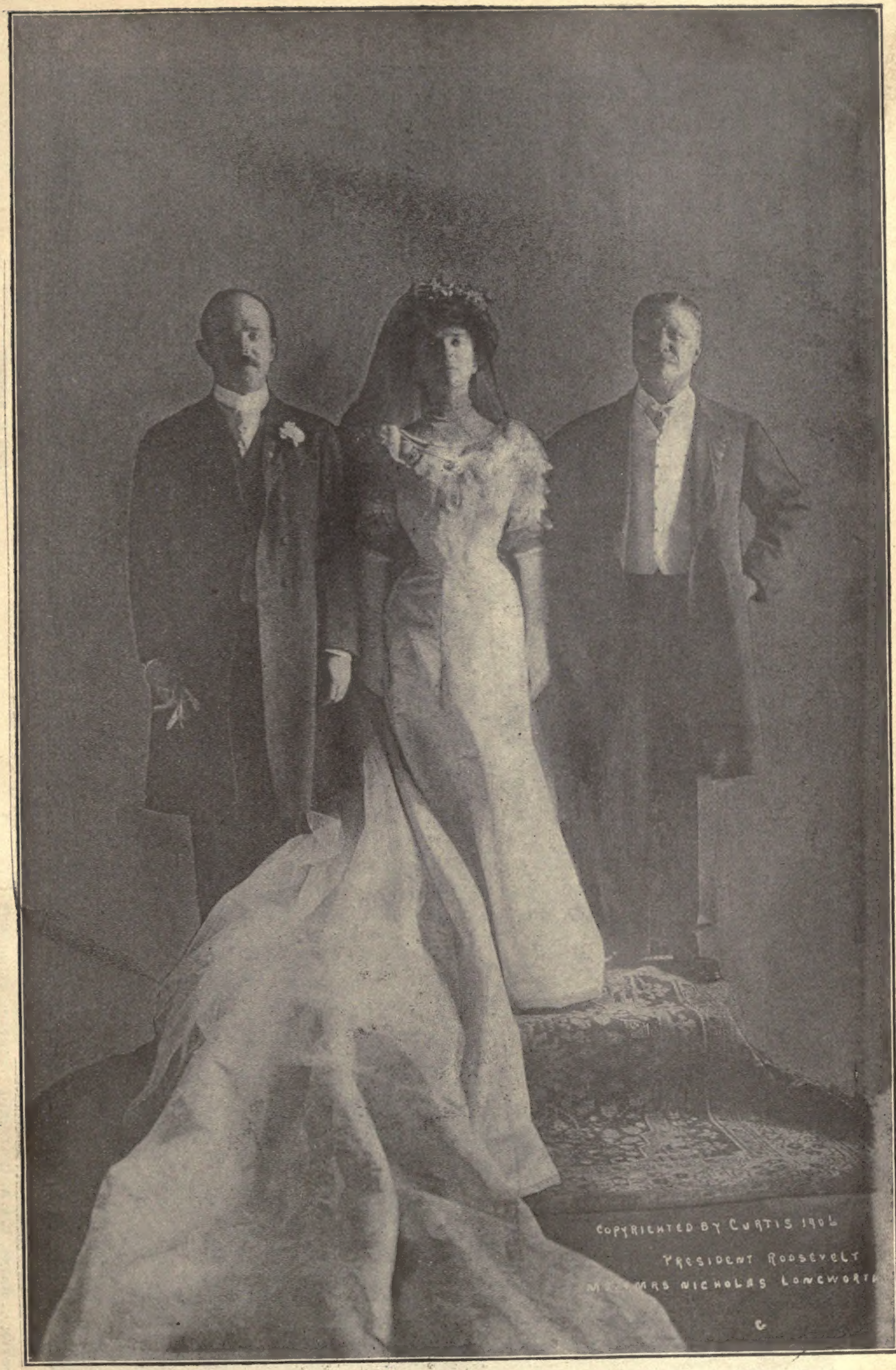

THE WHITE HOUSE BRIDE OF 1906

Photograph copyright 1906 by E. S. Curtis

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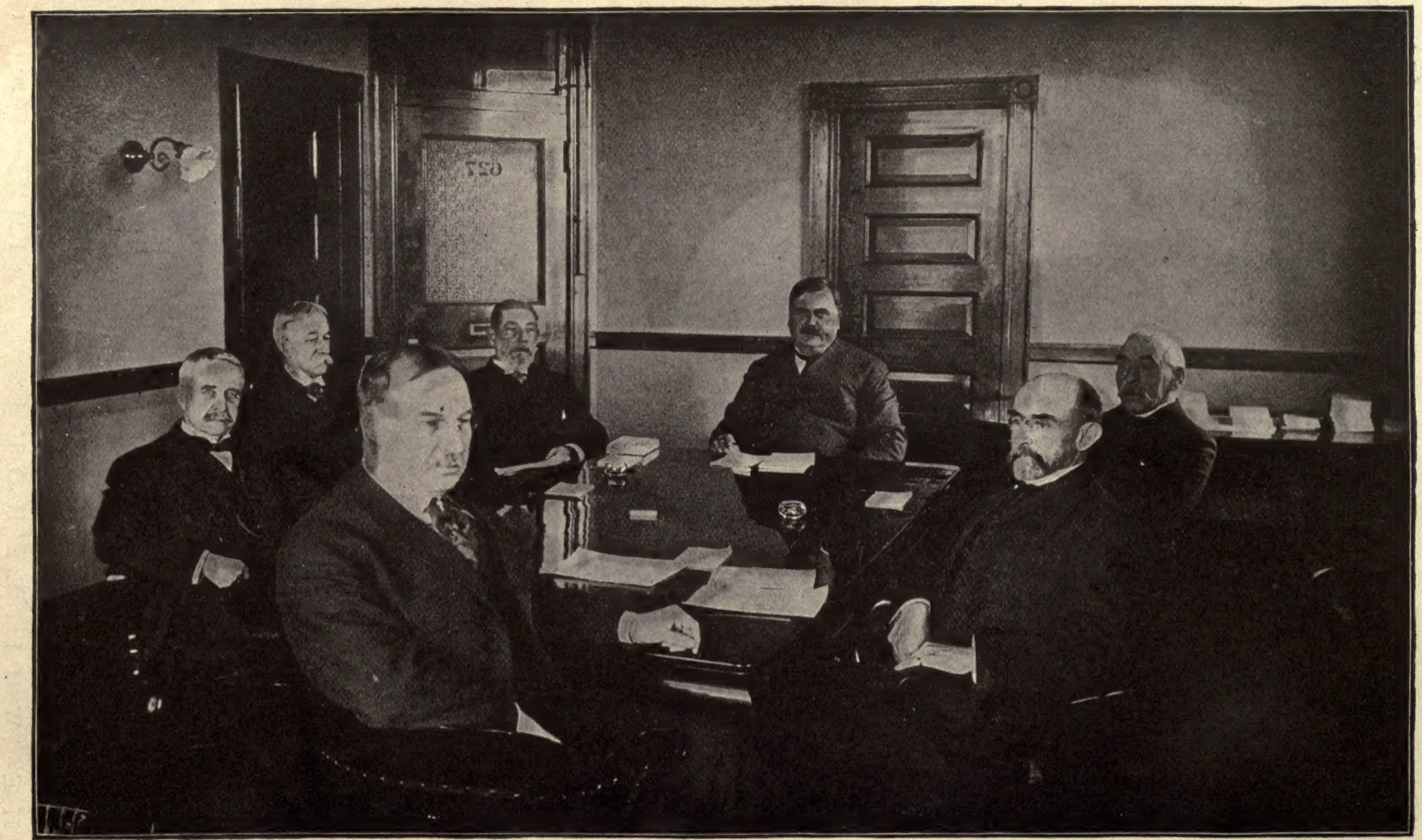

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THE ISTHMIAN CANAL COMMISSION IN SESSION, FEBRUARY 2, 1906

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NATIONAL MAGAZINE

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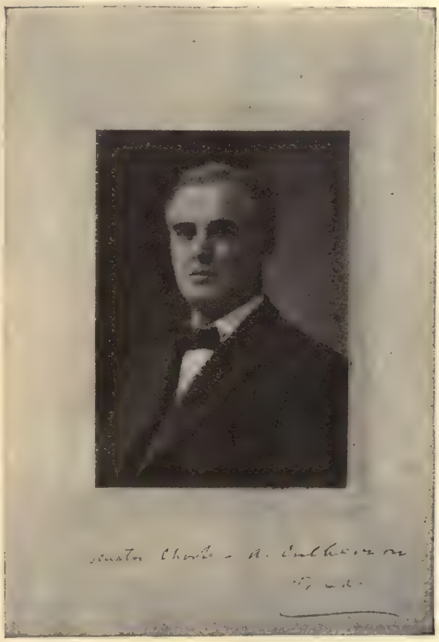
# Affairs at Washington

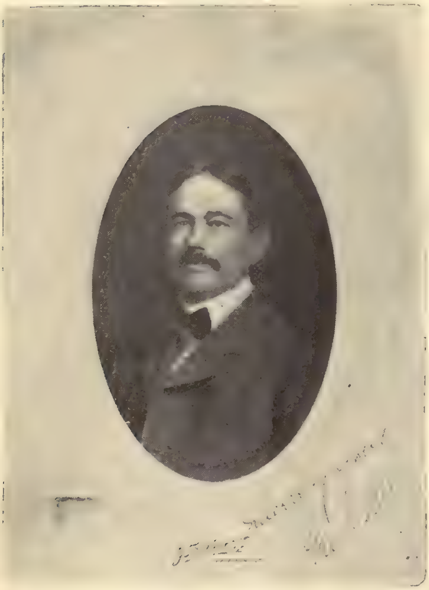
## By Joe Mitchell Chapple

EVERY time I go to Washington I am impressed with the idea that more ought to be done towards nationalizing our capital. In the developing of a new country there is likely to be a scattering of effort which if centralized might make any one place a magnificent center and serve as an inspiration and education, reflecting the glories of the nation. As Paris is indicative of the brilliant days of France, Berlin tells the glories of the history of Germany, and London speaks of England's memorable past, so might the city of Washington tell the story of the most remarkable nation in the world, a composite of almost every race under the sun. To a large extent free from the commercial and industrial trend of many of our large cities, Washington could be made pre-eminently the national city. There is no other city in America on which the interest of the entire nation is so steadily and continuously fixed each year, for every district and every part of the country is represented in the congress. Affairs of New York may lose their charm except to those immediately concerned in commercial and industrial enterprises; doings in Chicago may have only a limited horizon; Boston, even sedate and stately Boston, has its limitations, but Washington never fails to delight the visitor. It must maintain its interest for the American citizen, while the foreign voter is accounted a unit in the construction of the Union. Who can fail to admire such institutions as the congressional library, which I visited recently with a young friend



SENATOR CULBERSON OF TEXAS
Photograph by Prince, Washington

from Germany, Mr. Stuttgart, and was much pleased to hear his gratifying comments on American patriotism as exhibited in this magnificent structure.



REPRESENTATIVE LILLEY OF CONNECTICUT
Photograph by Collyer, Waterbury

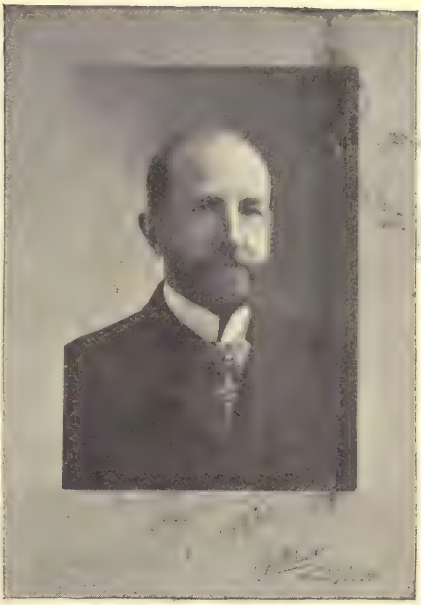
REPRESENTATIVE KAHN OF CALIFORNIA
Photograph by Bushnell, San Francisco

REPRESENTATIVE GARDNER OF MASSACHUSETTS
Photograph copyright 1904 by Purdy, Boston

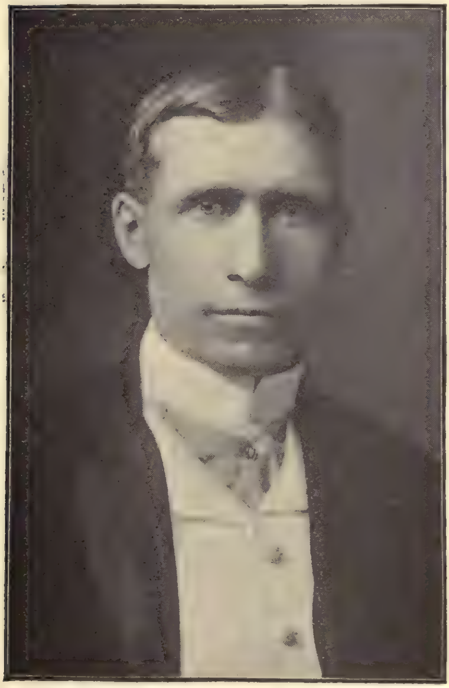
Then there are the zoological gardens, which in the early Spring and Summer are a rendezvous for throngs of visitors from all parts of the world. The collection in this garden has been contributed by many private citizens but the permanent interest of the nation could make it the great zoological center of the world, because once the national interest was thoroughly awakened, objects of interest would be contributed from all over the world, wherever Americans are to be found. This garden ought to be a "life class" of world-wide scope for students of zoology and it may become so when we realize the importance of building up our nation at all points.

I must confess I spent one of the most interesting afternoons of my life looking into the great cages where the heron, the pelican, the crane and other water fowl mingle in social life, and gazing at the eagles, those birds of national significance. I was astonished at the gathering of people here. Every class of society seemed to be represented, from the distinguished William E. Curtis, with his silk hat and cane, to the youngest member of the emigrant family "just come over." They were all looking at the animals. No matter how old we grow there is always a fascination in looking upon wild animals; possibly they appeal to the old, nomadic instinct, still alive in many of us. We never outgrow our interest in the free, wild life.

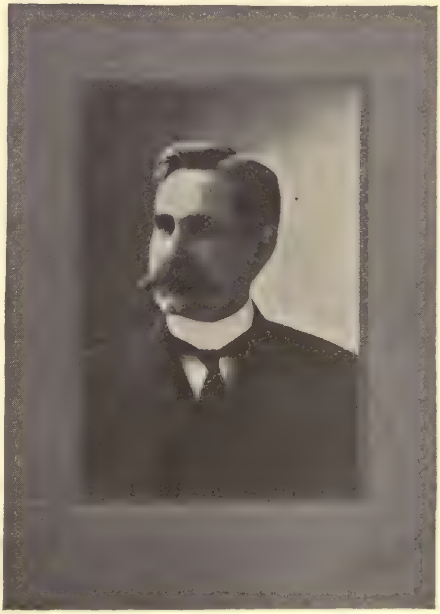
A new stone building is being constructed which is decorated with red



REPRESENTATIVE GILLETTE OF MASSACHUSETTS
Photograph by G. V. Buck, Washington



REPRESENTATIVE BEDE OF MINNESOTA
Photograph copyright 1906 by Clinedinst



REPRESENTATIVE DAVIDSON, WISCONSIN
Photograph by G. V. Buck, Washington

MR. STILLINGS, PUBLIC PRINTER, WHO IS PLANNING NEW ECONOMIES

THE SPEAKER'S CHARMING LITTLE GRANDDAUGHTER

tiled roof and statues of various animals. These figures give it a somewhat grotesque appearance, but indicate its purpose. There is a certain octagonal building which spectators did not seem quite so anxious to visit. They would go to the door, and fall back as though shot. Some ventured boldly in, though usually with handkerchief held before the face. I saw these movements from a distance, and made up my mind to essay an entrance myself; one whiff was enough — a powerful odor of something like burnt feathers met me. It was a whole congregation of skunks. A few braver visitors went in and studied the animals. Passing on, we watched the monkey buzzards hanging from the dead treetops. I was interested to see papas and mamas, with their families of babies, our distinguished ancestors. There was a collection of bears which suggested the presidential trip through the West and attracted young boys attired in cowboy suits and sombreros, evidently holding imaginary guns and slinging shots red hot in imaginary bear hunts. On the greensward were thousands of people out for a merry holiday. We lingered about until sunset and then the gates were closed.

Another interesting feature of the capital is the Smithsonian Institution, which is growing in importance year by year. Connected with this institution are men whose lives are devoted to the work in which they are engaged, and the government receives, for a small salary, the services of hundreds and thousands of men who could not be secured in business or commercial life for twice the amount of money.

Then there is the National Museum, which could soon be made a seat of world-wide interest. The art galleries in Washington represent the art progress of the whole country. Although "Boss" Sheppard went out under a cloud of exposure, yet who does not bless his name for what he has constructed?

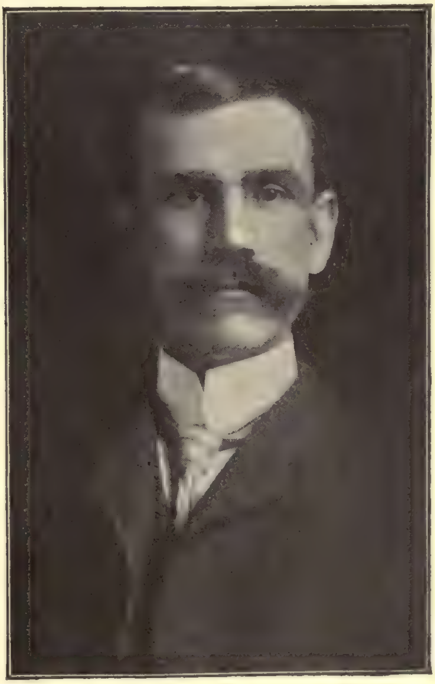
Let us create a general interest in making Washington the glory of the world, because there is not a man, woman or child who has not an equal interest in all those stately white buildings at the capital, which belong as much to them as they do to the men who reside in or use them. Every time I go to the White House, I feel I have just as much ownership in that as in my little apartment in Boston.

All these improvements in Washington will be accomplished when the spirit is awakened; all that is needed is the arousing of public opinion on the subject. Then some genius will come along who will see that Washington is just the place to build up into a picturesque whole. He will grasp the beauty of the stately buildings and will bring everything into symmetry with what has been already done, making this city truly the capital of the nation, and perhaps of the world.

⁂

EVERY day you find in the capitol the steady and ceaseless throng of visitors, leaning upon the rails on the stairway, looking upon the paintings which so vividly portray stirring scenes of national history. Now the space in the Brumidi frieze in the capitol, which has remained incomplete on account of the death of the artist, is to be filled. The unfinished work was always the text for a long paragraph in the lecture of the capitol guide. The frieze is seventy-five feet from the floor and runs about the base of the dome. The completed part depicts historic scenes of the new world from the time of Columbus to the Civil war. With upward-craned necks visitors

REPRESENTATIVE THOMAS OF OHIO



SENATOR SMOOT OF UTAH

SENATOR PETTUS OF ALABAMA
Photograph by Clinedinst

SENATOR BACON OF GEORGIA
Photograph by Clinedinst

never fail to discover the missing part of this decoration, entirely encircling the dome with the exception of fifty feet, left incomplete by Brumidi, who fell from the scaffolding in 1880 and hung in a perilous position above the marble floor until rescued. The strain and shock resulted in his death shortly after the accident.

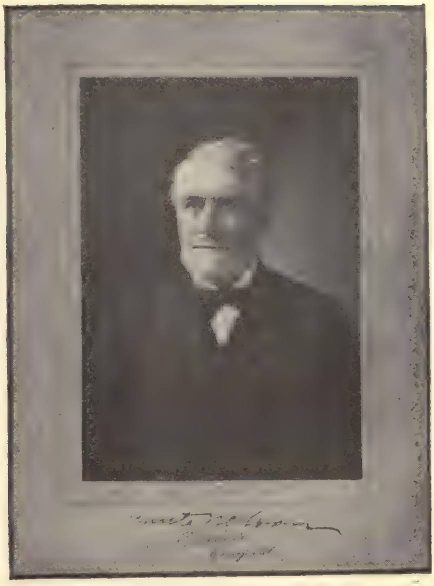
Fillippo Costagan continued the work until 1889, when vigorous opposition arose against having the scenes of the Civil war depicted in this freize. This was the chief reason for its being left unfinished. Now it is suggested that scenes shall be taken from the Spanish-American war, with a suggestion of the Philippines, Porto Rico and the Panama canal, leaving the fratricidal war to be chronicled only on the yellow pages of history, with all bitter memories eliminated from the hearts of the people,—a completed arc symbolic of the unity of the nation.

⁂

I MET J. Adam Bede in one of the committee rooms and he insisted that the only safe way to prepare a speech nowaday is to lure fellow members into a committee room and have them fix the speech up together,—still, his own talks have in them the inimitable Adam. It is said that the congressional speech of today is something of a canned product, kept "until wanted" within the walls of the committee room and exploited when desired on the floor of the house.

Representative Bede enjoys the reputation of being the wag of the house; he always has a cheerful way of looking at all questions. When he is seen to rise in his seat the steadiest member of the house immediately prepares for a good, hearty laugh. But J. Adam Bede is more than a wag — he is a man who is very close to his constituents and one who is beloved for his own genial, good-natured self.

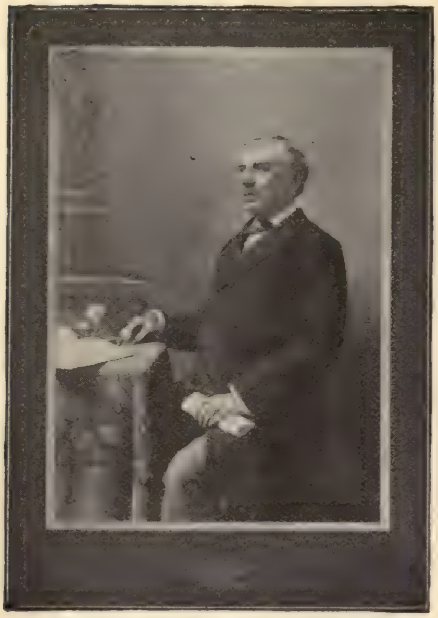
REPRESENTATIVE SULLOWAY OF NEW HAMPSHIRE, THE TALLEST MAN IN THE HOUSE
Photograph by Clinedinst



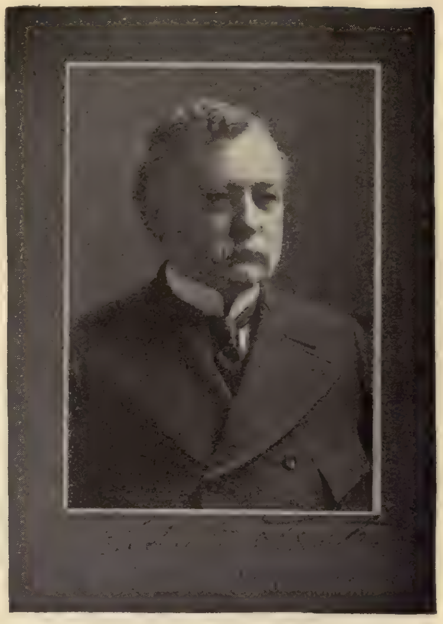
SENATOR KNUTE NELSON OF MINNESOTA
Photograph by Clinedinst

REPRESENTATIVE YOUNG OF MICHIGAN
Photograph by Parker, Washington

HOW many of you gentlemen who read this have ever sought appointment as United States consul in a foreign land? Please hold up your hands. Ah, several hundred. Now, how many of you have sometimes thought—without trying to put the thought into action—that you would *like* to hold one of those desirable posts, with their certain income and their opportunities for learning the ways of



SENATOR FRYE OF MAINE



REPRESENTATIVE LESTER OF GEORGIA

other peoples? Gracious, almost half of you ! Well, I suspected as much as that.

REPRESENTATIVE GIEHART, INDIANA
Photograph by Bell's, Washington

Then you'll be interested to know what has been done in the senate by way of reorganizing our consular service. The whole system has been put on a salary basis, graded, and all fees are to be turned over to the government—if the Lodge bill becomes a law. Under the proposed new law, if you get one of Uncle Sam's consular posts, you needn't do any guessing about how much the place will pay.

The consul-generals are graded in seven classes, as follows:

Class 1, $12,000—London, Paris.

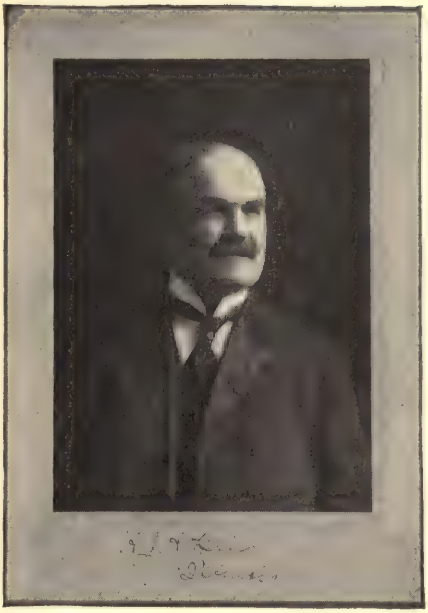
Class 2, $8,000—Berlin, Havana, Hong Kong, Hamburg, Rio de Janeiro, Shanghai.

Class 3, $6,000—Calcutta, Cape Town, Constantinople, Mexico City, Montreal, Ottawa, Vienna, Yokohama.

Class 4, $5,500—Barcelona, Brussells, Canton, Frankfort, Melbourne, Panama, St. Petersburg, Seoul, Tien-Tsin.

Class 5, $4,500—Auckland, Beirut, Buenos Ayres, Callao, Chefoo,

REPRESENTATIVE HOPKINS, KENTUCKY
Photograph by Bell's, Washington



SENATOR HOPKINS OF ILLINOIS
Photograph by Bell's, Washington

Guayaquil, Halifax, Hankow, Moukden, New Chwang, Rome, Rotterdam, St. Gall, Singapore.

Class 6, $3,500—Bogota, Budapest, Guatemala, San Salvador, Stockholm, Teheran, Tangier, Lisbon.

Class 7, $3,000—Christiana, Copenhagen, Athens.

This will be pretty rough on the gentlemen at London and Paris, whose income, mainly from fees, has for a good many years run up into the neighborhood of $20,000 a year. Your Uncle Sam will probably have no great difficulty in finding good men to take the $12,000, however.

The plain consuls are graded into ten classes; here is the list:

Class 1, $8,000—Liverpool.

Class 2, $6,000—Manchester.

Class 3, $5,500—Antwerp, Marseilles.

Class 4, $5,000—Bremen, Dawson, Belfast, Havre, Kobe, Lorenzo Marquez, Lyons, Pretoria.

Class 5, $4,500—Amoy, Amsterdam, Birmingham, Cienfuegos, Co-

REPRESENTATIVE MICHALEK, ILLINOIS

burg, Fuchau, Glasgow, Kingston, (Jamaica), Nottingham, Santiago, Southampton, Vera Cruz, Valparaiso.

Class 6, $4,000—Antung, Bahia, Bombay, Bordeaux, Dresden, Colon, Dublin, Dundee, Hanchow, Leipzig, Munich, Nanking, Naples, Nuremberg, Para, Pernambuco, Plauen, Santos, Stuttgart, Toronto, Vancouver, Victoria.

Class 7, $3,500—Apia, Barmen, Barranquilla, Basle, Berne, Bradford, Chemnitz, Chungking, Cologne, Dalny, Edinburgh, Geneva, Genoa, Georgetown, Lucerne, Mannheim, Monterey, Montevideo, Nagasaki, Odessa, Palermo, Prague, Quebec, Reichenberg, Rimouski, San Juan del Norte, Smyrna, Tamsui, Vladivostock, Winnipeg, Zurich.

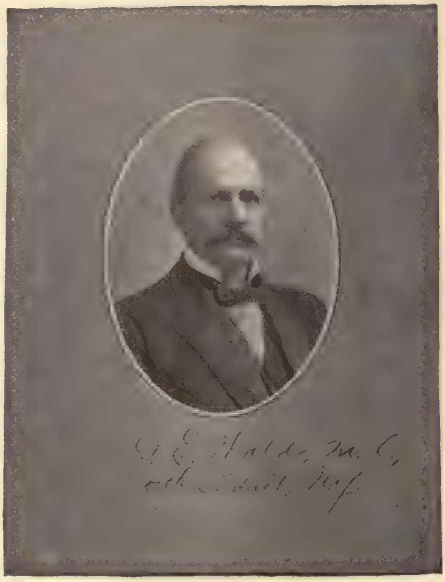
Class 8, $3,000—Aix la Chapelle, Annaberg, Barbadoes, Batavia, Batoum, Burslem, Calais, Carlsbad, Colombo, Dunfermline, Florence, Freiburg, Ghent, Hamilton, (Ont.), Hanover, Harput, Huddersfield, Jerusalem, Kehl, La Guayra, Leghorn, Liege, Maniz, Managua, Nantes, Nassau, Newcastle, (N. S. W.), Newcastle, (Eng.), Port Antonia, Port au Prince, St. John (N. B.), St. Michaels, St. Thomas, (W. I.), San Jose, Sheffield, Swansea, Sydney, (N. S.), Sydney, (N. S. W.), Tampico, Three Rivers, (Que.), Trieste, Trinidad.

Class 9, $2,500—Acapulco, Aden, Algiers, Alexandretta, Bamberg, Belize, Bergen, Breslau, Brunswick, Cardiff, Chihuahua, Ciudad Jaurez, Ciudad Porfirio Diaz, Collingwood, Cork, Crefeld, Curacao, Dusseldorf, Fibenstock, Gothenburg, Hamilton, (Bermuda), Hull, Jerez de la Frontera, La Rochelle, Leeds, Magdeburg, Malaga, Malta, Maracaibo, Martinique, Mazatlan, Milan, Moscow, Nice, Nogales, Nuevo Laredo, Orillia, Plymouth, Port Limon, Puerto Cortez, Rheims, Rosario, St. John's, (N. F.), St. Etinne, Sault Ste. Marie, Seville, Sherbrooke, Stettin, Tamative, Teguciglapa, Teneriffe, Trebizond, Valencia, Weimar, Yarmouth, Zanzibar, Zittau.

Class 10, $2,000—Aguascalientes,

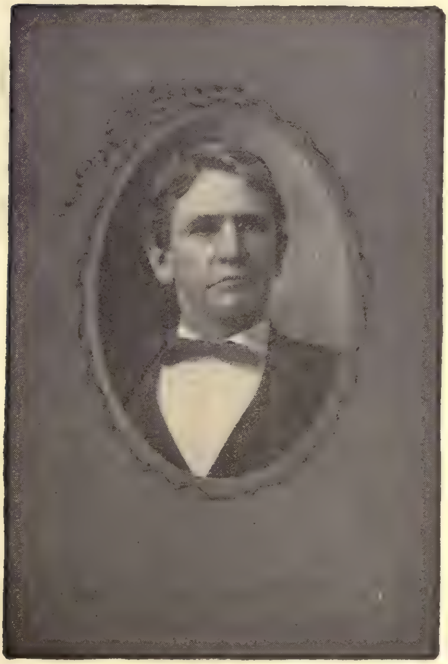
Swagar Sherley.
M.C. 5th Ky. dist.

REPRESENTATIVE SHERLEY, KENTUCKY
Photograph by Johnston


G. E. Waldo, M. C.
5th Dist. N.Y.

REPRESENTATIVE WALDO OF NEW YORK
Photograph by Bolles, Brooklyn

SENATOR MONEY OF MISSISSIPPI



REPRESENTATIVE RICHARDSON OF ALABAMA
Photograph by Webb & Judd, Huntsville

Amherstburg, Antigua, Asunscion, Bagdad, Belleville, Belgrade, Bristol, Brockville, Campbelltown, Cape Gracias, Cape Haytien, Cartagena, Castellamare di Statia, Catania, Ceiba, Charlottetown, Chatham, Coaticook, Colonia, Cornwall, Durango, Ensenada, Fort Erie, Funchal, Gaspe, Gibraltar, Glauchau, Goderich, Goree-Dakar, Granville, Grenoble, Guadaloupe, Guelph, Hermosillo, Hobart, Iquique, Jalapa, Jamestown, Kingstown, (Ont.), La Paz, Limoges, London, (Ont.), Madrid, Manzanillo, Muskat, Matamoros, Messina, Moncton, Niagara Falls, Patras, Peterborough, Port Hope, Port Louis, Port Rowan, Port Stanley, Prescott, Progreso, Puerto Cabello, Puerto Plata, Riga, Rouen, Saigon, St. Christopher, St. Hyacinthe, St. John's (Que.), St. Pierre, St. Stephen, St. Thomas, (Ont.), Saltillo,Sarnia, Sierra Leone, Sivas, Stanbridge, Stavanger, Stratford, (Ont.), Suva, Tahiti, Turin, Turk's Island, Tuxpam, Utilla, Venice, Wallaceburg, Warsaw, Windsor (Ont.), Windsor (N. S.), Woodstock.

You big boys who have secret intentions to see foreign lands by way of the consular service, one of these days, might do worse than to take down your atlas right now, and locate these places —all of them. It will refresh your recollections of geography, and incidentally it will show you where most of Uncle Sam's foreign commerce is handled. For one of the important—perhaps the most important—of the duties of a consul is to promote his country's foreign commerce. Possibly there are some errors in this list—if so you can correct us; we have done our best to make it accurate.

To be sure, Senator Lodge's bill is not yet the law—but it has been favorably acted upon in the senate, and the house is expected to fall into line for it, after, perhaps, making some minor amendments. The senate committee that had it in charge is said to have cut out most of the civil service reform ideas the original bill embodied, but the mere classfication of the service,and the adoption of the salary basis instead of fees, will make a big improvement; the civil service idea will have its way later, very likely. The principal business organizations of the country are reported to be urging the passage of the bill, and they very properly have a good deal of influence at Washington, since in advancing America's foreign commerce for their own direct gain they are indirectly serving all of us here at home.

The Lodge bill stipulates that no person who is not a citizen of the United States shall hereafter be appointed in our consular service, and prohibits men in that service from engaging in any other business. There are some folks who think this last provision would be a good one to adopt for all of Uncle Sam's employes.

Now then, pick out your consulates, boys, and begin studying; appointments may go by political favor nowaday, but the chance is that by the time you get ready to file your application there will be some sort of civil service examination to pass.

⁂

IT did not take the house of representatives long to pass the Hepburn railway rate bill, but the senate is likely to do things to that measure before it passes it—if it ever does. Mr. McCall of Massachusetts,—in the house—protested against "enacting popular noises into laws," but a very large majority of his colleagues seemed to think there was something more than popular noise behind the demand for the passage of a railway rate law.

The principal provisions of the Hepburn bill are the following:

> It defines a railroad as including practically every facility for interstate transportation by rail, such as private cars, switches, elevators and refrigeration.
>
> It strikes at "midnight tariffs" by extending to thirty days the time required to put changes into effect.
>
> It authorizes the interstate commerce commission to determine a "just and reasonable and fairly remunerative rate," whenever, upon complaint, it is of the opinion that any rate or practices affecting rates are "unjust or unreasonable or unjustly discriminatory or unduly preferential." Such a rate shall be the maximum rate.

REPRESENTATIVE HEPBURN OF IOWA, WHOSE NAME IS GIVEN TO THE RAILWAY RATE BILL PASSED BY THE HOUSE

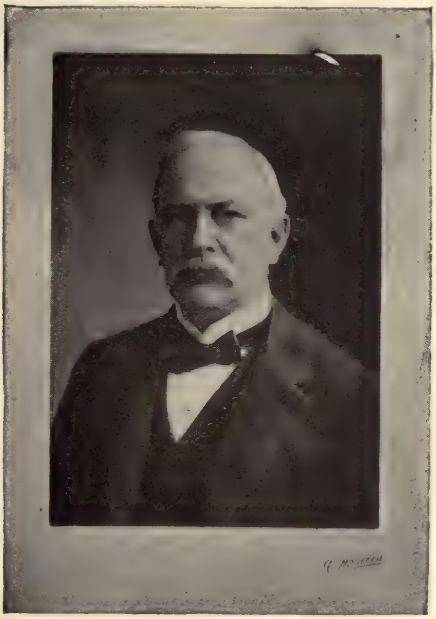
**Photograph by J. F. Lewis, Riverton, Iowa**

> Commission-made rates shall go into effect after notice to the carrier and remain in effect three years.
>
> It includes no specific provision for review, but provides that the commission may go into court for the enforcement of any order and, if this order was "regularly made and duly served," the court must enforce it.
>
> A penalty of $5,000 is provided for

each offence, every distinct violation to be a separate offence and, in case of continuing violation, each day to be deemed a separate offence.

Any party to the original proceedings may appeal for a re-hearing, but no such provision is made for any other shipper or carrier.

The interstate commerce commission is enlarged from five to seven members, the term extended to seven years, and the salary raised to $10,000.



SENATOR FORAKER OF OHIO, WHO LOOKS AFTER THE INTERESTS OF THE RAILWAYS IN THE MATTER OF RATE-REGULATION BILLS

Photograph by C. M. Gilbert

The section concerning punishment for offenses against the proposed law contains, as you will observe, no provision for imprisoning offenders. And it is claimed by good lawyers that the clause covering fines is essentially confiscatory in its nature, and will at the first test be held by the supreme court to be unconstitutional. This would appear to leave the bill weak at a vital point; for if violaters of the law can neither be imprisoned nor fined as heavily as the letter of the instrument provides, they may be tempted to take chances, as they have done under existing laws regulating railway affairs. Perhaps this feature of the proposed legislation will be made milder, and more positive as to its enforcement, in the senate.

◆

THE house has also passed the bill admitting the four southwestern territories as two states—linking Arizona and New Mexico in one, and Oklahoma and Indian Territory in the other, according to the desire of the president. But Senator Foraker declared he had enough votes pledged against the bill in its house form to defeat it. Mr. Foraker argued that the bill admitting these territories should give the people living there a chance to vote for or against accepting admission on these terms, and his contention is apparently a fair one. Some observers say that Arizona would vote against being joined to New Mexico; they say that most of the public as well as private business of New Mexico is conducted in the Spanish language, and that an army of interpreters would be needed if the English-speaking territory were joined to the Spanish-speaking one in a single state. Also they say that the distances public officers would have to travel would be enormous and burdensome.

On the other hand, the advocates of the union of the two territories say that neither is entitled as yet to admission as a state, while both together would only make one of the smaller states, in population. The total vote of Arizona in 1904 was only 19,667—one vote less than in 1902; of New Mexico, in 1904, only 43,011. Oklahoma alone cast 109,145 votes in 1904, a gain of nearly 15,000 over the vote in 1902, showing a rapid growth.

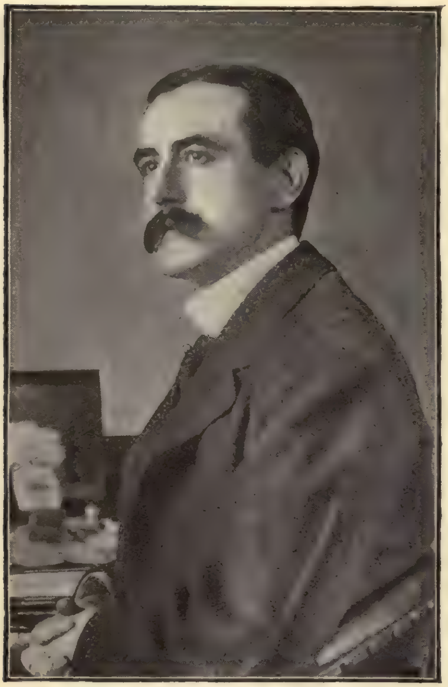
LIBRARY OF GROVER CLEVELAND'S PRINCETON HOME

From stereograph copyright 1906 by Underwood & Underwood

Nobody questions Oklahoma's right to enter the Union as a state, and most of the people of Indian Territory are satisfied to come in along with Oklahoma. Under a new arrangement the Indians hold lands individually, and become

GROVER CLEVELAND AND HIS SON RICHARD AT THEIR HOME IN PRINCETON, NEW JERSEY

From stereograph by G. L. Chester, copyright 1906 by Underwood & Underwood, New York.



LLOYD C. GRISCOM, SON OF THE FAMOUS PHILADELPHIA SHIP-BUILDER AND A RISING AMERICAN DIPLOMAT. MR. GRISCOM, LATE MINISTER TO JAPAN, GOES AS AMBASSADOR TO BRAZIL, AND GOVERNOR-GENERAL WRIGHT OF THE PHILIPPINES BECOMES OUR AMBASSADOR TO JAPAN

citizens on the same terms as the rest of us. The states which cast a smaller vote than Oklahoma in 1904 are: Alabama, Delaware, Florida, Idaho, Louisiana, Maine, Mississippi, Montana, Nevada (which cast but 11,718 votes, or nearly 8,000 less than Arizona), New Hampshire, North Dakota, Oregon, Rhode Island, South Dakota, Utah, Vermont, and Wyoming—seventeen in all, and several of these cast hardly more than half as many votes as Oklahoma.

* * *

AS each session of congress proceeds there is evidence that wherever a number of human beings are gathered together, no matter for what purpose, there is sure to be some friction and excitement. It requires the "thinking ear" sometimes to get the correct perspective of acute situations that arise at Washington. As it is true in every-day affairs of life that "what he said," and "what she said," and "what they said" seems to be of paramount interest, so it is equally a fact that hearsay sometimes exercises an influence even in affairs at Washington. What is spoken face to face appears quite different when reported in cold print, and even the insertion of a comma has been known completely to change the meaning of a phrase, as in a well known instance where a comma in a quotation from Shakespeare was misplaced and the good old poet was made to say: "There's a divinity that shapes our ends rough, hew them how we will."

This is rather "rough" on the poet, but is a very good example of how the meaning of a sentence may be changed by a slight error. It is like this with the hearsay information which drifts from the capitol to committee rooms and through the departments, and possibly on to the executive mansion, and is apt to be misunderstood and misinterpreted.

REPRESENTATIVE FOWLER, NEW JERSEY

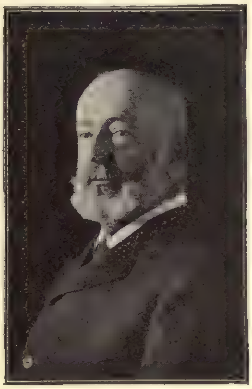
# JOAQUIN MILLER AT THE HEIGHTS

By Charles Warren Stoddard

Author of "South Sea Idyls," "Islands of Tranquil Delight," etc.

MONTEREY, CALIFORNIA

FROM the Alameda Marshes, lifting one's eyes unto the hills, one beholds a cross of vast proportions resting upon the Summer bronze-brown slopes. It is in reality a thicket of evergreens planted so densely and with such mathematical accuracy that at a distance it looks not unlike the cross itself, or at least the shadow of it. The planting of this forest of a thousand perennials was the reverent thought and act of Joaquin Miller, The Poet of the Sierras; it is the crowning glory of The Heights, his home for the last score of years; and seen from afar, it seems to set there the hallowed seal of silence and seclusion.



CHARLES WARREN STODDARD

Silence is all in all to him. In his remarkable poem, "As It Was in the Beginning," Canto I, the Poet sings:

VIII

"Aye, Silence seems some maid at prayer,
  God's arm about her when she prays
And where she prays and everywhere,
  Or storm-strewn days or sundown days—
What ill to Silence can befall
Since Silence knows no ill at all?

IX

"Vast silence seems some twilight sky
That leans as with her weight of stars
To rest, to rest, no more to roam,
But rest and rest eternally.
She loosens and lets down the bars,
She brings the kind-eyed cattle home,
She breathes the fragrant field of hay
And heaven is not far away.

X

"The deeps of soul are still the deeps
Where stately silence ever keeps
High court with calm Nirvana, where
No shallows break the noisy shore
Or beat, with sad, incessant roar,
The fettered, fevered world of care
As noisome vultures fret the air.

XI

"The star-sown seas of thought are still,
As when God's ploughmen scatter corn
Along the mellow grooves at morn,
In patient trust to wait His will.
The star-sown seas of thought are wide
But voiceless, noiseless, deep as night;
Disturb not these, the silent seas
Are sacred unto souls allied
As golden poppies unto bees.
Here, from the first, rude giants wrought,

Here delved, here scattered stars of thought
To grow, to bloom in years unborn,
As grows the gold-horned yellow corn."

For five and thirty years the Poet and I have been fast friends. We met first in 1870, in San Francisco. He had come from the wilds of Oregon with his heart set upon the conquest of London. I, weary with trying to make my way in a commercial community, had banished myself to the Tahitian Paradise betrayed to the modern world by the romances of Herman Melville. Upon the eve of my departure Joaquin arrived in town; we had corresponded and felt familiar, but we now struck hands for the first time. When he found that I was about to set sail for the South Seas, there was a moment when a breath, perhaps, might have blown him my way; but our fates were sealed; he went to Glory and I to guavas, and a green grave still awaits us both—thank God!

Once, indeed, I had been within a rocket's flight of The Heights, but I was a unit in a symposium of poets staked out under the live oaks in a foothill canyon, and the question, "What Is Inspiration?" had to be settled at once and forever before any of us could hope to go up higher; and, if I am not mistaken it was left unsettled when we were overtaken by the Twilight of the Gods.

The day and the hour were set for the beginning of my pilgrimage to The Heights. A covey of sea-doves convoyed the ferry from San Francisco to the Oakland shore; they were of the tint and apparently of the texture of the mist that hovered over us and out of which they seemed to have been fashioned. At the pier a train threaded the Oaklands and at East Oakland skirted the Port of Missing Ships, where all the sorry craft that have never been heard from ride at anchor with their yards locked in a long and last embrace. Even of a Summer afternoon they are a forlorn spectacle; in moonlight one might hear the hoarse cry of the bo's'n and the sigh of the wind in the rigging — though for the most part 'tis in tatters now and a sight to see.

The train halts at Fruit Vale and will go no further; but there is a trolley that runs the length of the vale with a terminus at Dimond, a little cluster of houses at the foot, the very toes of the hills. Here I alighted and cast about me somewhat anxiously lest the Poet, being a dreamer and dreaming up under the clouds yonder, should have forgotten to let down his conveyance and I might, peradventure, be compelled to climb to The Heights.

A voice hailed me; I turned; on the porch of the village grocery, clad in a linen duster that fell to the tops of his long boot-legs, his amber locks and beard flowing from under his sombrero, stood Joaquin Miller, the Poet of the Sierras, waving me a welcome with his embroidered gauntlets.

There was a good old-fashioned buggy with fenders over the wheels; a good old-fashioned family horse, who answered to the name of Kentucky when he felt like responding; brown paper parcels of ambrosia and a demijohn of nectar were in the locker under the seat; and the mail from the village postoffice, gathered at uncertain intervals, and which Joaquin never opens, was in his pocket. As we began the ascent of the hill we found the syndicate road well oiled, and though the way was long and a little weary it was not so difficult as the path of virtue. Sometimes we drove under overhanging boughs; sometimes above them, for we were hanging upon the brink of a deep canyon where the air was warm and spicy, while above us and around us towered the rounded hills over whose brows the syndicate has already thrown a net of roads and trails that look not unlike a spider's web. No doubt some day suburban villas will cover the land to the very tip-top.

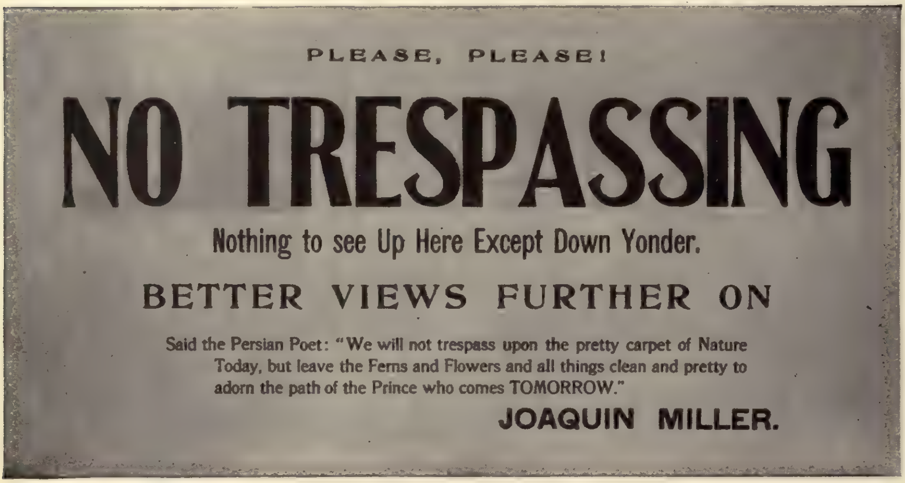
Occasionally, looking backward, we caught glimpses of ranch life—domestic

"WILD FLOWERS IN BACK YARD FOR OUR CHARLIE. *J. M.*"

exteriors, signs announcing "Poultry and eggs for sale," "Eggs laid while you wait;" and perhaps sheaves of withered maize or a harvest field freckled with pumpkins. Sometimes Kentucky stopped to think, or to join us in our admiration of the landscape. "Well, Kentucky, I am surprised at you!" said the Poet, but his was a mild surprise, or his voice belied him. "Never strike a horse," he added, turning to me as if I were a cab-driver. Once we drew up by the wayside and Joaquin descended. There was a spring trickling silently from the mountain-side, and in the short, sunburnt grass an oasis of water cress; Joaquin gathered an armful of this and we added it to our precious store; it was for the salad of the evening meal.

Then on again and up and up, never faster than a walk, until we found ourselves coming out under the sky with almost everything below us. It was evident we were approaching a settlement of some kind. Cottages were visible here and there among the trees. The general air of rusticity was preserved, yet the wildwood and the terraces and the flowers that seemed to be growing wherever they pleased, and the tiny dwellings builded barely within call of one another somehow gave one the impression that he was about to enter a new civilization. We drew up at a gateway where an adjustable screen of wire might have been brushed aside in a jiffy by the mildest mannered beast that ever poached by the light of the moon.

Upon the gatepost was tacked a pasteboard placard bearing this inscription:



PLEASE, PLEASE!

**NO TRESPASSING**

Nothing to see Up Here Except Down Yonder.

BETTER VIEWS FURTHER ON

Said the Persian Poet: "We will not trespass upon the pretty carpet of Nature Today, but leave the Ferns and Flowers and all things clean and pretty to adorn the path of the Prince who comes TOMORROW."

JOAQUIN MILLER.

JOAQUIN MILLER'S APPEAL TO WANTON TRESPASSERS

This notice has constantly to be replaced because of the vandalism of souvenir hunters, who tear it down and carry it away with them. A Japanese youth hastened forward to lift aside the wire screen at the gateway. I entered and passed up a narrow wooden walk that may be a bridge over knee-deep grass for aught I know; it swayed a little under my weight; there was a jungle on one side of it, the haunt of birds; a frog saluted me from a parched throat; a large, snow-white cat gave welcome. Thus we three arrived at a terrace in front of the Chapel with a dainty Deanery on each side of it. The Chapel in the center between the Deaneries stands higher than they; it is mildly Gothic, with tinted glass in the windows and a cross upon its peak; steps ascend to the Gothic porch in front. Here in one bewildering room, where, on occasions, mass has been said for the Portuguese laborers and their families scattered among the hills, Joaquin makes his home. An inventory of the contents of the Chapel cannot be made at a glance. There is the tall couch with its cushions and pillows and its ample skins covering it; convenient bits of furniture fit in anywhere and everywhere; the trappings, a globe-trotter's trophies, hang upon the walls and from the rafters, and innumerable photographs and pictures—most of them bearing autographs — are tacked over the walls and ceiling, lapping one upon another like fish-scales. What impresses one here especially, as everywhere about The Heights, is the prevailing atmosphere of simplicity, serenity and silence.

Here The Little One, as I shall henceforth call him, and I became friends on the instant; he is a young Buddhist, still in his teens, and with a delicate hand he waved me toward the little verandah to the Deanery on the Epistle side of the Chapel, and as I entered he followed me with velvet feet.

He has a complexion of ivory; his large, dark, sympathetic eyes are luminous with thought; the finger of destiny seems to have set its seal upon his placid countenance; he accepts without a murmur the mandates of the inevitable. With the exquisite courtesy of his race he wished me happiness in my new abode, assured me that dinner would be served very shortly and seemed to fade from my presence like a wraith.

There was a fireplace in my sitting room; tiny windows with a dozen tiny panes of glass in each; more photographs, more trophies, and in this room, as in the next, the sleeping-room, many evidences of "the touch of a vanished hand," for Maude, daughter of the Poet, lived here until her body was borne to its long rest upon the hillside far above us.

Presently the Little One invited me to dinner. We crossed a rustic bridge with a seat upon one side of it; in rainy weather a torrent plunges beneath it; but a few paces above it is a ledge of rocks where a not too noisy waterfall makes music all the Winter long. Beyond the bridge is the domestic woodpile, suggestive of every home comfort; and the white cat — or another just like it. Then comes the cosiest cottage of all, the Mother-House of the community, and there at the head of the table, stately but not austere, sat, as we entered, the Mother of the Poet, abloom in her ninetieth year. We were a charmed circle at that wholesome board. Wild honey and the good wine of the country added to the richness of the feast. There was Joaquin, most hospitable of hermits; his mother with her maid of honor; The Little One, the Buddhist pure and simple; an older Japanese — an evangelist who, before we began the evening meal, recited the Lord's Prayer in lisping English with the artlessness of a child and with no trace of accent in his speech. He will anon do mission work among his own people; meanwhile he lodges in a lodge about the size of a sentry-box, hidden away somewhere in the woods. The meal was a merry one. We served one another heartily, as members of a brotherhood should. "Give us this day our daily bread," said The Evangelist, in his plaintive voice, as if whispering in the ear of the Omnipresent, and how sweet the bread was that we broke together that evening.

Having chatted a little while after eating, we separated and drifted naturally to our several cells. The little maid of Arcadie, who brightens the quiet hours that fall to Mrs. Miller's lot, having seen her to her pillow where she slumbered like a child, withdrew to her own home, which is the farmhouse, for she is the farmer's daughter. The Evangelist sought his solitary abode, where sometimes in the dead of night he hears the stealing footsteps of the wild children of the wilderness; they even knock at his door occasionally, with a furtive paw and sniff at the threshold, as if saying something in a whisper: but he cares not. His meditations are undisturbed until daybreak, when he walks forth to commune with nature.

The Little One, Dean of the Deanery on the Gospel-side of the Chapel, is even more silent and thoughtful than the Evangelist. His study is a picture of simplicity itself. There is a couch, upon which one may recline and lose oneself in thought. A rustic table and stool, the work of his own hands; a tripod, a little higher than the table, three slender saplings bound neatly together near the top,—also his cunning workmanship—these spread just enough to hold a dainty Japanese saucer; the saucer is filled with olive oil; from the oil a delicate wisp of rushes extends a little beyond the rim of the saucer; this is the wick he lights and it burns with a pure, white flame, which is the only light he uses while he sits at his desk reading and composing until the midnight hour and after. Adjoining the study of The Little One is his sleeping-room, as pretty as a playhouse, with a curtained couch and many books and pictures, some of the latter from his own brush; and here I found a pen and ink portrait of Yone Noguchi, the Poet of Japan, who for seven years

THE POET OF THE SIERRAS SEATED ON HIS OWN DOORSTEP of his dreamy adolescence made The Heights his headquarters. In the early twilight the High Priest was in his Chapel, and though the Chapel door is ever open to the world, no one thinks of intruding.

There was nothing for me to do but to go, also, to my rest. I did it willingly; the day had been a day of pleasures and surprises. I seemed to have entered into a life the like of which I had never known before. It was not exactly home life of the old, homely sort; it was not quite camping out. It was not really community life, for our meals and the airs from heaven were the only things we shared in common; we were of all creeds; our faith or unfaith was never for a moment questioned; it was not Brook-Farming, all our ways were too sweetly solemn for that masquerade; it was not Liberty-Hall, for the boisterous movement would have jarred upon us and perhaps have broken the spell. We were not monastical, neither were we conventional; each was free to come and go without so much as a questioning look from another. I suppose it was and is and, I trust, ever shall be, the simple life lived in a spirit of absolute simplicity. I was about to retire when The Little One entered with a jug of fresh spring water and two incense sticks; he asked if I would have the latter lighted. Indeed I would. When he withdrew and I had blown out my candle, the joss-sticks glowed like twin stars over the black sea of the night.

I had not failed to look at my watch before resigning myself to the darkness; it was just half past six in the evening and all was well. After a sleep that seemed centuries long, I was awakened by the sound of approaching voices. They drew nearer and nearer; I heard the High Priest saluting them from the Chapel porch, and then they passed on and were muffled and lost in the distance. I thought of Longfellow's,

> "A voice replied far up the height—
> Excelsior!"

Could it be that mountain-climbers were a-stir at that hour? I struck a match and again consulted the timepiece. It was half-past ten and the end of my watch below, as it proved. My four hours of sleep were packed with dreams such as confuse the head that lies upon a strange pillow.

There was mist below us when we went to sleep with "our little brothers the birds," as the Saint of Assisi called them. We were on an island in the sky. Now we seemed to have been submerged in an opaque ocean and I began to feel very much alone and not a little depressed. Every sound that punctuated the vast stillness seemed greatly magnified and close at hand. I heard the frogs prophesying rain with such surprising inaccuracy that they were worthy to be made honorary members of the Weather Bureau. An owl uttered its tremulous cry at intervals; once a raven, perchance, fluttered at my window and used bad language, it may have been "Nevermore" uttered in some unknown tongue; it sounded to me like a protest, and I began to feel as if I were an outsider and that this night-bird at least regarded me as an alien and an intruder. I heard the baby scream of rabbits under the house and the bay of the cowardly coyote, faint and afar off.

I wondered if all the others were asleep save The Little One, and if he were in his study with the door wide open, poring over his beautiful books by the light of that pale lamp. What a night and an hour for incantations. I had asked The Little One if he was never afraid in those night watches. Not he! I had imagined the possibility of some beautiful, lithe snake stealing across his threshold uninvited—he would not have cared, they were all harmless at The Heights; all things were harmless here—as harmless as the royal carp

YONE NOGUCHI, THE POET OF JAPAN, AT HIS HOME IN TOKYO

and the goldfish that flash like sunbeams in the shadow of the cat-tails in the toy lakes a few rods away. There was only one thing at which he for a moment hesitated, and said, "I am not really afraid of ghosts or spirits; I like the music of frogs and crickets; but when I am alone in my room at midnight and hear the water running at the spring I don't go out to it. Spirits haunt the water—I think they are thirsty."

Never were gentler souls than these who have found a welcome and a shelter at The Heights ever since the days of the Dream Child, Noguchi. "It is their exquisite refinement that pleases me," said Joaquin one day. "We find nothing approaching it among our young men of the same age. Their sweetness of nature; their willingness and eagerness to add in some way to your comfort and pleasure; their delicacy and reserve—they are always fearful of intruding—make them a model for every nation under the sun!—you can say that for me"—and the Poet fixed me with a look that seemed to question if I would be sure to do it.

These lads whose English is the English of culture, talked freely with me of the prose and poetry of Poe; of Emerson, Wordsworth, Longfellow; of Shakespeare of course, which goes without saying; of Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress," Victor Hugo, Walt Whitman, and even Bernard Shaw. I venture to say they are better posted on Russian literature—much of which is translated into Japanese—than many college graduates in the United States. The Little One is most fond of the poetry of Keats and is as familiar with his letters to Fanny Brawn as with his poems. There was hardly a quotation I could start to give them from the standard poets but they would finish it correctly; they were ready to discuss the music of Wagner and had heard several of his music dramas.

"We can whip the Russians," said The Evangelist one day; and then, with a forlorn little shrug of the shoulders—"But we have no Tolstoi!" These are representatives of a people upon whom we are permitting fanatical missionaries and vainglorious reformers to force themselves. Will the day never dawn when these misguided enthusiasts shall become capable of learning their lesson from those whom they are seeking to reform?

The hours were many but not long till daybreak. I heard the little spring in front of the Chapel door lisping softly; I heard all the mysterious and unaccountable noises that are born of solitude and darkness, and sometimes fancied that I heard the tintinnabulation of fairy bells—they were the voices of the night singing their song of silence.

At dawn the first step I heard was The Little One's; the last in the day Joaquin's. No doubt the Poet has solved the problem of life so far as it concerns him and his peculiar temperament. The Chapel is at all times sacred; one does not enter it unbidden. The mind upon awaking from a refreshing sleep is usually of crystal-clearness and as calm as a mountain spring. It is then that the Poet does his writing; it is then that those flashes of inspiration come to him like a voice from a burning bush. He sees no one until noon, or even later, no one save only The Little One, who enters softly and places by his bedside his morning repast; then The Little One withdraws and the silence of the Chapel remains undisturbed until its occupant has finished his task and steps forth to give us cheerful greeting from his terrace. Until the dinner hour he is busy out of doors. As he walks to and fro he plucks a withered branch and casts it aside, or nourishes a drooping plant, or changes the current of the little water-courses, for there is a living spring up yonder that has never yet failed him, even in the longest Summer drought. Perhaps he is putting young saplings into the soil, for he is as fond of planting trees as the late Gladstone was of destroying them.

It is this spirit of industry, of enterprise, coupled with a love of the beautiful, that has made his sky-farm, which was a desert when he purchased it, to blossom as the rose. He has said of The Heights: "The land is so steep I cannot make a mortgage stick on it;" and, again, "It raises nothing but stones." These stones were not molded in vain. He, with the help of a little company of retainers, has gathered them, and now the slopes are terraced like those Italian vineyards where the grapes hang ripening in the sunshine. Of these stones, also, he has builded his monuments that crown his several hilltops. There is the pyramid to Moses, and to him not because he was the great lawgiver, but because, as Joaquin says, "he established the first waterworks," and one cannot live through a rainless Summer without appreciating that. There is the round tower to the memory of Browning; and the square, turretted tower with the slender arch, that when seen from a little distance reminds one of a vignetted castle in England or Wales, and this is to the honor and glory of Fremont, the Pathfinder.

There is a graveyard in a shady corner of one of the hills and within its low wall lie thirteen mounds marking the last resting place of those who, in the flesh, once called The Heights their home. Here is the grave of Maude, the Poet's daughter, to whom he dedicated his "Songs of the Sirens," and here the grave of a forlorn artist, whose last hours were lightened by that sense of security found only in the heart of a friend. All those who lie there were in some way associated with the sodality at The Heights, and flowers are strewn upon their graves when little pilgrimages are made thither.

Not far off from the last resting place of those who were befriended by the Poet stands his own funeral pyre. It is suffi-

A GLIMPSE OF THE CHAPEL AND THE TWO DEANERIES

ciently imposing to bid one pause in silence for a while; by climbing upon the pedestal, one can just look over the top of the pyre and see the hollow, now partially filled, wherein his ashes are to fall and lie, after the cleansing fire has consumed the body. Wine and oil and fragrant gums and spices are to feed the flames. Only the nearest and dearest are to witness the funeral rites—long may they be deferred.

Upon a large rock not far away is engraved this legend, "To the Unknown." Upon this rock and every monument, and upon the pyre itself, intruders upon these private grounds have scratched upon the stones their unnamable names. This is the incurable itch of civilzation. No savage on earth could be persuaded to do anything so vulgar or profane.

The simple life prevails at The Heights. It is a life of contemplation and of kindly deeds. Joaquin Miller is harsh to none, full of kindness and charity for all, and in his sympathies as liberal as the sun. It is useless to deny that his hospitality has often been imposed upon. How can it be otherwise in a world like ours? Some of those to whom he has given shelter have abused him; some whom he has trusted have betrayed him. His ideals may be beyond the age—not that the world is ever going to be any better or has ever been much worse. Life at The Heights is essentially a contemplative life, and no one who has not been a member of the inner circle for a season can picture, or even guess at it.

Pleasures there are, but sweet and homely ones. Joaquin had left us for a day and a night. Business dragged him down into the nether world — for poets must have publishers and predicaments, like mere prose writers. Of course we missed him sorely, for, though retiring and often self-absorbed, he was the center of our solar system, and somehow the day seemed empty and dull. Moreover, it was a trifle chilly up yonder a thousand feet above the sea. The Little One, The Evangelist and I had been huddling in an arbor, where, when the weather is warm enough, the evening meal is served.

Said The Little One to The Evangelist: "Shall we not kindle a fire for our guest?" Then it was for me to say if I would permit a fire to be kindled. Of course I would. The Evangelist began searching about the woodpile and soon discovered a bit of shell-shaped bark with the moss upon it. He gathered kindlings and twigs such as might have been twisted into rustic bric-a-brac, and brought these to the place where I was sitting. The Little One had gone to his Deanery on the Gospel side of the Chapel and returned with a large box filled with papers. The bark was set up like a chimney with its back against the breeze; The Little One crumpled his papers and stored them within it; the twigs and kindlings were stacked about as daintily and as prettily by the deft fingers of these Orient lads as if it were really done for ornament. A match was applied to the paper; a slender coil of smoke climbed into the air; then tongues of flame leaped forth and darted like fiery serpents in and out in a brilliant frenzy. The Little One laid upon the fire lumps of odoriferous gum, perhaps with a silent prayer, and then again fed the flames with his crumpled papers. They were beautiful and some of them wonderful to behold. Tablets of rice paper bearing upright columns of interchangable characters in Japanese and Chinese that looked like trailing vines; broad lengths of satin paper with curved and wavy splashes of ink upon them as attractive as flowers in black and white; slips of paper, filmy and silky, bearing signs and symbols that looked like little whirlwinds of butterflies and chrysanthemum petals and cherry blossoms dancing in the air. What were they? The school exercises of The Little One when he was a little lad at home in his own village by the inland sea. Poems, the joyous or sad impulses of his youth. Translations from the English into his native tongue. Apostrophes to the flowers, the dewdrops, the bees, the birds, the mountains and seas and all the soaring stars. This was our burnt offering, and some of it sailed forth in golden flocks and some like shining spirits that vanished into thin air, and some lay like sombre crepe among the embers and some like breadths of black satin, fluted or gathered into waves by invisible hands. Then we thought how there are those who believe that nothing perishes, but everything, in some invisible form, survives forever; and thus had we transfigured all the youthful dreams, the joys, the sorrows, the struggles and the triumphs of The Little One into the language that is immortal and sent them winging their air-way into the very skies. There were three of us, believers in three widely differing creeds, but as fire-worshippers we were one in spirit and in truth, and we sat there in spiritual communion until the last spark had ascended heavenward and the embers were cold and gray. This is but an episode in our everyday life at The Heights.

One afternoon a frog had been croaking near the Chapel. The Little One said it was a sign of rain, whereat I sighed for it with all my heart, being a lover of rain and rainbows. Immediately the heavens were opened and such a flood of sunshine descended upon us as soon drove us to a shade for shelter. My heart fainted within me; for months we had had no rain and the parched soil had caked and shrunken so that one might lay one's hand in the deep crevices that seamed the surface so that it looked like a field of broken lava.

Joaquin had noted my dismay at this surfeit of sunshine, and calling from his Chapel door, asked: "How would you like to have a shower?" I begged for it. "Come," said he, summoning The Little

THE POET AMONG HIS BELOVED VINES

One and The Evangelist to his aid. "Come. Let us pray to the Rain God!" We entered the Chapel. At that moment a pilgrim and a stranger such as one is sure to encounter at The Heights on Sundays and holidays, approached and asked courteously enough: "Is this The Poet of the Sierras? May I take a snapshot of you, Mr. Miller?" "If you can hit me," said Joaquin. No sooner said than done; then the Poet added, "We are upon the point of performing a solemn ceremonial. The drought has been long and we are about to pray to the Rain God to relieve us; will you join us?" The stranger seemed eager to do so. Joaquin added, as he was donning his Klondike suit of sable, "We are to enter th Temple; let all observe silence; le everything be done decently and i order!" From the Chapel we were t descend into the chamber of The Littl One and pass through it to his study where the miracle of the rain is performed within closed doors. The Littl One, bearing two joss-sticks before him led the way; then came The Evangelist the match bearer; the stranger followed and I preceded Joaquin, who brough up in the rear. Perfect silence was observed by all. In the study the door were closed, the shades drawn at th windows; the high priest then explained that the paw of the five-toed bear that hung from the ceiling, but within reach, brought the rain; the tail of the coyote that hung near it caused the rain to cease, and that the three lengths of the lariat, woven of horse-hair and attached to the ceiling, were to be held in our hands as we faced the East. The Evangelist struck a taper and lit the joss-sticks in the hands of The Little One; then we all stood facing the eastern wall of the room and standing very near it. Now began the invocations; Joaquin, as high priest, medicine man, Thaumaturgus, etc., chanted an Indian chant with thrilling effect and danced an Indian dance as if in the very ecstasy of fanaticism. Pausing, we listened in vain for the approaching shower. "The spell does not always work," said the medicine man, with some show of impatience. The air grew heavy with the odor of smoking sandal-wood; we stood with our faces to the East; the song and the dance were resumed with increased volume and energy.

"No!" said Joaquin, impetuously, "It is useless. We have sinned. Let us give it up!" Then it was that we heard the patter of rain-drops on the window-panes and on the roofs, while the eaves dripped right merrily. Suddenly the Poet threw the door wide open, and there, from a sky that was radiant with sunshine, fell a shower that might gladden the heart of Summer; a shower of gold such as one finds falling from a cloudless tropical sky. Every drop was a flashing jewel. The pebbles in the path before the door were shining, the leaves sparkling and dripping with tears of joy. As for us, we could see through the doorway there were ten thousand proofs of the reality of this miracle of the blessed rain.

Joaquin closed the door; we returned through The Little One's chamber to the Chapel and from thence descended upon the terrace. Everything was blooming and brilliant and in the fresh, moist hedges the birds sang a new song of praise and thanksgiving. The stranger bowed and withdrew, while upon his face there was an expression we were unable to interpret.

Joaquin said that when Sir Henry Irving and Miss Ellen Terry were his guests at The Heights they had passed from the gate to the threshold of the Chapel over a bed of rose-petals strewn before them as they threaded the path — Miss Terry smiled her blaze-smile through all the rain-shower; but Sir Henry, from the first, watched everything transpiring with intense interest and curiosity, as if he were all the while considering the ingenuity of this pretty invention and studying its dramatic effects.

Two pictures arise with especial vividness when I recall my visit to The Heights. One a rustic seat built against a tree upon the very brink of Joaquin's wild, deep canyon. It was built by young Yone Noguchi, and thither he often used to wend his way alone and sit for hours in contemplation of the wonderful view it commands. From the higher Heights, a thousand feet above the sea, on a clear day the eye may sweep land and sea from Mount Tamalpais to the Farralones and far to the south toward the San Jose valley. The groves of Alameda and the Bay of San Francisco are at one's feet. On a clear night the streets of the metropolis shine like furrows sown with golden seed. In the moonlight one seems to be throned in space ruling over a dream-world bathed in a sea of silence. When the mists gather, one is above the clouds—in the world, but not of it.

The other picture is that of the little southern window in the cottage where sat the sweet mother of the Poet, in the serenity of her ninety years, and waved a shadowy hand to me as I drove away from The Heights.

She had said to me one day, with a weary smile:— "Well, when next you come to The Heights you can kneel by my grave — if you want to!" I assured her that I did not want to, but if, when I returned, she was not in her cottage to give me welcome, that should be my sad, sad privilege. And now her voice is stilled forever and her withered hands folded upon her breast in everlasting peace.

The Heights as an investment, from a commercial point of view, may not have been a very great success. Neither the poet nor the philosopher counts the cost when he is struggling to achieve an ideal. When the farmer who tills those cloud-capped acres on shares made his annual return to the master, he handed over a dime as the Poet's share; someone had been good enough to pay for the violets she bore away as a souvenir. Perhaps one of her sort a year is a good average—considering the tendency of the age.

Do these results disconcert the Poet, who for twenty years has devoted his chief energies to the development of his estate? Not in the least. He has had his reward in deeds that are infinitely more precious than ducats. He has lived his own life in his own way, and has helped others to live theirs, as otherwise they might not have been able to do. Verily, he has had his reward.

I seem to see him now: whose individuality, whose earnestness of purpose, whose idiosyncracies, even, are the inspiration of the life that is led there on The Heights. I seem to see him, even as I read him, in his "Prefatory Postscript" to his epic "As It Was in the Beginning," standing in the shadow of his pyramidal monument to Moses, this Poet, uttering with clarion voice his final edict:

> "I cry aloud from my mountain top, as a
> seer!"

# IN MEMORIAM

## FREDERIC LAWRENCE KNOWLES

### By Aloysius Coll

SOME will come with tender words,
And some with laurel bays,
And some with eyes too blind to read
The letters of thy praise.

What matters? None may follow now—
With thee are one today
The long Tomorrow of the soul,
The fading Yesterday.

The letters on the fingerboard
That pointed east are one
With all the dimmer signs that point
The setting of the sun.

What matters? One hath come to meet
Thee, traveling down the night,
With sandal-shoon and scallop shell,
A compass and a light.

Better He knows the way than we —
'Tis He alone doth know
The highways on the fingerboard,
And how they turn and go.

One to the pride of place in song —
The snowy peak of art;
One to the simple memory
Of thy abounding heart.

Farewell! though creeping moss shall blot
Thy praises from the sun,
With thee Tomorrow and Today,
And Yesterday are one!

# AN OPEN LETTER

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## TO REPRESENTATIVE ROBERT LUCE
## OF SOMERVILLE, MASSACHUSETTS

*Dear Mr. Luce:*— I congratulate you upon your temperance address;* it is the rarest thing in politics to see the exact truth stated scientifically. The Transcript, the Herald and the other great Boston papers—excepting, as you may have noticed, the Hearst paper—disgraced the city and shamed themselves by leading the angry outcry for the reopening of hotel bars on any terms —even at the cost of CLOSING A PUBLIC SCHOOL (located within 400 feet of the Hotel Touraine, and so operating to bar the sale of liquor in that house), in order that the Touraine's bar might be allowed to peddle rotgut to a lot of people who could easily get the stuff elsewhere, and who would all be better off without it.

The times fairly cry out for politicians who have sense enough to recognize the great primary needs of our social life, and the courage to fight for them with moral passion. Massachusetts politics today is at a dead level of uninspired dullness; only Senator Crane, the modest, lean little Business-Man, pretending to no distinction as orator or statesman, has offered any proposition, during my five years of disillusionizing residence in Boston, that appeals to any higher human instinct than mere profit. His "government baby bureau" bill, sneered at by the cheap wits of the press, embodies more genuine statesmanship than a hundred grafting tariffs. You too give me a straw of comfort, for I believe you are alive and growing; that you have both the courage and the moral decency to appeal to the ideality of this people, and the sense to know that such an appeal, to any civilized people, is never made in vain, and never unsuccessfully, except, it may be, in hours of national intoxication, such as that black hour when, following our astonishingly easy victory over Spain, we began to murder our allies in the Philippines. Bryan then appealed, not in vain though unsuccessfully, to the better nature of this people; but I believed then, and I believe now, that if his appeal on this point could have been presented as a single, isolated issue, not complicated by the money question nor the slogan of the "full dinner-pail" (a covert threat of the loss of work) we would have sustained him and proved true to the highest traditions of this republic.

More power to you! You may, and probably will, grow into the governorship—but far better and more satisfying than that or any other official honor, for yourself in your age and your family as a remembrance, will be the thought that you led your followers always for honesty and social progress. Any shallow chump can "stand pat"; it takes a man and a gentleman to dare new issues for social betterment. In the low level of political practices that marks our time, it demands more than ordinary courage for any politician even to defend the old standards of individual rights, against the new policy of paternalistic special privileges for the rich and the powerful.

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* Boston Transcript, February 5, 1906.

I doubt if any politician really understands how deeply we of the huge silent mass love and reverence a public man who represents and advocates our best aspirations, nor how deeply we dislike and distrust, even though we tolerate him, the public man who appeals only to our baser instincts. Above every other quality, we admire and swear by sheer courage, when it is shown in advocacy of those things which we hold of good report. Yours sincerely,

*Frank Putnam*

Boston, February 6, 1906.

# TACT

## By Mary E. Fitzgerald

CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

"THAT MRS. O'BRIEN of yours is distinguishing herself again, I hear,'' remarked the principal, as Miss Reid came into the office.

"Why, what is she doing now?'' laughingly asked Miss Reid, who refused to see anything but comedies in what everyone else considered the tragic performances of that lady, the autocratic ruler of her neighborhood by virtue of a sharp tongue, a brawny husband to defend her against the foes it made, and two boys, declared to be "imps of Satan."

"Only tormenting the life out of little Mrs. Ehrenheit. I think even you will find it difficult to get any amusement out of that. To quote Mrs. Ehrenheit herself, 'It's fierce.' "

The principal joined in the laugh of the assembled teachers, but still looked a little vexed.

"Do you think you could make her behave herself?" She put a coaxing arm around the girl. "If anyone can, you can. Do try, dear. You're such a master hand at getting your own way. It's a shame to have that poor little woman tortured.''

"O, I don't like to interfere in neighborhood quarrels,'' objected Miss Reid.

"If anyone can do it you can," said Miss Rose confidently. "Anyone who can get as many shelves as she wants from the janitor can get anything from anybody. I've almost gone on my knees for a year, with no shelves in sight yet. You fail? Well, I guess not."

"Well, I'll try," said Miss Reid dubiously, "but you know Mrs. O'Brien is a trifle difficult at times."

"Not with you," Miss Reid. She swears by you,'' said the principal, all her gloom dispelled.

"I hope she may not swear *at* me," remarked Miss Reid, as she went out.

❧

"Well, but 'tis I that's glad to see you, darlint,'' exclaimed Mrs. O'Brien, her face radiant at the sight of the girl. "Come in, come in! Get out of that!" she said, brushing the cat off the chair, and wiping it with the dish-cloth she held in her hand. "And you've been to Ireland and all over the world since I saw you last. The card you sent us from the Lakes of Killarney — (it was kind of you to think of us; but then it's kind things you do always be doing)— well if that card hasn't gone the rounds it's a caution! Everyone in the parish has seen it, and Himself is prouder of it than anyone; though to be sure he made it the excuse for one of the biggest sprees he's had this long time."

She laughed as though it were a great joke.

"O—" began Miss Reid.

"There! There! Don't be worried about that," interrupted Mrs. O'Brien, "if it wasn't the card it would be something else. He took it down to show to the men at the corner, and this one had to have a drink on it, and that one had to have one, and that's the way it went. But there, I'm talking about myself and never giving you a chance to say a word. Wait till I make you a strong cup of tea. Your nerves must be all of a trimbel after a day wid thim young divils; but it will be getting married you'll be before long," she said, her eye roving over her prettily dressed guest. "Girls like you don't go a-begging for a husband, though they do be saying teachers haven't much chance; the men are afraid of them."

She laughed mischievously.

Over the cup of tea which Miss Reid drank unflinchingly, though the strength of it nearly strangled her, they grew confidential and by degrees the gossip got around to the Ehrenheits.

"They're Dutch," said Mrs. O'Brien with infinite contempt. "Dutch paddies, the children do be calling them; wid their limbergers and sauerkraut and the likes of that. They're a disgrace to a dacent neighborhood; and something the matter wid the hull of 'em. Never any mention of the father being dead or alive. It's my opinion he's a jailbird." She nodded her head emphatically.

"And the oldest girl is no better than she should be; but the Dutch are all soft. And a crippled boy! can't stir out of a chair! And no one has caught sight of the baby; but one *hears* it often enough, I promise you. The divil fly away wid the hull of 'em, I say. Why don't they stick to their own land and not be coming to a dacent Irish neighborhood?"

"I'm going to tell you something, Mrs. O'Brien, but it's just between ourselves. I wouldn't want everyone to know," said Miss Reid, lowering her voice. "The father is in an asylum, made insane by losing his money in a building association, and by his daughter's misfortune."

"Glory be to God!" exclaimed Mrs. O'Brien. "The girl ought to be killed. The poor, dear man! But that's what it is to have children. The hussy! She looks quiet enough, too."

"Oh, she is not so much to blame, Mrs. O'Brien. She married a man that had a wife in the old country. That might have happened to anyone, you know. Think what you would feel it little Nellie there came to such a turn."

"May God protect us!" fervently exclaimed Mrs. O'Brien, drawing the little girl closer to her. "It's slathers of trouble some people do be having, isn't it?"

"Yes, and then to crown all, the little boy slipped and dislocated his hip. They can't afford to get him a chair, so the poor little fellow has to sit all day in the same place, because the mother is not strong enough to move him. She and her daughter take him from the bed in the morning."

Mrs. O'Brien moved about uneasily, and then burst out indignantly:

"What business has a woman to be livin' ag'in your door and not be saying something about them things? Sure, I'd be glad to help her lift him any time, and so would anyone else wid a heart instid of a stone in their breast."

"I knew you would, Mrs. O'Brien, if you understood. The boy knits very well," Miss Reid went on, "and some people are ordering their Winter stockings for their children from him, to help pay for a chair; but he hasn't been doing much lately, I hear."

Jimmie, who had just come in, giggled.

"You'd just ought to see him, Miss

Reid, with a big stocking hanging to him, just like an old woman. The kids all threw stones and called him a sissy. It was great!"

"Yes," said Miss Reid gravely, "and it took all the money he had saved to pay for the windows."

"If ever I hear of your throwing a stone, Jimmie O'Brien, there'll be something doin' in this house, I promise you that. It's a fine thing when a lad can't sit in his own windows widout bein' hooted at," said Mrs. O'Brien.

"You only laughed when I told you before," said Jimmie in an injured voice.

"I didn't know some things then that I know now," replied Mrs. O'Brien majestically. "If they are Dutch, they have their feelings like everybody else, and if I hear—" But Jimmie had disappeared.

The baby next door began to cry.

"I wonder what can be the matter with it," said Mrs. O'Brien. "Sure that poor woman has trouble enough, hasn't she?"

"I think if you could see it, you might be able to suggest something to help it," said Miss Reid, her heart beating rapidly. "You are such a good nurse."

Mrs. O'Brien blushed, hesitated and then said explosively: "To tell the truth, Miss Reid, I haven't been very friendly,—the Lord forgive me! and she may hold it ag'in me. You know I didn't know, so I think I'd better not go in."

"Oh, I think she'd be glad to be friends with you, and then you might offer to help her lift the boy, too. A nice neighbor like you might do her lots of good. Let us both go in. I want to see if there are any books I could lend the boy. He must be lonesome."

Mrs. O'Brien, evidently very ill at ease, accompanied her.

"We came in to see if there is anything we can do for the child," was her stately greeting to Mrs. Ehrenheit, who, blank amazement written all over her face, led the way to the bedroom.

"And the poor, dear little boy," said Mrs. O'Brien, some minutes later, holding the baby. "Now, why, Mrs. Ehrenheit, didn't you ask me to help you lift him? Sure, I'd be glad to help you do it, and Himself will come in at night and carry the lad out a block or two for a little diversion. Himself is not much to look at, sonny, but he's as gentle as a baby, so you needn't be afraid to trust him. He won't hurt you, I promise you that," she said, turning to the child. "And I do be so busy I can't get much time to darn stockings, and I hear you're a beautiful knitter, so if you get the time I'd like a couple pair of stockings for Nellie by next Winter."

A look of bitterness crept into Mrs. Ehrenheit's face which Mrs. O'Brien was quick to notice.

"He'll sit right out in the front and do his knitting, and Himself will break every bone in the body of any of them kids that annoy him," she said firmly. "It's a burning shame for the likes of them to worry the likes of him; and all this child here needs is a bit of fresh air. Nellie do be crazy for a baby, and she'll take him out for you, and proud to do it." Mrs. Ehrenheit was speechless at the thought of the blessings that were about to fall upon her shoulders.

"She's a nice, neat little body, if she is Dutch," said Mrs. O'Brien, as she escorted Miss Reid to the car, "and I'll do all I can for her, you may be sure."

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"Talk about Rosenfield and the Rooshuns and Chinks," remarked the janitor two or three weeks later. "He isn't in it with that one," pointing to Miss Reid, "for a peacemaker. To see that husky O'Brien taking out that cripple of the Ehrenheit's every night would paralyze you! And Mrs. O'Brien and Mrs. Ehrenheit are as thick as thieves.

"Do you want a shelf, Miss Reid?" he called, going after her as quickly as his rheumatic knees permitted.

# GOTHAM IN GOLDEN CHAINS

## HOW THE BELMONT-RYAN SYNDICATE IS PREPARING TO UNITE ALL NEW YORK TRACTION LINES IN A WATERED-STOCK COMBINATION SECOND IN SIZE ONLY TO THE UNITED STATES STEEL COMPANY, EMPLOYING METHODS OF HIGH FINANCE BESIDE WHIGH "BOSS" TWEED'S OLD-FASHIONED ROBBERIES SEEM LUDICROUSLY AWKWARD

By John Coulter

NEW YORK CITY

GREATER NEW YORK is in the grasp of a frightful, crushing money-power, which, with its heaped-up hundreds of millions of dollars, has the first city in the United States completely under its control. The world has never seen anything like it; it is gigantic, unique. It can marshal $1,000,000,000 under its banner, and it is not afraid of the City, the State or the Nation. It has no politics, and yet it owns politicians; it has friends in the board of aldermen, in the legislature and in congress, and it has high standing in the courts; it has the best of legal talent to construe the laws and complaisant judges to interpret their meaning. Should it find objection to statutes as they now stand, it can have new ones written and passed.

I allude to the syndicate which has assumed control of the traction lines of the boroughs of Manhattan and the Bronx, and which may take over the Brooklyn Rapid Transit Company and other means of communication on Long Island. This syndicate has behind it the wealth of the Rothschilds, through August Belmont, who is its head; the fortune of the Vanderbilts, through Cornelius of that name; the money of the Standard Oil Company, through the house of Kuhn, Loeb & Company and Henry H. Rogers, the active head of this monoply of monopolies; the cash of the allied interests at the back of J. Pierpont Morgan, which have implicit faith in the man who brought the billion-and-a-half-dollars United States Steel Corporation into being; the hoard of the Equitable Life Assurance Society and the financial, moral and political influence of the Consolidated Gas Company, both of which are owned and controlled by Thomas Fortune Ryan, an all but equal partner with Mr. Belmont.

This combination has organized a $445,000,000 stock-holding company, to which may be added $120,000,000 when the Brooklyn Rapid Transit is taken in. This will come into the fold when Mr. Belmont makes the sign, and with it Pennsylvania railroad interests, controlling hundreds of millions more. The Pennsylvania Company, which owns the state of that name, is building tunnels under the North and East rivers, as well as a line the length of Long

Island, and the traction question is a matter of extreme moment to it. J. Pierpont Morgan, who is interested in the Pennsylvania Company in more ways than one, was the adviser of Mr. Belmont in the merger deal, and may, with propriety, be called the most prominent figure in it, although Mr. Belmont stands as the ostensible head in the public's view. Mr. Morgan was establishing syndicates when Mr. Belmont was going to school, and has numbers of them to his credit. Then there may be added $217,000,000 more, to represent new subways and additional common stock.

### *Bound with Golden Chains*

Greater New York is being bound in golden chains in every conceivable way. There are railways overhead, railways on the surface, subways underneath the street railroads, and tunnels below the subways—all in the hands or under the control of the men who constitute the syndicate. In this list, also, should be put the bridges across the two rivers, for they will come into the syndicate's system in a practical way, no matter who may lay claim or title to them. The people own them, but this makes no difference.

Casting up the wealth behind this syndicate, the hundreds of millions revealed is startling. Mr. Belmont has millions of his own, left him by his father, who represented the Rothschilds in the United States during his lifetime; Mr. Morgan began his career with $10,000,000, and has increased it many times over, to say nothing of those who are willing to invest in any scheme he may countenance; Mr. Rogers has millions, too, for he represents not only Standard Oil but Amalgamated Copper as well; Kuhn, Loeb & Company is a link in the chain of Standard Oil banks, and is the most powerful house among Hebrew men of wealth in the United States; Thomas Fortune Ryan, who sold the street railroads of New York to Mr. Belmont and bought the Equitable Assurance Society from young James Hazen Hyde, owns as many banks, trust companies and other corporations as some rich society men have suits of clothes; then the Vanderbilts and all sorts of financial institutions are associated with the men who compose this syndicate, and a glance around and about shows millions upon millions—nothing but millions—in the hands of the combination which is now the real boss of Greater New York. Then there is that indefinite proposition, the "investing public," which will come in with a few millions to add to the aggregate. The "investing public" always comes in; this is understood, and enters into the calculations of syndicates.

### *You'd Better Read the Figures*

As a rule, people detest figures, but in the hands of men entirely "wise" to the financial game they can be made to do anything, and with them the wily financier can arrive at any conclusion. The average man adds two and two together and finds great difficulty in obtaining any other result than four. The modern general of finance adds two and two and arrives at a total of twenty-two. The difference is eighteen, and this comes out of the pockets of the people, who pay the toll and say nothing. Deficits are made up by tricks of handwriting, and the only man who is worse off than the mere tax-paying private citizen is the minority stockholder, (the unit of the "investing public" aforesaid), who not only pays taxes on what is stolen, but suffers the loss of the good money he may have put into the enterprise, which is run for the glory and profit of the financial buccaneers who manage it. Capitalization of water and the future is about to be exemplified in great shape in Greater New York.

In order to give a clearer idea of what the control of all the traction lines in the metropolis means, it may be pointed out that single fares equal in number to the population of the whole world will be collected on the local highways of New York this year; by this I mean the surface, subway and elevated lines on the Island of Manhattan and as far north as the city limits extend beyond the classic Harlem. It is estimated—for the officially complete census has not yet been taken—that there are 1,200,000,000 people inhabiting the earth, and that is the number of rides that will be sold in 1906 by the transportation companies ruled by Mr. Belmont and his syndicate.

During 1905 something more than 1,036,000,000 people rode on the subway, elevated and surface lines, and the entire income was $38,661,137. The operating expenses were $19,668,808, which left total net earnings of $18,992,329. From this was subtracted what are known as "charges" (dividends, interest, etc., on stocks and bonds) and what is commonly denominated as a "surplus" of $3,262,977 remained. It wasn't a real surplus, however, because one dividend amounting to several hundred thousand dollars was overlooked or mislaid; but it was a good enough surplus for the moment, and so it was allowed to stand. Now this surplus of $3,262,977 happens to represent what Mr. Belmont and his syndicate depend upon to make money for them in the way of dividends and interest on the $445,000,000 capitalization, less some slight savings in the way of concentration of management.

Now, this $445,000,000 of capital is divided as follows: Underlying stocks and bonds, $220,000,000; new four and one-half per cent. bonds, $70,000,000; new five per cent. stock, $55,000,000; new common stock, $100,000,000. In the first place, from this $3,262,977 surplus of 1905 must be substracted the four and one-half per cent. interest on the $70,000,000 of bonds, amounting to $3,150,000, which will leave a balance of $112,977; then the five per cent. dividend on the $55,000,000 of preferred stock is to come out of this balance and when taken out it leaves a deficit of $2,687,023. When it comes to a deficit, everything that follows must be added to it, and this is the case with the dividend that ought to be paid on the $100,000,000 of common stock. If this dividend is put at four per cent. this would amount to $4,000,000 in a year, or a total of $6,487,023 minus. However, as the traffic in 1906 will be at least 175,000,000 greater than in 1905, this will help some in adding to the surplus and decreasing the deficit, but not in a material degree, as it will cost something to carry the additional passengers.

### *Capitalizing the Future*

What does this tremendous capitalization represent? It certainly does not represent the true value of the properties upon which it rests as so heavy a burden, nor the rights to the streets through which the cars pass, nor the pure air above on the elevated structures, nor the more or less vitiated atmosphere in the subways; neither does it represent the past or the present. What it really does represent is the future, and the hopes and expectations of a few ambitious men. But then it must be remembered that the same men are not risking any considerable portion of their own money, but the cash of others, and in addition to this they are trafficing in the credit of the city, which stands as sponsor for millions which aided in the construction of the present subway.

How much of the capital of the new combination is what is known as "water?" It is merely a matter of standard, and Mr. Belmont would have one standard, while the public would have another. In reality, the term "water" means a capitalization of prospects, whether bright or not-dark. The capitalization just created by Mr. Belmont and his associates in the syndicate to represent possible values in five or more years, is "water." In other words, the new company is capitalized to a limit yet to be reached. If the hopes and expectations of these men are worth the sum at which the $100,000,000 of common stock is to be "floated," then, of course, the stock is worth that price. Whether that price can be maintained in the market is a question for Wall Street to settle.

Based on the revenue-producing capacity of urban business in 1905, practically all the common stock and nearly $50,000,000 of the five per cent. preferred stock is "water" pure and simple. At the price at which the stock of the new company will be offered to the public, the "water" in it will amount, essentially to $100,000,000! This is high finance with a vengeance, but it has had its parallels in the cases of a few great railroad companies, much to the grief and sorrow of hundreds of thousands of real investors. The speculator who risked and lost doesn't count.

### *Hopes of the Promoters*

What is the justification for such an avalanche of securities? It is the belief among financiers who have expressed themselves that the promoters of this combination have created them with the expectation that the net revenues of the properties will increase some $6,000,000 per annum within a "reasonable" time, and without much further capital expenditure, thus wiping out the deficit. When the deficit is extinguished, then some means must be provided for the payment of dividends upon about $140,000,000 of common and preferred stock. If it be true that a large working capital is to be provided, this, together with the cash on hand (amounting in all to $25,000,000) will have the effect of squeezing out just that amount of "water." As this working capital will come from the pockets of the promoters, it may with truth be said that this is about all the ready money they will put into the enterprise.

Upon what may the expectations that the revenue to the traction companies will shortly increase by $6,000,000 or so per annum be based? There are two factors of importance, the first being the natural growth of traffic in the City of New York, which, the experts of the companies agree, is about six per cent. a year. The net increase is lower because the tendency is always toward increasing the number of transfers, and also toward a growth in long-haul traffic rather than the short-haul, out of which companies make their largest earnings. Clever men at figures say that it will be at least five years, even at the present rate of growth of the city, before the net earnings reach the basis upon which the syndicate's great combination has been formed.

### *Using the City's Credit*

The second factor is the construction of new subways. There are to be three of these—one for Seventh and Eighth avenues, one for Lexington avenue, and another for Third avenue—and the estimated cost is $115,000,000, which means a real cost of $175,000,000. This warrants an additional capitalization of at least $200,000,000, which is a low figure, and one upon which the syndicate can make money, for the reason that the combination can, in all probability, use the credit of the city, and the money of the city, too, in the boring and finishing of the tunnels. In such case there is little doubt as to the ultimate value of its securities. Mr. Belmont's present subway already is using the city's three and one-half per cent. borrowing rate on $37,000,000, largely in consequence of which it is enabled to pay eight per cent. dividends on its capitalization of

$35,000,000. The more equities of this kind that are created for the combination, the greater will be the value of its stock. If the traffic of the existing subway can be duplicated on the east side of the city with a corporation similarly capitalized and built at similar expense to the constructing company, it may be safe to say, or at least predict, that the $6,000,000 of extra revenue per annum necessary to eliminate the "water" from the syndicate's securities will be fairly in sight.

Summed up and considered from a financial point of view, not from the standpoint of the banker or conservative financier, but that of the daring speculator, the new traction merger is simply a large gamble on the future and the prospect (or ability) of its backers securing the exceedingly lucrative work of constructing the new subways. But who doubts that Mr. Belmont will get these valuable contracts? He has notified the Rapid Transit Commission that he purposes to put in bids for them, and what power can prevent him from securing them? Has not Mr. Belmont a billion dollars behind him? He has, and money is most potent in this money-worshipping New York. Suppose some other man really is awarded these coveted contracts; cannot Mr. Belmont buy him out? Certainly. It is necessary that Mr. Belmont get them in one way or another, because the syndicate cannot stand competition.

Among the most interesting features of this titanic combination is the fact that $51,000,000 of the common stock will control it absolutely. The bonds and preferred stock have no voting power, and the common stock amounts to $100,000,000. Slightly more than one-half of this is $51,000,000, and, saying that the common stock sells at sixty—and it will not go at a higher rate than that—then $26,000,000 will dominate the entire urban transportation of New York City. Mr. Belmont will see who gets this control, and who keeps it, and as he will be kept in power by a voting trust composed of his own friends, no rude outsider can come in and oust him from place.

AUGUST BELMONT

### *It May Soon Rival U. S. Steel*

It may not be long ere this $445,000,000 consolidation is swelled to a combination with a capitalization of $662,000,000, composed of the original capital of $100,000,000 and the $200,000,000 representing the new subways. Then Mr. Belmont's organization will be second in size only to the United States Steel Corporation, out of which Mr. Andrew Carnegie got $300,000,000, and which represents a billion and a half. When the Long Island traction companies come in this will add hundreds of millions more, but as they are not in just yet there is no need of bothering with these additional troublesome millions.

What makes the position of Mr. Belmont so strong is the fact that he and his associates have the people working for them, while the city itself is little more than an employe.

Were the late William M. Tweed now

living he would realize what an amateur and a tyro he really was. Had he capitalized his ambition instead of his criminal greed, he might have been a great financier. As it was, his work was coarse. He never explored the realm of really high finance, but stole openly and then asked, "What are you going to do about it?" He was a common fellow, and never stood a show of becoming a member of high financial society. His methods were crude, and well calculated to excite smiles of derision in these days. He never sought to learn of Wall Street, and came to a deserved bad end.

It is not alone the nickels of the people that the mighty street car syndicate is after. There is Wall Street, with its numberless devices for the manipulation of stocks. Prices rise and fall, and the "insiders" make the prices. Then there are the juggling of assets, the forcing of balances and the making of surpluses out of airy nothing. Wall Street has a new trick for every tick of the clock, and eagerly awaits the advent of new stocks—to take a kick at them.

### *Personality of Belmont*

Mr. Belmont is a favored child of fortune. Everything has come his way since he was born, and he has let little get past him. Until he became associated with the Interborough Rapid Transit Company (the subway) he was not more than a lieutenant of finance. When he was elected president of this organization he was promoted to a captaincy, and when he took over the elevated lines and merged them with the subway system he became a colonel. In consequence of his latest strategic movement he has been made a general. His personality is neither striking nor impressive. In a crowd he would not be picked out as a leader of men. But he is a hard worker, has the faculty of concentration, and possesses marked business ability, although he is not looked upon by his associates as a genius. When he took hold of the subway he exhibited originality, and when he fought the Pennsylvania Company in its efforts to gain entrance into New York by tunneling the North River he showed a high grade of pluck. So hard a fight did he make against the burly Pennsylvania Company that it made terms with him.

Only once in his career has he met with an upset. He represented the Rothschilds as chairman of the Louisville & Nashville railroad until one day John W. Gates came along, bought the road when Mr. Belmont wasn't looking and tossed him into the ditch. But Mr. Belmont is older now, keeps his eyes open and his wits about him, and it is doubtful if even the clever Mr. Gates could fool him again.

## LOOKING FOR WORK

### By H. C. Gauss

TWICE, daily, up to Salem's wharves, the patient tide slips in;
It lips the thrown-down granite, it lips the spiles worn thin
And, asking sadly at the flood, "Are there no ships today?"
Returns, an idle current, into an idle bay.

# GREAT-GRANDMA'S WEDDING

## By Catherine Jewett

EAST BROWNFIELD, MAINE

SWEET Great-grandma looks a saint,
With her white hair, and her quaint
'Broidered kerchief folded down
Primly o'er her satin gown,

As she tells in accents low,
Wonder tales of long ago,
When all the men had manners fine,
When Knighthood's flower was in its prime;

When maidens fair were mild and sweet,
Modest-spoken, and discreet,
Learned in all housewifely art,
Clean of body, pure of heart.

Heart alive! those maids were true!
The men were monstrous genteel, too;
And when with fingers lightly met
They trod the stately minuet

It was a picture good to see,
Of grace and gentle dignity;
Of manhood in its perfect prime,
Of girlhood in its blossom time.

Their smiling elders walked apart
And wisely mated heart to heart.
For children dared not say them "nay,"
Great-grandma says, in that old day.

And yet, despite Great-grandma's word
Another's tale I oft have heard
About a willful little maid
Who both her parents disobeyed;

Who would not wed the suitor old,
That wooing came with lands and gold,
But rashly ran away instead
To follow where a lover led,—

Because her foolish heart, forsooth,
Was given to a giddy youth.
For maids were fond, and men were bold
Long, long ago, in days of old.

Full many a word was whispered low
As they went bowing to and fro,
With hearts aflame, as warm hands met
In many an old-time minuet.

And she was young and passing fair,—
Too sweet a bloom for age to wear.
Her parents wisely chose for pelf;
She chose (the minx) to please herself.

The wedding dress itself was made,
A dream of silver and brocade;
Its flashing gems, its priceless lace,
The bodice of a queen might grace.

The richest gifts in all the land
The groom had brought with lavish hand,
While eager guests, from far and near,
Were bidden to the wedding cheer.

Yet still the willful little bride
Within her chamber wept and sighed
Until she heard the glasses ring
High o'er the riotous reveling.

Quick then she crept across the hall,
Swift scaled the garden's prisoning wall;
And so the tale was all complete,—
A man, a maid, a courser fleet.

Oh! swift they rode o'er dale and hill,
And ever swift, and swifter still;
While close behind, with pothering muss,
With pistol, sword and blunderbuss,

The gray groom followed, breathing ire,
And, neck and neck, her angry sire,
While crowding on, with ribald shout,
Rode guest, and squire, and serving lout.

Wine-mad, to help a father bend
A daughter's heart to his own end:
Wine-mad, to hunt the flying pair,
As beasts are hunted, to their lair.

Oh! long the race, and stern the pace,
And cruel grew the tireless chase,
Until they reached a river wide
With broken bridge and swollen tide.

One swaying plank the waters spanned,
Wild swirled the waves on either hand.
"'Tis death to try that dizzy way;
Say, sweetheart, will you go or stay?"

Her lover whispered, and the maid
Made answer straightway, undismayed:

"Life may divide, but death is true;
Come life, come death, I ride with you!"

And no pursuer dared to tread
Where man and maid to safety sped,
But watched them swiftly ride away
To happiness that happy day.

And thus it was, with shot and shout,
Great-grandma's wedding came about;
Great-grandma, modest, meek, and mild,
*A gentle and obedient child.*

# THE PASSING OF JULES VERNE

UNDER normal conditions in a "live" boy's reading, "Robinson Crusoe" is invariably followed by the "Swiss Family Robinson." This in its turn is superseded by Verne's "Twenty Thousand Leagues Under the Sea" and "The Mysterious Island." The latter, which contains the essence of the gospel Verne preaches, prepares the way for his more abstruse work and for Cooper, Stevenson and Scott.

Verne's thrilling plots are not used simply for the display of his vast fund of encyclopediac information. Under all the wealth of words lies a motif worthy of the best efforts of novelist, seer or poet. With keen insight he has struck the dominant note of the twentieth century,—the recognition of man's power to control conditions, physical, moral and spiritual. If it is necessary to circle the earth in eighty days it is done; if a journey to the moon becomes essential, the means will be discovered; the tropics, the frozen zones, the hidden seas, each must yield up its wealth of secrets when the world-master makes his demand upon it; and if a casual comet slices off a goodly portion of our planet, to be at once transformed into a whirling satellite, the few human beings therewith transplanted have no difficulty in resolving themselves at once into an autocracy and organizing a new republic in their limited sphere.

"The Mysterious Island" is to the present age what "Robinson Crusoe" was a hundred years ago. It cannot compete with its prototype in poetry, simplicity and naturalness, but it is a faithful exponent of the possibilities of our highly complex modern life. The latter-day Robinson is multiple, and understands clearly the conditions that surround him. If he needs tools he makes them from the native ore; he manufactures powder and nitro-glycerine; he distils his chemical preparations, builds railroads and telegraph lines, produces cloth of good quality, studies astronomical and geological conditions, prepares his island for its ultimate annexation to his own republic and is only worsted at the last by the intervention of that power that holds the worlds in its hands.

Verne believed in man, the wonderfully developed man of the twentieth century, and most of all in the Anglo-Saxon race; and his whole work is a prophecy of man's future control of all material conditions.

*Sarah D. Hobart*

# A PIRATE YET A BROTHER

## By H. C. Gauss

WASHINGTON, DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA

CAPTAIN EBENEZER PERKINS of Castine, Maine, was one of the pillars of the lodge of Freemasons which had flourished in that ancient settlement since the latter part of the eighteenth century. Mrs. Captain Ebenezer Perkins was not wholly pleased that several evenings out of the captain's too-brief sojourns ashore were spent in the company of the fellow-craftsmen, but her plaints were ignored, as the plaints of many other other spouses have been ignored, and in the symposiums which followed the lodge meetings there were various comforting beverages set forth which were based on direct importation by the captain, who had the lodge meetings in memory in whatever part of the world he might happen to be.

The handful of home-staying brethren who kept up the lodge while the majority of its membership roamed the navigable waters of the globe were not without recompense. There was scarcely a meeting but some brother told of queer lodge meetings in queer places or of Masonry under the most magnificent of old-world auspices. One had filled a chair when half a dozen, speaking four different languages, had exemplified the degrees in a savage's hut on a far Tahitian shore. Another had visited an English-speaking lodge which held its meeting in a Hindu temple surrounded by the symbolism of the world's oldest civilization. But the most frequent narrator of special Masonic experiences was Captain Ebenezer. Wherever he went he sought out Masonic experiences with enthusiasm. In Havana, in London, or in Hong Kong his first leisure was devoted to the development of brother Masons. Naturally, the captain had the hailing sign out with much frequency, perhaps so much so that it became a more or less habitual gesture, and no Mason who came much into the captain's society could remain long in ignorance that Captain Ebenezer Perkins was a brother and anxious to be regarded as such.

In the year 1820, the Castine lodge, which had been ousted from its lodge room by the British during the considerable British occupancy of the town as a result of the War of 1812, was in a flourishing condition. Its regalia and paraphernalia was all brought from abroad and was complete in every particular. The symbols which adorned the walls of its place of mystic rites were of no mean drawing, and no matter where Captain Ebenezer might go, he was never shamed to remember the little lodge room at home, as correct in its appurtenances as the most pretentious. In the early part of 1820 Captain Ebenezer sailed from Castine with lumber, fish and an assorted cargo for St. Iago de Cuba, the Santiago of 1898, and a rare hole for rum and rascals, as every Yankee skipper of the early days knew. What was planned and begun at Santiago was consummated on the quay at Havana. If the Yankees got three prices for their commodities and drove shrewd bargains for return cargoes, the Spanish merchants sometimes settled the account to their own advantage by having an interest in the piratical schooner that took the Yankee ship and sold the vessel and cargo through a broker at Havana.

Captain Perkins liked to go to Santiago; faith, it's no bad place to go now, in the right time of year. Once slipped through the preposterously narrow entrance, where the old Morro presents its anachonistic front, Captain Perkins was relieved from any of the mariner's worries. His vessel was nearly as safe from chance of storm or wreck in that wholly enclosed harbor as if he had been able to lock her up in a cupboard at home. He exchanged the seaman's troubles for the merchant's worries, but after the day's business was over he might sit out in the sprinkled, flower-scented plaza, drinking a combination of rum and lime juice, which is one of the Santiago characteristics, and watch the girls go to evening service in the whitey-brown cathedral across the plaza, or he might go to Masonic lodge meeting, where he would meet as many queer Masonic fish as in almost any other lodge in the world.

With a sigh, which was one of relief as well as one of regret, Captain Perkins rippled out of Santiago harbor before the perfumed breeze of a morning in May. Instead of having to load for home with molasses, as he had feared, he had been able to get together a cargo of coffee, pimento, sugar and other commodities, good, at the least calculation, for a profit of ten thousand dollars, hard money, when landed in Boston. But Santiago had never been pleasanter or congenial company more plentiful. Captain Ebenezer had been able to add to his business Spanish very many phrases which had nothing at all to do with commercial transactions. He even hummed a little Spanish song as he passed out by the Morro, a song which in its most expurgated form would have thrilled Castine with horror. The song was a reminiscence of a scene of festivity to which he had been introduced by a Masonic acquaintance. To learn the verses line by line was not an unpleasant task for the Yankee seafarer, and he was naively unscious of the full meaning. He took the shouts of laughter that had greeted the song as a tribute to his talents as an entertainer, and was only vaguely puzzled to find that his fair instructress had disappeared when he had, against her protests, insisted on exhibiting his new accomplishment.

As he set the course of the Camden along the south shore of Cuba, however, and her nose began to point the way back to New England, he began to think of old Castine, and there was no more singing of Spanish ditties. He gruffly ordered the grinning helmsman to shut his face and stumped off below to get his breakfast.

Twenty-four hours later he was setting every inch of canvas and sozzling his sails with salt water in a vain attempt to run away from a topsail schooner that was swinging up and outsailing and outpointing him without apparent effort on the part of its crew. The pirate caught him well out of sight of land and of any other sail,and ranging up along the windward side, grappled the Camden with delicate seamanship and poured a dozen brown rascals over on the deck of the Yankee vessel. One of these scientifically kicked the man at the wheel several feet forward and brought the Camden up into the wind, while others let the halliard go with a run. In five minutes the Camden was towing along easily beside the pirate, the hatches were off and the precious cargo was being shifted into the hold of the buccaneer. Even Captain Ebenezer Perkins, sweating and hot with rage, helped in the transfer, under the ungentle urging of the captors.

Today it is as impossible to be a successful sea pirate as it is to lead an army to victory clad in chain mail and bearing a lance, and it seems incredible that it was quite easy in the first half of the nineteenth century to board a vessel flying the flag of the United States, to subdue the crew with numbers and force of arms and take her cargo out, then set her adrift with flames running along her decks and up her shrouds. There were several parts of the world where this was possible, but none where it was so nearly probable as in the waters around Cuba, and especially in those waters from which a quick run could be made to Havana. The files of newspapers for the first quarter of the nineteenth century contain frequent paragraphs like the following:

> ANOTHER PIRATICAL OUTRAGE.—The captain and crew of the brig Sally, who have just landed in Charleston, report that their vessel was taken from them by pirates who removed the cargo and burned the vessel. The crew, after being ill treated and robbed, were set adrift in an open boat from which they were rescued by the schooner Enterprize.

> BOSTON SEAMEN ILL-TREATED.—The captain of the snow Good Hope, which has just arrived in Boston, reports that he was boarded by pirates who, finding the cargo of little value, took the captain's watch and money and deprived the crew of their clothes and valuables. Upon the captain protesting against the robbery he was struck on the head with a cutlass and left for dead. One of the crew who offered resistance was stabbed and thrown overboard. The pirates left the vessel after doing much wanton damage to the sails and rigging. The captain, recovering from unconsciousness, was able to bring the snow to Boston.

Among such paragraphs may be found the short and succinct annal of the fate of the Camden. The cargo transferred, piles of inflammables were set on fire in different parts of the hull. As the pirate sheered off, the Camden was burning briskly and in the bright southern sunshine was not so much of a tell-tale beacon but that the pirate could get out of the way in a few hours of smart sailing.

Captain Ebenezer Perkins, hand-free, but with legs confined in a long bar-shackle which had probably been a-slaving and might go again, contemplated the condition of his own cargo in the hold of another's vessel, and swore fluently. The Spanish schooner was heeling smartly and making excellent speed with her load. The Yankee crew was stowed amidships under the weather bulwarks and with a bit of an awning. They had been accommodated with something to eat and drink by the pirates, who were feeling the virtuous good humor of the successful. The pirate captain seemed to enjoy Captain Perkins' profanity, even. "Hey, feel damn bad, eh? No bueno feel bad. Send good place, damn quick." And with an expressive gesture to the sky, the pirate went aft with what Captain Perkins could not but feel was a diabolical grin.

"Now they ain't no use givin' this thing up," said the captain to his next shackle-mate, who happened to be the steersman erstwhile so vigorously kicked, and who was inclined to be low-spirited, "mebbe I kin find a Mason around here, an' I'll bet you—"

As a matter of fact, except during the time when the pirates had the captain on the run, he had kept a signal of distress going at an apparently unreceptive world. But just at this point the pirate who was second in command on the schooner came up and stooped over as if to examine the shackles. To the captain's delirious delight, the piratical fingers formed themselves into a hailing sign, and a Masonic wigwag followed, ending in a furtive grasp of the hand. "Dese all Masons?" queried he in a whisper.

All Masons? Well, would Captain Ebenezer Perkins sail out of Castine with any other kind of a crew over the square and compass painted on the stern of the old Camden? Masons, yessiree, some of them past masters, and signs and tokens went up and down that shackled line with all the fervor of a dig-out from a bad position. "Fear notting, brodders," said the pirate, dramatically, and he strode aft.

That which followed occurred in floods of Spanish, of which the prisoners could make out but little in the jangle of conversation. The gestures were sufficiently revealing, and they followed their fortunes with sinking and rising hearts until the dramatic denouement.

First the mate, gracefully tripping aft, threw himself metaphorically at the feet of his commanding officer. "Lo, senor capitan, the Isle of Pines. It is sufficiently retired and lonesome at this part. Shall we not set these accursed Yankees ashore? When they reach Havana, if at all, there will be nothing to harm."

"Sacred thunders of the Eternal!" (so expresses himself the captain pirate.) "Is it that thou are mad, my Diego? Hast thou a wish to hang? Shoot, stab and then into the sea!"

"But no, my captain, this is—er—my name day. All Yankees should die, but I have a disrelish for this day—see, I implore thee. These for the shore!"

The captain thunders a negative and strides aft. But there is an appeal from him, it seems. The mate calls loudly and the crew come running to the quarter-deck. There they stand in a chattering, gesticulating group while the mate harangues them, the captain harangues them. Some look at the prisoners, some look at the mate, who is doing something with his fingers. One passes little pellets or beans of some sort among the crew and presently gathers them up and exhibits them to the captain and the mate, who appear to pick them out, one choosing one kind, one the other. The mate comes to the break of the trunk and shows his hand, nine beans of white. The captain shows black beans,— how many? Again nine. A tie between murdering and marooning.

More haranguing, more chattering, more gesticulating, but two parties form and divide against each other with perhaps the show of a knife at intervals. The vote is taken again and it is nine to nine. The mate is seen to smile sarcastically at his commanding officer and to make an apparently and purposely irritating remark.

Ah, foolish captain of the pirate, with thy black-bearded, burly bulk! It was not wise to have despised the slim mate with sinews like steel wire; to have attemped to seize and break that slender wrist which was the neck of the serpent hand with its eight-inch fang! Thy Diego had been waiting the provocation of such a coarse insult as that of thy rejoinder to his pleasantry, and had planned the thrust which should make him master of this quick-sailing schooner. Now thou liest on thy back, oh, burly captain, thy ashen gray face bears a look of surprise and the Yankee prisoners will be landed on the Isle of Pines in spite of thy thundering "No."

The remains of the late captain of the pirate schooner had hardly been removed from the deck before the new captain bowed his late captives politely over the side. He pressed a box of cigars and a bottle of rum on Captain Ebenezer Perkins and politely failed to hear the request that some provisions and water should go along with them. He was quite too much of a gentleman to point out Captain Perkins' mistake in supposing that there was an overplus of provisions aboard and that sea-stores, costing good money, were to be wasted on Yankees.

As a matter of fact, the week's sojourn of the crew of the Camden on the Isle of Pines was largely in the nature of a picnic. Easily gathered fruits and shellfish and easily caught fish and birds were feeding the crew fat and there were but remains of the New England energy when, a week later, a small schooner anchored off the place where the Camden's crew lay, marooned but happy. It was Captain Perkins who made signals to attract the stranger, and the signals were unheeded. There was some languid discussion as to what should be done, but it was inconclusive, and they would have gone to sleep again under their shelter of boughs but for Captain Perkins' insistence.

Finally it was agreed that the cabin boy should swim off to the little schooner and call attention to the condition ashore. The boy had been spending most of the time in the water, but objected that to swim because he had to, was work. One of the crew threatened to kick him and the captain promised him a Spanish dollar when they got to Havana, so, accompanied by the dog, the midshipmite swam off and made the necessary negotiations for a passage.

Captain Ebenezer was "biling," as they say in New England, when he reached Havana, tense with indignation at his crew, who had developed the "manana" habit to the full, and speechless with rage at the loss of a good vessel and a fine cargo. He set full sail for the consul's office the moment he got his foot on shore, but stopped on the quay for unnecessary fuel to his wrath. Laying there in course of shipment for Spain were the very packages, bearing his mark, which had been under the hatches of the Camden when she sailed out of Santiago.

He sputtered it all out to the consul, who heard it as if it had been a twice-told tale. He sympathized with Captain Ebenezer and then detailed the course of Spanish procedure in such cases. Briefly, it would cost something like a tenth of the value of the cargo to get the matter on foot at all, with the reasonable certainty that it would join a dozen other cases in some judicial pigeonhole. Meanwhile the goods would be away to Spain, the perpetrators gone, who knew where? and, lastly, Captain Ebenezer stood a good chance of waking up in the hereafter if he showed out in Havana after nightfall with such a case pending. The captain did not relish the idea of his astral shape looking down on his physical body lying in some dark corner with a knife between the ribs, and he hauled up and made as short a course for Castine as possible.

Some months later, Captain Perkins, then superintending the lading of a brand-new ship at Boston, heard some news. His just resentment was gratified to learn that the pirate vessel which had taken the Camden had been captured, and that the crew, including his old friend Diego, were in durance vile at Charleston in South Carolina. He found himself also with natural feelings of regret and sorrow, for Diego, a Mason and a brother, had certainly saved his life. But vexation followed all when he realized that he had been summoned to Charleston as a witness and that he must defer for the present his hopes of recouping the Camden loss. He couldn't, under any decent feelings of gratitude, contribute to the hanging of the man who had saved his life, and he wouldn't miss the profit in the voyage impending, that was flat. His owners put the consideration of gratitude forward prominently and minimized the other. The dramatics of the situation appealed forcibly to the great Webster, and the attorney-general's office released Captain Perkins from appearing at the trial, the more willingly that it decreased the expenses of the case.

They tried to explain it to Diego, formerly mate, but later the rash and unsuccessful pirate captain who had essayed to capture a United States brig of war in the darkness, mistaking her for the brig he had been chasing at nightfall. Diego understood the hundred dollars in gold that the messenger brought much better and wisely chose to spend it in comfortable things of life rather than to waste it on legal advice. He did try to bribe his way out with part of it, and explained the indignation of the United States deputy marshal by telling himself that the official was a more important and higher-priced officer than he supposed.

In the end Diego was hanged, for he

was a very flagrant rascal indeed, while Captain Ebenezer Perkins sailed the seas and got rich enough to satisfy the moderate Castine standard. He ended his days in a three-story brick house in Portland, from which he sailed every other Wednesday evening, as long as he could navigate, to attend the meeting of the blue lodge, where he was called on, whenever there was a visitation, to tell the story of the pirate who was truly a brother.

# ARMING "THE MAN OF DESTINY"

WHEN the first Governor Yates of Illinois made his call for the veterans of the Mexican war to aid in suppressing the rebellion in the South, among the first to respond was Ulysses S. Grant. His offer to head a company was accepted at once by the governor, who with the first glance had recognized the ability and strength of character of "the Silent Man." On leaving the State House, Grant was confronted by what seemed an insurmountable difficulty. He was a poor man; worse that that, he was a man without much credit. His own family regarded him in the light of a "black sheep." It had been a hard matter to raise the necessary means to make his visit to the capitol. Now that his services had been accepted, the question of how he should obtain the money to purchase the uniform and sword faced him. He held an inferior position in the leather and hide store of his father in Galena, Illinois, and the salary was small, so small that it had been a difficult matter to care for his household. All the way from Springfield to Galena he turned the matter over in his mind, seeing no way by which he could raise the needed sum.

His father had long been out of patience with him and looked on him with anything but kindly eyes. To ask a loan from him seemed impossible. But patriotism overruled pride, and immediately on reaching home he went to his father and asked for a loan. The reply was a gruff denial

As he left the office, where the interview had been held, he came face to face with Mr. Collins, his father's partner. Mr. Collins had strong southern proclivities and was looked upon in many quarters as an incipient "copperhead" whose companionship it was well to avoid. He noticed the dejected appearance of the younger Grant and calling him aside asked what was the matter. It took only a few words to tell the story. Mr. Collins listened in silence, and when he had finished, said: "Look here, Ulysses, I'll lend you the money."

Knowing the intense sympathy Mr. Collins had with the South, Grant could hardly believe his ears. Before he could reply, his father came out and, hearing Mr. Collins' offer, said angrily:

"Remember, Collins, if you loan him that money you do it on your own responsibility. I will not pay you a cent."

Mr. Collins smiled, and taking Ulysses by the arm led him away from the neighborhood of his irate parent and repeated his offer. It was accepted with gratitude and when Grant entered the service at the head of his company, the handsome uniform and sword he sported had been supplied by the Confederate sympathizer. Mr. Collins, who told the story himself to the writer, laughed in a half-sorrowful way as he said that through this act of kindness he had armed "the Man of Destiny" and been the unconscious instrument by which the southern cause had been lost.

*J. A. Dobson*

# A DAY WITH MARQUIS ITO

### MR. YONE NOGUCHI, THE RESIDENT EDITORIAL REPRESENTATIVE OF THE NATIONAL MAGAZINE IN JAPAN, INTERVIEWS THE FOREMOST STATESMAN OF ASIA IN HIS HOME, QUOTING HIS HIGH PRAISE OF PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT AND THE AMERICAN NATION, AND HIS FORECAST OF CONDITIONS IN THE FAR EAST

## By Yone Noguchi

**Author of "Japan of Sword and Love," "From the Eastern Sea," etc.**

TOKYO, JAPAN

MARQUIS ITO'S wonderfully luminous eyes sparkled with joy. His voice was sweetly charming. Yes, as someone said, there is no age in his eyes nor in his voice. He is eternally young. And, at the same time, God only only knows how old he is. Yes, he must be a thousand years old, since in fact he made modern Japan and still is carrying Japan on his broad shoulders (By the way, he is hardly over five feet high.) A certain young Japanese statesman wrote of him: "He is the present and the future of our country personified in one individual; and in spite of all the attacks of party politics, he is still the man to whom all turn their eyes whenever the country is in trouble, whether he be in or out of office." In power or out of power, leading a cabinet or in retirement at his villa of Oiso, Marquis Ito is always the guiding voice of the nation. The formation of a new non-Ito cabinet is always preceded by a veritable procession of prospective cabinet-makers to visit the marquis at Oiso. Up to the present, ever since the first cabinet was formed, Marquis Ito has been the virtual prime minister of Japan. He was actual prime minister more times than any other living statesman, four times in fact. The people of Japan, from the highest to the lowest, have confidence in him, their leader, and although sometimes those irresponsible newspapers attack him quite bitterly, no crisis can arise without the whole nation turning to him as one man for guidance and help.

Surely many Americans must remember what President Hadley of Yale said when he conferred an honorable degree upon him. Yes, he said that the Marquis,—the greatest man of Japan, and one of the great men of the world—was one of the greatest four living men. (The ever so graceful president left us in a fog, however, not mentioning who were the others.) Perhaps Marquis Ito might be called the Japanese Bismarck. Or he may be the Japanese Napoleon. But there are no Westerners by whose achievements he can be measured. His work stands out unique in the world's history, as Japan's growth is alone in a class by itself. Truly most nations are content to become great in hundreds of years. But Japan has risen from nothing, as it is said in Occidental countries, and in thirty-odd years has become one of the foremost countries of the world. And Marquis Ito has been the principal figure and worker in this marvelous, this unprecedented national transformation. To no other man in this world has it been given to look back from the middle age of sixty years and see such a life's work lying behind him. What miracles he has seen and brought about since his birth in September, 1841! It was when he was a man of a little over forty that he drew up a constitution for Japan, and changed an absolute monarchy into a constitutional one. He did it as easily as he changed the thongs of his wooden clogs.

And he did another diplomatic wonder in winning Korea over to the new agreement, that is to say, inviting Korea to hand her diplomatic affairs into Japan's hand. He did it most quietly, as is his custom. He goes to meet any crisis with a smile and peace in mind. He is most wonderfully self-collected. He is the apostle of peace. The Japanese chauvinists denounce his weakness in policy and action. Not weak is he, but well-balanced in mind. His first and last care in managing the nation is to act under the wings of peace. It is creditably said that he at first opposed the Russia-Japan war. That is not to mean that he is unpatriotic. The great patriot is he. His action toward Korea is not Japan's successful step in aggression. He sincerely assured Korea that her diplomatic rights should be restored when she should find herself strong enough to preserve her independence. Again I say he is the man of peace. So tell his sparkling eyes, and also his sweet voice.

Yesterday, (6th. December, 1905), he returned from Seoul to his Oiso, where Mount Fuji,—the white paradise set in the quickening air,—sings beauty and truth. It was already whispered that he had composed a Chinese poem on the way back. Remember, he is no mean poet in the Chinese language, and he is a great scholar before being a great statesman. The lines ran thus:

"Though old, I dare try to save ten thousand troubles;
The new alliance will put firm these two kingdoms in neighborhood:
It is now thirty days since my farewell to the Holy Mount:
And here she welcomes me from the sky, opening her smiling face."

(The translation of course fails to render the beauty of phraselogy of the Chinese original. A thousand apologies to Marquis Ito!)

Let us celebrate his sixty-fifth anniversary!

Here is the story of how he celebrated his birthday in Korea. It was on his shooting trip that he stopped on a country road to light his cigar. (By the way, he is a great smoker.) A gray-haired Korean farmer approached him with the customary three-foot-long tobacco pipe and asked for a light. "How old are you?" asked the marquis. "Sixty-five, sir." "Strange coincidence, I am just the same age as you. Doubtless you have many grandsons, I presume." "Yes, two I have." "Only two?" the marquis said; "I am happy to say I have seven. Are you rich, my friend?" "Yes, rich in health. I work hard, as you see." "Rich in health," the marquis murmured, "yes, there's nothing better than that." And he flung a ten-yen note to him, saying: "Here's to your health and long life!" I am sure that in his heart he was celebrating his own sixty-fifth.

It was on the thirteenth of March, 1905, when I went to see him. It was right after the successful occupation of Mukden, and when we were feverishly shouting "Another great victory! Isn't it glorious?" When I entered the Soro Kaku, "The Green Billow Villa," the school children of the Oiso village passed before it, shouting "Banzai" for the marquis and the Mukden victory.

"Poor Russia! Must she act like a gambler who has started a 'bluff' game, and cannot throw up his own cards, but must continue to raise the stake?" I said, and looked up to the marquis across the luncheon table.

I was invited to his luncheon.

I had invaded his Oiso villa since morning. The villa is not a fittingly elegant affair for a gentleman of his station, being only delightful and comfortable. In common with most of the wealthy Japanese, he has two houses, one European, and the other Japanese. Is he rich? There's no Japanese statesman more free about money than he. His purse is eternally open. The houses stand among the pine trees. Did you ever see the Japanese pine trees? What agelessness in their green color! They have eternal youth! And what agelessness in their fantastic shape! What a melodiously great song of the billows you hear from his house. The houses stand by the sea. He loves surely the pine trees and sea above everything, since he hurries back from Tokyo when his official work is done. Yes, what agelessness also in the song and color of the sea. Certainly he must find the great secret of being eternally youthful in Nature,—especially in the sea and pine trees. So the mystery of his being ever so fresh and young is explained. In his private life he is a philosopher and a poet. His knowledge of the Chinese literature (and he is one of the best-informed authorities upon the general Chinese question) and also of English books, is said to be boundless. His library is a great one, full of the old Chinese classics and of the newest books from America and from Europe. The Chinese books are valuable because they are old, and the English since they are new. He speaks English perfectly. He made his way by a sailing vessel to England to study in 1863, when he was a mere boy, accompanied by the present Count Inouye. On his return he was able to do yeoman service to the country in her troubles with the foreign nations just about the time of the bombardment of Shimonoseki. Then, though very young, he was the real representative of Japan in treating with the foreign ministers.

We—the marquis and I alone—are at the luncheon table. What a delightful chance to eat among the pine trees, by the sea, especially listening to his talk. His talk never hurries but glides down calmly like a great river. What melody in his voice! The air is sweet and the whole amosphere is superb. Two beautiful young girls, perhaps sixteen or seventeen, wait upon us, noiselessly and gracefully. (By the way, he is ever so loyal to Japanese women.) Now we finished the plate of raw fishes. It would be silly to live by the sea if you don't taste the raw fishes. What a refreshing taste in them! The table was covered with the divinely white tablecloth, and had several flower-pots upon it. Behind us the golden screens stood.

To hear the reminiscences of his busy life is to hear the whole history of modern Japan. After the Great Restoration he was appointed governor of the Prefecture of Hyago, in May, 1868. He received this post because of the establishment of the foreign port of Kobe, close to the town of Hyogo, it being already recognized that Ito, young as he was then, was best fitted to hold intercourse with foreigners. In 1869 it was found necessary, for the good of the government, to appoint him as under vice-minister of finance, and in 1870 he went to America to study the monetary system, and spent nearly twelve months there. After his return his official progress was very rapid. In 1873 he was a member of the cabinet, holding the portfolio of public works, and in 1885 Marquis Ito formed the first Ito cabinet, which was in office for three years. He participated in the next cabinet by special order of the emperor. During these later years he has held many other offices, such as president of the privy council, of the house of peers, and has received the rank of count. In 1892 he formed his second cabinet, and remained in office until 1896, after the conclusion of the Chinese war. For his distinguished services to the state in this war he was raised to the rank of marquis. In 1898 the marquis formed his third, and in 1900 his fourth cabinet, both of which held office for only a few months. And today he is president of the privy council.

And he has also frequently been despatched in the service of his country to foreign lands on special missions. In 1871 he made his first official visit to Europe and America in the suite of Prince Iwakura. His most important mission, however, was that of investigation and organization for the framing of the constitution in 1882. During this mission he represented Japan at the coronation of Czar Alexander III of Russia. In 1885 Marquis (then count) Ito went to China to settle the Korean problem, and in 1897 he accompanied H. I. H. Prince Arisugawa to the Diamond Jubilee of Queen Victoria. It was on his fifth visit to America that he stopped at Yale to receive the honorable degree. He was received everywhere as the representative of Japan rather than as the private traveler. The czar received him in special audience, and Count Lamsdorff gave a ministerial banquet in his honor. In Russia, in Germany and Italy he received the highest decorations. In Potsdam the kaiser gave the marquis a banquet. From Germany he proceeded to Brussels for rest and recreation, and when he arrived in London, in December, the foreign minister of England begged him to come up to his country place and join his hunting party. The king was most anxious for him to come to Sandringham to receive the decoration of the G. C. B. His friendship with the king is said to be intimate.

How enthusiastic he is whenever he comes to touch upon the American subject! He will tell you how grateful he is to General Grant, under whose administration he studied the monetary system. "He treated me as one of the American officers, and gave me every advantage," he says. He will tell you with glee how he attended the wedding ceremony of James Field, the railroad king, on his way to England in 1897 (for the diamond jubilee of Queen Victoria.) His reception at Seattle and Chicago he will remember forever. "New York is perfectly great," he is ready to exclaim. It is interesting to listen to his story of how he crossed the continent in a palace car. He is always quick to declare that President Roosevelt is one of the greatest men he ever met.

"President Roosevelt," the marquis said to me, "once told me that President McKinley underwent some change in his opinions after he became president. So President Roosevelt will, too. But his own character will never be changed. It is too strong for that. He is one of the wonders of the world; he might be classed with Chamberlain of England and the kaiser. What he is doing for America is the just and proper thing, since the world will not permit Amercia to stand alone and isolated. On the contrary, America must take a leadership in the world's affairs, and she must push out her own power. America is safe upon the president's rough and broad shoulders. His Americanism is founded upon honesty and fair dealing. There's no enemy to Americanism, bright like sunshine, strong like iron plate. And what a fortune to have Mr. Hay! He is the best diplomat in the world. How careful, and how vigorous! What a scholar he is! And above all, what a gentlemanly gentleman. He will lead Americans always to the sunlight and to the front of nations. (Mr. Hay passed away soon after that, to the world's grief.)

"Tell for me to the Americans that we are grateful to America and the Americans for their sincere sympathies. At this moment we need them most.

"Suppose they have no special sympathy with Japan. Still they should take sides with Japan for their own interests in the far East. Happily they have been looking upon Japan and the present war with their best sympathies. It makes a vast difference. We Japanese must regard the Americans as the masters and fathers. We learned almost everything from America."

"Dear Marquis," said I, "I received many letters from American editors and from my own friends asking what Japan will demand. They are sincerely afraid that the so-called Japanese extremists (Dr. Tomizu and his party) might influence the government, and make it entertain their nightmare."

"Japan's final demand will be moderate," the marquis said. "'Open door' and equal benefit in Manchuria will be assured. Our policy will not be even one step from them. We Japanese must come to a proper understanding of American 'push' and enterprise. We mustn't dream only of monopoly—commercial and political. Not only in Manchuria, even also in Korea, we mustn't forget that we are fighting with Russia for righteousness and equal opportunities. The world's sympathies will die out immediately if we Japanese run even one step astray. Japan is the country of truth and fairness. And we must remember that we are fighting for the world's benefit, not only for our own."

"I thank you, dear Marquis, for your own assurance. Your words are authority."

(And what he believed and professed came to be the fact at Portsmouth.)

We talked about poetry and literature. He is at home upon these subjects. He is an authority on Chinese poetry, as I have said again and again.

He is the mysterious combination of Oriental and Occidental. There is no Japanese whose mind is more Occidental than his. After all, the best Orientialism is nothing but the best Occidentalism, and the world is round, and West is East. He taught Japan how to remain Japanese while adopting Western civilization. It was he that induced the samurai and nobles to cut off their topknot, lay aside their two swords, and conform to Occidental ideas. And at the same time he attempted to preserve all the old samurai spirit for the work of national development, and it is this spirit which has made possible the new Japan of today. He is the man who is holding the English book in his right hand, while his left carries the Japanese book of poems.

I begged him to give me a few words in his penmanship to adorn my coming book in Japan. (He is an eminent writer of the Chinese characters.) Gladly he granted my wishes. He is eternally ready to help us the younger people. His heart is young and young.

The sun began to fall.

I left the marquis and his villa, and mingled among the school-children to shout "Banzai."

Today the Tokyo papers are talking of his possible new cabinet, and the present prime minister will find his work too heavy for his shoulders, doubtless. And it is quite possible that Marquis Ito would not shrink from it, and he will carry the affair quite easily, as he always does. And he will never become an old man.

The whole world can rest assured while his wonderfully glowing eyes sparkle with joy. He is the statesman of smile and peace. So he will be always.

# WAGES

## By Rhoda Cameron

"YOU can't reform the world, my dear."

The speaker was a serene, cameo-faced woman of thirty-five.

"I know it. I am not great,—nor inclined. All the same, I shall insist, where my own life is concerned."

"You shouldn't have married," said the first, looking up composedly.

Mrs. Penfield glanced at the cameo face and a hasty contempt flushed her own.

"Do you mean to tell me," she challenged, "that if you knew your husband were unfaithful to you, it would make no difference?"

"I would never *know,*" said Mrs. Visor with a small smile. Then with a flash of challenge in her own eyes: "What is the good of being ridiculous, or common? Men are all alike."

Mrs. Penfield said nothing. She had heard that before. She rocked.

"Of course," Mrs. Visor said compromisingly, "some are worse than others. Your husband may be an exception." A negligent pity sounded in the acquiescence.

Mrs. Penfield rocked.

Her mind ran over her list of acquaintances. There was Mrs. A., so self-satisfied, so poised in her own conceit; a good wife, too, who glanced out of the corner of her eye when Mr. A. performed extravagant courtesies for her, as who should say: "Did you ever see such devotion? A little out of place in public, I know, but fit to make you mad with envy, all the same." And yet everyone knew Mr. A was simply jollying her.

There was Mrs. U., happy in the society of her husband and her dearest friend. All the world perceived how she was hoodwinked by them both; made a fool of, mocked!

There was Mrs. W.,—oh, could it be that every woman had only the thin shield of conceit or faith to interpose between herself and unhappiness or degradation? "Not my husband." Was it not what every wife said? She had even smiled to hear some of them, the husbands being so patent to all the world beside. She might be smiled at in the same manner, herself. According to Mrs. Visor, she was.

And if it were an universal condition, the remedy? She looked at Mrs. Visor. To feign ignorance, to accept hypocrisy, to be a hypocrite oneself. And to remain serene, smooth-faced; to enjoy life, acting throughout the length and breadth of it a comedy called Marriage. And with Knowledge in the background, what became of Self-respect? That too, went masked and in purple. And so Life was a grand masquerade which only Death uncovered.

"I think if we are going to the matinee, it's time to go," said Mrs. Visor looking up.

"I won't go today, Matilda," said Mrs. Penfield.

A little twist came to Mrs. Visor's eyebrow. "Don't be a fool," she said. "Come on."

No answer.

Mrs. Visor looked shrewd. "Don't be jealous," she said, "it is so *bourgeois.*"

Mrs. Penfield resumed her rocking. After a few seconds she looked Mrs. Visor full in the face. "It is easy for men—they are all alike, you say—and women who think as you do, to manufacture an odium for right. You are accustomed to manufacture. 'Jealousy' is your handiest fling. But I am sane enough, or insane enough, to still see right as right and wrong as wrong. The *bourgeoisie* of the former does not concern me."

"My dear child," said Mrs. Visor, reseating herself, "you are making a mistake. Even your right and wrong are only relative terms."

"Perhaps so, but they are the best I know."

"And the danger of positivism is that it is always narrow. Surely a large degree of moral filth is better than absolute intolerance."

Mrs. Penfield stopped her rocker. Her eyes grew friendlier. "You *seem* to be right," she said and paused. "But it is the *assumption of moral cleanliness* that is intolerable," she remarked energetically, "that,—with the *sub-consciousness of moral degradation*."

"What would you have?" sighed Mrs. Visor.

"Truth in every relation of life, or—no relations of life."

Mrs. Visor looked at her with genuine concern. "But try," she said, "to see the whole of life. We can't change things. We can only pretend."

Up leapt the flames of wrath and contempt in Mrs. Penfield's eyes. "When I lose my self-respect," she said, "I shall not pretend I have it."

Mrs. Visor shrgged her shoulders. She got up and began to put on her gloves. "There is another thing," she said. "You have no proof that any of these rumors is true."

Mrs. Penfield gave a little hard laugh. "Poor Matilda!" she said. "I appreciate your efforts, dear. But I am afraid I shall never be a successful pretender."

"I'll run in tomorrow after lunch. Sorry you couldn't come," Mrs. Visor said lightly, giving a light, quick kiss. Then she tripped down the stairs and turned a very hard look upon the pretty street perspective.

Mrs. Penfield got up and deliberately set herself to doing things. She picked up a small object here and put it down there, blew imaginary dust from this and passed her hand over that. "I must see to that dress," she said aloud and went upstairs. Then, noticing a stain on her hand, she rolled up her sleeves and went to the wash-stand. She was singing softly, her pretty blonde face white and still, when she suddenly raised both bare arms, rested her eyes against them and sobbed wildly. The sound of her crying reached her presently and she stopped. It would not do to let anyone know. She resumed the washing of her hands. That finished, she went to her bed-room, shut the doors and sat down. She must try to think things out. . . "No proof," Matilda had said. A twitching, uncontrollable sneer deformed her pretty mouth. Maybe not, but when rumors were so persistent that they even reached *her*. Oh, and she needed no rumors. They alone would have left her secure. In her heart she knew, she knew.

Well, but *positively?* She had always believed in his truthfulness; indeed, had been won largely by her belief in it. She might ask him. Would she be convinced by his answer? Would he not swear that he had been true to her? Put the case fairly for him. Would it be sensible in him to do anything but swear so to her, whether he had been true or not? It was the only thing possible to him, unless he wished to be rid of her—and that he did not wish, yet. He would be bound, out of the most elemental chivalry,to spare her; he would furthermore desire to spare himself. He would certainly swear solemnly that he had been true to her.

But, suppose he shouldn't ? Suppose he should be truthful? What then? She would undoubtedly be compelled to admire his truthfulness and courage, but could they balance the wrong? Could they ever reinstate her faith in him? Could they make her continued life with him worthier than the other woman's?

And who could tell about worthiness? Perhaps he loved the other woman. Then his life with his wife was an insult; a profanation. It was that in any case. He would be the first so to consider her life with him in the event of her having a lover.

Would he? It would be impossible to judge of those things without absolute knowledge. And absolute knowledge involved— She cut off the thought hopelessly. "That's just it. They know they are safe."

With that point unsettled she could not ask him. The strain was great. She had believed in him!—she had believed in him! Long before their marriage she had told him what she thought marriage should mean, and he had agreed with her and seemed true. She still believed he might tell her the truth if she asked him. And then, in spite of love,—because of it,— she knew that Self-respect would command, unless, maybe—Justice should plead. If she could only know how he would act under similar circumstances. In a minute her mind was made up. She would find out.

At this,— at the cost,— Love went weeping out of sight and Matilda's words filled the world: "My dear, they don't care for those creatures; casual fancies—that's all."

Mr. Penfield was a man whom all women adored. He was handsome, scholarly, masterly. A few years older than his wife, he was still a very young-looking man. In common with most men, he made the mistake of thinking—not even analyzing the thought,—that women were different from men because they must be; laws of respectability, etc.

When he came home on the day in question he was rather preoccupied. Only at dinner did he notice his wife's absence.

"Where is Mrs. Penfield?" he asked.

"Mrs. Penfield's gone out, sir," the man answered. The least little hint of severity glinted in his eyes, but he went on with his meal. Probably something had happened to detain her.

After dinner he chose a cigar and went out. He had been going anyway, but there was a sophistical sense of getting even in his going now. She might at least have sent a message. He struck a match a little sharply.

By nine o'clock a persistent frown had settled on his brow. She was home now, of course. Well,— he wouldn't be for some time to come. Becoming worse and worse company, it was yet midnight before he took a car homeward bound.

A compromise was being effected between her justification and his own. Atfer all, what was it? She would explain later. He let himself in the house. He went up softly to her room. He had been away from home a good deal of late.

Turning the knob of the door, he looked in. All dark. As if the gloom held a palpable chill, he half-closed the door, then reopened it, entered and turned on the lights. The bed was made but no one had slept in it. A vulturously eager glance around the room revealed no trace of her. An apprehensive, strangled self-accusation balanced his alarm. He looked around for a message. None. On the point of ringing for her maid, some imp of prudence checked him. He need not show himself so "out of it." Strangely enough, no thought of personal danger to her occurred to him. He would wait.

One o'clock and still nothing.

Two. And a million twitching devils of unrest began to play with his muscles. He could not keep still. Even when he walked he felt incipient convulsions through his limbs, his face, his brain.

Three o'clock. The fight was fierce. His leaping flesh was almost quieted. He walked more slowly.

Four. Five. He turned his eyes upon the clock. He stood and waited for the last hammer stroke to pound his heart. When it had done so, he resumed his walk. It never occurred to him that these hours might parallel some of hers. They were his. No other experience counted beside.

Six. He could see the gray day shining between the shutters like dead eyes under half-closed lids. He shivered a little—with dumb weight.

At half-past seven he heard the front door open. He clenched his fists on the air; his knuckles looked like ivory, his eyes like red-hot swords. He heard her coming up the stair. No, she had not been ill. Her step was elastic. She spoke—in quite her usual tone—to the maid in the hall. She opened her room door.

"Good morning," she said ordinarily.

The man's eyes snapped like pistol shots. He watched her take off her hat and gloves and run her fingers leisurely through her hair.

"Did you succeed with that business you were anxious about yesterday?"

Her tone was pleasantly interested, not propitiatory. She was adjusting her collar in the mirror. The man waited for her look. Presently she turned it on him. In an instant it was soldered to his, the heat of his gaze cleaving to her very bones.

"Well?" he said.

"Well," she answered negligently, noticing mechanically how stiff with cold his mouth seemed.

"Where have you been?"

The inquiry was polite though formal. She went over to him jollyingly. In spite of himself Penfield wondered whether he had ever used just that manner. He choked the thought off with a shake and let her come.

"I had some business to attend to," Mrs. Penfield explained quietly, giving his ear a light kiss.

"Business?"

"Yes. I told you some time ago," with a pat on his shoulder, "that I had a plan for building my fortune."

"It seems to me questionable in character if it is to keep you out nights."

"Now how can you say that?" she remonstrated gently. "Doesn't your business keep you out nights frequently? Isn't it respectable?"

He said nothing, but quietly and strongly compelled her to face him. One might have counted fifteen while he looked her eyes through.

"You are not telling me the truth," he said finally, with an incongruous sibilance, as if there were a leak in his throat.

"What makes you think so?" she inquired patiently. Then with perspicuity: "Don't you tell me the truth about your business?"

He put the question aside with a movement of the head and repeated: "You are not telling me the truth."

For one moment her eyes baffled him. Before he could tell why, she was bland again.

"Do you wish me to tell you the truth?"

He looked his command, upon which she spoke hers. "Let me go."

He undid his hands from her wrists.

"I met a gentleman, yes, —a gentleman, certainly—last evening and—"

She tugged at her belt buckle, bending her head and biting her lips hard as she did so.

"Well?" said Penfield.

"Where is the person who does not strive for all that will aid in experience?"

"Well?" Penfield's voice sounded like the premonitory snaps of cracking ice fields.

Mrs. Penfield looked at him quickly, her lips pleasant, her eyes the tear-stained, blood-stained battlefields of honor, happiness, home. "I have wondered often how you felt toward me under similar circumstances," she said matter-of-factly. "You were commonsensed."

Penfield seized her pistol from the dresser and fired. She staggered slightly but did not fall nor scream. An instant her eyes gripped his with the might of eternity—her eternity. Then she walked up to him, snatched the pistol from him and rang the bell violently.

"Why do you leave this thing on my dresser when it is loaded?" she cried distractedly to her maid. "I have shot myself. Send for a doctor." The maid rushed out.

"Close the door," she commanded her husband.

"I—" he began.

"Close the door."

He obeyed.

"I knew you to be false to me," she said tensely, while her whitening face quivered and her eyes fought like devils of despair, "but I— coward!" she broke off. "HUSH!" she whistled, "it is my turn now—for a little while. I spent the night at Matilda's."

He raised his head and looked at her.

"Your honor," she continued with a trembling sneer, "is safe."

"My God!" said the man.

Suddenly she sank to the floor.

"My God!" insisted Penfield, starting towards her.

Her eyelids flung back slowly. "You are a murderer," she said, "but try not to dishonor me more than—you need."

"I—killed—myself—the wages of—"

Then with furious appeal, raising herself on one elbow and shooting the blood out from her breast: "Why should I pay *your* wages? I don't want to die! My God, I don't want——"

A hiccough of blood ended the prayer. She fell back to the floor.

The man knelt, dazed, crazy. He looked at her, prayed, longed, screamed without a sound.

And presently her eyes opened, bigger and bigger, fuller and fuller, until it seemed that every hope they had ever mirrored fought for a place therein; every loving thought, every good memory. Her eyes were oceans of love, twilights of it, with indefinable, infinite horizons of promise. He looked and read them clearly; read the great agony of might-have-been darkening them irrevocably. He could not breathe, but he knew it not. He watched her and presently with all her strength she put out one hand for his. He took it, though his eyes never left hers. They seemed to dilate; to grow to his brain. Christ! what a soul!

The doctor and a policeman entered simultaneously. The former bent over her. "She's dead," he said.

"How did it happen?" the officer asked.

"I—" began Penfield, taking his hand from hers and gazing mechanically at the blood on it.

"Shot herself accidentally, didn't she?"

Penfield wiped her blood off his hand with his handkerchief.

"Yes," he said.

## JUSTICE

### By Ernest McGaffey

IF women's lives stood naked as at birth
Before death crumpled up their painted screen;
Then, in the confines of this sad old earth
There might be hope for Mary Magdalene.

If Christ, at last, made Justice as His test,
That Christ whose feet were dried by Mary's hair,
The dumb repentance in a harlot's breast
Would be as potent as a virgin's prayer.

# "FIGHTING JOE" WHEELER

## By Wightman Fletcher Melton

BALTIMORE, MARYLAND

THE Southern-Northern, Northern-Southern incarnation of brotherly love and mutual confidence, after a long life of successive victories, has at last surrendered to the Rider of the Pale Horse.

The morning's papers say:

> "General Joseph Wheeler, whose death occurred in Brooklyn, N. Y., yesterday, probably did more to heal the wounds left by the Civil War than any other man."

As an Alabamian, a democrat, an acquaintance and personal friend of General Wheeler, I believe if he were here he would claim no more than modestly to share with President McKinley, Senator Cushman, K. Davis and others the honor of having been the means, in the hands of Destiny, of blotting out some of the remnant traces of bitterness between the head and heart, or heart and head, of our great Republic.

The Cuban campaign brought the first opportunity, since the Civil war, for a Confederate general to offer his services, in the capacity of warrior, to our government. Likewise it afforded our government its first opportunity of recognizing, or paying tribute to, the bravery and accomplishments of a great Confederate veteran. The man and the opportunity met, and each, heaven-guided, embraced the other. That is the whole story in a dozen words.

Among the unreading, unthinking, or uncaring, North and South, it was *whispered* that President McKinley appointed Wheeler as major-general, more as a concession to the South than as a merited honor. What was then seen through a glass darkly we now behold face to face; and the runner may read that President McKinley recognized the need of one of this country's ablest tacticians in the operations around Santiago.

General Wheeler's offer to serve in the Cuban war was the subject of much discussion and speculation. Some of the veterans of the Civil war went so far as to wonder if the man had been sufficiently reconstructed. Senator Cushman K. Davis of Minnesota was the first who offered a strong endorsement of Joseph Wheeler. With several other influential men Senator Davis called on President McKinley and made known his mission. Without a moment's hesitation the president replied:

"Why of course I am going to appoint him general."

"I'm mighty glad to hear it," said Senator Davis, "and I want to tell you, Mr. President, why I regard Joe Wheeler as one of the greatest generals this country ever produced. He gave me more trouble during the war than any other dozen men and scared me so that I think it must have stunted my growth."

"Incidentally," continued the senator, if you want any testimony as to Wheeler's grit, I can furnish plenty of it for you. Before that war ended I found that he had chased me pretty much all over seven states, and I guess if Lee hadn't surrendered 'Joe' would have taken my scalp, for he was getting closer all the time."

Wheeler's popularity in the North, before the Cuban war, was due to the fact that God made him a man, and the people recognized him as such. Lest this might be thought fulsome praise, we may specify that after Appomattox Wheeler's whole influence, like that of Robert E. Lee, was used among his people to make them forget the past, build up their wasted country, and live in peace and harmony with those who had formerly been regarded as enemies.

Joseph Wheeler was born September 10, 1836, at Augusta, Georgia. His parents died when he was five years old, and he was sent to his mother's relatives in Sheshire, Connecticut. There he attended school awhile, and at the age of fourteen began to earn his own living in the City of New York. His appointment to West Point was made by a congressman of his own name, but not related to him, John Wheeler, formerly of Derby, Connecticut, but at the time representing a New York district. He was graduated from West Point July 1, 1859, and was assigned to the Fifth Dragoons with the rank of second lieutenant, and served in New Mexico.

On April 23, 1861, Wheeler heeded the call of his mother-state, resigned his commission, and was made colonel of the Nineteenth Alabama Infantry in the Confederate army. After the battle of Shiloh, he was transferred to the cavalry and after this every move he made was rewarded by honorable mention or promotion, neither of which he ever sought for the honor's sake. We shall have occasion to refer to his war record on almost every page of this study.

The year 1866 found Wheeler, yet under thirty, an ex-major general, residing in the city of New Orleans and conducting the business of a commission merchant. About this time the University of Louisiana offered him the position of commandant, and the professorship of sciences, but he declined the honor and moved to Wheeler, Alabama, where he practiced law and planted cotton till 1880. That year he was elected to congress from the Eighth Alabama district, but the election was contested, and he did not secure the seat. Four years later he was elected and was reelected for every term up to and including 1898. After effective service in both Cuba and the Philippines, he was made a brigadier, June, 1900, and in September of that year was retired with the rank of brigadier-general of the United States army.

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When General Wheeler was twenty-seven years old, and just after his ride around Rosecrans, he and his men pulled up before Colonel Dick Jones' mansion at midnight. The colonel was away from home, but his daughter, Mrs. Daniella Sherrod, a brilliant and beautiful widow, yet in her teens, arose and dispensed hospitality to the worn-out men. General Wheeler and Mrs. Sherrod did not meet till the next morning, but from that moment she was the one and only sweetheart he ever had. Mrs. Sherrod was first attracted to the general by seeing how he was grieved over the report of casualties to his subordinates, —although he had just achieved a brilliant victory.

Mr. A. C. Walker, a resident of Wheeler, Alabama, wrote me April 5, 1899: "My acquaintance with General Wheeler and his family began about 1870, and I can truthfully say I never saw a happier home. The general was a kind and loving husband, and is very proud of his children, of whom five are now living. In his home life he is unostentatious and lives well but frugally himself."

T. C. DeLeon, in "Joseph Wheeler the Man," page fifteen, speaking of Wheeler's blameless domestic life, says:

> "At this, no political rivalry, pique or disappointment has ever cast a slur. The beautiful simplicity of perfect love and perfect sympathy which binds that

home circle has gleamed forth and glorified it abroad. Its head is revered and idolized by all the rest, while his own life shows respect and love and tenderness for each of them, equal to their own."

Mr. Walker says:

> "The general is very careful of his health and the health of his family. He is a firm believer in athletics for both his boys and his girls. He is a fine shot and delights in practising with a small rifle or pistol, and can hit the bullseye every time. He is a wonderfully active man; I see no difference in his agility now and when I first knew him, nearly thirty years ago. He rides as well in a saddle with no girth as with one that is well strapped to the horse, and he has never been fastidious either about dress or steed. When he wants to go anywhere he usually mounts the first thing he finds saddled, which has often been some negro's lean mule. The negro would be hunting for his lost 'critter,' when here would come the general lumbering along at a full gallop. Meeting the negro he would say, 'By the way, now,' a favorite expression of his, 'put this mule up.'
>
> "The astonished negro would reply, 'Dat's my mule, Mars' Gen'rul, I's been lookin' ev'ywher's fur 'im!' "

On the summit of the mountain, about two miles south and west of Wheeler, the general built a plain Summer home to which he always went with the keenest delight during the Summer months. But he did not go there to rest. He always carried his books and papers.

Mr. Walker says:

> "It is hard to describe this man. Sometimes, when he returns home from a long business trip, and finds a great accumulation of mail, he engages three or four clerks (secretaries), several outsiders, and sometimes his own children, and placing us at different parts of a large table, starts off replying to as many letters as he has clerks. He has no trouble dictating and keeping all the writers going at once and I have never known him to get mixed, or to make a mistake; and, like as not, one of his letters would be to a high official of the government and another to some poor, obscure negro about a pension. When he returns home from congress for rest he takes none. He will not be idle, and has always three or four clerks at work from morning till night."

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DeLeon says General Wheeler weighed 118 pounds and was five feet five inches high. He was eight pounds bigger in the estimation of DeLeon than in that of the daily papers, but the latter make up for it by holding him one inch higher in their estimation than does DeLeon. This writer remembers, nearly thirty years ago, seeing the general drive into Courtland, Alabama, several times a week, behind a pair of small, mouse-colored mules. In the child-mind the real picture became so blended with fairy stories that, at times, it was difficult to realize which was General Wheeler. A few years ago, in Huntsville, Alabama, we saw him one day clatter through the streets in an army wagon drawn by four big, black mules, —the big heart of the little man almost idolized by a hemisphere. Another day he rode by on a black charger, plume flying, sword rattling, epaulets glistening, heart beating for the entire Union, and the world said: "There goes a man!"

When someone spoke to Speaker Reed about the diminutive size of General Wheeler, he replied, "Yes, but there's a fight in every pound of the congressman from Alabama."

A stranger might not have picked General Wheeler out of a crowd as a hero of two wars, but, as the Ram's Horn said a few years ago, "his mobile face, cool judgment, calm thoughtfulness and quiet dignity, coupled with the piercing eye to command, irrepressible energy and quick decision, make him a natural-born leader on the field of battle."

This man, twice a veteran, was fully as modest as he was brave; in both wars he was loved by the men who followed him and respected by the men who faced him. General Sherman in one of his reports of his progress towards the sea, referred to a harrassing detachment of Confederates as "that batch of devils under Wheeler." Mind you, he didn't say "that batch of men under that devil Wheeler." Even if he had said such a thing it would have been a compliment. If "war is hell," and Sherman said so,—and a Georgia farmer told me Sherman played hell in his neighborhood,—then to be the most successful is to be the biggest devil. The word "devil" don't always signify the same thing. I saw an old negro grandfather in Mississippi hug his baby daughter's first-born to his ragged bosom, half smother it with kisses, and exclaim, "Gawd bress you, my lil' brack debil!"

The post-bellum friendship, warm and genuine, between Sherman and Wheeler, speaks in very sure terms of the magnanimity of both of them.

General Wheeler's alertness and ever-readyness were manifested from beginning to end of his military career. When he was harassing the Federals around Chattanooga, the complaint was, "That Wheeler has an unpleasant way of calling before breakfast, when he should be ninety miles away."

Although sixty-two years old, General Wheeler required only thirty hours to get ready, go, and report for duty in Tampa. Government time, paper and ink were squandered when General Corbin, instructing Wheeler to report to Brooke, said: "Prompt action is necessary."

When the casement had become a "glimmering square," the general was still himself. He inquired, "What time will the firing begin?"

The nurse, thinking to humor him, replied, "At nine o'clock."

Without a tremor, the expiring soldier said, "Well, be sure to let me know half a minute before nine, so that everything may be ready."

As DeLeon well suggests (pages 136-7), "When armies give nicknames to their leaders, their style shows the love, or dislike, out of which they are born. 'Little Phil' and 'Little Joe' are equally terms of endearment." At West Point it was "Point" Wheeler, not because he was a West Pointer, but because his fellow "plebs," all of whom loved him, said he was without length, breadth, or thickness. During the Civil war his men sometimes called him "Our Bee-Hunter," because he had a habit of looking up into the trees as he led his men through the forests. They learned, down in Cuba, after Wheeler was sixty-two years old, what use he had for a tall tree.

In those stirring times in Tennessee, Wheeler's men called him the "War Child." DeLeon (page 139) says: "When he would sally forth on a nocturnal dash, the whisper ran down the line, 'The War Child rides tonight!'"

To the Southern negro he was "Mars' Gen'rul Joe", pronounced as if each syllable had been a slice of "watamillion.' To men of his own age, in the South, he was plain Joe Wheeler. Since the war with Spain I have heard veterans in blue and gray chat together affectionately about "Our Joe."

One of the general's nicknames, "Fighting Joe," is somewhat misleading. He did not love war. Speaker Reed's remark, "a fight to every pound" was not meant to imply that he was a bully. He was always opposed to bloodshed, but was always equally ready to stand up for the right, as he saw it, against all comers. He was a strong advocate of always being ready for any emergency as the surest and best way of avoiding conflict with other nations.

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The Ram's Horn article, already referred to, says: "He was brought up in the Episcopal church with a great reverence for sacred things and faith in the efficacy of prayer. The members of General Wheeler's staff say that during the Santiago campaign he never lay down to sleep without offering a prayer, and never arose in the morning without thanking God for his protection and preservation. He had none of the vices of intemperance or other bad habits which have ruined so many soldiers and politicians."

DeLeon, (page 135) relates the circumstances of the general being found on his knees by the bedside when the man he was visiting came with a pitcher of fresh drinking-water. "The general arose at the moment, and the other began to apologize for the intrusion. The calm answer was: 'No intrusion, my good friend; none in the world. I always kneel and say my prayers to the good God, before I retire; and I am not ashamed to be seen upon my knees.'"

It was before Santiago that General Wheeler, leading a desperate charge, is said to have yelled to his men, "Give the Yanks hell, boys! There they go!" One old preacher said: "I don't believe Joe said such a thing; why, he's got religion!" For myself, I believe he did say it, every word of it, "Yank," "hell" and all. Nor was he quoting, nor paraphrasing Sherman. Under such circumstances a wicked man would have been praying. Some folks are mighty particular about what a man says even under the strain of excitement. Like the small boy, I have often wondered what the priest thinks when he mashes his thumb. An Alabamian, whose father is a Methodist preacher, is reported to have said: "When Pa gets mad he always slams the door, and I call that wooden cussing."

GENERAL WHEELER'S ALABAMA HOME

THE PRIVATE CEMETERY OF GENERAL WHEELER'S FAMILY

A week after the above was written, there appeared in the Birmingham, Alabama, News, (January 27, 1906) the following:

> "Last Summer when General Wheeler was in Louisville, attending the great Confederate reunion, an admirer asked him if there was any truth in the story, which was widely published shortly after the famous fight. General Wheeler said: 'Yes, I said it. Don't say anything about it, but I said it. I said it not only once, but several times. I could not help it. Things did not look so different from what they did during the Civil War, and I forgot where I was.' I take this to be a gentlemanly apology to the 'Yanks,' but 'hell' remains unmentioned. To General Joseph Wheeler, then and now, 'hell' is but a word."

DeLeon (page 125) says: "Wheeler's academy chum, General John M. Wilson, chief of the United States engineering corps, once said that, for many long years, he had never heard the hymn, 'Onward, Christian Soldiers,' without thinking of 'Point' Wheeler."

Walker writes:

> "The general is polite to one and all, and is no respecter of persons. He bears malice towards none, no matter how badly he may have been treated. He and his family are always doing some good to the poor people around them. They do not give indiscriminately, but no deserving hand is ever turned away empty. He is very popular among all classes and races here and throughout the state. Several years ago a man who had opposed the general for congress was living here, in Wheeler, in a frame house. One day while we were all very busy with the correspondence, we heard loud shouting, and shortly learned that this man's house was on fire. The general in a moment was out of his office and speeding to the burning house. I followed, and although I am a younger man he beat me running, and when I got there he was in the upper part of the house with an axe, cutting a hole in the roof. Soon he climbed through, and from his point of vantage directed the crowd of excited negroes, and stayed there too, till we had extinguished the fire. Afterwards he returned to his work as undisturbed as if nothing had happened."

"General Wheeler's memory," writes Mr. Walker, "is something wonderful; if it is ever at fault, he tells us about it. I remember one incident, and he is fond of telling it. He had been on a hot canvass, such as his earlier ones were, and had been traveling all day. He reached Mount Hope, about twenty miles from Wheeler, where he was to speak the next morning. He was quite worn out when he arrived and saw the crowd of men standing around, apparently waiting for him. Among them was a prominent republican, but a good friend to the general.

"In a moment he had alighted from the old mail hack and was shaking hands and calling the names of men who scarcely knew him, as readily as if he had known them all his life. At last he reached out his hand to the politician opposing him, and whose name he had known as well as his own. Suddenly the name slipped his memory and he could not recall it to save his life. This man had a claim against the government and had been writing and writing about it so much that the general thought it a terrible thing that he had forgotten the name. He had some documents in his valise at the time for this very man. He did not know how to find out the name without asking, and unwilling to show his ignorance, the expedient occurring to him, he took out pencil and paper and asked quietly, 'By the way, now, how do you spell your name?' The man looked up and replied, 'S-m-i-t-h!' It always tickled the general to tell this, and that he actually could not recall the name 'Smith;' and of course the man thought it was funny that a congressman could not spell 'Smith.'" At the conclusion of Mr. Walker's letter he says: "These incidents are true." We wonder if the general's 'Smith' experience gave rise to the 'Jones' story, or if it was history repeating itself.

These remarks about General Wheeler's memory would indicate that he was only teasing the old negro whose mule he rode, and who was commanded to put up a steed that did not belong to the general.

During the Civil war Wheeler was in something over five hundred skirmishes, and commanded in one hundred and twenty-seven battles, many of which were severe and successful to the Southern side. The "Ram's Horn" says he had five horses killed under him, and a great number wounded, during the war. It is certain that two horses were killed under him in the battle of Shiloh alone, and so we are inclined to accept the report in the papers, that sixteen horses were shot and killed while he was riding them.

A SCENE IN THE QUIET VILLAGE NAMED FOR THE GENERAL

Nearly half a hundred staff officers were killed or wounded while riding beside General Wheeler, and he was himself slightly wounded several times, and once painfully, when his horse was blown to pieces by an exploding shell and his aide was killed beside him; but he mounted another horse, called for another aide and went forward to command.

On one occasion Wheeler dashed into the forces of General Stoneman and actually captured the general himself and several other important officers.

About the time of Wheeler's wild plunge into Duck river, Dr. John Allan Wyeth, formerly of Guntersville, Alabama, but for many years one of the leading physicians of New York City, was a private in Wheeler's cavalry. In Harper's Weekly, June 18, 1898, (quoted by DeLeon, pages 111 and 112) Dr. Wyeth gives a description of a battle which is sufficiently realistic to make the reader feel that he was there with Wyeth and Wheeler:

> "Of about a score of such 'scraps,' some of which of larger growth have passed to a place on the bloodiest pages of history, the writer does not recall a contest which, for downright pluck in giving and taking knocks through several hours, surpasses this Shelbyville 'affair.' The carbines and rifles were flashing and banging away at times; and scattering shots, when the game was at long range, and then, when a charge came on and the work grew hot, the spiteful, sharp explosion swelled into a crackling roar like that of a canebrake on fire, when, in a single minute, hundreds of boiler-joints have burst asunder. Add to all, the whizzing angry whirr of countless leaden missiles which split the air about you; the hoarse, unnatural shouts of command — for in battle all sounds of the human voice seem out of pitch and tone; the wild, defiant yells and the answering huzzas of the opposing lines; the plunging and rearing of frightened horses; the charges here and there of companies or squadrons, which seem to be shot out from the main body as flames shot out of a house on fire; here and there the sharp, quick cry of some unfortunate trooper who did not hear one leaden messenger — for only those are heard which pass; the heavy, soggy striking of the helpless body against the ground; the scurrying runaway of the frightened horse, as often into danger as out of it, whose empty saddle tells the foe that there is one less rifle to fear! All these sights and sounds go to make up the confusing medley of a battle-field. So, for nearly three hours, passed this little fight."

Dr. Wyeth continues the story, telling of how the Confederates repulsed the

Federal troops time after time, and how General Wheeler was "everywhere encouraging and animating his men to stand firm."

Wheeler's restless energy was the occasion of many amusing remarks. When some of his colleagues were apprehensive of his health in the Philippines, Speaker Reed playfully remarked that Wheeler was never in one place long enough for the Almighty to place His finger upon him. During the Cuban campaign someone inquired at Wade's tent to know if General Wheeler was there. Wade replied: "He was here,—look behind that cracker box!"

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Only the Congressional Records are large enough to recount all the victories won by Wheeler in the capacity of congressman. It was he who introduced and secured the passage of the act pensioning the soldiers of the Mexican war; his speech and work defeated the "Force bill;" it was he, an ex-Confederate, who cleared General Fitz-John Porter of the charge of treason and secured the passage of a bill for his relief.

When Wheeler was elected to congress, the last time, no man entered the race against him, and men of every color and of every political faith voted for "Our Joe Wheeler."

General Wheeler was the first ex-officer of the Confederacy to be invited to address a New England G. A. R. post. In his speech in Boston that day Wheeler alluded to the prophecy of General Horace Binney Sargent, who, thirty years before, in a memorial address, predicted that the day would come yet when such an anniversary would be celebrated "after some day of glory when the sons of rebels and our sons shall have fallen side by side under the eye of the great rebel, the Virginian, Washington."

"Already," said General Wheeler, "the words of this prophecy have been fulfilled."

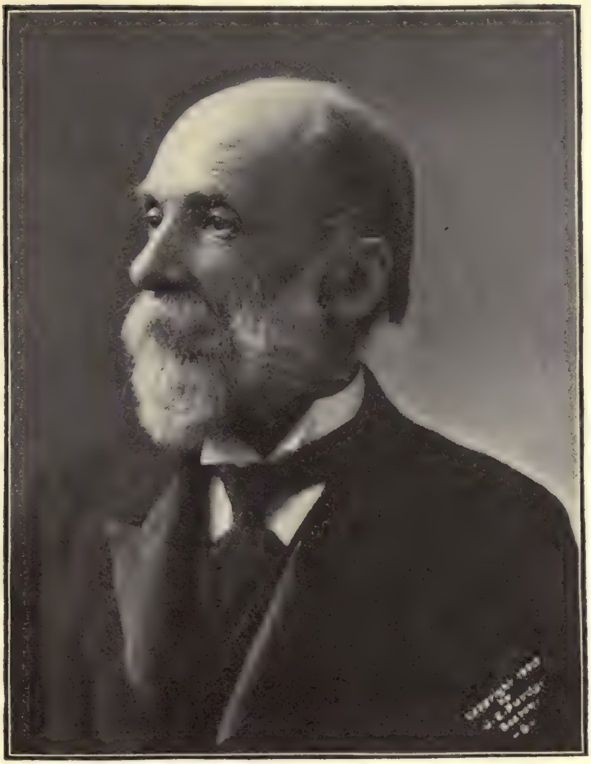
Moses Wheeler, who was born in Kent County, England, 1598, and settled in New Haven, Connecticut, 1638, was the first American ancestor of General Joseph Wheeler. General David Wooster of the Revolutionary war was a grandson of Moses Wheeler; the noted Stephen Whitney of New York was a great-great grandson; his great-great-great granddaughter, Nancy Wheeler, married Louis Allen, a descendant of Ethan Allen, and her sister, Mary, married Levi Hull (1811) brother of Commodore Isaac Hull, United States navy. General Joseph Wheeler belongs to the seventh generation of Wheelers in America.

Since the whole of our Union loved General Wheeler, and now reveres his memory, it may not be out of place to mention the names of some others of the relatives, and especially so, as the line is most honorable, and shows where the military spirit came in. It also reveals the fact that General Wheeler was of kin to a goodly portion of the best people in England, Ireland and America.

Among his relatives were Joseph Hull, surgeon in King Philip's war; Joseph Hull (4) lieutenant of artillery in the Revolution; one of his sisters married John C. Sanfoord, and another Theodore Salter, both of New York. These were great-uncles and great-aunts of our Joseph Wheeler.

Wheeler's maternal grandfather was William Hull, educated at Yale, lieutenant-colonel in 1779 and assistant inspector under Baron Steuben; he was in the battles of Long Island, White Plains, Trenton, Princeton, Ticonderoga, Stillwater, Saratoga and Monmouth; he was thanked by the government for gallantry in leading his regiment in the storming of Stony Point. Hull's portrait is in Trumbull's famous life-size painting of the "Surrender of Burgoyne," now in the rotunda of the United States Capitol.

Wheeler's aunt, Sarah Hull, married Judge John McKesson of New York, August 26, 1802. Other aunts married



GENERAL JOSEPH WHEELER
Photograph copyright 1900 by Purdy, Boston

Isaac McClellen of Portland (1805); and Captain H. H. Hickman, United States army, (1808).

Abraham Fuller Hull, uncle of Joseph Wheeler, graduated at Harvard in 1805. was captain Ninth Infantry, United States army, and fell in the memorable action at Lundy's Lane, July 25, 1814, gallantly leading his men to the charge.

An aunt of Wheeler, Maria Hull, married Edward Fenwick Campbell of Augusta, Georgia. His ancestry included Roger Fenwick, who was killed in an assault while mounting the walls at the siege of Dunkirk, June 14, 1658; also Sir John Fenwick, Baronet, who was tried by parliament November 6, 1696, to January 11, 1697, for adhering to King James. The vote in the house of lords was sixty-six for, to sixty against, the bill of attainder, and in the commons 189 to 156. In this country the Fenwicks are connected with the Draytons and Tattnalls of South Carolina and Georgia. The Fenwicks have lived near Newcastle-on-Tyne for over fourteen centuries.

Rev. James Freeman Clarke, D. D., of Newton, Massachusetts, was Wheeler's cousin, and Rufus K. Page, of Hallowell, Maine, an uncle by marriage.

Another maternal ancestor of Joseph Wheeler, John Fuller, came to this country with J. Winthrop Jr. in the Abigail in 1635, and for two hundred years the Fuller family owned what is now the town of Newton, Massachusetts. The Fullers, three generations, married into the following Massachusetts and Connecticut families: Boyleston, Hicks, Hyde, Ward, Jackson, Stratton, Bond, Shepard, Cook, Mason, Child, Garfield, Park, Cheny, Jones and Dyer. Chief Justice Melville W. Fuller is a direct descendant of this Fuller family.

Abraham Fuller, one of Wheeler's grandfathers, was a member of the convention assembled in 1788 to ratify the Constitution of the United States.

One of Wheeler's great-great uncles, son of Ephriam and Elizabeth Williams, was the founder of Williams college.

Wheeler belongs to the ninth generation descended from Sergeant Francis Nichols, one of the original proprietors in Stratford, Connecticut, and Southold, Long Island. From this branch of the family, and nearer to Wheeler's generation, appear the names Prentice, Martin and Knell.

While the general's family records have been traced no further back than 1598, Mrs. Wheeler's on her mother's side actually extends to 225 A. D. Mrs. Wheeler's grandfather, Harrison Jones, of Cumberland County, Virginia, was a soldier of the Revolution. His leg was shot off at Guilford Court House, March 15, 1781, and the state of Virginia granted him the first pension certificate ever issued in this country.

Mrs. Wheeler's uncle, Jacob Thompson, was many years in congress and was secretary of the interior 1857-61. Her father, Richard Jones, was first-honor graduate of Athens (Georgia) College, 1812; and was sergeant-major, Colonel Floyd's regiment. Her mother was a daughter of Governor Peter Early of Georgia, and it is this family that is able to trace its ancestry fifty-four generations, to Carbri Lifichar, King of Ireland, born about 225 A. D. Among Mrs. Wheeler's American (Early) relatives were General Jubal A. Early, and the Methodist Bishop John Early.

Mrs. Wheeler's great-great grandfather, Jeremiah Early, came from County Donegal, Ireland, and settled in Madison County, Virginia, about 1720. He had ten sons: Jeremiah, James, Jonathan, Jacobus, Jubal, Jacob, Joab, John, Joseph and Joel. The last named, Mrs. Wheeler's great grandfather, was deputy of the Virginia convention in 1788, which ratified the Constitution. Her grandfather, Peter Early, graduated from Princeton, 1792, and her grandmother was a sister of General Thomas P. Smith, United States army, in whose honor Fort Smith, Arkansas, was named. She was also a sister of John T. Smith, known in history as "John Smith T."

The early history of the Earlys, while it is authentic, is certainly about as ancient history as any American can know himself to be personally interested in. We quote from "American Ancestors of the Children of Joseph and Daniella Wheeler, of Whom We Have Records" — compiled by General and Mrs. Wheeler. (It is from this pamphlet that we have culled much of the information we have given).

> "Carbri Lifichar, an ancient king of Ireland was born about A. D. 225. His son, Eochaidh Dubhlein, born 260.
> His sons were:
> Colla Uais, meaning 'the noble.'
> Colla Meann, 'the famous.'
> Colla da Crioch, meaning 'of the two territories,' referring to his possessions in both Scotland and Ireland.

The three Collas won the battle of Dublcomar, and thus restored their family to power, and Colla Uais ascended the throne of Ireland in 322. In 326 he was deposed, but the three Collas, with an army of 21,000 men, after many battles, conquered the king of Ulster (See Keating's History of Ireland) and erected a new principality.

"Colla da Crioch became prince of Criomthain, and his posterity maintained their authority over it as titular kings of Ulster until their submission to England about the year 1300.

"His descendants were: Fiachracasan, Feidlimidh, Tuathal, Colcan, Aongus, Diceilidh, Ultan, Cuanach, Inrachta, Donoch, Maolmocheirgh, founder of the O'Maolmocheirghes."

FUNERAL OF GENERAL WHEELER, ST. THOMAS' CHURCH, FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK CITY, JANUARY 28, 1906

From stereograph copyright 1906 by Underwood & Underwood

The family history of the Irish branch is given, page 19, with the statement that the information is largely derived from the "Annals of the Four Masters," an authentic work printed in 1631, and compiled from the ancient Gaelic manuscripts. The name O'Maolmocheirghe was anglicised as "Early" during the reign of the Henrys and Edwards.

At the conclusion of this pamphlet appears a statement by General and Mrs. Wheeler addressed to their children, which shows just what kind of people they were:

"We have gathered the foregoing hoping that it may be not only of interest but profitable to you. It will at least be a constant reminder that every act of yours will, in a measure, attach to all of your name and race."

That the words of the "War Angel," Annie Early Wheeler, upon the occasion of the drowning of her brother, have been quoted by some ancestral angel "over there," and with reference to General Joseph Wheeler, who would dare to doubt?——

"I was there upon the waters wild,
And took his hand;
And, thro' the gloom,
Led safely home
My child!

# ADVENTURES of a SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT

## by GILSON WILLETS

IN the first months of 1905 I "covered" Mexico by rail, by wagon and by horse, looking and listening everywhere, as a correspondent should, from the catacombs at Guanajauto to the canvas gambling-booths at Juarez. Underground Rome herself has nothing more grewsome than those silent corridors of death in Mexico. The main corridor in particular was lined with white-sheeted figures of an Aztec age, when people buried their dead in an earth that was full of saltpetre, in which bodies quickly mummified. In that place, with the mummies standing like immutable guards on either side of us, our guide left us for a moment. Our party included a young Cuban, who seemed not to enjoy being left alone with that preserved population. "Oh, if only I could get out!" he cried, over and over again.

I gave vent to an Indian war-whoop which a Kickapoo Indian had taught me — and an answering whoop seemed to come from each of the hundred shells of human souls that were nailed to the wall on either side of us. It was truly awesome. Before the horrible echoes had died away, the Cuban prostrated himself on the ground, crying, "I have but one wife — but one wife!" What he meant he knew not himself. He had become literally insane with the horror of the situation. For those figures were not of wax. That was not an Eden Musee nor a Madame Tussaud's. It

*"Underground Rome herself has nothing more grewsome than those silent corridors of death in Mexico"*

was the real thing. Up from the subterranean corridor we carried the Cuban, and the moment he reached sunlight he took to his heels and ran as if for dear life.

The horseback part of our trip in-

MR. AND MRS. GILSON WILLETS ON HORSEBACK IN MEXICO cluded a thousand-mile ride across northern Mexico, ending at Juarez, into which town we rode on a Sunday in carnival time. It was the annual carnival of three months and ten days preceding Easter, known as the "Hundred-Day Fiesta." Juarez is one of the places where the half-patriotic, half-religious celebration is conducted on a wholesale scale. Here occurred the adventure of the curfew bell.

"NO CHILD TOO YOUNG TO RISK COPPERS ON A GAME OF CHANCE"

With us that day—us meaning my wife and myself—was a young Mexican. Like us, he was mounted on a broncho. The town was thronged, and among the pleasure-seekers we rode, taking in the sights from the vantage point of the backs of our bronchos. There were cockfights in the streets, many a Mexican tethering his game-cocks to hitching posts outside the cathedral before going in to pray. And there were bull-fights in the arena. But the principal amusement was gambling. Nowhere else on earth is gambling so common among all classes as in the land of Diaz. No peon that day seemed too poor, no child too young, to risk his coppers in a game of chance. We saw peons who earn only twenty-five cents a day, risking their last cent. We saw parents encouraging their seven-year-old daughter to stake her pennies on roulette. We saw one little six-year urchin smoking a cigarette while he watched his eight-year brother lose coppers at dice. Everybody was having a good time Mexican fashion, corresponding to the American fashion when the circus comes to town.

Night came and found us still a-horse. Nine o'clock was tolled by the cathedral bells—followed by a series of peremptory peals. "The curfew!" we heard the people saying. A few minutes later a gendarme accosted us, saying very politely that the young senor with us must "retire."

"The policeman means that the boy must go home," said a Mexican friend who had joined us. "We have here a law as ancient as the bells in the cathedral. It is the curfew law, and it is occasionally enforced, because there are so many people abroad. It applies to the youth of both sexes. All boys and girls now on the streets will be told to go home."

On our way out of town—we were escorting our boy friend back to El Paso, just across the Rio Grande—we passed the police station. Surely enough, the soldier-police were bringing boys and girls to the station, two, three, four at a time. "They'll all be taken home after a while," said our guide, friend and philosopher. "You could see the two bells in the belfry of the cathedral today. One is much larger than the other. Well, the small bell is to summon people to church. The large bell is rung for curfew, the large one being used in order that the whole town may hear. You have a poem that should have been recited here today—'Curfew Shall Not Ring Tonight.' "

## II

The scene changes to the Caribbean Sea, off Fortune Island. I had an adventure at that West Indian islet that I shall never forget. I was on a good ship bound for New York from Kingston, Jamaica. To my everlasting sorrow I decided to get off at the lonely, unknown isle and wait there for the next north-bound ship.

"A RACE ON SKIS BY THREE PEASANT WOMEN"

It must be explained that ships in the West Indian service stop at Fortune Island on the way south to pick up negroes to "work the cargoes" in port. Going north, the ships stop at the island to put the negroes off. So when my Hamburg-American ship stopped to put off the negro hands, I too decided to get off. As the ship approached the island the sky signs promised a hurricane such as is characteristic of that tropical sea. The ship heaved-to a mile off shore and a small boat came to take us off. It was almost night when the small boat appeared — just light enough left to photograph, from the ship's side, the cockleshell in which I was to be rowed ashore—before the hurricane struck us, I prayed.

Night falls quickly in the tropics, and now night fell, and with it came the hurricane. We were in black, fathomless darkness long before the negroes were ready to take to the small boat. "Don't try to stay alongside!" shouted the captain through a megaphone, to the man in the boat. Then to the blacks on the ship the captain yelled: "Out with the hurricane spar!"

It was not hard to understand these orders. Waves swept our deck; the ship careened. For the small boat to keep alongside would mean destruction for it. It must stand "off and clear." So out with the hurricane spar, a spar some twenty feet long extended at right angles from the ship's side. When the spar was in position, the small boat got under its outer end. Along that spar I

"PORTERS PACKED OUR SUPPLY SLEDS FOR THE JOURNEY TO THE MOST NORTHERLY RAILROAD STATION IN SWEDEN"

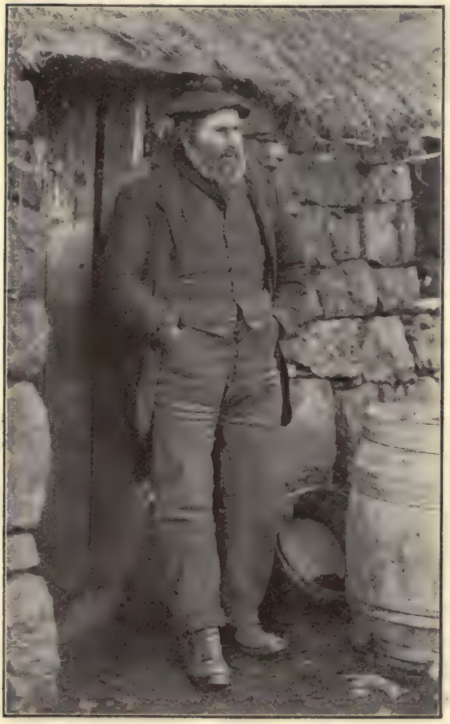
"THOSE LAPPS WORE GREASY GARMENTS OF REINDEER SKINS"

was supposed to creep till I came to its outer end, and there I was to slide down a rope into the boat.

I watched the blacks perform the feat one by one till all were in the boat. Then came my turn. To show the slightest fear was to lose the respect of those blacks to such an extent that they would not lend me a helping hand. So, without showing any of the mortal terror I felt, I began the perilous creep along the spar. When I was half-way to the end the ship gave a violent lurch and the spar dipped into the water carrying me in with it. Then out from my bath I was lifted, and next moment I was in mid-air; for the lurching of the ship the other way carried the spar to a dizzy height and, of course, carried me with it. The next time the spar began to dip, I slid desperately down the remaining distance to the end, and at the crucial second the blacks in the boat siezed me and pulled me into their midst.

*"An army officer whom I had last seen at Aldershot, England, putting his men through a picturesque 'set-up' drill"*

Bruised and battered and choking with salt water, I lay in the bottom of that boat not caring whether I lived or died. I could see my fellow passengers standing on the ship, in the glare of electrics along the rail, calling to me to ask if all was right—and among them my wife. But I had not the strength to raise my hand to sign a goodbye. "Look out for the propeller!" I heard the captain megaphone, and next minute the ship was under way and quickly pulled out of sight.



"LEANING AGAINST THE DOOR OF ONE OF THE POOREST-LOOKING OF THE THATCHED COTTAGES (AT DUMFERLINE, SCOTLAND, WHERE ANDREW CARNEGIE WAS BORN) STOOD AN OLD SCOTCHMAN, A MINISTER OF THE 'FREE CHURCH'"

"THE KING HIMSELF (EDWARD VII) WORE THE UNIFORM OF A HIGHLAND REGIMENT AT THE BRAEMAR GATHERING IN SCOTLAND"

It took the blacks three hours to row through the hurricane waves to shore, and I, limp as a rag, landed on that God-and-man-forsaken British island. When the British agent there told me that he had been on the island for ten years and loved his post, I looked at him in amazement and wondered if he were really sane. The thought of that hurricane spar made me vow never again to allow journalistic duty to put me off

*"The Prince and Princess of Wales arrived (at the Braemar Gathering) in a carriage drawn by four milk-white horses"*

*"At Dublin Castle (Ireland) I was shown the splendid throne room, so unrepresentative of the conditions in the country beyond"*

a comfortable ship. Thereafter I would let unknown islands remain unknown.

### III

From the tropics to the Arctic Circle is a far cry—but then the special correspondent must wear seven-league boots. The commercial traveler has a certain territory; it may include all the southern or all the northern states, but he travels that same territory, no matter how big, over and over again. The correspondent's territory is the whole world. So I invite the reader to come with me to Swedish Lapland.

*"A peasant cabin in Ireland where boarders were taken in at four cents a night and four cents for each meal"*

I was making a long sled journey to take a look at the Lapps. The best I can say of them is that they are, in their native heath, nothing like the picturesque people you see at world's fairs. Instead of the coats of many colors, instead of the spectacular attire of the expositions, the Lapps when not on show are just about as unbeautiful as our own noble red men are in their own native places. The Lapps, like our Kiowas, eat dog. At one hut at which we stopped, the kettle was boiling for a dog that lay ready for his doom, outside the hut—a tent made of skins. The Lapps told our guide, however, that they killed dogs only on gala occasions, for they needed the dogs to draw their sleds. That must have been a gala day for those Lapps, for while we were still their guests they killed the dog and ate him, head and all.

Instead of the picture-book trappings of rainbow hues, those Lapps wore greasy garments of reindeer skin. They chattered in the shrill voices common to people of the northland, offering to sell us gaudy baskets and moccasins — the

*"At an inn in Algeciras (first town in Spain beyond Gibraltar) were gathered Spaniards dressed as you see them on the stage"*

wares for sale being the only things in Lapland that in any way resemble the Lapp life of the expositions. Along with their wares I told the guide to tell them that I would buy their little girl. The mother, when at last she understood the purport of my proposition, gathered the little one in her arms as if to shield her from me, showing that the love that passeth understanding exists even among a people that never heard of a Bible.

We sledded southward till we came to the topmost town in Sweden. That town has a hotel that is a marvel to travelers. The town is Haparanda and the hotel is amazing because, though it stands a two-days' sled journey from the nearest railway station, yet is equipped and conducted like the best private country club in America. In front of that remarkable hostelry our porters packed our supply sled for the journey to the aforesaid most northerly railway station.

We were accompanied on that journey by twenty members of a Swedish brass band, who traveled in ten sleds. The band was on the way to a wedding engagement at a certain Swedish village. When we arrived at the village, we decided to stop here, so thoroughly typical was it of Swedish rural life.

Members of the wedding party were snowballing one another when we drove into the village. Such was the beginning of the three-days' festivities that were held in honor of the wedding. Most of the villagers were on skis — literally wooden skates twelve feet long— and a race was run on these skis between three peasant women. The bride wore her hair in golden plaits down her back; her bosom was covered with golden ornaments; around her waist was a girdle, a masterpiece of Swedish goldsmith work; and on her head was a crown of silver and copper. "On the third day," said our guide, "someone will loosen the pin that holds the crown and the bride will dance till the crown drops off. That will be the signal that the wedding festivities have ended."

One of our party helped himself so freely of the good things of the wedding table that he fell ill and we sent for a doctor. When we were about to leave we asked the guide to get the physician's bill. "Doctors never render bills in this country," he said. "You give what you can afford." And he explained that rich and poor alike receive medical attenadnce without a word about payment. The wealthy patients pay handsomely, the poorer patients give what they can afford and the very poor pay nothing.

## IV

In my notebook I find this entry: "On board S. S. Fulda, in the Mediterranean betwen Gibraltar and Genoa. Awfully worried. Miss ——— disappeared while ashore in my care at Gib." In the little drama explaining this entry, I am a mere supernumerary. The chief figure in the adventure is a young newspaper girl of New York.

When our ship arrived at Gibraltar a number of the passengers went ashore, including that newspaper girl and myself. At the landing we came to a stone arch where we all bought green pasteboard tickets reading: "Admit bearer to fortifications till gunfire." I handed one of the tickets, numbered seventy-one, to the newspaper girl. "Within the fort you will be known as seventy-one," I said to her. "At nine o'clock you will hear a gun. It will mean that you are no longer welcome. You will have to leave, for strangers are not allowed here after gunfire."

"Ain't, eh?" she replied.

We passed into a busy street. There were cigar shops, and Moorish booths displaying trifles, and cafes filled with soldiers. In one of the cafes I saw an English army officer whom I had last seen at Aldershot, in England, putting his company through a picturesque "set-up" drill. I asked the newspaper girl to excuse me a moment and stepped into the cafe. When I came out — the girl was nowhere to be seen.

A dark-skinned boy wanted to sell me a fan. I bought his fan, thinking to present it to the newspaper girl. But where was she? Was she in the booth of yonder evil-visaged Moor? No! The Moor had not seen her. He blockaded his door and leered.

I went on, determined to achieve the object of my visit, which was to see Algeciras, the first town in Spain as you pass out of Gibraltar, and where the people still hate England with a deadly hatred, believing that some day Gibraltar will again belong to Spain. At an inn in Algeciras were gathered Spaniards dressed just as you see them on the stage. I had some wine with them, talked with them till the thought of that newspaper girl bothered me so that I hastened back to the Rock.

Boom!

Confound that gun! Where was that girl?

"What have you done with seventy-one?" asked the officer at the arch.

The launch below whistled; our big steamer out yonder bellowed three times. That meant that we must come aboard at once. I explained to the officer that —well, about the girl I left behind me. The officer called more officers and they looked at one another with serious faces. Then some of them hurried up the hill. I saw them stop at the booth of the evil-looking Moor, who still stood in his doorway. Then they hurried on, to pursue the search elsewhere.

"I guess that girl wants me to go aboard the ship and leave her," I said to myself. So aboard I went — and worried, as my notebook shows.

When the ship reached Genoa, there she stood on the dock waving a bit of green pasteboard. "Seventy-one is all right!" she said as I joined her. And she told me how she had hidden in the booth of that rascally Moor; how, late in the night, after the ship had sailed, she had come forth and pretended ignorance of the regulations; how she had then put up at one of the hotels and had the next day left by train for Genoa, all merely to get a story for her paper.

But it's bad to be on the high seas with a worry—especially when it's worry about the girl you left behind you.

### V

Hoot, mon! I was in the Scotch Highlands and it was Autumn and all Scotland was a playground for Americans—and for royalty. King Edward was at Balmoral Castle, having laid aside all attributes of monarchship except that of King of Scotland. I witnessed the great event of the Scotch year, the Braemar Gathering, where all sorts of games and dances and sports took place in the open air, all watched by the king and other members of the royal family. The Prince and Princess of Wales arrived in a carriage drawn by four milk-white horses, with outriders, and were kept like prisoners in a fenced enclosure, a kind of royal stockade.

Here were gathered chiefs of the great clans of Scotland, all in Highland costume. The king himself wore the uniform of an officer of a Highland regiment. One day, too, he wore kilts and bonnet as the chief of the greatest of the clans. That Braemar Gathering is to the Scotch social season what the Horse Show is to New York. It opens the season.

Also there were house parties everywhere, with American guests much in evidence. At Skibo Castle, Mr. Andrew Carnegie was giving a house party, with the great John Morley as one of the guests. At Dumferline, where Carnegie used to romp as a hatless and shoeless lad, I got off the train to have a look around. The place is not far from Edinburgh, yet I was told that in outward aspect it had not much changed since the days when "Andy" played there with the other children of the poor. At least half a dozen cottages were pointed out to me each as being the birthplace of the boy who was destined to become the steel king.

Leaning against the door of one of the poorest looking of the thatched cottages, stood an old Scotchman, a minister of the "Free Church." He was about as typical of Scotland as any man I saw anywhere among the clans. "Ay! Andy, I well remember he. He was a bonny lad, was he," said the minister. "He was that slight, and that light-haired, and that rosy-cheeked, was he, now more than fifty years agone. Ay! and in he religion was deep sown. All eagerness and all hope, was he. Yonder waterfall was his favorite playground. Ay! he returned here for a visit the while ago, a rich man. From house to house he went, and from street to street, and from one familiar place to another, like a man dazed and with tears streaming adown his face. Andy came to this very door of mine and he came in and sat him doon, and ay! he give me money for the kirk."

### VI

From thrifty Scotland, I went to gather the facts for articles on "Darkest Ireland," the poorest, unhappiest country on earth. At Dublin Castle, I was shown the splendid throne room, so unrepresentative of the conditions in the country beyond. There too I saw Lord Dudley, the lord-lieutenant, who said: "There are people who think the Irishman a comic creature. They suppose him to be a roaring blade who wears a frieze coat, knee breeches, and a hat with a pipe in its band; who sleeps with the pigs, lives on potatoes and gets drunk constantly. People who think that way of the Irishman get their ideas from so-called Irish plays. A society has been formed in Ireland and England,—and it has some members in America,—for the purpose of discouraging the caricatures of Irishmen portrayed on the stage. The fact is the Irish peasant is immeasurably above his English counterpart in the matter of mind. Lead him well, and he will achieve anything. If Englishmen would come over here and see the Irish people with their own eyes, we should have an Irish boom. The strange thing is that Englishmen travel everywhere over the globe excepting in Ireland."

Two days later I found that the lord-lieutenant's implication that no Irish peasant sleeps with the pigs and lives on potatoes was not founded on actual fact. In the lower part of County Donegal, I entered an Irish home of the kind the ordinary tourist never sees. The home might be called a cabin, but more properly a hut. It had only one room. The ceiling was black from smoke. A quantity of ragged clothing was hanging, to dry, on a straw rope. I sat down on a stool—because to stand up was to keep my head in smoke as thick as a London fog. As it was, I coughed violently. On account of the smoke, I did not at first see that a young woman sat in one corner feeding a child. Neither she nor the child seemed to mind the smoke one bit. She took no notice of my intrusion until I attempted to turn round on my stool so as to face her. Then she said: "Look out, yere arnh'r."

I "looked out," and there at my feet lay a great pig. Though the day was warm a peat fire burned on the hearth. "Why do you have a fire in this weather?" I asked.

"Sure, yer arnh'r, it may rain again at arny moment, and it may be damp tonight, and sure there will be complaint from the lodgers if there's naw fire."

"Lodgers?" I asked, amazed. "What lodgers?"

"Sure, yere arnh'r, we do be boardin' and sleepin' the hands that do be mending' the road out yarnder."

"And how much do your boarders pay you?"

"They do be givin' us, yere arnh'r, tuppence (four cents) the night and tuppence more the meal."

"And what do you eat at meals?"

"Potatis (potatoes), sur."

Within a radius of half a mile of this hut there were a dozen just like it. I went into all of them uninvited. In some of the huts, beside the pig, there were also a donkey and chickens. The only difference was that those who were rich enough to own a donkey and chickens could afford to keep house without taking "boarders." I asked one woman where her husband was.

"Sure, he's in Amuriky, yere arnh'r, thryin' to git money to bring me and the childer to Amuriky too."

In Galway a peasant-fisherman came ashore, carrying his dug-out on his back. "Why do you take your boat so far from the water?" I asked, as he plodded on up the beach with his burden.

"God save ye!" he exclaimed. "I do have no more use for me boat. I do be about to split it for kindling, sur."

When I asked him why he had determined to destroy such an important tool of his trade, he replied: "Sure, the ship do be lavin' in a few days from Galway, for Queenstown. And I do be goin' in that ship, sur. 'Tis to Amuriky I do be goin', wid all the others hereabouts. It's the only way out of our throuble. Troth, we've suffered long enough from poverty. Indade, we're all disthroyed out of this land. It's either the workhouse or Amuriky. Glory be to God, yere arnh'r, for Amuriky."

Human bodies are words, myriads of words;
In the best poems reappears the body, man's or woman's, well shaped, natural, gay,
Every part able, active, receptive, without shame or the need of shame.

—*Walt Whitman.*

# ANECDOTES ⁂ By Mary Gregory Hume

## DIDN'T SHAKE HER FAITH

THE old negro cook in a certain Virginia family is known, next to the excellency of her beaten biscuit and fried chicken, for the fervor of her piety and her readiness to lead in all "shouting" and "testifying" in meeting. The master of the house, who is a clergyman, was therefore considerably surprised and grieved on discovering "Aunt 'Cindy," late one evening, setting out for home with a fowl concealed beneath her apron.

"Now, Aunt Cindy," remonstrated he, reproachfully, "aren't you ashamed to go back on your religion like this? How can you pray and sing hymns with this sin on your conscience? Do you think you can deceive the Lord?" "Law! Marse Tom," exclaimed the convicted saint indignantly, with a heavenward roll of the eye, "You doan' think I gwinter let dis here one small chicken stand 'tween me and my Jesus!"

⁂

## NOBLESSE OBLIGE

A LITTLE girl in the South was overheard by her mother engaged in a spirited word-encounter with a playmate. Mrs. B. was much distressed. She called her small daughter to her and talked to her gently and sadly of her wrong-doing. "Beside being unladylike to quarrel, you know, Margaret, that it is very sinful. Now, when you say your prayers this evening you must tell our Father of your sin and ask His forgiveness."

As Mrs. B. was tucking Margaret in for the night she asked softly, "And did my little girl do as Mamma bade her?"

"Yes, Mamma," came the quick reply. "I did tell God and He said: 'Pray, Miss Brooks, don't mention it!'"

## PITY 'TIS, 'TIS TRUE

MR. "BUN" Sawyer, keeper of the village hotel, is not only a shrewd business man but an acute critic of men and letters as well. "Books!" he declared on one occasion, "No siree! the books nowadays don't suit a plain man like me. I want folks to say what they've got to say right out; but half the time you can't tell what these writing chaps are driving at, they've such imaginary minds!"

⁂

## GOT IT TO A "T"

AN elderly Southern lady who was passing through Richmond, Virginia, for the first time, found that she had several hours to wait between trains and resolved to spend this time getting an impression of the historic capital of the Old Dominion. Picking out as her cicerone a kindly-faced, gray-haired old darky, she climbed into his hack, bidding him drive her through the city and point out the various objects of interest as they passed along. "Uncle Jerry" complied, indicating with enthusiastic pride the Capitol, the fine Washington monument, and other historic and beautiful points. At last, drawing his horse to a standstill, he turned to her and said solemnly, with an impressive wave of the hand, "En' dar, dar am de house ob Edgar A. Poet!"

⁂

## REPARTEE AND REWARD

SIR HENRY IRVING, during one of his tours in "Dixie," was the guest-of-honor at a reception at which were present all the beauty and culture of the Southern city.

A handsome young woman in the receiving party, who had occupied a distant seat in the theater at his first performance, extending her hand to him with a charming smile, exclaimed: "This is indeed a privilege, Sir Henry. Heretofore I have seen you only through a glass, darkly, and am glad to meet you face to face!"

Delighted with her beauty and quickness of wit, the famous actor begged her to accept a box in the theater for his appearance the following night.

# BALLADE OF THE INFANT ON MY KNEE

## I

TIME was, when in my boyhood's home
  I dreamed both day and night (none knew)
Of long, straight roads where I should roam
  Free as the warm South wind that blew
  Meadow and orchard idly through.
Other designs had Fate for me,
  More to my taste, as time proved true:
*Witness the infant on my knee.*

## II

Later I felt I was foreordained
  (Touched by a Fairy at my first cry) —
The world well lost for a true love gained —
  In red men's forays to fight or fly,
  There mate and marry, there live and die.
Fate smiled behind her fan at me,
  Never an Indian maid knew I:
*Witness the infant on my knee.*

## III

Dreams and visions alike forgot,
  Fame was the lure that led me long,
Wealth passed by and I knew it not;
  I staked my all on a vagrant song
  That died unheard in the heedless throng.
Then Fate had pity, as all may see,
  And made me amends for her great wrong:
*Witness the infant on my knee.*

## ENVOY

Prince, happy is he whom Fate befriends,
  Or low or high though his lot may be;
When she at the last her best gift sends:
  *Witness the infant on my knee.*

*Frank Putnam*

[BEGUN IN FEBRUARY NUMBER]

# The K·K·K

## By C. W. Tyler

CLARKSVILLE, TENNESSEE

## IX

### PETE KINCHEN GOES IN QUEST OF HIS MOTHER'S COW, AND FINDS WHAT HE IS NOT LOOKING FOR

MISS SUE BASCOMBE, upon the death of her grandmother and the burning of the family home, went to reside with a relative on her mother's side who was in comfortable circumstances and lived not far away. The girl herself was no pauper. She owned now the Bascombe place, with the personal property attached thereto, and there was a little beside in the way of notes and money, for the old lady had been frugal in her time. Altogether, while almost anywhere else in the world her estate would have been deemed a very small one, in the particular locality where she resided it was sufficient to supply her modest necessities and establish for her the desirable reputation of being independent. She was a girl with a pretty good business head, resembling her grandmother in this as in many other particulars, and it was the general opinion in the community that, if she remained a spinster, she would be more apt to add to her respectable patrimony than to waste it.

One morning, about a fortnight after the robbery of the Hopsons, as she stood at a front window of the house she now occupied as a home, the girl noticed a little negro boy, with a small dog at his heels, approaching the residence in an unusual manner. An open wood lay immediately in front of the house, and the lad in making progress dodged behind first one tree and then another, as if he were an Indian who was minded, when he got sufficiently near, to rush up and tomahawk the family. Not fully understanding the significance of these maneuvers, Sue kept her eye on him, and finally observed him crouch behind the woodpile, a little distance beyond the yard enclosure. Determined to ascertain the character of his business, if he had any, she left the house, and, advancing promptly upon his place of retreat, soon stood close beside him.

"Please, mum," said the urchin, rising when she came to a halt and looked at him inquiringly. "I'm Sandy's little boy—Sandy Kinchen, mum, what didn't split ole Miss Bascombe's head open wid dat ax."

As he submitted this remark Miss Bascombe took a calm survey of the visitor's person. His raiment was a long, ragged shirt, not over-clean, which hung upon him so loosely that there seemed imminent danger all the while of its forsaking his body and slipping to the ground. He was hatless, and as it was Summer time, it goes without saying that he was barefoot. Indeed, his ragged shirt was his costume, and, that having been intended by the maker for some much larger person, and being without a fastening of any kind at the throat, was kept on, seemingly, by frequent shoulder-shrugs and occasional clutches from apprehensive fingers.

"Please, mum," repeated the lad, "I'm Sandy's little boy; and I seed him dis very mornin'—me and Jineral Beauregard did."

"Seed who dis very mornin'?" inquired the girl, surprised at what she heard, and unconsciously imitating the boy's tone and language.

"Him, mum; him what did split ole Mis Bascombe's head open wid de ax. I seed him."

"You don't mean—"

"Yas'm, I means him what folk calls de Flyin' Dutchman. I seed him."

She looked at him for a moment in perplexity, hardly knowing what was best to be done under the circumstances.

"You ain' gwy give me away, is you? Kase if you does me and Jineral Beauregard is bofe dead men."

She shook her head. "Where did you see that man?" she asked. "Who told you to bring this tale to me?"

"Dey ain't nobody told me. I went to find Marse Ran, and he wa'n't at home. Den I come to you."

"Well, tell me now where you saw this man."

"You ain' gwy never give me away?"

She shook her head again.

"Wal, den, I'm gwy tell you. Dis mornin' I was a huntin' for de muley cow what Marse Ran gin mammy when he sot her up a housekeepin'. She strayed off—de cow did—she all de time at dat—and never come home last night, but mammy she 'lowed she heard de bell way off on de side of de hill. Dis mornin' 'fo' day me and Jineral Beauregard, we was 'bleeged to go for to get de cow and drive de cow home. We climb 'long up on de side of de ridge, and when we done got most to de top Jineral Beauregard he tuck out after a rabbit, like I done tole him many a time not to do. He run dat rabbit into de thick briar patch what grows close up agin de big bluff dey calls de chalk bluff. When he got in dar I heerd him a-growlin' and a-snappin' like he done run up agin sumpen he wa'n't 'spectin' to find. I crep' up tolerable clost, I did, and den I lay down, kase I didn't know zactly what 'twas Jineral Beauregard done run up agin in de briar patch. Presently I heerd him holler, and he come running out'n de briar patch and made for the place whar he leff me. Den I heerd sumpen comin' behind him. I been huntin' for de cow, and fust I thought it was de cow, but den in a minit I know'd it wa'n't de cow, kase it walked too light for de cow. Hit come out'n de briar patch, and hit come on to the aidge of de broom-sage field what stand about de briar patch, walkin' kinder tiptoe. It wa'n't hardly light good, but I seed him, and I know'd him, and hit was de Flyin' Dutchman. He stood dar a little while, he did, and den he crep' back to'ds de briar patch. 'Bout dat time here come Jineral Beauregard crawlin' on his belly, kase he done been to de place whar I was, and struck my trail, and he was skeer'd. Den I backed away from dar on my all-fours, and soon as I got a little piece off I riz and run for all I was wuth; and I ain't found dat cow yit."

He ended his tale here, and stood looking at her; and the dog sat up dog-fashion and looked at her. It was an active little dog, of the fox terrier variety, with its tail bobbed and ears sharpened, so as to impart to it a fiercer appearance than it would naturally have borne.

"Where is the briar patch you speak of?" inquired Sue. "Would you know if you were to see it again?"

"Yas'm, I'd know it," responded the lad. "But I ain't gwine 'bout dar no mo'—I tells you dat."

"How will others find the place then?"

"Dar's a dead tree clost to the aidge of de briar patch, and a hawk or a buzzard most all the time a-settin' on a limb of dat tree. Ef I could find Marse Ran, I mout take him to whar I could pint out dat tree to him. Right dar I'm gwy stop."

"You say you've been to Marse Ran's house this morning?"

"Yas'm."

"And he was not at home?"

"Naw'm."

"Did they tell you where he was?"

"Dey say dey didn't know. Dat's de reason I come here. I thought you mout know."

She reflected a short time; then she asked the little boy:

"Have you had your breakfast?"

"Naw'm; me nur Jineral Beauregard ain't nary one had our breakfast."

"Come with me and I'll get you something to eat."

She escorted the boy and the dog to a spot in the back yard and instructed the cook to administer to their bodily wants. She then told the lad not to leave the premises until she dismissed him, and, going into the house, she wrote a short note to a young farmer friend of hers, named McIntosh, who resided in the immediate neighborhood. This she dispatched by a house servant and awaited an answer.

Within an hour, McIntosh, as requested in the note, reported in person to Miss Bascombe, and she gave him the substance of the boy's story. It was agreed between them that Pearson must be found without delay, as it was all-important that the murderer's hiding place should be surrounded before the sun went down. As the dog had disturbed him, he would no doubt suspect the near presence of some human being, and would almost certainly shift his quarters that night. McIntosh agreed to go in search of Pearson, and suggested that the lad be detained until the arrival of the latter. Pete was sent for and told to await further orders in the back yard, but he shook his head. Finding him indisposed to talk in the presence of a stranger, Sue escorted him back to the woodpile, where the conference had begun.

"I dunno nuthin' 'bout dat man," said the lad, pointing with his thumb back over his shoulder towards the house. "I ain't gwy talk where he is. He mout give me away."

"Very well. I've sent for Marse Ran. You stay here until he comes."

Pete shook his head again.

"Can't you stay?"

"Naw'm; my mammy don't low me

to loaf round de country. She done tole me dat many times."

"I want Marse Ran to talk with you. How can he see you if you go away?"

The lad reflected a while before he replied:

"You tell him to ride down de road twell he gits to de place whar de crick crosses it, beyant Marse Billy Winston's. When he crosses de crick let him ride on slow a little piece furder. Me and Jineral Beauregard will be in de woods on t'other side de crick waitin' for him."

"How long can you wait there?"

"I kin wait dar all day."

"And you will wait till Marse Ran comes?"

"Yas'm."

"All right; he will ride down that road just as soon as I can find him and send him along. You and your dog can go now."

"You ain't gwy give us away?"

"No."

"Dis here yuther white man in de house, he ain't gwy give us away?"

"No."

The lad turned and left the premises, with the ever-faithful General Beauregard at his heels. She walked back into the house, and Teddy McIntosh in a few minutes was off on a quest for Pearson. He found him about noon, and after a brief conference Teddy was sent off to summon about fifteen or twenty trusted men, while Pearson proceeded without delay to the place on the highway where he was to meet the boy. McIntosh himself, and all the citizens he was to notify, were members of the organization which had been recently formed. The purpose was to assemble these as quietly as possible and capture the murderer before the general public had learned that his lurking place had been discovered. With this end in view, McIntosh was instructed to be as reserved as the nature of his errand would permit, and to caution each man notified not to confer with others outside the order, but to go quietly to a designated spot to which Pearson was to return after his interview with the lad.

In the very nature of things, however, it was impossible to keep from the community a grave secret which had to be imparted in rapid succession to fifteen or twenty different farmers scattered about over the neighborhood. The very fact that secrecy was sought to be preserved, perhaps, caused the truth, or a suspicion of the truth, to spread more rapidly over the country, and it was soon generally understood that something was in the wind, and that Sue Bascombe could tell all about it if she would. Very soon this young lady had more company than she cared to entertain, and was asked more questions than she could politely parry; so, being a matter-of-fact girl, she plainly told all comers that a secret of some consequence had been imparted to her that morning, and that she proposed to keep it. Everybody then jumped to the conclusion that those in the secret had gotten on the fresh trail of the murderer, and, being determined to join in the chase, boys and men soon gathered from the four points of the compass, and, by following those who had been summoned, rallied with the members of the clan at the appointed place of rendezvous. Here they remained for quite a while, talking with each other in loud and excited tones, and waiting impatiently for they knew not what.

Pearson, following the directions that had been given him, met the negro boy Pete in the wood beyond the creek, and was escorted to a rising piece of ground at a considerable distance from the road. A tall, dead tree was then pointed out, about a half-mile still further on, and near the summit of the ridge which the two were ascending.

"Dar whar he is," said the boy. "Dat tree is on the aidge of a little broom sage field, and in dat broom sage field you gwy find at de fur end a briar patch so thick dat a hog couldn't git through widout scratchin' hisseff more'n he gwy scratch hisseff ef he kin help it. Right in dar is dat Flyin' Dutchman, which is buzzum friend to de devil. Jineral Beauregard found him dar this mornin', and dar he is right now ef he ain't riz up and flewd off somewhars else."

Pearson noted the place carefully, and after thanking the boy and rewarding him with a silver coin, he led his horse back to the road, and, mounting, galloped toward the spot where the others had been directed to await his coming. Here he found a much larger crowd than he had expected or wished to see. The captain and several others of the secret order were absent, and Pearson took command therefore of the entire assemblage, telling them if they wished to capture the outlaw they must proceed quietly and obey orders literally. After proceeding a short distance, he placed himself at the head of about a dozen picked men, instructing McIntosh, with the rest of the assemblage, about ten times as numerous, to follow on without noise or discourse a few hundred yards in the rear. This order was obeyed for awhile with reasonable strictness, but as the crowd advanced they became more impatient and more unmanagable, and before they had accomplished half of their proposed journey, they trod close on the heels of the advance guard. Pearson, in low tones, cautioned them all to be quiet, and, calling a halt here, he instructed those constituting the advance guard to hasten forward rapidly, while he himself remained behind, and for a brief while held the crowd in check. The picked detachment now proceeded noiselessly with all dispatch, and soon reached the small broom-sedge field of two or three acres, with the locality of which some of them were familiar. Dispersing here as skirmishers, they closed in promptly on the briar thicket that grew against the bluff on the upper side. Before they had quite succeeded in doing this the crowd in the rear was heard approaching again in disorder, for Pearson had found it impossible to restrain them. So tumultuously did those now rush forward that it was evident the murderer would be aroused to a sense of his dangers, if he had not already made his escape. Rushing into the broom-sedge field waist high and in thick clusters, they pressed forward hurriedly, and without pretense of order, upon the skirmish line in front. While they were thus intent on reaching the murderer's supposed hiding-place close against the bluff, suddenly from their midst, and in the rear of most of them, a wild-looking creature arose, and, without utterance of any kind, darted swiftly down the hill in the direction from which they had come. The front detachment, the men being a considerable distance apart, had passed him without notice, and none of those rushing pellmell in the rear had thought to examine narrowly the thick broom sedge to see if a human being was lurking there.

"Here he goes! here he goes!" cried a few of those next at hand, when the fugitive made his break from the midst of the crowd assembled to capture him. Then a pistol shot rang out, confused cries arose, and the most part for a few moments were uncertain as to the cause of the disturbance. Presently, however, they were given to understand that the game had been jumped and was scurrying away, and, facing about as hurriedly as they could, they gave rapid pursuit, each man for himself.

Those composing the skirmish line were in front when the outcry was raised, and consequently brought up the rear as the whole assemblage faced about and gave mad chase down the hill. The pursuit was so reckless that the men engaged in it impeded each other in their efforts to make speed. Pistol shots were fired at random, and the foremost among the pursuers for a few moments found themselves in more danger than the fugitive himself. This wild shooting ceased after a little angry remonstrance, and the mob—for it was nothing else—set out on a dead run down the hill, determined to capture or kill the scoundrel in front before the chase was over.

The murderer sped now as only a desperate wretch can who feels that his life depends upon his fleetness of foot. Springing madly down the steep side of the ridge, he did not take steps as a human being ordinarily would, but went forward by great leaps, like a hunted deer, with the pack in full cry behind him. It was plain to see, too, that he was making headway on his pursuers, and yells of vengeance arose in his rear, which prompted him to renewed effort. Shots were still fired at him by those nearest, bullets whizzed around him, but these neither pierced his body nor frightened him—as was hoped—into halting and surrendering. He felt sure that instant death would be his portion if he was caught, and therefore resolved to take all chances rather than become a prisoner. Now he leaped through bushes that snatched from him fragments of his already scant supply of clothing; now he tripped and fell in his desperate race, but rising, sped onward without pause in his flight; now ducking his head to dodge deadly missiles; now running erect to facilitate speed, he dashed without thought as to whither his steps were bent, away, away, away from the mob yelling madly in his rear.

Two or three vicious cur dogs, that had been brought along by their owners, now distanced all human competitors in the chase, and, closing in on the fleeing outlaw, began snapping at him, occasionally sinking their sharp teeth into his flesh, so as to cause the blood to flow freely. He heeded them not the least—most probably in his excitement was scarcely aware of their presence—and, with his whole mind centered on the supreme effort he was making, ran with all his might the desperate race before him. Near the foot of the hill was a narrow country road which he must cross, and as he leaped nimbly into this he found himself within a few feet of a man on horseback, who apparently had been awaiting his approach.

"Halt!" said the man on horseback, aiming at the same time an ugly-looking pistol at the fugitive.

Ankerstrom halted, and looking up, recognized the individual who had brought him to a stand. It was Sheriff Sanderson. Pearson had sent a runner for him, and he arrived on the scene of action just in time to render efficient service to the cause of justice. He sat quietly on his horse, with his pistol directed toward the panting murderer, and his forefinger resting lightly against the trigger. In a few seconds the angry mob was down upon them. As they recognized the figure of Ankerstrom standing close by in the road the foremost raised a yell of triumph, but when they caught sight of the sheriff and his pistol, they discreetly came to a halt also, not caring to bring themselves directly in range.

Sheriff Sanderson was a brave man, and one who was minded at all times to do his duty as a public officer. He saw now, however, that it would be impossible for him to protect the panting wretch before him from the vengeance of his pursuers, unless there were among those giving chase a few prudent men who could be induced to come to the aid of the law. Angry citizens now filled the road behind him and formed a surging line on both sides in front, leaving open only the narrow space covered by his pistol, in the center of which stood the scowling, panting captive. Casting his eye over the excited mass of human beings, he recognized Randolph Pearson standing in the rear among the latest arrivals on the ground.

"I want ten good men to assist me in

taking this fellow to jail," proclaimed the sheriff in a calm tone. Who will volunteer?"

"I will," responded Pearson promptly. "And I think there are others here who will be willing to aid in upholding the law."

As Pearson said this he pushed his way through the crowd in front of him, and stepping into the road in front of the sheriff's pistol, he laid his hands on Ankerstrom.

"I want ten men," said the sheriff. "Who else will volunteer?"

One by one nine other men stepped into the road, and, each with his pistol in his hand, formed a guard around the prisoner.

The sheriff then addressed those about him pleasantly.

"You see how 'tis, men," he said. "This here fellow's got to go to jail with me."

"It's a damned shame," cried an angry man in the crowd.

"It's an infernal outrage," proclaimed another.

"Let's take the scoundrel and hang him to a limb," shouted a third individual.

"There's a law in this country, gentlemen," calmly replied the sheriff.

By this time Ankerstrom's wrists had been securely linked with a pair of handcuffs which the sheriff drew from his pocket for the purpose. He snarled like a caged animal as they fettered him, but made no actual resistance, for he knew their protection afforded him a temporary respite from the hanging he deserved. Pearson now stepped back a little way from the prisoner, and in a few earnest words addressed the embittered mob of men and boys about him.

"I know you are all indignant," he said, "and it is not at all surprising that you should be. If ever a fellow on earth deserved hanging I reckon this scoundrel here does; but it doesn't follow that we should take it on ourselves to do the hanging. As Sheriff Sanderson says, there's a law in this country. If we override the law, we not only teach others to do the same, but we bring our community into disrepute before the world."

"When monstrous outrages cease, mob law will cease," cried a man in the crowd.

"I've heard that remark before," replied Pearson, "and, in my opinion, the man that utters it offers a very poor excuse for an indefensible act. The question for us, my friends, is not whether criminals shall be punished for their misdeeds, but whether in this enlightened age we can find no better method of suppressing crime than having angry mobs rise up in haste to wreak vengeance on the supposed offender. I believe—I know—this vile creature here to be worthy of death, but let the law be his executioner."

"Suppose the law won't do it?"

"I'll not admit that until I'm compelled to admit it," replied Pearson. "You need have no apprehension, my friends," he continued, raising his voice so that all could hear. "This is a plain case, and justice will be speedily administered through the courts. Grave crimes must be punished, and promptly punished. Honest men and women must have protection against midnight murderers and other horrible villains. But trust to the law, trust to the law. Let us not advertise to the world that we have evils which our laws are incapable of redressing."

So Sheriff Sanderson and a respectable posse comitatus escorted the rascal, Johan Ankerstrom, to the county jail. The crowd that had given such hot pursuit was compelled to disband without wreaking vengeance on the object of their chase. The search for the murderer of the widow Bascombe was at last ended, and the people of the community slept more soundly when they learned that the savage creature of whom all stood in dread had been caught running wild on the hills and was fast locked behind prison doors.

## X

## BETTY HIGHTOWER'S HUSBAND HAS A PLEASANT CONFAB WITH THE SHERIFF'S WIFE

WHEN Sheriff Sanderson had eaten his supper and smoked his pipe, he ordered two fresh horses brought round from the stable, in the rear of the jail. He was a good farmer as well as an efficient officer of the state, was Sheriff Sanderson, and known all the country round as an excellent judge of horseflesh. On his well-kept place, a little way out from the county town, he raised stock of all kinds for the market, and in his business trips over his bailiwick he often effected sales to purchasers who had ready cash, or whose credit was known by him to be good. Everybody understands that horse-traders, as a rule, are common liars, but Sanderson could be relied on to state candidly even the demerits of the animal he was offering to dispose of. He would have scorned to file the teeth of an old horse to make his mouth belie his years, and for no consideration would he have foisted a moon-eyed animal off on a customer at a time when the earth's satellite was at a stage most favorable for the execution of such a scheme. In lieu of all such contemptible tricks of the trade, he sought to build up for himself a reputation for honesty and fair-dealing, and there can be no doubt about the fact that he profited by this course in the long run.

Tonight, as said, the sheriff ordered brought round from his stable two of his best horses, which indicated that he was minded to go upon a journey of some length. The animals, being led forth, were fastened to a rack near the gate, while the officer sat on the front steps of the building that was occupied both as a prison and a residence.

Presently came one on horseback, and, reining up at the gate, cried "Hello," which is the common method of salutation in that benighted part of the world. The sheriff, without reply, retired into the house and soon reissued with another gentleman, who must have been a particular friend of his, as he held him affectionately by the arm. By the time these two reached the gate the individual who cried "Hello," had dismounted and unhitched the horses that stood tied to the rack. When the sheriff and his friend came up he assisted the latter to mount, and the three then rode away from the jail, proceeding at a leisurely gait. They did not pass through the town, but circled around it and came on the far side into a broad, beaten highway, which they followed. The general direction of this road was down the Cumberland river, though for much of the way it ran a considerable distance from the stream. It was known as the Coopertown road, and led to a burg by that name about thirty miles below, on the river. If the horsemen were bound for this place it was evident they had an all-night ride before them.

As the three horsemen proceeded along this river road, the singular circumstance might have been noticed that one of them traveled with his wrists fastened together in front, while his arms were pinioned close to his body by a strap that bound them firmly from behind. This man rode always in the center, one of his companions preceding him, while the other, the sheriff, brought up the rear. A rope halter was fastened to the bridle of his horse, and by means of this the individual in front led the animal along. The man with his arms pinioned could not have guided his steed, therefore, if he had so chosen. He might have leaped from his horse and made off on foot, but refrained perhaps from fear of being checked by a pistol-ball from the quiet individual who journeyed in his rear. Thus they rode on in silence, nothing but the steady tramp of the horses informing the folk along the road that a party of mounted men were passing in the night.

Several hours after Sheriff Sanderson and his two companions had set out from the jail a company of forty or fifty horsemen rode two by two down the main street of the village. It was now past midnight. The lights in the houses had all been extinguished and the stores had been barred and shuttered until the following day. Deep sleep had fallen on most of the dwellers of the place, and only the aimless barking of dogs disturbed the quiet of the night. As the horsemen entered the town these dogs discovered something to bark at, and opened up with redoubled vociferation and vehemence. Signs of life now came from the houses along the way. Here and there a shutter was cautiously opened and hurriedly closed again.

When the horsemen reached the square they came to a halt. About a third of the number here dismounted, leaving their horses to the care of the remainder. Those on foot then proceeded noiselessly, but rapidly, toward the jail. All was dark as they approached. Reaching the front door of the building one of the number rapped loudly upon it.

A light appeared from an upper window and a woman's head was thrust out. "What is it?" inquired this woman, in a high, shrill tone, which those below thought indicative of nervousness.

"We've got a prisoner here, ma'am," replied one of the party at the door. "A chap from Nashville that there's a pretty good reward for. Ask your husband to come down and get him, for we want to be quit of him."

"John isn't here right now," said the woman at the window, "and he tells me never to open the door at night when he's away. Come back again in the morning."

"That's rather hard on us. Where John?"

"Oh, I don't know; uptown, maybe—I don't know."

"Tell us where he is and we'll go hunt him."

"Oh, you couldn't find him, I reckon. I almost know you couldn't. Come back again in the morning."

"Mrs. Sanderson," said the gentleman below, who was spokesman for the party, "you ought to know me. This is Watkins, from up on Marrowbone Creek. I voted for your husband the last time he run, and I'm going to do the same thing the next time I get a chance. You know me, don't you, Mrs. Sanderson?"

"Why, for sure! That isn't Billy Watkins that married Betty Hightower, is it?"

"Just exactly who it is, ma'am."

"Well, I declare!"

"Let us in now, please, ma'am. We are all dead tired and want to get some sleep tonight. Give us the keys and we'll lock this fellow up ourselves."

"You're right sure that's Billy Watkins that married Betty Hightower?"

"No mistake in the world about it, Mrs. Sanderson. I can prove it by all these gentlemen here with me."

"This is Billy Watkins, ma'am," asserted several of that gentleman's companions. "It's him and no mistake."

"Well, then, I suppose I'll have to let you all in. It's dead against John's rules, but I reckon I'll have to do it."

The head was withdrawn from the upper window and a woman's light step was soon heard on the stairway, accompanied by the jingling of keys. There was a fumbling about the lock, an impatient exclamation or two from the inside and the bolt was drawn back and the ponderous door swung wide open.

A dozen strong men swarmed into the hall and surrounded the sheriff's wife. "Mrs. Sanderson," explained Mr. Watkins, politely, "we don't wish to alarm you. We're not going to hurt you, ma'am; you may rest assured of that. We've come for that scoundrel, Cross-eyed Jack, though, and have him we must and will. So please, ma'am, give us up the keys."

"Why, gentlemen, replied the sheriff's wife, pleasantly, "John took that fellow away with him directly after supper, and where he's gone to goodness only knows."

"I thought you said John was uptown somewhere?"

"Oh, so I did, Mr. Watkins. One has to tell little fibs sometimes in this business. You gentlemen surely understand that."

"May we search the house?"

"Oh, certainly. I'll go around with you. We've only got two prisoners just now; one a white boy charged with being crazy; the other a negro for shooting craps."

Watkins and Mrs. Sanderson went up and inspected the two prisoners, who were both asleep on one pallet. There was another cell or cage in the larger room, but it was empty. On the return trip Watkins came first down the stairway, while Mrs. Sanderson followed, jingling her keys. When they reached the lower hall where the others waited, they all stood regarding each other in silence.

"This is bad," said Watkins, after a little, in a disappointed tone.

"It is, indeed," replied Mrs. Sanderson, sighing as if she had met with a misfortune.

Then the men in the hall stood 'round awkwardly a few minutes longer.

"How is Betty Hightower these days?" inquired Mrs. Sanderson, politely.

"She's well enough, I reckon," answered Mr. Watkins, gruffly.

Then the men, one by one, passed out at the front door, only two or three saying "Good night." When they reached the street some indulged in profane language, while others laughed aloud. Mrs. Sanderson bolted the door behind them, and, going upstairs, resumed her nap where she had left off a half-hour before.

It was broad daylight when the sheriff and his night-riding friends reached the respectable city of Coopertown, perched high on the banks of the swiftly-flowing Cumberland. They proceeded directly to a strongly constructed building, with barred windows, situated not far from the water's edge, and here the three dismounted. By the cheerful light of day it could be easily discerned that the individual who had ridden between the other two men was decidedly cross-eyed and of repulsive visage generally. This individual was now turned over to the keeper of the strong building and a receipt taken for him, as if he had been a piece of baggage. This formality dispensed with, the cross-eyed man was locked up in a rather cramped apartment, while Sanderson and his remaining companion of the night ride sat down with the head of the establishment to a hearty breakfast. The party hobnobbed here pleasantly for an hour or so, for they were all on excellent terms, and before they separated Sanderson sold a horse to the head of the establishment, who never had occasion, that I know of, to repent of his bargain.

John Ankerstrom, alias Cross-eyed Jack, languished in prison at Coopertown from day to day, and from week to week, and was by all odds, the jailer said, the most disagreeable boarder that had ever found lodging within the walls of his house. He sulked, grumbled about his fare and everything else, and when the least provoked uttered guttural oaths in fragments of several different languages.

Finally he called for pen and paper and wrote a scrawling, whining letter back to the home of his childhood, saying he was in a desperate predicament and needed help. The sheriff thought he had summed up the situation correctly and promised to mail the document for him. This promise he speedily complied with, and never received from the vicious Johan even a "thanks" for his courtesy. As to whether the recipients of the ruffian's message treated him with equal indifference, the reader will soon be informed.

## XI

## LAWYER PALAVER GIVES VENT TO RIGHTEOUS INDIGNATION, AND LAWYER SLOWBOY HOOKS A CLIENT FOR THE FIRM

"BEATS all the damned doings that ever was heard of," cried Lawyer Palaver, clapping his clenched fist down emphatically upon the table. "Why, sir, they ran my man round up yonder in that infernal hill country as if he had been a rabbit — chased him, sir, with dogs through a briar thicket and a broomsedge patch; tore his clothes, bloodied his legs and sent bullets whizzing around his head while he was running. Oh, they are great fellows, up in that country, I can tell you."

"That's pretty bad," said the friend, who was taking a convivial glass with the lawyer. "What had your man done?"

"Done? Why, sir, you'll be astonished to learn he hadn't done a damned thing except to flee from the wrath to come when a howling mob was at his heels. They've got no case at all against my man, I tell you. No case at all. Mark my prediction, sir, the jury won't be out ten minutes, after they hear the judge's charge, before they bring in a verdict of acquittal. No, sir, I'm damned if I believe they'll ever leave the box."

"How was it the mob got after your man so hotly?"

"No wonder you inquire, sir, and I'll tell you just exactly how it was. Up in the Marrowbone Hills, when a crime is committed they rise up and kill three or four people, and then take the trouble to inquire into the matter. That's the way they do business up in that infernal country. Well, sir, you understand, up there somebody had murdered an old woman in the night. Bad piece of work, sir; no doubt about that. Calculated to exasperate them, which it did. Well, sir, they rose up and seem to have found the right man pretty quick. Of course they made short work of him, but that only whetted their appetites. When a tiger gets a taste of blood he's a bad tiger for some time afterward, and when a mob gets started up in that hill country they're hell to stop. My man is a foreigner, and don't catch onto things, you see, like our folks. When he found the whole country on a rampage he got a big scare on him and tried to hide. Then it was they got the dogs and set out to catch him and kill him. So they would have done, but luckily he saw the sheriff of the county passing and fled to that officer for protection. That's the tale, sir, and a devil of a tale it is, as I think you'll agree with me. The sheriff brought the poor fellow down here for safe-keeping, and that very night the mob surrounded the jail at Ashton, howling for his blood. Oh, them fellows were fatally bent on mischief, I tell you."

"Your client seems to have had a pretty close shave of it."

"Didn't he, though? He got off by the skin of his teeth, as the saying goes. It's an outrage, sir, the way he was treated—an infamous outrage, and somebody ought to be made to smoke for it. Why, sir, my client's folks are among the very best people up round Chicago. The Ankerstroms, I tell you, are highly respected there. Thrifty, thrifty, thrifty. You haven't met the old man, have you?"

"Never saw him."

"Fine old citizen, fine old citizen. Distressed to death over the trouble his son has gotten into. Afraid it will injure the standing of the family. I tell him by the time we get through, the shoe will be on the other foot. Certain gentlemen in the Marrowbone Hills will be shown up in their true colors, and the advertising they'll get by this affair won't help them much, I can tell you. Palaver & Slowboy have been employed for the prisoner, and when Palaver & Slowboy take hold of a case it doesn't generally suffer for lack of attention; I think I can say that much for the firm, anyway."

"Yes, indeed," replied the friend, wiping his lips after he had absorbed the contents of his glass. "You might say a good deal more than that for the firm, Colonel, and not stretch the truth."

"Possibly so, possibly so," returned Palaver, waving his hand in a deprecating way. "As to how that is, of course it's not proper for me to say. The world knows Palaver, and the world knows another thing damned well, and that is that Palaver never blows his own horn. One remark, which I make bold to say, sir, will not be gainsaid by any person familiar with the facts. Whatever may be thought or said of the senior member of the firm of Palaver & Slowboy, upon the junior member, sir, there is no discount. Slowboy, sir, can be relied on under any and all circumstances to do his best."

"That's saying a good deal for him."

"It's a high compliment upon him, sir, and it's a deserved compliment. Wake Slowboy up at the dead hour of the night, if you will, with a demand for his services, and, damme, if he don't rise up and do his best. He's a deserving young fellow, Slowboy is. Faithful, faithful, faithful. Not brilliant, I grant that. Not showy, not a man of parts, as—ah—perhaps some other persons are; but, damme, if he isn't reliable. It's the plodding fellows that make the world go. Genius is the poor moth that flits about the candle, you know. Well, you can look at Slowboy and tell he's no genius. He was dull at school, and he's dull yet, but he gets there all the same. Palaver & Slowboy, as I was saying, have this case in hand, and the finding of the jury will be 'Not guilty,' as soon as it comes the jury's time to speak. Maybe that will be the end of it; maybe no, for I tell you in confidence I expect to get heavy damages out of the lively gentlemen back yonder in the hills, who run human beings round in the broom sedge with dogs and shoot at 'em for pastime. The first thing, though, of course, is to clear my man, and that, I tell you, will be as easy as winking. They've kicked up a mighty hullabaloo over this matter, but their case when they get into court won't stand up long enough to be knocked down, mark my prediction."

In this overwhelmingly confident way did Lawyer Palaver express himself as to the final outcome in the case of the State of Tennessee versus Johan Ankerstrom, who now languished in jail, awaiting his vindication at the hands of a jury. As yet the prosecution had advanced no farther than the writ sworn out by Templeton shortly after the death of the Widow Bascombe. He had been shrewd enough to waive an examination before a justice of the peace in the county where his crime was committed, and would now be held until the next term of the circuit court at Ashton, when a grand jury of thirteen good and lawful men would determine whether or no to present a true bill against him. As the assembling of the court was three months off, and the state as yet had made no effort to muster its witnesses against the accused, it seemed a little premature for his attorney to predict that whenever he faced the issue a triumphant acquittal was a foregone conclusion. But Palaver was one of those sanguine individuals who always believed, and robustly maintained, that everything at all affecting his own future was going to turn out just precisely as he would like to have it turn out. He was invariably on the right side of a lawsuit, had facts and logic at his command in such formidable array that they could not be withstood, and was dead sure to win—until he lost. Then he gave himself up for a brief season to righteous indignation; damned court, jury, and everybody who was even remotely responsible for bringing disaster upon him, and, after thus venting his spleen, flung himself with unabated ardor into the next case.

But if Lawyer Palaver was prone at all times and under all circumstances to take a roseate view of the future, Lawyer Slowboy was by nature rather inclined to go to the opposite extreme. This was singular, seeing that Palaver was baldheaded and spectacled, while Slowboy was in what is usually termed the first flush of youth, not having yet reached his twenty-third year. Nevertheless, Slowboy was cautious, disposed to magnify the obstacles he always saw in front of him, and inclined to place altogether too modest an estimate upon his own abilities. During the progress of a lawsuit he was nervously apprehensive as to the result, until the conclusion brought either success or defeat to his cause. If victory perched upon his banner, he sung the praises of Palaver, declaring that the result was attributable alone to the unexampled genius of that gentleman. If the firm encountered defeat, Slowboy took all the blame on himself, and maintained among his associates that if he had only done thus and so, instead of this way and that, the final outcome in all probability would have been different.

Slowboy, as the reader needs not to be told, was an enthusiastic admirer of his chieftain, Palaver. When but a small lad he had sat on the hard benches in the rear of the court-room and listened open-mouthed as eloquence flowed in unbroken current from the lips of the gifted gentleman. He imagined—Slowboy did—that if he could be brought in close communion with so talented a person, his fortune would be made. His mother, fortunately, was kin to somebody who was kin to Palaver, and by this roundabout means the desirable arrangement was at last effected. Slowboy went into Palaver's office as a sort of clerk and general underling, having the fact impressed upon him that if he was faithful and diligent he might, after a while, hope to rise. If ever a youth on this earth was faithful and diligent, Slowboy was faithful and diligent in the office of Lawyer Palaver. It could not be truthfully said of him that he cleaned the windows and swept the floor, and polished up the handle of the big front door, because, as a matter of fact, this particular service was not rendered by anyone; but certain it is that everything else in the way of drudgery that was done at all was done by Slowboy. Finally, as the planet upon which he abode revolved around the sun, the legs of the patient underling lengthened and he passed from the gosling stage into one where his voice more nearly resembled that of a human being. Then the girls began to call him Mr. Slowboy, and he felt proud. A respectable middle-aged lady in the community also felt proud, for he was the only son of his mother, and she a widow. By this time he had come to write a neat, clerkly hand, being very painstaking in whatever he undertook. He had also, by much cudgeling of his brains, gotten himself well-grounded in the elementary principles of the law. If he didn't understand a proposition laid down in a text-book, he went back and tackled it again, and wrestled with it till he did understand it, and when he once got it into his head it was there to stay. As for oratory, he used to bemoan in secret to his mother the fact that the English language wasn't at his command when he needed it, and that his exasperating mind wouldn't work when he wanted it to work. The older lawyers patronized him, as older lawyers can always be relied on to do, and fed him with the hope that if he would only keep everlastingly at it, he might, in time, climb to the dizzy height on which they stood. Thus encouraged, Slowboy kept plodding along. After some years of faithful service the auspicious morning dawned on which the firm of Palaver & Slowboy solicited their share of public patronage, and then his cup of happiness was full. The articles of co-partnership were not perhaps as definite as they might have been, but they amounted in substance to an agreement that Slowboy should do all the work and Palaver should take all the money, and this understanding—subject to such variation as occasional exigency demanded — had now existed amicably between them for some time.

Some weeks before the conversation narrated in the opening of this chapter, it happened that Slowboy, sitting in his office and endeavoring to extract the kernel from a recent decision of the Tennessee supreme court, was interrupted by a modest tap upon his door. Bidding the person without to open and enter, he saw first a bare grey head obtruded into the apartment, and next the diminutive person of an individual evidently considerably advanced in years, but still brisk and alert of movement.

When the old gentleman had taken a seat, and hooked his heels firmly to the round of his chair, and propped his elbows comfortably upon his knees, he inspected the entire apartment critically, as if taking a mental inventory of all the articles of value which it contained. When he had completed his survey he turned to Slowboy and addressed him with suavity.

"Kernell Perlaffer, vere is he?"

"He's out," replied Slowboy, sententiously.

"Ah!" said the little old gentleman. "You are den perhaps de young man?"

"I'm his partner," answered Slowboy, with some pride manifested in his tone. "Palaver & Slowboy is the firm."

"Ah!" said the little old gentleman, bowing again again respectfully to Slowboy. "Dat is so? Dat is so? Perlaffer & Slowboy. Ah! Dat is so? Dis is Mister Slowboy, den?"

Slowboy bowed.

"Mister Slowboy," said the little old gentleman, rising and extending his hand, "I haff de pleasure."

The lawyer accepted the extended hand and gave it a not very cordial shake. The old gentleman then resumed his seat and opened discussion upon the business that had brought him thither.

"Mister Slowboy," he began—and the lawyer could not help thinking there was veiled irony in the emphasis placed on the prefix to his name—"I haf a case in de courts here, and vish to know vat yo sharge for taking mine case for me. Pizness is pizness."

"What is your case?" inquired the attorney.

"I haff a son, a miserable, onhappy son, vat lies down here in de shail. S'help me, such a thing never did happen to one of de fambly befo', but it haff happened now. My son lies in de shail, and I vould get him out of de shail, and I speaks to you as mine frient and mine lawyer. Vot you sharge to take de case, hey?"

"Ankerstrom is your name," asserted Slowboy, who had learned that one of the few white persons in the county prison was a foreigner named Ankerstrom, charged with murder.

"Yes, yes, yes. I vill not deny my name. 'Tis a coot name. S'help me, de name never vas in throoble befo'. Vat you sharge me?"

"Your son is accused of the murder of an old lady in the county above this?"

"Ah, yes, yes. Mine poor poy. He is lacking here." And the old gentleman tapped his forehead with his finger significantly two or three times. "He is lacking; the poor poy is lacking. De doctor vill tell you so. He is likevise innocent as de new-porn pabe. Vat you sharge me?"

"Five hundred dollars," said Slowboy, at a venture.

"Mein Cot!" cried the old gentleman, rising and dancing about the room as if the lawyer's unexpected reply had literally knocked him silly. "Ah, mein Cot! No, no! I have not de money, young shentleman. You mistake me for a Fanterpilt, a Shay Cool, a Shon Shacob Astor, or peebles of dat kind. Five hundred dollars! Ter plessed Moses! No, no, no, no! Mine son must hang! My poor innocent shild must hang! Five hundred dollars! I haff not got de money." The old gentleman here sat down again and bowed his head in his hands for a while; then he raised it and addressed the lawyer respectfully:

"Dere are otter lawyers in dis town?"

"Plenty of 'em," answered Slowboy.

"Coot lawyers, too, I make no doubt?"

"First rate, first rate," answered Slowboy, heartily. "None better in the state."

"Maype dey vill not pe so hard upon me?"

"Maybe not," answered Slowboy. "I advise you to try one of 'em."

The old gentleman here sunk his head in his hands again in deep despondency; then he raised it and once more addressed the hardened youth before him:

"Kernell Perlaffer—vot time vill he be in?"

"Can't say," answered Slowboy. "Most any time."

"Vell, I must go to de shail to see mine poy. By two-thretty t'en I pe pack. At dat time I see Kernell Perlaffer. Five hundred dollars! No, no! I haff not got de money."

With these words the old gentleman withdrew, and Slowboy sent a runner around the town to notify the senior member of the firm that there was business awaiting at the office. When Palaver came in they discussed the question of the fee.

"You put it too low," said the senior member of the firm. "A thousand dollars would have been about the figure. Murder case; two or three trips to supreme court and back; trial in another county; half-dozen continuances; change of venue; damme, if a thousand dollars is a bit too high!"

"He swears he can't pay five hundred dollars."

"He's a liar. He belongs, no doubt, to a gang of Chicago swindlers, who always help each other out in time of trouble. I've had some dealings with these scoundrels, and they pay well. Five hundred dollars will do, though, Slowboy. Five hundred dollars will help keep the pot boiling. Five hundred you've said, and five hundred it shall be. What time will the old scoundrel be in?"

"Half-past two."

"All right; I'll be here."

And at half-past two Colonel Palaver was on hand, and the little old gentleman was on hand also, and negotiations between them were conducted to a satisfactory conclusion. The old gentleman protested that he did not have five hundred dollars, and could by no possibility raise five hundred dollars, but the colonel was obdurate, and the bargain was struck. Upon one point the old gentleman was as obstinate as the lawyer. He flatly refused to pay the entire fee in advance, though when the two men came down to business he did not deny that he had the money in his trousers pockets with which to liquidate the obligation. He finally paid down, as a retainer fee, twenty-five per cent. of the sum total, or one hundred and twenty-five dollars, in legal currency of the United States. The remaining three hundred and seventy-five dollars was then deposited in bank under a written agreement between the parties that no part of it should be drawn out until the conclusion of the case, and then only upon a check to be signed by both lawyer and client. To this agreement, deposited with the banker, the little old gentleman signed his name, "Olof Ankerstrom," in a respectable handwriting that compared well with the scrawl of the attorney above it.

Just here it may not be amiss to put in a word or two concerning the Ankerstrom family of Chicago and elsewhere. It was an enterprising family in its way, consisting of the little old gentleman and some half-dozen sons and daughters, who had been accustomed from infancy to dodge and hide and look out for themselves about as young foxes do. Johan was regarded as the least promising of the flock. He was not so keen-witted as the others, and was far more brutal by nature than any of the others. The old gentleman really expressed the family opinion when he tapped his forehead and said to Slowboy that Johan was lacking. He was lacking just as many another human brute is lacking who has nothing like a conscience to restrain him from the gratification of his basest animal impulses. Whatever his vile nature prompted him to do, he did, unless fear of immediate apprehension and punishment deterred him. The other members of his family despised him; they held their heads considerably above him; they would have been glad at any moment to hear of his death, but they always came to his rescue when he got in trouble.

That they did not carry out their oft-repeated threats to wash their hands of him for good and all, can only be explained upon the principle that family ties throughout the entire animal kingdom are mysteriously strong.

So it was when Johan Ankerstrom found himself behind the bars of the Coopertown jail, with a charge laid against him that might rid him of his worthless life, he sent forth such a squeal that it reached the ears of his kinsmen beyond the Ohio river, as he intended it should. And so it was when the family heard that Johan was once more in trouble, they called a council and cursed him, and damned him, and wished him well out of the world, and not only out of the world, but in a very hot place which is supposed to exist somewhere beyond the confines of this earth. These preliminaries through, they got down to business, raised a substantial purse and dispatched the old man south to see what could be done in behalf of Johan. Journeying southward, the old man reached Coopertown, as we know, and employed able counsel to represent his son in the courts. He also hung around the jail here for some time, winning the sympathy of many by his pious aspect and dejected countenance. When the time came for him to take his departure, he shook hands cordially with all the jailer's family and presented his unfortunate offspring with a copy of the Old Testament Scriptures, in one of the heavy covers of which he had deftly inserted a very slender steel saw of excellent temper. This parental duty having been discharged, he bestowed his blessing upon the household and went his way for a season.

(To be continued)

# THE AUTOMOBILE IN 1834

## THE STEAM ROAD-MACHINE WAS SUCCESSFULLY OPERATED OVER SEVENTY YEARS AGO, AND WAS EXPECTED TO PUT THE RAILROAD, THEN IN ITS INFANCY, OUT OF BUSINESS ENTIRELY, BUT WHAT TOOK PLACE WAS JUST THE CONTRARY RESULT

By John F. Lacey

REPRESENTATIVE IN CONGRESS FROM IOWA

IT is a remarkable fact that inventions are often made, drop out of sight, and after abandonment are again revived and become of practical and general use. The bicycle was invented, and after becoming noted as a toy it disappeared. Many years later it was improved, remodeled and its use became a fad. Now it is a common means of locomotion and a permanent and unnoticed part of our daily life.

Morse's first electric telegraph was wireless, and his experiments in sending messages across the Potomac were successfully made, but he improved his invention by the use of wires and the telegraph line from Washington to Baltimore was constructed in its present form. The wireless system has been revived, and its possibilities stagger the imagination.

The phonograph at first astonished the world as a remarkable, though useless, talking machine and then passed into disuse. Like the bicycle, its subsequent improvement made it a permanent and pleasing addition to our means of enjoyment and of practical use as well.

The world has, from the beginning of time, longed for a flying machine, and the busy brain of the inventor has always throbbed with designs for the development of this means of locomotion. The flying machine has been invented, so far as mere speed is concerned, in the form of the railway, and trains now equal the speed of the fastest bird. In 1829, when the steam railway was first projected, the idea of steam as the coming method of travel caught strong hold upon the public mind. The steam road car was invented as the original automobile, and the question was discussed as to whether the railway or the steam road-engine was to be the coming motor.

The railway was looked upon as chimerical, and the impossibility of a train going up hill was regarded as too obvious for the scheme to be practicable. In 1834 a railway line was projected from Havre to Paris. The steam road-engine was its rival, but the railway proved a success, and for more than sixty years the highway motor went into retirement. In 1834, J. M. W. Turner, the great artist, made a tour of the river Seine accompanied by Leitch Ritchie, a most delightful writer. An illustrated "Annual" was published by them, and Ritchie says that "if the book lives a hundred years, and its beautiful engravings may preserve it that long, his account of the railway and road engine (automobile) will be read with a smile as well as interest."

In these days of motor cars the account of Leitch Ritchie, describing the engine of seventy-one years ago, is worthy of publication and should excite the interest of the people who either love or hate the horseless carriage of the present day.

Mr. Richie says:

"The French of today (1834) are expending their francs in the construction of a railroad from Paris to Havre. This we cannot help considering a very useless and foolish enterprise, entered into, like some similar undertaking in England, without knowledge or consideration.

Steam-carriages, which will eventually become general in all civilized countries, do not necessarily require a railroad. They require precisely such a road as they have at present in almost all the great thoroughfares of France—a good, solid highway, paved with hard stones. The public-spirited enterprise of Sir Charles Dance, and those of Colonel Macerone and Mr. Squire, have proved this fact to a demonstration; and we were ourselves a party in a little experimental expedition performed by the latter gentlemen, under circumstances which deserve to be communicated to the public of France and England.

"Drawn one day out of a hut on Bushey Heath, by the appearance of an unusual commotion among the inhabitants of the village, we saw a steam-coach which had stopped at the door of the public house. The apparition of a vehicle of this kind in such a place was unaccountable. A balloon would not have surprised us; but the idea of steam was associated in our minds only with that of rails, flat ground or the level ocean. Bushey Heath forms the plateau of a mountain which is the highest point of *terra firma* in Middlesex; and, although so far inland, serves as a landmark for vessels at sea. The access to it from London side is by a road far steeper and more difficult than the one by which we once climbed over the Simplon in Italy.

"While meditating on a phenomenon which left our philosophy at fault, we were accosted by Colonel Macerone, in whom we were glad to recognize an old acquaintance; and in reply to our questions, he informed us that, although the roads were in peculiarly bad state, the journey had been performed with perfect ease — adding, that it was his intention to proceed to Waterford. Now, if the road from Edgeware was steep and difficult, the descent from Bushey Heath to Edgeware was much worse.

A portion of it, more especially, called Clay Hill, we knew to be absolutely precipitous, and not only so, but of a soft and treacherous nature, answering to its name. When ascending the hill to the Heath, it is requisite even for light stage-coaches drawn by four horses to employ the service of a fifth horse, in order to surmount the difficulty. We told our friend that he might, no doubt, go by steam to Waterford, but we were quite certain he would not return by the same means of locomotion. Nevertheless, at his pressing instance, we consented to hazard our own person in the adventure.

"We set off, amidst the cheers of the villagers, at a pace about equal to that of a gallop of a stage-coach. The motion was so steady that we could have read or taken notes with the greatest ease; and the noise, so disagreeable to passers-by, was not at all so great to us as that of a common vehicle.

"On arriving at the somewhat sudden commencement of the descent of Clay Hill, the local experience of the attendant (who had never been on this road before) led him to be guilty of neglect which might have been followed by troublesome consequences. He did not descend to perform the operation which, in another kind of coach, is called 'clogging the wheel,' till it became impossible. The impetus already acquired by a vehicle of such enormous weight was irresistable; and we went thundering down the steep at a rate, it was supposed, of not less than thirty miles an hour.

"Fortunately there was nothing in the way; but even if there had been other carriages in the road, we were not prepared to say that any accident would have occurred. Our impression, indeed, is quite on the other side. Mr. Squire, who acted as steersman, never lost his presence of mind for an instant; and the huge vehicle — speed only excepted — appeared to be docile in his hands as a lady's pony. It may be conceived what amazement an apparition of this kind, flashing through the village of Bushey, occasioned among the inhabitants. The people seemed petrified. The front of the carriage, without horses, or without apparent means of locomotion — the line of black smoke streaming like a flag behind us — and the calm faces of the colonel and his partner in front, as each continued to smoke his cigar, were unaccountable.

"In the busy and populous town of Waterford the sensation was similar. The men gazed in a grave and speechless wonder; the women, less reflective, but more generous, clapped their hands, and screamed for their brothers and husbands to come and see. We at length 'put about,' at the further end of the line of street, in magnificent style; and, as we commenced our return, were greeted with one long shout from the whole population.

"Our evil augury, we are happy to say, was not verified. We ascended Clay Hill at the same rate which is performed every day by the stage-coaches with five horses; and if the road had been hard, or even covered in the soft places with broken granite, our speed would have been far greater. There was indeed a momentary stop; but this was caused by one of the wheels not being firmly enough fixed to the body of the vehicle. We at length regained our starting-place in the firm persuasion that we had witnessed the commencement of a revolution which will one day change the whole face of Europe, and produce results—moral, social, and political—so gigantic as to be beyond the grasp of even the imagination.

"The expense of running these carriages, as Colonel Macerone informed us, compared with that of the four-horse stages, is as a penny to a shilling. The difference will be still greater in France, where fuel is cheaper in comparison than corn. In France, too, the roads are ready made; while most of ours in England would be impassable in their present state in a rainy Winter. As for rail-roads, they are excellent in a perfectly flat country; but down-hill they will be dangerous in the extreme, and up-hill almost absolutely useless, except for carriages drawn by horses. To understand this, it is only necessary to consider for an instant that, when the horse is the moving power, he walks between the rails on the road adapted to his feet, and only demands that the wheels shall glide over the surface so smooth as to present no impediment to their progress.

In the case of steam, the moving power resides in the body of the carriage, and it propels only by turning the wheels; which therefore require, in ascending, a firm and uneven surface, in order to give them a hold, as it were, of the road.

"If this is a digression, it cannot be considered a very irrelevant one in the narrative of a traveller. If our book, however, shall last a century, (and, unless the plates are detached, we think it will) the above account of our 'expedition' will be read with a smile.

At that time, steam-coaches will traverse the civilized countries of Europe from end to end; steam-ships will circumnavigate the globe; and the descendants of Sir Charles Dance will come into town from his seat at Bushey in a steam-gig."

## THE ROSE ❧ By Alex Derby

JAMESTOWN, NEW YORK

A GLEAM of white, two tripping feet,
A smile, a witching air,
And a blush-red rose in the dusty street—
A waif from her wind-tossed hair.

The dust my breath has blown away,
My lips its petals part,
And the rose from her loosened locks astray
Is throned above my heart.

Ah, recreant rose, ah, luckless rose,
Breeze-riven from nook so dear,
I would you were still in that soft repose—
And still on my bosom here!

## SOMETHING ABOUT FERNS

By Eva Ryman-Gaillard

GIRARD, PENNSYLVANIA

THERE is, practically, no limit to the number of desirable varieties to be found in the fern family, and there is, absolutely, no limit to the pleasure to be derived from experimenting with them, as the more one studies them the more interest they arouse.

Among commercial stock the Boston fern has become so well known that comment is not needed, but with that, as with other plants, constant experimenting is producing new forms until now we have several distinct ones, ranging from the "Ostrich Plume" with its crinkly, plume-like fronds measuring three or four feet in length, or the "Stag Horn" with its wide fronds flattened and cut into so many prongs that one glance at it suggests its name, to the "Pigmy" with its long and graceful fronds, not more than an inch in width.

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Among newer ferns the "Holly" is desirable because the leaves are thick and smooth, and shaped more like holly than like an ordinary fern, a fact which makes it capable of enduring more dust and dryness, as well as making it much easier to wash and keep clean. Before the leaves get too large for use it makes an ideal plant for table decoration but as it grows larger it becomes rather coarse, though never ungraceful.

The "Climbing Fern" is another of the uncommon sorts which I have found very satisfactory in every way. It is a light, graceful fern that will climb a thread as readily as smilax, or may be trained in any form by a little care. This year I have let it grow wild — trailing over the pot in long, swaying branches, and it is even more beautiful than when trained to grow upward.

The plant seems slow of growth at first but when it gets started it makes a steady growth, and is in every way well adapted to ordinary window culture in any room of moderate temperature. All these commercial varieties are desirable, yet anyone who can make a trip to the woods, in almost any locality in the United States, can find native varieties that will make, under cultivation, specimens very little if any less beautiful.

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As each locality has its special kinds it is not necessary to name varieties, but those may be found of small habit of growth which never grow too large for table decoration; large specimens that will make a tropical showing grown singly for use in parlor, hall or veranda; medium-sized ones there are which make effective showing when grown in masses in a corner; in banks on a shelf; in hanging-baskets, or wound into balls—in fact there are ferns suited to every nook and corner of the house, or grounds.

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While ferns are beautiful at any time they are doubly so in Summer, for the reason that they, more than any other plant, suggest coolness, and if we are to enjoy them during the coming Summer we should get to the woods as early as possible and dig them up as soon as the coiled fronds peeping through the soil shows us where to find them.

Take them up with plenty of soil adhering to the roots; take a supply of soil in which to grow them, and take pieces of moss and roots of low-growing things with which to cover the soil after the ferns are potted and in a very short time the results will be ample reward for any trouble taken.

Conditions surrounding them should be as nearly as you can make them like those from which they were taken, and in securing these the question of moisture for the foliage is one of the hardest to meet.

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Whenever there is a supply of hot water not needed for other purposes I set it among the ferns and let them get the benefit of the steam. At other times I set them out when there is a gentle rain, without wind. Sometimes they are set out where they can get the benefits of a heavy dew, during the evening, but my stand-by is a large perfumery atomizer.

By using the atomizer the fine spray can be made to reach the under side of the foliage, as well as the upper, and the work can be done without muss of any kind.

Partial shade, moisture for the soil without making it too wet, and moisture in abundance for the foliage, plenty of air and freedom from insects are conditions requisite to insure success in growing ferns of any variety, after they are once established in their new homes.

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# A DOZEN DELICIOUS SWEETBREAD DISHES

By Katherine E. Megee

WAYNESBORO, VIRGINIA

THE sweetbread or, more properly, the pancreas of the calf, being a part of the digestive viscera, is one of the most easily digested of animal foods, and is, for this reason, especially adapted to persons in delicate health. Its flavor, which is exceedingly dainty, commends it to the palate of both the sick and the well. The thyroid and sublingual glands are also called sweetbreads, but are not only smaller than the true sweetbreads but greatly inferior in flavor. The pancreas is triangular in shape and, when taken from a healthy animal, is fresh pinkish yellow in color. The throat sweetbread is oval and grayish yellow. The term, a pair of sweetbreads, usually means the heart and throat sweetbreads. The singular number of the noun is seldom used, even though but one sweetbread is in question. Lamb sweetbreads also make a very dainty dish.

Sweetbreads spoil quickly and should never be allowed to stand, but dropped at once into very cold water to blanch and harden. Let stand an hour, changing the water as often as it becomes discolored; then remove the pipes and membrane, cover with boiling water, to which has been added a pinch of salt and a little lemon juice, and simmer for half an hour. Drain, chill in cold water, drain again and dry in a clean towel. They are then ready to be finished by any recipe preferred.

**BROILED SWEETBREADS:** After chilling and drying the parboiled sweetbreads, lay between two flat pans or boards and place a weight on top. When pressed flat, dip each in melted butter, place in a broiler and place over a bed of live coals. Transfer to a hot platter, dress with bits of butter, dust with salt and white pepper, garnish with parsley and sliced lemon and serve at once.

**SWEETBREAD CHOPS:** Prepare the sweetbreads according to general directions, then chop fine, and for each two cups of the meat add one-fourth cup of grated bread crumbs. Mix well, season with salt and white pepper and bind together with a hot white sauce made by blending with one cup sweet milk two tablespoons each of butter and flour, with salt, pepper and lemon juice to season nicely. Stand the mixture aside until cold, then form into chops. Dip each chop into beaten egg and dredge with bread crumbs. Arrange in a frying basket and fry a golden brown in deep hot fat. Drain a moment on clean brown paper. Then stick a piece of macaroni in the small end of each chop to simulate the bone. Serve on a napkin with a garnish of lemon crescents.

**LARDED SWEETBREADS:** Prepare the sweetbreads as for broiling. Cut narrow strips of salt pork as long as the sweetbreads are wide. Thread a larding needle with these strips and run several of them at regular intervals through the sweetbreads near the top surface. Place in a shallow pan and stand in a hot oven thirty minutes, basting several times with rich stock. When cooked, transfer to a hot platter and surround with a border of stewed peas from which all liquor has been drained.

SWEETBREADS AU GRATIN: Chop prepared sweetbreads fine, then stir into a thick white sauce seasoned with salt, pepper and mushroom catsup. Butter a vamequin and line the bottom and sides with grated bread crumbs. Pour the sweetbread mixture into this, cover with bread crumbs, dot with bits of butter and brown in a hot oven. Serve without re-dishing.

SWEETBREAD CROQUETTES: Cut prepared sweetbreads fine; dust with salt and pepper and add four tablespoons of minced mushrooms or oysters, if the latter are seasonable; bind together with thick white sauce. When cold, form into croquettes of any desired shape; dip into beaten egg, then in crumbs and fry in deep hot fat. Serve with tomato sauce.

SWEETBREAD WITH EGGS: Cut a large parboiled sweetbread into dice. Put one-half cup rich milk over the fire in a granite frying-pan. When it boils, add two tablespoons butter, four eggs slightly beaten and the diced sweetbread. Cook, stirring constantly, until of the consistency of thick custard and the white of the eggs is scattered in flakes through the mixture. Take from the fire, season with salt and white pepper, and serve on rounds of toast, heaping up like little mounds.

SWEETBREADS IN COCOTTES: Prepare as for sweetbreads au gratin, then fill buttered cocottes with the mixture, cover with crumbs, dot with butter and brown in the oven. Serve in the cocottes. Just before sending to the table, place a poached egg on top of each.

FRICASSEED SWEETBREADS: Cut prepared sweetbreads into thin slices. Prepare a sauce of one teacup rich stock, two tablespoons butter, one of flour and seasoning to taste. Simmer the slices of sweetbreads in this gravy forty-five minutes. Then stir in one beaten egg, two tablespoons chopped parsley and two of cream. Simmer a few minutes longer, then dish and serve at once.

SWEETBREAD AND NUT SALAD: Prepare sweetbreads as directed, then with a silver knife tear into bits. Blanch and dry one dozen almonds and the same number of English walnuts. Chop the nuts fine and mix with the sweetbreads. Arrange for individual service in lettuce cups. Garnish with walnut meat and sprigs of cress.

# LITTLE HELPS FOR HOME-MAKERS

**For each little help found suited for use in this department, we award one year's subscription to the National Magazine. If you are already a subscriber, YOUR SUBSCRIPTION MUST BE PAID IN FULL TO DATE IN ORDER TO TAKE ADVANTAGE OF THIS OFFER. You can then either extend your own term or send the National to a friend. If your little help does not appear, it is probably because the same idea has been offered by someone else before you. Try again. We do not want cooking recipes, unless you have one for a new or uncommon dish. Enclose a stamped and self-addressed envelope if you wish us to return or acknowledge unavailable offerings.**

## CURING MEAT

By B. H. M.

Carrollton, Ohio

Put a thin layer of salt on a table, or boards, and to every 500 pounds of pork use the following preparation: ten pounds salt, five pounds brown sugar, one-half pound ground ginger, one-half pound black pepper and two ounces saltpetre. Mix well and as soon as the meat is cut up lay on the boards or table (we use a table made expressly for that purpose) rub well over the flesh side and well in the ends. If the pieces are not large that one going over will be enough but if large, in a week or ten days (according to the weather) some bare places will show: you then simply put salt on, unless you did not use all your preparation; if you did not, then use that. The sides treated this way and then smoked will equal, if not surpass, your fancy breakfast bacon. Be sure and let the brine drip off. When it is smoked or ready to put away, get powdered borax and rub all over the meat; some rub the skin side but I never found that necessary. Hang up any place you wish and Mr. Fly will give it a wide berth. We have used this preparation for twenty years, and all our neighbors, and I have never heard of a pound being lost. Some use molasses instead of sugar and use a brush and put the mixture all over the meat, but the sugar is just as good and is nicer to handle.

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## CARE OF THE HAIR

By MRS. E. M. C.

Denver, Colorado

Everyone can have beautiful hair. "Regardless of color?" someone may ask.

Yes, regardless of everything except care and cleanliness.

Instead of washing the hair (which takes off the natural oil and causes it to "fly just everywhere" for several days, until the oil exudes and is brushed over the hair) spread a clean, white cloth, that will not lint, over the slightly parted fingers of the left hand and with the right one rub your brush thoroughly but gently on the cloth. Brush the hair a few minutes and again clean the brush by rubbing on the cloth. Hair treated in this way ten minutes every evening for two or three weeks will be clean, soft and silky.

Should the scalp be dirty, part the hair in several places and brush well each side of the part. This will not only cleanse the scalp but cause the blood to circulate freely, thus stimulating the growth of the hair and prevent its falling off.

Perseverance is the price of satisfactory results.

## THE CORK IN THE BOTTLE

By MRS. L. A. HODGES

Mentor, Ohio

To remove a cork that has gone through the neck into the body of the bottle, make a loop of twine, insert loop into bottle; turn the bottle until loop has encircled the cork; invert the bottle and draw out the cork. This manoeuver may have to be repeated several times, but one will soon learn to remove the cork quickly.

## WHEN FRYING LIVER

By MRS. L. T. A.

Oldham, South Dakota

Before frying liver, try dipping the slices in hot water; the flavor is more delicate and much improved.

## A CALIFORNIA CLEANSER

By MRS. N.

Los Angeles, California

Get a five or ten-cent package of Indian soap bark (also known as Spanish bark) at the druggist's. For a light-weight skirt only slightly soiled a five-cent package is sufficient. Pour on one to two quarts of boiling water and allow to steep for a few minutes. Strain the liquor off into your tub of water (which should *not* be hot,only slightly tepid), put the garment to soak a few minutes, clean by squeezing with the hands until thoroughly clean, rinse in two tepid waters. Press dry with a hot iron, using a cheesecloth or thin muslin to prevent goods from becoming iron-creased or scorched. If material is very thick, partially dry in the air, then roll up in a damp towel until ready to press.

By following these directions carefully, you will have a garment "as good as new," with its original freshness of color unimpaired.

## TO SEPARATE BEESWAX FROM COMB

By ELIZABETH JOHNSON

Jamestown, Pennsylvania

To separate beeswax from the comb, tie it up in a cloth with a stone in it to keep it at the bottom of a kettle of cold water. Place it over the fire. The wax will rise to the top as it melts and the impurities will remain in the bag.

## PREVENTS RUST IN WATER PAILS

By C. M. TAFT

Waterloo, Iowa

To prevent tin water pails from rusting. Solder piece of sheet zinc two inches square in bottom of pail. The galvanic action of the zinc with the tin prevents the rust.

## WHEN BAKING A PIE

By E. C. MURPHY

Elmira, New York

After a pie is baked and removed from the oven, if it is set on a wire tea-tray or anything that will allow the air to circulate under the tin, the under crust will be light and flaky and not heavy and soggy as it would be if set on the table to cool.

## WHEN FRYING EGGS

By T. O. C.

New Lexington, Ohio

When frying eggs cover the skillet or they will be tough; this also saves turning, as when covered they cook white all over the top and look nicer than when turned.

## PREVENTS SCORCHING IN OVEN

By MRS. C. T.

Fairfield, Maine

To prevent scorching in the oven, place a little salt in the oven beneath the baking-tin.

## A BUDGET OF HINTS

By MRS. La ROY HOLLISTER

Binghampton, New York

1. The worst ink stains may be removed by soaking in cold milk and changing the milk as fast as it becomes colored with ink.
2. Esta Griffin says, "Put a tack in the end of your broom-handle and tie a string to it." A better way is to bore a hole through the handle large enough to slip over a nail.
3. A sure cure for erysipelas is to bathe with tincture of lobelia.
4. To clean bottles, take some warm suds and put in a few shot or tacks, shake well and rinse.
5. To clean paint brushes, soak in spirits of turpentine; if you do not have turpentine, take kerosene oil.
6. To take out iron-rust in clothes do not use oxalic acid but cut a lemon in halves and rub on the spot; then rub with salt and lay in the sun and it will all come out. If it is bad, try several times.
7. To take grease out of silk, rub with buckwheat flour.

## FIXATIVE

By W. N. HULL

Youngstown, Ohio

Crayon sketches and pictures, black and colored, may be fixed so that they will not rub or soil by spraying them with a solution of white shellac gum in alcohol. Spray with a tin atomizer.

## WHEN RENDERING LARD

By MRS. SMITH

Yorkshire, New York

In rendering lard, cut the leaf and trimming of fat into small bits, put in a large dripping-pan, heaping it up, put pan in a hot oven; the stove does the rest without smoke or odor.

## TEA AND RHEUMATISM

By N. G.

Orleans, Nebraska

Some years ago I was told that tea-drinking caused rheumatism. One member of our household was badly affected with this disease, scarcely being able to get around. She quit drinking tea, and has not been troubled with rheumatism since.

## TO KEEP AWAKE IN CHURCH

By EFFIE MARTIN

Abilene, Kansas

A minister once told me a good way to keep awake in churh when inclined to be drowsy. The way was this,—lift one foot a little way from the floor and hold it there. It is impossible to go to sleep when your foot is poised in the air. This remedy though simple is very effectual and never falls to keep a person awake.

## PLANTS FOR THE BORDER

By SARAH D. HOBART

Fall River, Wisconsin

The flower garden border for rerennials is a great economy of time and strength, as it can rest undisturbed from year to year if well mulched. Aut not all amateur gardeners know how many of our wild flowers flourish luxuriantly there if properly treated.

I would like to speak of a few which I have found wonderfully recptive to changed conditions. All the violets are very responsive to care. The Canadian white violet as well as the downy yellow one form beautiful clumps of foliage and blossoms, the wood violet spreads beyond all bounds, while the prairie violet develops larger blossoms and leaves and, for me, has blossomed again in the Fall, extending its season to late October.

I have a "swamp" corner, occupying the space between two large lilac and honeysuckle bushes. The ground is drained by the roots of the soft maple trees and the wiseacres prophesied failure when I made the beginning. But, by a judicious use of leaves and wood-ashes it has become a pronounced success. Here, in their season, bloom bloodroot, hepaticas, anemones, spring beauties, wild ginger, dog-tooth violets, mandrakes and their brotherhood, among a host of thrifty ferns. The plants were taken from the swamps with plenty of their native soil, and their subsequent growth has been wonderful.

To succeed with wild flowers one has only to reproduce, so far as possible, their native conditions. The American pasque-flower, the prairie's first Spring blosfom, must have pebbles or bits of rock to which to attach its roots. The purple avens, whose handsome foliage and crimson bells are among the finest of our Spring decorations, requires the same conditions. All the trilliums improve under cultivation, and with mulching are permanent. Shooting-stars and the wild blood-lilies of the Indians reward one for the time expended in seeking them. By judicious selection the wild-flower border will be filled with color and perfume from the middle of March till the last of October when the gentians and asters make their adieus.

Burbank tells us all to be plant-breeders. Without going to that length we can make valuable discoveries as well as find rich entertainment by giving our native plants a foothold among our exotics.

## CURING (AND PREVENTING) BED-SORES

By MRS. JAMES S. BRADFORD

Miami, Florida

If a nurse having the care of a patient bed-ridden for a length of time, will bathe the tender skin with brandy each day, there will be no danger of bed-sores. But if these have developed, put the white of an egg in a cup, and cover with brandy, apply as often as convenient the brandy stimulates, and the white of egg forms a thin skin. In very bad cases a pinch of alum added to the egg and brandy is desirable, as it draws out the inflammation, and, being astringent, helps to dry up the sore.

## TO CLEAN SOILED PHOTOGRAPHS

By Mrs. A. B. COATS

Akron, Ohio

A photograph which has become soiled by dust, or smoke, can easily be cleaned. Hold it underneath the cold water faucet, and gently wash it with the hand or soft brush, as the water flows over it. Thoroughly rinse in clear cold water, and the picture will look almost or quite as good as new.

## SOAP THE NAIL

By MRS. IDA M. DIXON

Hancock, Wisconsin

To keep nails from splitting furniture or delicate wood-work push them into a bar of soap before driving into the wood.

## SUPERIOR GRATE POLISH

By MRS. JOSIE C. THORPE

New Iberia, Louisiana

Get from the drug store twenty-five cent's worth of black liquid asphalt, thin enough for immediate use with turpentine, and after thoroughly washing and cleaning grates, apply with a paint brush. It gives a shiny, jet black polish, much superior in every way to the old methods, and saves both time and money.

## CLEANING ENAMELED BATH-TUBS

By MRS. ELLA WOODCOCK

Winchenden, Massachusetts

Never use Sapolio or any kind of scouring soap to clean an enameled bath-tub. It will soon take off the enamel if the use is continued long. Use kerosene on a cloth or ammonia.

## AS THE BAKER DOES IT

By MRS. IRENA Y. EDWARDS

Harris, Colorado

Wash the top of pies with sweet milk before baking to give them the rich golden brown that bakery pies have.

## WHEN BAKING POTATOES

By MRS. F. G. BUXTON

Deland, Florida

Before putting potatoes in the oven to bake, grease them. The result will more than pay for the little extra trouble. When the potatoes are done, the skins instead of being thick and hard as is usually the case will be thin and tender, and the quality of the potato greatly improved.

## SPICED PRUNES

By L. C. MACK

Memphis, Tennessee

When stewing prunes add about seven or eight whole cloves to a pound of the fruit. They give a new and delicious flavor that is liked by all.

## HINTS ON BEE-KEEPING

By CLARA R. LUDWIG

Marshall, Missouri

I.

To stop a strong colony of bees from robbing a weaker neighbor, give it something else to do by raising the cover and throwing into it a generous handful of sawdust or chaff. The little workers will immediately get busy with "house-cleaning," meanwhile forgetting all about the coveted store of their neighbors.

II.

To strengthen and revive a weak, old colony, add to it a second or third swarm from one of your other colonies. Such swarms are usually too small, anyway, to give satisfaction in a hive to themselves. To double them, first hive the small swarm in a super or cap. Take the lid off the old hive, which should then be covered by a sheet of common screen wire, and place the cap with the new swarm on top of this. The screen wire serves to keep the two hostile colonies apart until all the inner spaces are permeated with a common scent, otherwise a furious battle would ensue, lasting until one or the other colony was exterminated. The screen can be removed in twenty-four hours and you will have gained a flourishing colony of bees by the simple operation. Two or more new swarms may be put together in the same way.

## ARE YOUR DIAMONDS SECURE?

By H. W.

Minneapolis, Minnesota

An easy way to learn whether your diamonds are loose or not, is to hold them close to the ear, with the stone downward, and gently tap them with your finger; if loose, you will be able to hear them rattle.

## GROWING FUCHSIAS

By G. M. S.

Waverly, Iowa

The secret of successful fuchsia-growing is water, first, last and all the time. In pleasant weather they should be sprinkled at least once a day; twice a day is better, and three times will make a big difference in the number of blossoms.

After the fuchsias get to blooming do not be afraid to cut the blossoms freely, whole sprays of them, as the plant will grow better and flower more freely for the pruning.

## BOSTON BAKED BEANS

By MRS. LAURA S. STEBBINS

New Haven, Connecticut

Pick over the beans carefully. Put them in an earthen dish large enough to give them plenty of room to swell. Sprinkle on them a teaspoonful of cooking-soda and then pour enough boiling water over them to cover them when swollen. Let them stand over night. In the morning wash them thoroughly in cold water.

Put them in the bean-pot, use sugar to taste—about four teaspoonfuls to a pint of beans is my rule. Then lay the salt pork on top. I like a piece of dry red pepper for seasoning. I use a little salt as I do not care to use too much pork. Some object to using pork and in that case they can use a lump of nice butter.

Then I fill the pot, not too full of water at first, as it is liable to run over, and then put them in the oven and bake from twelve to twenty-four hours, putting in fresh water as it cooks out.

## WASHING BLACK STOCKINGS

By MAX A. R. BRUNNER

Chicago, Illinois

Unless washed with great care, black stockings soon turn a greenish color. They should be washed with soap that is free from soda and rinsed in water to which a teaspoonful of vinegar has been added. When damp, press them into shape, but do not iron, as the heat tends to destroy the color.

## FOR BIRD-LOVERS

By M. M. D.

Allston, Massachusetts

Here is a suggestion for those who have canaries for pets. In a little jardiniere about two inches high, which may be found in any Japanese store, I planted some of the bird seeds; in a short time they had grown two or three inches of tender, green shoots.

Now I put the jardiniere in the corner of my bird cage, and he has such a good time, eating off the tender tops!

I let him enjoy it for an hour or so and then take it away and save it for another day, placing it in the sun to encourage the new growth of the little plants.

## USES OF SUET IN COOKING

By MRS. E. E. FARRAR

Hillsboro Center, New Hampshire

Buy nice fresh suet of your butcher. I like to buy quite a quantity at a time so as not to have to prepare it so often. Cut it into small pieces—as you would leaf lard—and soak over night in cold water. This takes away the tallowy taste. Turn into a colander and drain, then put in a kettle on the stove and let the fat try out slowly, stirring quite often to prevent burning. When all tried out, strain through a cloth, using scrap-squeezers in order to get all the fat from the scraps. Set away the suet to cool as you would lard.

To have success in using suet one must know how to use it. My rule for making pie crust is as follows:

For each pie allow one-quarter cup of sour milk or buttermilk — sometimes in very cold weather it is best to allow one-third cup. Add soda in proportion of one teaspoonful to one pint of sour milk. Also put in salt. When the soda is dissolved stir in flour to make a rather thick batter, then stir in the same quantity of melted suet that you used of sour milk. The suet must be warm but not hot and be sure to thoroughly mix it in the batter as fast as you pour it in. If not it will cool in little lumps so you cannot roll the crusts, and you will think you do not like to use suet; but if it is mixed well as fast as poured in you will have no trouble. When thoroughly mixed add as much more flour as is needed to make it stiff enough to roll, and proceed as with any pie crust. After I roll out the top crust I turn on a little melted suet and spread it around with a knife, then sprinkle flour over and spat it down with my hand—if you use the rolling-pin it is apt to get sticky — and just before putting the pie in the oven pour cold water over it, which will make the crust flaky.

Try using suet and see if you do not like it better than lard. I am a farmer's wife and we raise our own pork, so have perfectly pure lard, but I like the suet so much better that we sell our lard and buy suet, which I use in the place of lard for everything. It is much more healthful, as well as less expensive, and I think just as convenient to use.

# Note and Comment

## By Frank Putnam

CONFISCATION? What else do you call the process by which a little group of capitalists are grabbing all the mines, oil wells, railways, steamer lines, forests, factories? The men who use their kept editors and their parasite press to discredit the advocates of a decenter distribution should set a better example. If they don't want "their property" confiscated, they ought not to confiscate the property of other men. What they sow their sons will reap—as sure as God made little apples.

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John Coulter of the New York Commercial's financial department, an expert and impartial reporter of the higher grade, tells, in another part of this number of the National, how the Belmont-Ryan gang, by actually investing only twenty-five millions of their own money, and by using the credit of the city for the balance, has got control of all New York's street car lines (subway, surface and elevated) the whole property being capitalized at over half a billion dollars. At least a hundred millions of this paper capital is "watered," and most of the remainder represents the value of franchises boodled through rotten city councils. It stands for the value of the privilege of using the public streets, the property of all the people. For this privilege the grabbers have never made and will never make any fair return to the real owners of the streets.

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The individuals (and the banks and insurance companies, too) that may buy the stocks and bonds issued by this gang of plunderers, will know in advance that they are going into a scheme to rob the city of New York and its people, and they will not, I trust, do any bellyaching about "confiscation" when the people squeeze out the water and take over the roads at their true value,—not including franchise values—a few years hence. That the people will do this no shrewd observer can doubt. The Belmonts and the Ryans know it—and will be found safely out of the game, with their watered stocks turned into good money, when the end comes. It is time we called these parasitic stockholders in schemes for public robbery by their right names. They are just as thievish and just as truly "Enemies of the Republic" as the big robbers who plan the schemes—which could not be put through at all if the little parasites did not invest their money therein.

Among these folks — hundreds of thousands in number — are many who howl the loudest about the wickedness of the big thieves, themselves all the while secretly and gladly profiting by the labors of the big thieves whom they denounce. We need a new standard of morality in investments: *let no man who claims to be an honest man invest his money in any scheme for plundering the public — whether in city, county, state or nation.* There are plenty of honest undertakings of a constructive character to employ every dollar of idle American capital. If you allow your money to work at sneak-thievery and bribery and boodling, don't have the gall to come out in public and damn the sneak-thieves, the bribers and the boodlers. Get your money into decent undertakings — undertakings that will make new wealth, not merely sneak it away from the public. Back clean, ambitious young men in legitimate enterprises.

And we ought to begin this policy right at the top; we ought not to spend another dollar of American taxes in the Philippines — jamming down the necks of a lot of mongrels a civilization they hate and will discard at the first opportunity. Every dollar of Uncle Sam's surplus ought to be reinvested in developing the resources of United States—in irrigation, in replanting murdered forests, in digging canals.

Roosevelt has proved he has at least a glimmering of this new era, by his work for national irrigation; the rest of the steps he will learn in due season, because he is not a bourbon: he *can* learn. I expect to see him rise from his seat in the United States senate, within ten years, and demand that the federal government buy (at actual value -- no water) and operate, every mile of railway, telegraph and telephone in the United States and their territories.

There is going to be a new era of splendor in the United States senate, by the way, an era comparable with the most brilliant in the history of that great body; an era when men profoundly inflamed with great moral passions will give battle to the forces of organized money in defence of the general welfare. The occasion makes the man—and the occasion is rapidly approaching. All that Theodore Roosevelt has done in the fighting line is preliminary training for battles yet to come — in the senate chamber — or I am sadly mistaken.

There are a thousand ways in which the nation could invest our tax-money that would better our reputation and make richer and brighter the lives of our children's children. And I really believe—so strong is my faith in ultimate righteousness—that, as a people, we are already recovering from the wild orgy of missionary arrogance, military bloodthirstiness and money-greed that led us whooping and howling patriotically into the brash and unbusinesslike Philippine fiasco.

If the United States senate will promptly turn down the president's effort to butt into European politics—in the Moroccan matter — and will sharply remind him that it is our business to attend strictly to our own affairs, here at home, allowing other peoples to attend to theirs, much will be forgiven to that deeply offending body of alleged statesmen. The modern, money-trust idea that our battleships and our diplomats are to act as advance agents for their trade is an affront to the peoples at whom it is aimed, and an insult to the intelligence of the folks at home, who are expected to pay the bills and to stand for this form of legal piracy being carried on in their name.

OLD MANOR HOUSE, FILSTON FARM AT OREAD SCHOOL OF AGRICULTURE FOR BOYS IN MARYLAND. "QUAINT AND PICTURESQUE; NESTLING AMONG THE CLAMBERING VINES"

# LEARNING TO DO BY DOING

## By JOE MITCHELL CHAPPLE

IN my list of personal acquaintances, I can think of no man who has done more in the cause of education than has Henry D. Perky. Of all the educational institutions of the United States which have appealed to me, Oread Institute of Domestic Science at Worcester stands at the head, for it is here that home makers are created in the true and direct sense of the term. Here girls learn to do by doing. Now the unparalleled success of this institution is not in its plethoric endowment, or in its widespreading campus or gigantic buildings, but is in the projects and aims of the school and most important of all, in the work of the graduates who have been sent forth with sound, wholesome ability to achieve and do.

It requires only a glance over the list of past graduates to find the net result of this innovation in educational methods. The old castle on the hill at Worcester—which, curiously enough, was one of the first institutions built for the higher education of women—has been made a force in modern education by this practical, go-ahead personality, a man who has given to the world the fruits of his genius in the way of individual commercial projects, as well as in the art of right living and the processes of preparing natural foods. It is generally known that Mr. Henry D. Perky is the inventor of Shredded Wheat, though he is not connected in a business way with the present manufacturers.

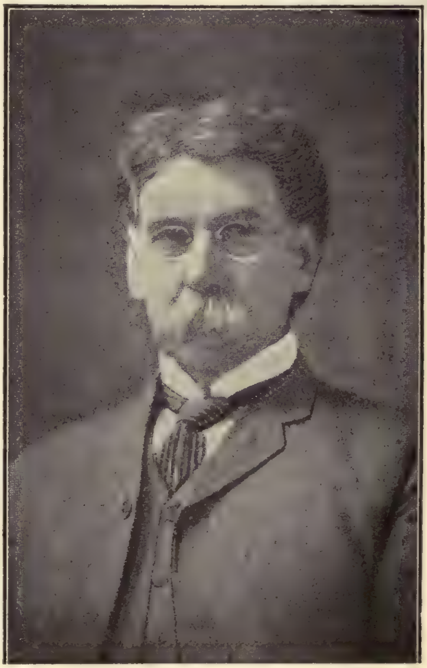
The work at Oread is merely the beginning of a great movement. The requirements of the course at Oread Institute of Domestic Science, at Worcester, are such that any graduate is made self-reliant, not only in the gaining of a livelihood, but in the building up of a home, and it is upon home-building that the future, as well as the present of the country must depend.

* * *

The question of home-building is not altogether dependent upon the training of women, who are the mothers and housekeepers of America, but the boys and men must needs have their share of the same training. In view of this, Mr. Perky has secured 5,000 acres of the famous Filston Farm, near Baltimore, and has had estabished there a postoffice called Oread, and on May 1st will open a boys' school with the same plan elaborated as is apparent in the institution at Worcester. Filston Farm is located twenty miles from Baltimore, in the garden spot of Maryland, and around it clusters the colonial estate of John Carroll of Carrolton. With sixteen barns already built, with blooded and imported cattle, hogs and sheep already on the ground, with scientific, practical farming implements of all kinds, with lecture halls and recitation rooms all at hand, with a large manufacturing establishment at the Phoenix mill, equipped for turning the food products of Filston Farm into a form suited for the market or for home consumption, there never was such a perfected and practical proposition presented for a great educational institution.

I have been at Filston Farm several times, and have been greatly interested in the development of this plan from its inception. Under the genius of Mr. Perky it promises to be one of the most notable institutions of learning of a practical kind in the whole world.

The course of study and the work in every department is complete. Already applications are being received from all parts of the country. Young men between the ages of eighteen and twenty-five years,who desire a two-years' course of practical education in agriculture, commerce and right living, can obtain it here. One hundred young men students will be accommodated for the first year, and the school will open promptly on May 1st, so you see there is little time to get in your application. The cost of the year's board, tuition and all expenses is $500, and it is so arranged that every young man can earn this amount by working on the farm, so that a practical opportunity is afforded for wholesome and profitable training.



MR. HENRY D. PERKY, FOUNDER OF THE INSTITUTE OF DOMESTIC SCIENCE AND INSTITUTE OF AGRICULTURE IN MARYLAND

Here is the chance for a young man to earn his own education along practical lines, which will be of advantage to him as long as he lives.

The students are to conduct the entire work and complete operation of this great Filston Farm, and are to administer and legislate as a real Democracy in this Agrarian Republic. Not only is the science of the soil and adaptation of crops, and details of up-to-date modern farming to be studied, but the marketing of the products and the practical utilization of the crops to the best advantage, by means of pure food factories will also be in practical operation. It is certain that in a few years the Filston Farm products will be noted the whole world over.

The vacations will occur at Christmas time and New Year during the winter, as it is during the summer months that the practical experiments are made in good hard work, under the real summer sun.

ONE OF THE LARGE STOCK BARNS AND SILOS AT FILSTON FARM

On June 27th the commencement exercises at Oread Institute of Domestic Science, at Worcester, Mass., will be duplicated at Oread in Baltimore County. The young men students will be arrayed in colonial uniform to greet the young ladies of Oread. They will be put through rigid military drill, participating in commencement exercises which will be decidedly unique and inspiring. Addresses on this occaion will be made by Mr. Herbert Myrick, of Springfield, Mass., proprietor of the Orange Judd Farmer publications, Attorney Hedge of New York, Mr. H. D. Perky and others.

The public will be invited to attend and witness a decided innovation,—almost a revolution in educational system.

The occasion will certainly be one of picturesque interest, and many distinguished visitors are expected to be present upon this "rare day in June."

It is important that the candidates should be capable of intelligently comprehending the earnestness, scope and purpose of this unique school, and what unusual advantages are afforded. It is a matter of individuality, and it is difficult for the board to set a hard and fast age limit. The student must have his application passed upon by a board of examiners, and it is important that he send in all the information obtainable about his individuality and circumstances.

Situated within two hours' ride of the national capital at Washington, where the agricultural department of the government is located, and where all the current information and research on the various subjects taught in the school are readily obtainable, it can be seen at a glance why this location is peculiarly suited to the purpose for which it was chosen. It was a matter of careful reflection and investigation—this location—and all parts of the country were considered before Oread and Filston Farm was finally decided upon.

The curriculum of the school will at once appeal to the progressive and energetic young man of today. The tendency

"WHERE THE BROWSING HERD OF BLOODED JERSEYS GATHER" AT FILSTON FARM

of the times toward development of agrarian interests of the country, and toward starting out young men with an all-around, practical, well-grounded knowledge of how to care for themselves, and how to get the very best possible results out of the soil,—is an important move in the right direction, and is something of immeasurable value, no matter what trade, profession or avocation the student may afterwards follow. The fundamental basis of the wealth of the country is in the soil and in the agricultural product of the land today is the protection against panics, and the congestion of industrial interests. Whatever may come through chance or change, there never will be a time in which the land interests of the United States will not effectively control the nation, because they have in their hands the bread and butter supply of the individual,—the units that go to make up the complex whole.

The plans for this school include the construction and use of electric appliances, the utilization of electricity and also the utilization of waterpower, calling into play a knowledge of practical engineering, in the manufacture of pure food products such as have never been known before—food that shall be guaranteed wholesome, and will, therefore, be sure of finding favor all over the world. These food stuffs will include every product known to the soil, and students will have the opportunity to acquire practical experience by first studying the soil, next its cultivation, utilizing dry irrigation methods, and irrigation itself. Then comes proportion of crops, and the raising, harvesting and marketing of everything produced on the land.

Each young man will be in charge of five acres, and will have his own share of the responsibility so that the endowment of this great institution of practical learning comes to it direct from the soil itself — and though the workers.

Splendid horses are to be found on Filston Farm, and it is one of the finest stock farms in the country, many of the animals being imported.

Mr. Perky is an inventive genius, and has probably few equals in this line in America. He has also conceived a plan for the construction of cheap and more durable farm buildings than any that have been made before. This is to be done by means of circular steel pipes, and the process is practical and fascinating to the last degree. This is only taking one step farther in the revolution already accomplished by the construction of skyscrapers with steel beams. The circular pipes are to be placed side by side, plastered and filled in, thus furnishing a warmer and more stable house, while eliminating the great amount of detail that has heretofore been necessary in the construction of all buildings. All these exact calculations are now made in the factory where the pipes are manufactured, where every beam and portion of the building is prepared for erection with a place for every screw. With circular piping for sewerage and water, all building essentials are greatly simplified.

The pipes for the buildings are laid upon a foundation of concrete, and make possible many plans which have hitherto been impracticable, owing to old and cumbersome processes of construction.

But there is too much in Mr. Perky's plans to give in one article. I can at best suggest the great purposes involved in this wonderful movement. But I hope there will be a strong representation of National readers in the school for the initial year, and in urging this no fascinating, flowery bed of ease, or picturesque and poetic idea is presented. Practical hard work, and the opportunity to earn a way and develop the stuff that is in you is what is offered. Now, boys, sit right down and fill out your application blank, send it to Mr. Perky at Oread, Baltimore county, Maryland, and if necessary obtain further details, but do not delay even for twenty-four hours or you may be too late.

I have just come back, filled with enthusiasm over the project, iuspired by the earnestness of the founder and the vital value of the idea, and I want the young men who go to this institution through the influence of the National to fully appreciate this suggestion.

In those two years, under the bright skies of Maryland, the foundations of many careers will be laid. Useful citizens will come from this school, having here obtained a start in life, learning the art of helping others to help themselves as well as how to avail themselves of every opportunity.

The institution is simply saturated with the American spirit, which has come down to us with the sturdy spirit of the old Colonial days.

On previous visits to Filston farm I have looked all over these old contiguous estates, so exactly suited to the present purpose. I sat with Mr. Perky under the apple tree and discussed in detail the plans which have crystallized in to a movement that will be far-reaching and effective in educational evolution. Himself a farmer's boy, one who has known the real struggle of life and has conquered ill-health by hard work, one whose whole mind and ambition is centered in one great project, no man is better fitted than Mr. Perky to carry out such an undertaking.

"IN THE FERTILE FIELDS SO RARE, — CALLING TO MIND THE GLORIES OF EARLIER COLONIAL DAYS"

A few months ago I was at the Manor House on this farm, enjoying the quietude of summer days, but now all is changed, and I found in every room of the old mansion the ringing activities of a clerical force, working with pen and typewriter, preparing for the great opening on May 1st. The transformation seemed like magic. This movement is an important one for the city of Baltimore, and state of Maryland, and the people there are taking a keen interest in all Mr. Perky's plans.

In his platform work he is vigorously promulgating the doctrines which he believes in, and has recently lectured at Baltimore on the "Rebellion Against Educational Systems of the Present," a lecture which has occasioned widespread comment, and was most favorably received.

On my return journey, I stopped off at Oread Institute at Worcester, and there had one of those simple, but wholesome and appetizing meals prepared by the students at Oread. I noticed that the young ladies in charge of the housekeeping department for that week figured up the exact cost of the breakfast we had just consumed in a concrete business-like way.

The National Magazine is proud of the distinction of having been represented at this seat of learning by two young ladies, who have graduated from Oread and have reflected great credit in their life work upon this distinctive institution. We feel indebted to them for the splendid way in which they have utilized their talents and opportunities.

Mr. Perky never does anything slowly, and you will have to take quick action if you want to enter one of his schools—otherwise you may have to wait for another year before gaining admittance, and it looks now as though the waiting list might be a large one. Sit down and write at once to H. D. Perky, Oread, Baltimore Co., Maryland.

Students will be glad to know that two scholarships are offered for each state. One hundred scholarships will be given and graduates are sure of attractive positions. The applicants must be healthy and vigorous and possess a good common school education.

### DETAILS OF THE COURSE IN AGRONOMY

1. Field Crops.
2. Drainage.
3. Soils, Nature and Introspection of.
4. Farm Buildings. Plan and Construction.
5. Farm Management. Hiring and Direction of Labor.
6. Location of Farms. Externals of Farm Home. Laying Out of Landscape Gardens.
7. Farm Accounting and Practical Bookkeeping. Lectures Relating to All Subjects. Industry, Arts and Commerce.

A COLLECTION OF SOME OF THE BLOODED STOCK AT FILSTON FARM IN THE PLAYTIME HOUR

MODERN MEMPHIS—(PHOTOS BY GRAY)

# MEMPHIS: THE HEART OF THE MISSISSIPPI VALLEY

### By Col. I. F. Peters, Industrial Commissioner

THE most authentic account tells us that Hernando DeSoto and his warriors first saw the great "Father of Waters" from the Fourth Chickasaw Bluffs, upon which today stands a city of the great South second only to New Orleans in commercial and industrial prestige.

It was on a fair Spring morning in 1541 that these adventurous spirits, seeking yellow gold, came upon the waters of the most restless river on the earth. Twenty-eight days they tarried here on the river banks, building pirogues to carry them a-down the stream, where their leader was to meet death, and receive burial beneath its swift waters.

In 1673 we hear of Father Marquette and M. Joliet at the little Indian village which stood on the spot where Memphis now stands. In 1682 the sieur de LaSalle touched on the Fourth Chickasaw Bluffs, and chose the location for a French fort; and 1686, in search of him, came the faithful Chevalier de Tonti.

In 1793, Lemoyne Bienville, with a force of 3700 white men and Indians, built a fort here and spent the Winter.

Later we hear of the site on which Memphis now stands as an Indian trading post, one Isaac Rawlings being the first white settler.

Geographically, Memphis occupies a position midway between St. Louis and New Orleans, at the head of all-the-year-round navigation on the Mississippi river, in the rich Mississippi valley. She is the "Heart of the Valley," someone has said.

And in more ways than one this may be true. Memphis people are proverbially warm-hearted and polite. Mark Twain, in his "Life on the Mississippi," designates Memphis, "The Good Samaritan City," because of the great mercy shown by her people in time of trouble.

South of Memphis is that great body of land known as "The Yazoo Delta," the most fertile within the borders of the United States. (A word here about this remarkable region may not be amiss.) Ellipsodal in shape, it reaches from within a few miles of Memphis on the North, where it has a width of ten miles, to Vicksburg on the South, a distance of 180 miles; having its greatest width, seventy-five miles, at about the center. The Mississippi and the Yazoo rivers form its western and eastern boundaries, and by the overflowing of these rivers from time immemorial down to the building of the great levee systems, the rich alluvium, equalled only by the soil of the Nile, has been formed.

Four million, five hundred thousand acres comprise its area. It boasts no hills, the only elevations being the great Indian mounds, upon which some of the planters have built their homes. "A strange dwelling place for the living over the sepulchres of the dead," says an old writer. One of the largest of these mounds obtained the name of "Noah's Ark," because, during the past overflows cattle were wont to seek its elevation for protection. Ninety-one navigable waterways penetrate this reigon, which is also well supplied with railway lines.

West of the city lies the St. Francis Basin, embracing what was known as the sunk lands of Arkansas, reaching

MEMPHIS LEVEE

from Helena, Arkansas, on the south to Cape Girardeau, Missouri on the north. Area 6,090 square miles, 3,897,600 acres. It has been said that this basin, when developed, will support a city of 250,000 people at Memphis. This soil is as rich as the delta.

Almost every variety of fruit and vegetable will grow here. The timber crop of these deltas, whose magnificent hardwood forests are becoming appreciated, is valued at $350,000,000. These deltas are worthy of being better known. The newspapers and magazines of the country, so given to exploiting the wonders of Europe, are often sadly neglectful of many of the great features of their own land.

The population of Memphis in 1840, which year is reckoned her real beginning, numbered 1,799 souls. From that date her progress has been steady and sure, despite civil war and other devastations, which it is reasonable to believe will never be repeated. Today she is counted the second largest city in the South, if Louisville be excepted, with a population, inclusive of suburbs, of 175,436. Her rapid growth in manufactures within the last four years has greatly added to her population.

There is a new Memphis, a city in itself, which has sprung up by the side of the old city; and Memphis is reaching out to build her commercial importance, as well as manufacturing industries. No place in the South today holds a more prominent position in the public eye than Memphis, the HEART CITY of the Mississippi Valley.

Memphis received its name from the ancient Egyptian city, which stood on the greatest alluvial stream of the old world, as its namesake stands on the greatest of the new.

As you look down stream from a position on the margin of the beautiful bluffs, your eye glimpses the big steel bridge which connects Tennessee and Arkansas, a mile below the center of the city, the fourth largest bridge in the world.

Thousands and thousands of flat-boats and floating palaces galore belong to the romantic period of the Mississippi river, which has to do with Memphis history. Cut-throats and gamblers infested the river in early days and near Memphis, where now peace and plenty smile, was one of their rendezvous.

A distinguished guest to visit the place in the forties was Marquis de LaFayette, who traveled down the river in a flat-boat. In his party was Francis Wright, reformer, who started on a plantation some fifteen miles from town the first industrial school ever instituted for negroes. And it may be said that Abraham Lincoln, robbed of his purse and in search of a job, stopped over on the bluffs in the days when the embryo city was but a landing. Davy Crockett was a character in the Memphis of early days.

Surrounding Memphis, and reaching out into other states besides that of which she is the metropolis, are vast cotton fields, productive of the finest quality of the white staple, which crown her the greatest inland cotton market in the world. Nine hundred and eighty-four thousand [984,000] bales were the estimated receipts the last season, and ever increasing is the trade.

Beside nine cotton compresses, she has eleven cotton seed oil mills, and is the largest producer of cotton seed oil products in the world. She is the largest inland sugar market in the world, and has a rapidly growing grain trade.

Among the hardwood producing lumber markets of the world, Memphis ranks first. The timber of the magnificent forests that abound in her district, as well as the manufactured product, is exported to all the countries of Europe. One hundred and twenty firms, representing $8,000,000 are engaged in the lumber industry in the city, while within one hundred miles of here are one thousand busy saw mills. Cottonwood, cy-

VIEW OF MEMPHIS FROM THE RIVER

press, oak, ash, pine, tulip, mulberry, maple, hickory, poplar, walnut, locust, beach, gum, redwood, dogwood, persimmon, and numerous other varieties compose her forest trees.

COSSIT LIBRARY

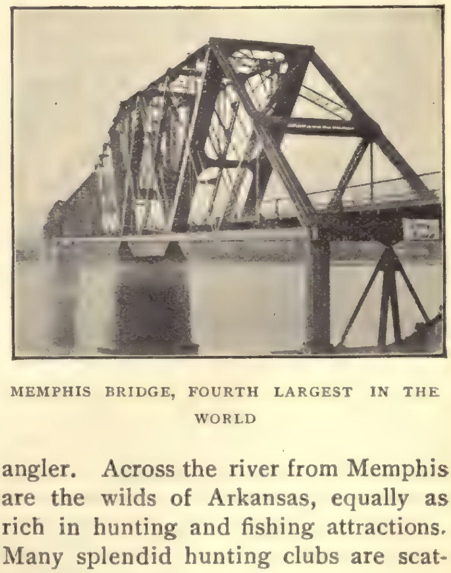
While thirteen railway lines furnish transportation facilities for Memphis, making her a great railroad center, her shipping interests are by no means an unimportant factor in her history. Eighty-five steamers ply in and out of her port, and in the season cotton bales by the thousands, and thousands of sacks of cotton seed make picturesque her wharves. Passenger and freight traffic alike are big items in the river trade, despite fine railway facilities, and competition between the railroads and river craft make cheap transportation. In high water times, armies of coal barges float down the great stream from northern mines.

To her fine geographical location and unexcelled railroad facilities, Memphis owes her prestige as a distributing point. As a wholesale grocery market she holds the fourth place.

It is believed that stock raising is to be one of the coming industries of this section. The lands of Arkansas and Mississippi are considered peculiarly well adapted to the growing of alfalfa, which crop is more remunerative even than cotton. Alfalfa reproduces itself and needs to be planted only once in several years. Five crops can be raised during a season on land suitable for its production; and when timothy hay is worth two dollars a ton, alfalfa brings between six and seven dollars. It is not optimistic to predict that with the more extensive growing of this crop, this city will be a natural location for packing houses.

As a sporting center, Memphis has a wide reputation. She has the fastest race course in the world. "Her trotting park is the fastest and best in the country," say those capable of judging. Montgomery Park, with its thirty-three stables having accomodation for two thousand horses, and its splendid training grounds, is prominent in the racing world, [running.]

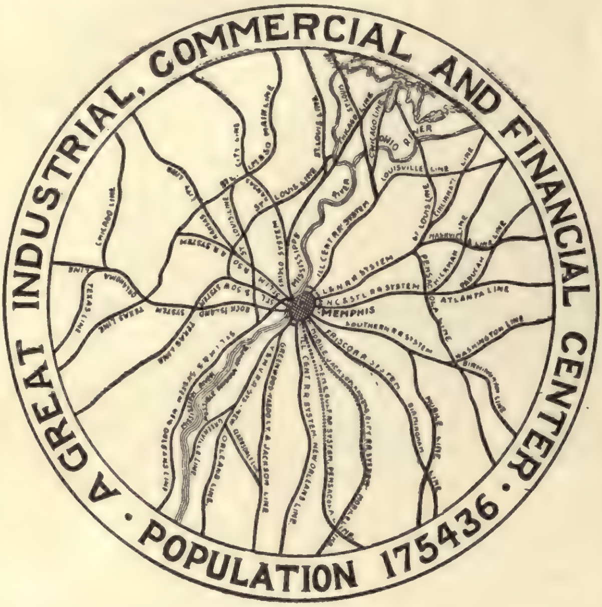
Surrounding her in every direction is a "God's Country" for sportsmen. Bear, deer, panther, ducks, geese, squirrels, etc., are plentiful, while the streams and those wonderful lakes formed by Mississippi cut-offs, which abound in this region, offer choice fish to the angler. Across the river from Memphis are the wilds of Arkansas, equally as rich in hunting and fishing attractions. Many splendid hunting clubs are scattered hereabouts.



MEMPHIS BRIDGE, FOURTH LARGEST IN THE WORLD

Memphis has a fine fire department.

She is equipped with splendid schools, libraries and hotels. The city covers an area of over sixteen square miles. It is situated thirty feet above high water mark, has an elevation of two hundred and seventy-two feet above the sea. The mean annual temperature is sixty-two degrees; annual precipitation, 50.82 inches.



**Facts About Memphis**

The following interesting facts about Memphis have been compiled by the Commissioner of the Industrial League. He is always ready and anxious to answer questions concerning Memphis, and if you should desire further information concerning Memphis, write him.

Clearing-House Receipts

| | |
|---|---|
| 1901 | $154,482,935.75 |
| 1902 | 179,199,939.22 |
| 1903 | 214,009,558.12 |
| 1904 | 260,664,326.04 |
| 1905 | 273,422,557.40 |

Real Estate Transfers

| | |
|---|---|
| 1902 | $ 4,259,290.00 |
| 1903 | 6,174,040.00 |
| 1904 | 7,825,650.00 |
| 1905 | 10,908,790.00 |

Building Improvements
(City and Suburbs)

| | |
|---|---|
| 1902 | $2,253,000.00 |
| 1903 | 3,265,235.00 |
| 1904 | 4,594,157.69 |
| 1905 | 5,057,604.30 |

Postoffice Receipts

| | |
|---|---|
| 1901 | $247,292.94 |
| 1902 | 294,052.57 |
| 1903 | 342,120.71 |
| 1904 | 393,617.24 |
| 1905 | 436,420.29 |

Memphis has fourteen railroads, and the Mississippi river is equal to just that many more. The volume of business in Memphis during 1905 was $519,562,859. Memphis is the largest hardwood-producing lumber market in the world. Handled during 1904, 383,792,000 feet. Memphis is the largest inland cotton market in the world. Receipts during 1905, 985,000 bales. Memphis produces more cotton seed products than any city in the world. Memphis has the largest artesian water system in the world. Memphis has twenty banks and four trust companies. Capital and surplus, $7,500,000. Deposits $30,000,000. The death rate in Memphis is only 9.95 per 1,000 white population. Compare this with any other city of the same population. Memphis has one hundred and thirty-one churches. Memphis has sixty-five schools, colleges and seminaries. Memphis has five theaters and two park theaters. Memphis has two race tracks, trotting and running. Memphis has eighty-four local steamboats. Memphis has two hundred and fifty miles of turnpike. Memphis has one thousand acres in public parks. Memphis is the best sewered city in the United States. There were 9,500 houses built in Memphis and suburbs from January 1, 1900, to January 1, 1905; from January 1, 1905, to January 1, 1906 there were 2,500 houses built here. Memphis is a great industrial, commercial and financial center. Memphis has a population of 175,436. It is the heart of the Mississippi Valley.

WYOMING STATE CAPITAL AT CHEYENNE, WYOMING

# THE STATE OF WYOMING

By W. C. Jenkins

THERE is no state in the Union that has been the subject of more misrepresentation, and yet there is no state whose resources are more varied and full of promise than the state of Wyoming. A few local writers have undertaken to portray the wonderful resources of the state but their efforts have been clouded and forced into the background by the work of writers who had access to metropolitan newspapers and magazines of large circulation, in which they told romantic stories of cowboy episodes, train robberies and Indian depredations. True, incidents of this character have occured in the early days but at the present time there is no state in which the people entertain a keener sense of right and wrong or in which the laws are more strictly observed than in Wyoming.

Wyoming has a distinction essentially its own. It has been under more rulers and more kinds of government than any other state. Wyoming has been under Ferdinand and Isabella, Charles I, Philip II, Philip III, Philip IV, Charles II, Philip V, Ferdinand IV, Charles III, Charles IV, Ferdinand VII, and Joseph Bonaparte of Spain; Francis I, Henry II, Francis II, Charles IX, Henry III, Henry IV, Louis XIII, Louis XIV, Louis XV, Louis XVI, the Repubic and the Consulate of France and Louisiana, Missouri, Texas, Oregon, Utah, Nebraska, Washington, Dakota, Idaho and Wyoming of America. It is the only state that contains lands from all four of our principal annexations which form the territory west of the Mississippi River.

It is not the province of this article to deal with the matters of history, the end sought to be attained in this description of the state being to portray its resources and possibilities. The latent riches of Wyoming are only awaiting the recognition of outside capital and when the facts are fully understood the star of this western state will outshine that of many eastern states. Until very recent years, the development of Wyoming is hardly worth a mention. There has been a systematic effort on the part of a certain class to keep the resources of the state in the back gound and to retard immigration. These men have become cattle kings, but the day of stock growing by individual owners on an immense scale is practically at an end. The small ranchmen and the farmer with limited means are tapping at the doors of the state and demanding admittance and while the total number of sheep and cattle raised has been largely increased the number raised by individual owners has greatly diminished.

Wyoming is composed of territory largely within the arid region. Its existence as an important state depends entirely upon water. With water the mountain valleys and plains can be made to bring forth fruit in abundance. In the Constitution and by-laws of the state the people of Wyoming seem to have broken away from all precedent and have adopted a system far in advance of that of other states. The ownership of water forever remains in the state and its control is placed in the hands of experienced men instead of the courts as is the case in most of the arid states and the endless litigation into which the citizens of other states have been involved under court control led the Constitutional Convention of Wyoming and its legislators to wisely steer clear of the pitfall. Kinney in his excellent work on Irrigation said, "In the state of Wyoming at least their will no longer be the ludicrous spectacle of learned judges solemnly decreeing the right of from two to ten times the amount of water flowing in the stream, or in fact an amount so great that the channel of the stream could not possibly carry that amount, thus practically leaving the question at stake as unsettled as before."

The most important irrigation system in Wyoming may be found at Wheatland, ninety miles from Cheyenne. The projectors of this system were the first to undertake the building of a great irrigation plant in Wyoming and the company has spent many thousands of dollars each year in carrying out the original ideas of the projectors. Notwithstanding the fact that in the early days the laws of Wyoming were illy adapted to encourage and advance such a project the men who took up the work fought the difficulties and overcame the obstacles with a determination that has been commendable; it now seems that the sun of prosperity has begun to shine upon the scheme and the early expectations of the originators will be realized. The system at Wheatland has certainly been an object lesson not only for Wyoming but for men interested in the arid regions of other states. Fully 125,000 acres of land will be reclaimed under the Wheatland project. The project of irrigating lands as conducted at Wheatland is as old as the hills but to the people of the United States it is practically a new question. But few have ever seen an irrigation plant or any practical illustration of an experiment with irrigation in the cultivation of the soil. Until the pioneers of Utah began to settle in the Salt Lake Basin no irrigation had been undertaken in any part of the country under the jurisdiction of the United States. Utah was then so remote that it was a score of years before it became an object lesson to the rest of the country. At the present time it is the leading question in a number of the western states.

Fifty years ago so little was known of irrigation that no one ever dreamed that the arid regions of the west would ever be reclaimed through a process of this kind. The statesmen of fifty years ago did not even comprehend the future of these great barren tracts of land. Writers who came to the western states published beautiful and fascinating descriptions of the plains and their savage life but they did not anticipate that their natural conditions would ever permit settlement by civlized man much less that they would ever become dotted with beautiful homes, farms and ranches and be the seat of great commercial centers. With all Mr. Webster's knowledge and ability in the discussion of the California question he showed that he did not even anticipate any great development or settlement of the country acquired from Mexico, and fifty years ago the opinion expressed was but little more advanced than was the opinion of an intelligent member of the House of Representatives, who, on the floor of that body in 1812 proposed that a great territory which now includes the state of Iowa should be made a permanent Indian reservation, for the reason that civilization and settlement could not possibly ever penetrate so far into the interior of the continent.

A few years ago the stage coach and slow ox and mule teams were sufficient to transport passengers and freight over the Missouri river to the scattering little settlements and isolated military cantoments. The old emigrant trains have succumbed to great and well constructed trans-continental railroads until about the only road left for the prairie schooner is the right of way of the railroad company. The railroads have brought to the doors of the interior of the continent the luxuries of the east and west and its ponderous wheels bear the products of the fields and the cattle with all the speed of steam to the great market centers.

There has been a great change in the country known as the arid region of Wyoming during the last few years. So extended are its confines and possessing such varities of climates that it has been proven that within its borders the flowers and fruits of the tropics and all the agricultural products common in the extremes of the temperate zone may be successfully grown, yet in all countries irrigation is slow to develop. At first little streams and creeks are utilized then the larger streams and rivers. When these sources of supply are exhausted means are adopted to hold up the flow of water in the streams during the time of the year when it is not required for irrigation. The water is turned into their natural basins or into the great tanks or reservoirs construced by building dams at the outlets of gulches, canyons, rivers and the drainage valleys. In this way snow waters of the mountains and the storm waters of spring, summer and autumn are impounded and held for use during the growing seasons.

The reclamation act which was approved by the president June 17th, 1902 will transform the state of Wyoming into one of the most beautiful and productive states of the Union. Under this law all moneys received from the sale of public lands go into a fund for the building of reservoirs and canals for the storage of water and the irrigation of lands. More than twenty-seven million dollars have already been placed to the credit of this fund. Wyoming through the energy of her representatives has already secured an appropriation of $3,250,000—$2,250,000 for the Shoshone project and $1,000,000 for the North Platte project. It is estimated that during the next decade at least ten million dollars will be spent by the government in constructing irrigation projects in Wyoming. The men who come to the state to take up homesteads will find abundant opportunities for employment in the construction of reservoirs and canals and in this way they will be able to maintain themselves while their lands are becoming valuable and productive through the irrigation projects.

The greater portion of Wyoming lies in the Rocky Mountain region. The entire state is a broad expanse of vast plains, relieved by broken and detached ranges and mountain spurs. In the eastern part of the state is the Laramie range which extends north westerly for 200 miles. Proceeding westward across the state we come to the Medicine Bow mountains and after crossing the Platte river we reach the main chain of the Rocky Mountains in a broken series of ranges extending through the state. In the western part of the state an east and west range of mountains is found which constitute the southern front of the Sweetwater Valley. This wall bears several names, to wit: Sweetwater, Seminole and Ferris Mountains. West of these lies the Green River valley, sixty to seventy miles across.

In the eastern boundary are the Black hills extending to the northern boundary of the state where they come in contact with the Little Missouri and Wolf mountains. Passing over the beautiful valley of the Powder River and its tributaries, towards the west we find the magnificent Big Horn range, fifty miles in breadth extending 150 miles in Wyoming. Still beyond in a southerly direction are the Owl Creek, Rattlesnake and Wind River mountains.

Cheyenne is the capitol of Wyoming and is one of the most prosperous cities in the west. Its metropolitan banks, business houses and well laid out streets would do credit to any city of ten times its population. A more hospitable class of business men would be difficult to find. They are all self-made men and most of them came to the state, as one expressed it, "When Red Cloud was governor"

In those days the Indians were extremely hostile and the new comers were in constant danger. Some of their friends who perhaps came to the state with them fell by the cruel hand of these treacherous red men but the brave band of pioneers were undaunted and they began the work of developing a commonwealth that in the future will be

# THE STATE OF WYOMING

WYOMING HEREFORD RANGE CATTLE

BAND OF WYOMING RANGE SHEEP

MINING IRON WITH STEAM SHOVEL AT SUNRISE, WYOMING

ARBUCKLE RANCH NEAR CHEYENNE, WYOMING

THE UTONS AND JACKSON'S LAKE IN NORTHWESTERN WYOMING

AN IRRIGATION SCENE NEAR CHEYENNE, WYOMING recognized as one of the most important states in the Union.

Cheyenne is also the county seat of Laramie County one of the best developed agricultural counties in the state. The county was organized in 1879 and and was named after Jacques Laramie who was killed near the mouth of the Laramie river in 1820. The county is full of undeveloped resources such as iron, copper, coal, gold, silver, sandstone, marble, granite, mica and mineral paint. The land suitable for farm purposes is very fertile and easily cultivated. An irrigation project is well under way which will reclaim 10,000 acres of land adjacent to the city of Cheyenne.

A large reservoir and a fifteen mile canal will be built. This project originated several years ago and was abandoned for the reason that it would at that time shut off the water from the city of Cheyenne. Since then, however, a mammoth reservoir has been built by the city in the mountains.

A distinctive feature of the progressive method by which the citizens of Cheyenne bring their beautiful little city into prominence is the frontier celebration. For the past nine years this event has been an annual season of jollification and fun. The Frontier Celebration is probably one of the most thrilling and interesting shows that has ever been enacted in any country. It started in a small way but its success may be understood when it is stated that people come from every section of the country to witness the interesting events each year. More than one thousand persons take part in the program and the best riders and ropers, and the most expert and skillful cowboys and lady riders come from all over the world to compete for the prizes. The idea originated in the desire to perpetuate frontier scenes and re-enact the thrilling experiences of western life. The cost of holding this celebration each year is about $15,000 which is raised among the citizens of Cheyenne.

The mineral resources of Wyoming are vast and varied. In fact there are few states that possess a greater area of mineral lands. The late Professor Knight of the state university identified 156 of the varities of mineral noted in Dana's System of Mineralogy as occuring in Wyoming. This list has been added to since Professor Knight's death. It has been known for years that gold, silver, copper and lead existed in almost every mountain range in the state and it has recently been demonstrated that they may be found in paying commercial quantities.

As far back as 1832 reports were made of the discovery of petroleum oil. In that year Captain Bonneville a pioneer traveler, gave to the people of the United States the information that oil was one of the resources of this western country. Other pioneers who went to Utah, Oregon and California and still later the cowboys made similar discoveries, and yet at the present time there are thousands of square miles in Wyoming that have not been prospected. The first development of the oil industry in Wyoming took palce when mining began in the Black Hills.

Prospectors commenced to collect the oil from the springs along the Belle Fourche River and haul it by wagons to Deadwood. In a small way they were able to collect five barrels a day which they marketed at Deadwood for $28.00 per barrel. The late Dr. Graff of Omaha may be said to be the pioneer promoter of the oil business in Wyoming. He organized a company which drilled in the Pope Agie oil field near Lander in 1883 and before he suspended operations he had three flowing oil wells that produced 200 barrels each per day. The distance from completed railroads, however, was so great that the oil could not be marketed at a profit and the wells were packed.

At the present time there are eighteen oil wells in Wyoming and the product varies from the highest grade of lubricating oils without a trace of illuminating constituents to an equally high grade of illuminating oil totally free from lubricants and with a range of intermediate oils and products that is a revelation to those engaged in the business. The oil fields are situated mostly in the central part of the state. The successful development of many of these fields depends largely upon the construction of new railway lines but there are opportunities at the present time for investment adjacent to the already existing railroads.

One of the most important factors in the commercial and industrial importance of Wyoming is its coal deposits. The early history and also the more recent comparatively larger development of the mines is so closely connected with the early history and development of the Union Pacific railroad and its branches that the one may be said to be the largest factor in the success and development of the other. The immense coal mines of the southern counties of the state depend entirely upon the Union Pacific for transportation and also the consumption of about thirty-three and one-third per cent of the output. Since the Burlington railroad has entered the state the coal fields of the northern counties have been brought into prominence and many new towns have sprung up as a consequence. The commercial development of the coal fields depend entirely upon the railroads as there are no navigable rivers that can be utilized to transport this product.

While the greater part of the coal mining in the southern counties is carried on by the Union Pacific Coal company still this is not because the Union Pacific railroad is anxious to maintain a monopoly but because the railroad men were the pioneers in the business in the state and have been adding to their output each year. It is true that previous to 1887 the railroad did little to encourage individuals owners to operate the coal lands, but since that time a system of open rates has been in operation which has enabled the independent individual owners to mine their coal at a profit. There are thousands of acres of government lands subject to entry in Wyoming that contain millions of tons of coal, and when capital can be induced to build railroads to these lands fortunes await those who mine the product.

By act of Congress of March 3, 1905, the Shoshone or Wind River Indian reservation in Wyoming will be thrown open to the public June 15th, 1906, for settlement under the homestead act. The opening of this reservation is attracting a great deal of attention as it is known that the lands which will be subject to entry by the general public are among the finest agricultural lands in the West. It is also known that the reservation is rich with minerals but reliable data cannot be obtained at the present time as the number of persons who possess information on the subject are very few and they are secretly guarding the knowledge they have gained.

The reservation lies at an elevation of from 4,300 to more than 6,000 feet. it has been estimated that 250,000 acres of the reservation is good farming land while the balance may be used for grazing purposes. In the mountainous portion there is considerable timber.

Two great railroad lines are heading for the reservation and they promise completion by the date on which the opening will take place.

Persons making homestead entries on the reservation within two years are required to pay $1.50 per acre but on entries made thereafter the sum of $1.25 is to be paid. Fifty cents per acre is to be paid at the time of making the entry and twenty-five cents per acre annually thereafter until the price provided for has been fully paid. Lands entered under the townsite, coal and mineral land laws must be paid for in amount and manner provided for in said law. The ceded portion embraces about two thirds of the reservation and is approximately 1,150,000 acres.

It has been said that if all other resources of Wyoming could fail it would still be known to the world through the Yellowstone National Park. This wonderful locality was discovered by John Colter in 1807 but it remained for the exploring parties of 1869, 1870 and 1871 to give the park the publicity that it deserved. By act of Congress of 1872 it was reserved as a National Park The park is situated in the northwest corner of Wyoming and is sixty-two miles long and fifty-four miles wide. Its control is under the special authority of the federal government. Volumes have been written about the National Park but its grandeur and beauty have scarcely been mentioned. The scenery is not equalled by anything in the world. It is too grand, its scope too immense, its details too varied to admit of even an attemp at its description in this article, for nearly every form, animate or inanimate, in dream or fancy, ever seen or conjured by the imagination may here be found. Here is that which is chastely beautiful, hidden away in some dim-lighted alcove or bower, while all about is the grim visaged and towering strength of the silent mountain sentinel. The eye is never weary, for the scene is ever shifting, ever becoming more grand, imposing and impressive.

The tourist season lasts from June until October, and the summer climate is unexcelled. Each one must see for himself to appreciate the generosity of nature which has planned this great entertainment for those of the human race who can see the grand exhibition. The poet may find his theme, the artist an inexhaustible supply of studies and the scientist a rich field for research. Fish are swimming the streams in abundance, while deer and other game are plentiful.

It is true that contagious and infectious diseases occasionally break through the state lines from the less healthy states but the legislature has enacted a health law which is said to excel any law of this kind found upon the statute book of any state in the Union. A board of health appointed by the governor with its vast ramifications of health officers is given unlimited power. As to the establishment of quarantines and the enforcement of rigid diciplines therein. The result has been the establishment of strict police surveillance in all parts of the state to prevent the spread of contagious diseases.

Few states in the Union have been so free from scandals in public life. From the organization of the state government until the present administration with Governor Brooks at its head the administration of its laws and the conduct of its officials have been exemplary. At its admission to the Union Wyoming adopted equal suffrage and no one in the state regrets the decision.

The people of Wyoming say to men with money; "Come to our state and investigate our resources; we have unexplored fields of wealth that invite capital for development. Our exemptions are moderate; our collection laws are good ; our rates of interest are liberal. We invite the manufacturers and every inducement will be found awaiting them. We have no cumbersome laws to vex them. We invite railroads. We have vast stretches of undeveloped territory, and our laws will be found more liberal than are found in any other state. We invite the farmer and we promise that with the development of our irrigation system a soil that is most productive and a ready market for the produce of the farmers. We have carved our state out of the choicest part of the Rocky Mountains, locating it on the very crest and on either side of the Continental Divide and we have peopled it with a race made up from the best blood of the nations of the world.

UNION STATION AT CHEYENNE, WYOMING

THE CITY OF GENEVA FROM THE LAKE

Photo by H. B. Tuttle

# GENEVA: THE LAKESIDE CITY

## By Charles H. Congdon

DIRECTOR IN THE GENEVA CHAMBER OF COMMERCE

THE third week of the month of May, 1906, will bring together for a few days from every state in the Union, from all parts of America, and no doubt from points in foreign climes, old residents, the sons and daughters of Geneva who have journeyed away from home in other years in search of fame and fortune. They will come back by the hundreds to join with the hospitable citizens of the beautiful lakeside city in celebrating its centennial.

One hundred years ago, on the sixth of April, the village of Geneva was incorporated. For one whole year its citizens have been getting ready to celebrate the event and the chamber of commerce, the common council and the Historical Society are represented in a general committee of arrangements to lay out the plans. Under them sub-committees have worked out the details of the different features of the week's program. A persistant secretary, Charles E. Young, has devoted the year to correspondence, hunting out every former Genevan who could be found on the face of the earth.

It will be an old home week of a hundred years. Amid the glare of fireworks, the music of the band and all the carnival gaiety, old ties that have been severed in other years will be cemented again, old friendships renewed and lives that have drifted apart will touch, if only for a few fleeting hours.

So much for the forthcoming event of great importance to one of the most beautiful cities in the whole wide world.

In the latter part of the eighteenth century pioneer white men first took up their abode among the Indians in the forest wilderness at the foot of Seneca Lake. Among them was Captain Wil-

NORTH MAIN STREET, GENEVA
Photo by J. E. Hale

liamson, representing the great Pulteney estate in which English capital had invested. Included in this vast tract of land reaching from Lake Ontario on the north to the present Pennsylvania line on the south was the site of Geneva, and because of its beautiful and accessible location it was at once chosen as the place for the land office and a village. With a full appreciation of the resources of this rich country, with a vivid imagination and constructive energy, the captain marked out and built the beginnings of Geneva. This Geneva tavern, built in 1795, facing the lake, fronting on the village green and the main street, became famous as one of the best of its day in the State of New York. Here General LaFayette was entertained at the time of his memorable visit thirty years later. Its original framework stands today as part of the Geneva Hygienic Institue.

Geneva never grew to be a large city because it never stood in the main path of the tide of western migration nor on the main avenues of commerce between the West and the East. Before the days of the railroad the old state road from Albany to Buffalo, passing through Geneva, as well as the roads north and south were well traveled by the stage coach, which kept the town in touch with the outside world, but no boom ever came to hasten its growth. Its location on the rising land overlooking for miles the largest of the inland lakes, has rather attracted men and women of wealth and leisure, culture and refinement. While manufactories and commerce always have flourished, the town is equally famous for its old colonial mansions, its handsome residences, beautiful streets, its efficient private and public schools, its churches, and as the home of Hobart college.

A gradual and healthy growth during all the years of a century has made Geneva of today a little city of fourteen thousand people, but every one of them public-spirited and ambitious that their town shall excel in everything worth while.

A well-organized chamber of commerce, whose membership includes practically every business and professional man in the city, has during the past five years succeeded in contributing to its commercial growth and in bringing in new capital and new industries. This work has been brought about largely by making known to the world Geneva's superior shipping facilities, its healthful and attractive place of residence and the hospitality of its people.

While some of the wealth of the city

VISTA—OPPOSITE HOBART COLLEGE. THE BANKS OF THE SENECA LOOKING TOWARDS THE BUSINESS SECTION OF GENEVA AT THE HEAD OF THE LAKE
Photo by H. B. Tuttle

has been brought here by those who have made it elsewhere, and some has been created by local industries, by far the major part has come from the fertile soil of the surrounding country, which has become famous as the richest nursery and fruit growing section of the state.

Thomas B. Wilson, president of the New York State Fruit Grower's association is authority for the statement that not less than 200,000 barrels of apples are grown yearly in the vicinity of Geneva, beside an immense amount of pears, plums, grapes, peaches, cherries, quinces and apricots, all of which taken together will amount in money value to a sum not far from $500,000.

The first industry that made Geneva known throughout the word is the cultivation of nursery stock. Upwards of forty firms are engaged as growers of trees within a radius of six miles of the city, having under cultivation a total of two thousand acres of land, more than three thousand tons of trees are annually shipped through the freight houses of the city.

Closely allied to the nursery and fruit interests comes agriculture itself. The country around Geneva is noted for its many rich farms scientifically cultivated. The prosperity of these farms is no doubt due in part to the assistance rendered by the New York State Agricultural Experiment station, or the "State Farm," as it is familiarly called, located just on the borders of the city. The station was established in 1881 by an act of the legislature, and began its work in March, 1882. "The work of the station deals with the air and soil, with plants and animals and their nutrition, growth and breeding, with the diseases, insects and conditions which are deleterious to plant and animal growth, with farm methods, and with the technics involved in the manipulation and manufacturing of agricultural products." The station has a scientific staff under the direction of Dr. Whitman H. Jordan, of more than twenty men beside other employes, a farm and grounds of one hundred and thirty acres on which are located eight principal buildings and other minor structures beside fruit plantations and other means of experimental work, the various buildings containing nine laboratories equipped with scientific apparatus. The station staff is divided into groups, or departments, including the following: Animal, husbandry, bacteriology, botany, chemistry, entomology, horticulture.

GENEVA CITY HOSPITAL ON NORTH STREET
Photo by H. B. Tuttle

SENECA STREET, GENEVA; SHOWING CHAMBER OF COMMERCE IN CENTER OF PICTURE

Near the Experiment Station on the south lies one of the most famous and perfectly equipped farms in the state, known as the White Springs farm. This farm is owned and operated by Alfred G. Lewis, a former resident of Buffalo. The property comprises three hundred and seventy acres, sloping in gentle incline toward Seneca lake, and from its manor house a wide, sweeping view of the lake, the city and surrounding country is obtained. The soil is unsurpassed for its great fertility. The farm buildings set in a quadrangle surrounding a spacious courtyard, are extensive and modern in every respect. They are lighted throughout by electricity. The herd of cattle consists of Guernseys, bred from stock of high pedigree, noted for size, constitution and production. The White Springs Farm Dairy Company helps supply Geneva with milk and other dairy products.

The city of Geneva lies in a semicircle around the west and north sides of Seneca lake, and reaches back to the west on successively rising plateaus. A total of twelve and a half out of its twenty-nine miles of streets are well paved, with a mile more of pavement to be added this year. An abundant and pure water supply comes through a perfect system of mains owned by the city, from the White Springs and from the clear, cool depths of Seneca lake two miles and a half south from the city.

Six well-equipped companies afford ample protection against fire. Two newspapers, a daily and a weekly, keep the people informed on the events of small and great importance. There are two telephone systems, three banks, five public, two parochial and several private schools, and the Hobart college; eleven churches, the Smith Astronomical observatory, two mineral springs whose waters make Geneva a household word from the Atlantic to the Pacific, a splendid city hospital, several excellent hotels, a Young Men's Christian association in an expensive building of its own, and clubs and societies without number. Progressive merchants keep bright and busy stores. Capable and businesslike city officials conduct the city government, most of them without pay,

PANORAMA VIEW OF THE BUSINESS CENTER OF THE CITY OF GENEVA, LOOKING WEST ON SENECA STREET FROM THE ROOF GARDEN OF THE NESTER HOTEL

Photograph by H. B. Tuttle

and unhampered by partisanship.

Among Geneva's principal industries are to be mentioned The Philips & Clark Stove Company, The Summit Foundry Company, The Fay & Bowen Engine Company, manufacturers of motors and motor boats, The Herendeen Manufacturing Company, manufacturers of boilers and hot water heaters, The New York Central Iron Works Company, The Catchpole Boiler, Foundry and Machine Company, The Vance Boiler Works, The Geneva Cutlery Company, The American Can Company, The Geneva Preserving Company, The Torry Park Preserving Company, The Nester Malt House, The Standard Optical Company, The Geneva Optical Company, The Patent Cereals Company, The Geneva Woven Label Company, The Geneva Textile Company, The Fairfax Wall Paper Company, The Geneva Furniture Company, Davison's and Robinson's Flour mill, The Geneva Wagon Company, C. A. Chapman, household specialties.

The products of most of these concerns bear the name of Geneva and are sold all over the world.

As a railroad center Geneva is a point of no mean importance. On the ten steam railway lines, forty-five trains enter and depart from the city daily.

The Auburn and the Pennsylvannia divisions of the New York Central provide easy access to all points in that system, with parlor and sleeping cars to New York, Albany, Boston, Buffalo, Chicago and other cities. The Lehigh Valley main line and "old road" bring Buffalo, Rochester, Ithaca, New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore and Washington within easy access.

RESIDENCE OF C. D. VALE, GENEVA
Photo by J. E. Hale

Two suburban trolley lines bring city and country towns and villages together and the Seneca and Cayuga division of the Erie canal makes cheap transportation for coal, grain and all kinds of freight. Seneca lake steamers during the Summer carry tourists to resorts all along the way and to the far famed Watkins Glen at the head of the lake, forty miles distant.

GENESEE STREET, GENEVA; LOOKING SOUTH
Photo by J. E. Hale

# LET'S TALK IT OVER

BACK from Mexico and again at work in the old rocking chair — I tell you it seems good. I thought I might be able to tell you all about it in the April issue, but after I got home—with about seventeen baskets of Mexican souvenirs, drawn work, Cuernavaca pottery, enough statues for a museum, a bushel of petrified forest and other curios of all sorts — discovered that I had far too much matter for one issue. I must resist the impulse to tell you all about it now, because I find that the genial folks at home have only given me a few pages this time, — but we will break over the bounds next month and have a jolly good talk all together.

* * *

The map of Mexico looks different to me now, and I find that I can say those apparently unpronounceable names quite fluently, with no less trouble than I find in saying "Boston," while "Si, si, senor," "Quanto," and other stock phrases are common utterances in our household. Really feel that I am on the way to a Spanish scholarship. The whole tour was replete with incident and inspiration. Do you realize that only sixty hours from St. Louis brings you to the city of Mexico—well to the South of the republic? In a few hours of railroad travel you pass into another world, filled with a composite of ancient and modern civilization and having all the quaint picturesqueness of the past ages of Europe and Asia — mingled with modern activities. Hitherto it has been considered necessary to make a trip abroad in order to see such sights,—but here in Mexico—right on our own soil—so to speak—may be found a real touch of the Occident and the Orient. If "Westward the course of empire takes it way,"—it seems that it has veered in this case somewhat to the So'west, and I cannot resist paying a tribute to President Diaz—pronounced Dee-us—whose name indicates the dial of the day. Scarcely a day passes in which the name of the president of the republic to the south of us, is not in the mind of the people of the United States. He richly deserves the highest tribute which can be paid him, for he has made a modern Mexico out of a country with chaotic history. The young giant, the new republic, has risen out of the effete remains of an ancient civilization.

* * *

En route I read Prescott's Conquest of Mexico, and it seemed as though I was in touch for the moment with centuries long past, though passing through a country where real modern-day push and enterprise manifested itself in the upbuilding of progressive Mexico.

Well we had a jolly time; there were 115 in our party and it was mighty homelike to find among them a large number of National Magazine subscribers. Now of course they are all subscribers. Then too, I was able to note the various places and things in which these subscribers were interested that would also be likely to entertain all our readers, so I carefully regarded the observations of the party. Aside from the historic interest the tour to Mexico presents a fascinating question of the future. The establishment of commercial amity and political entity is the goal before us. If you have any ideas of annexation in your heads, just see that they are promptly exploded, for contact with the patriotic Mexicans proves that nothing of this kind would be practical or possible. You see at once that the pledge which we gave the countries to the south of us in the Cuban Republic is sufficient, but the careful observer will soon discover that political annexation could bring nothing but disadvantages to all parties concerned, although close commercial interchange is the inevitable drift and tendency.

* * *

When I stood at the gates of the station, watching the group of 115 assemble, and looked into the faces of the people who were to be our companions for the next four or five weeks, I concluded that they were a merry lot—those members of our "touree." There was the genial General Gates all ready to give a welcome. No tickets were required at that gate, and one little traveler remarked that at least it was clear we were not going anywhere inside the confines of Russia, where it is difficult to travel without a passport of official pretensions.

When we looked on that triangular red banner on the rear of the train and the red lights winking a greeting at us, and found our little compartment, we really felt as though we had dropped into some little home snuggery, rather than the close quarters of a tourist train. We seemed to be starting out for a tour around the whole world, and I found it difficult to believe within seventy hours from Chicago we should reach a foreign capital. We hung up our things and prepared for the voyage. There was a hearty cheer as the train left the station, and it was not long before many particulars of the life story of most of the passengers was mysteriously known to their fellow travelers as on the deck of a ship.

* * *

But I must not linger—let it suffiec to say that when it came to parting, there were many of that 115 whose eyes glistened, so endeared had we become to each other. One remarkable thing about the party was that in the five weeks there was not even an indication of a "family jar." It was altogether the best natured party that could be gathered and the whole trip was filled with pleasant happenings and wonderful sights that will furnish delightful memories as long as life shall last. So I want to introduce you to them next month — the 115.

* * *

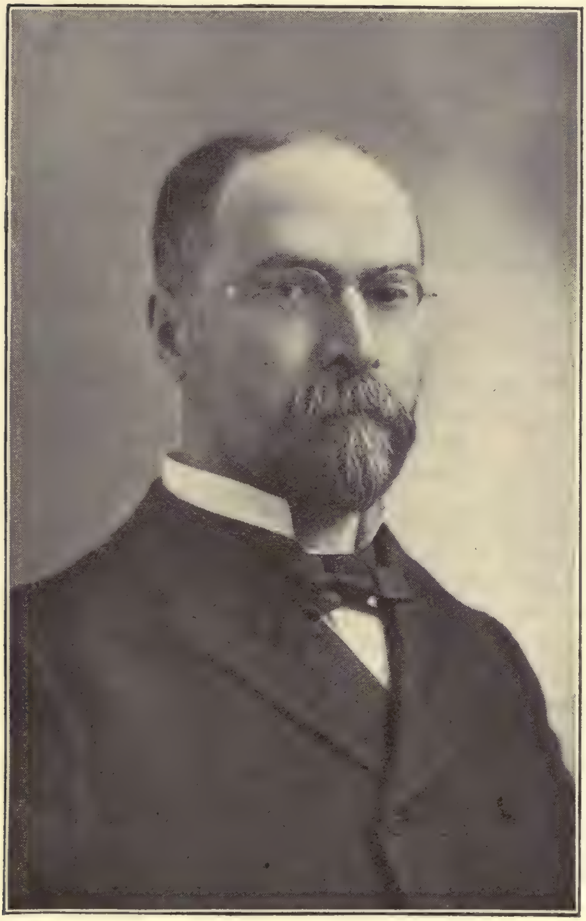
During those days I collected a portmanteau of notes, and it will take many pages of the magazine if I am ever to utilize the half of them. But I am going to try to tell you all the details next month, and we will start out on the trip together. Pack your satchel, don't forget your camera and note books, and we will collect the matter and the views. We will meet the people—merchants and officials, the peons, the flocks of children, in school and out, we will ride on the mules up the mountains and have a jolly good time in quaint and sunny old Mexico together.

Remember this all comes next month — May — and if there are any questions you want answered, now is the time to send them in. I want to make this as comprehensive and realistic to you as it has been to me. And when you get through you can make your plans for a trip to Mexico with the pleasure of anticipation which we have already realized. No tickets will be required in our trip next month—we'll just take a peep into the land which the Astecs won from the Toltecs and which has furnished the most thrilling and fascinating story of all history. Train starts promptly on arrival of the May National.

IN visiting Washington it is always entertaining to get at the real nub of a bill from the author. Over a piece of custard pie, such as mother used to make, and a glass of milk, Congressman McCleary gave me a few sentences which contained the gist of the House Bill Number 9752, which is without doubt one of the most important measures now pending before congress.

Congressman McCleary has a way of clearly and lucidly stating matters, which is most refreshing when one is in search of reliable information. His great speech in '96 did more than any other one thing to set people thinking on the side of sound money — then the all-absorbing national question.

Between draughts of refreshing milk, Mr. McCleary gave me the following information, stating the whole situation concisely. A speech in the Congressional Record occupying forty pages would probably not express the gist of the bill as clearly as is done in these brief lines. He said between bites of the custard pie: "This bill aims to carry out the two chief recommendations of that part of the president's last annual message relating to the tariff. He suggested that 'it should be considered whether it is not desirable that the tariff laws should provide for applying as against or in favor of any other nation maximum and minimum tariff rates established by congress, so as to secure a certain reciprocity of treatment between other nations and ourselves.' The president's first and most important recommendation as to the tariff was that 'There is more need of stability than of the attempt to attain an ideal perfection in the methods of raising revenue.' To preserve stability, this bill adopts the present law as the standard and provides that our present duties be increased by twenty-five per cent. on goods coming from any country which in any way discriminates against goods from the United States. On goods now on the free list coming from such a country the bill provides that there shall be levied and collected a duty of twenty-five per cent. ad valorem.



CONGRESSMAN J. T. MCCLEARY, OF MINNESOTA WHO PRESENTED HIS HOME LIBRARY WITH A PAINTING OF ANDREW CARNEGIE

Throughout our entire national history, no matter what party has framed our laws, it has—in the main and with only minor exceptions — been the policy of this country to have one uniform treatment for every country in the world, giving 'equal opportunity to all, special privileges to none.' This bill is in harmony with that policy. Our rates are the same for all countries. The goods of all may enter on the same terms. And every country that discriminates against us will be treated in the same equal way. There is no country so small that we do not value its friendship; there is no country so great that we fear its enmity. We propose to continue making our own laws, neither submitting to threats of the strong nor yielding to the cajolery of the weak."

This is certainly a principle on which good Americans can stand without fear or favor.

◆

AFTER Mr. Carnegie had given away upward of $139,000,000 in direct philanthropic work, no tribute seems more fitting to express the gratitude of the recipients of one of his benefactions than the event which occurred last November in Mankato, the charming Minnesota Athens.

I have often wondered—considering the manner in which he distributes his wealth—whether Mr. Carnegie has been adequately thanked for his benefactions, and whether the gratitude felt toward him has ever been expressed in a specific way.

However, it was certainly done in a most graceful form at the recent meeting of the library directors in Mankato, when an oil portrait of the benefactor—being the latest one painted — was presented by Mr. McCleary to the library. This painting is the work of Mr. Freeman Thorp, one of the foremost artists in the country, who has painted the portraits of Grant, Garfield, McKinley and Speakers Blaine and Cannon. Many of Mr. Carnegie's friends consider this the best picture of him yet painted.

As a former school teacher there is no one who more keenly appreciates the value of Mr. Carnegie's generosity than Congressman J. T. McCleary, of Mankato, Minnesota, and his gift evidences this appreciation.

The expression of Mr. Carnegie's youthful gratitude to Colonel Allison, of Alleghany, for loaning him books is something that has reached singular and enduring proportions. Mr. Carnegie has certainly utilized the "pass-it-on" rule; the good work accomplished by his gifts would indeed be difficult to estimate. Andrew Carneige has surely builded better than he knows. Ever since I had the pleasure of visiting him at Skibo Castle, I have felt that few people realize the broad, comprehensive and enduring uses of wealth as does the Laird of Skibo.

The library's reception of the gift was really touching as a tribute to Mr. Carnegie. Among other things was said:

"We hope that this portrait, and the face it depicts, hanging in our library building, will serve as an object lesson to residents of the city, causing them to remember the library and its needs, and that in the near future other evidences of interest in the library's welfare will be shown in gifts of pictures, paintings and statuary, furnishing Mr. McCleary cause for gratification because of his thoughtful gift of this portrait.

"As we look upon this portrait we are led to renew our thanks to Mr. Carnegie, assuring him that the magnificent library building which his generosity has provided is thoroughly appreciated by our entire community, and that its advantages are being eagerly sought, not only those whom it was his purpose to reach by his act but by all classes of our citizens."

# For Easter Breakfast

## Eggs a la Creme

Dainty, Delicious and Wholesome
Anyone Can Prepare Them

| | |
|---|---|
| 6 Eggs | 1 Tablespoonful Flour |
| 1 Tablespoonful Butter | Salt to Season |
| ½ Pint Milk | Pepper to Season |

½ Teaspoonful Armour's Extract of Beef

### Directions for Preparing

¶ Boil the eggs fifteen minutes; remove the shells and cut them in halves crosswise. Slice a little off the bottom to make them stand. Put the butter in frying pan to melt, then add the flour. Mix until smooth, add the milk, and stir constantly until it boils. Add the Extract of Beef, (previously dissolved in water) salt and pepper. Stand the eggs on a heated platter; pour the sauce over and around them. Serve very hot.

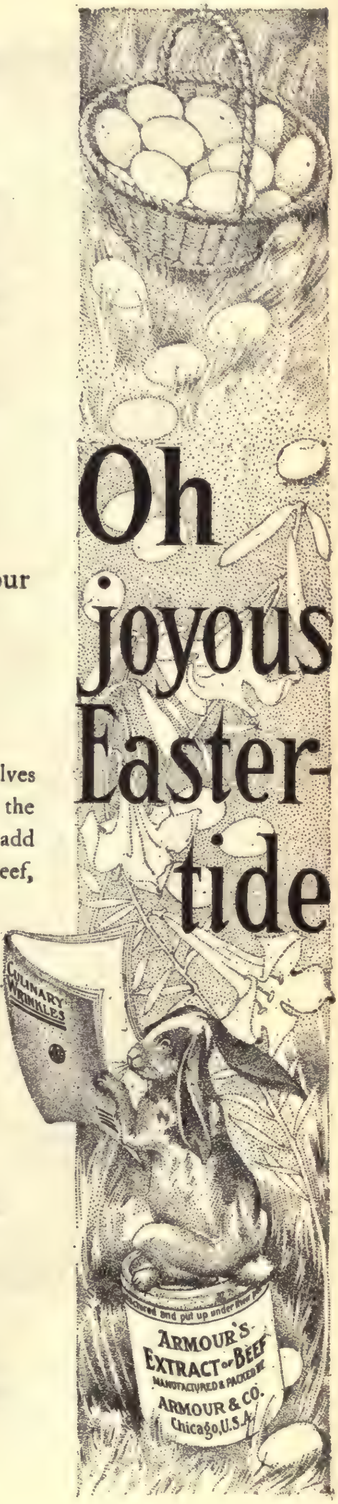
¶ There are fifty other recipes or more in Culinary Wrinkles. Sent postpaid on request if you enclose a metal cap from a jar of

## *Armour's*
## EXTRACT of BEEF

The BEST EXTRACT
of
The BEST BEEF.

Sold by all Druggists and Grocers

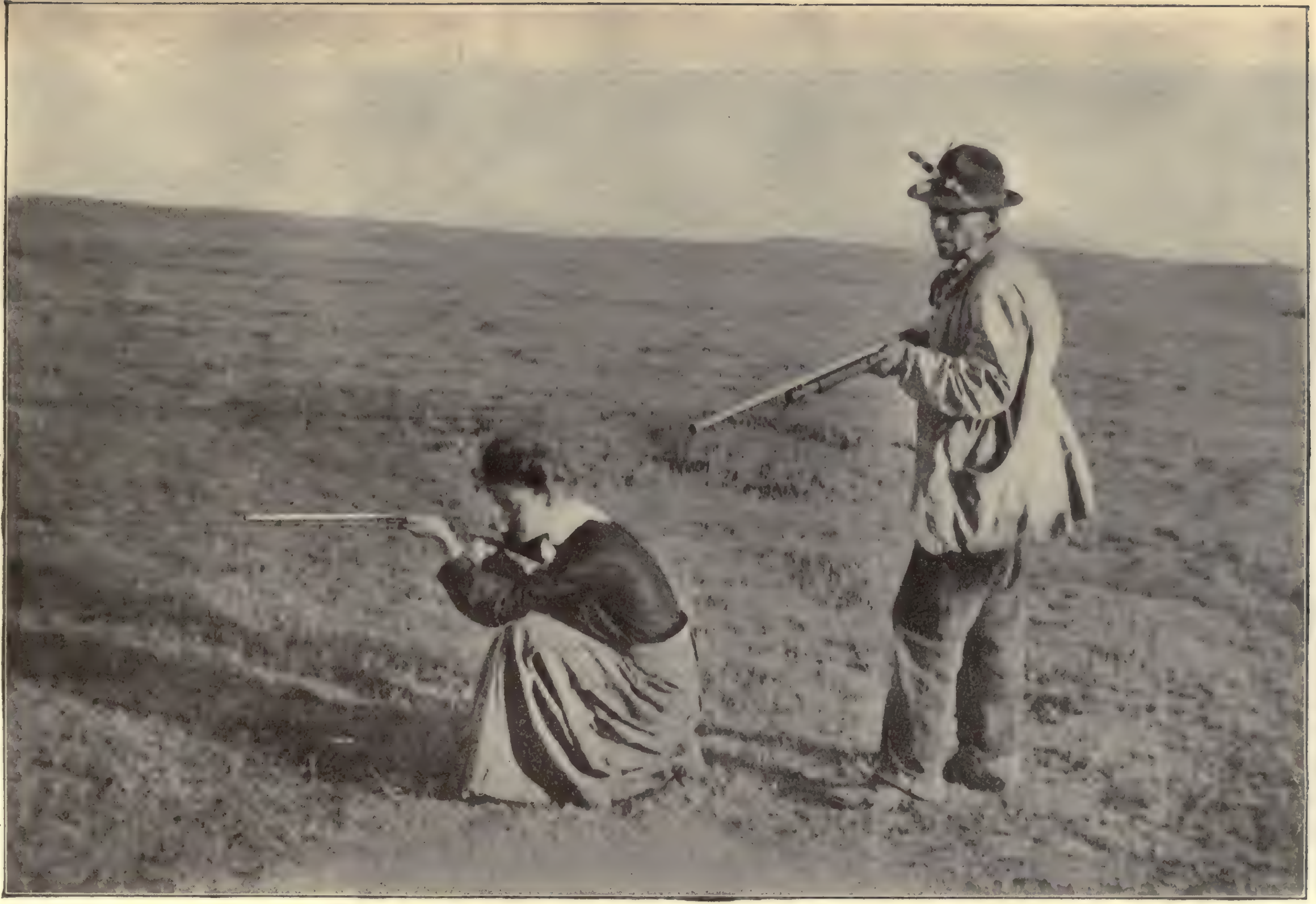
ARMOUR & COMPANY
Chicago



LATEST PORTRAIT OF MR. ANDREW CARNEGIE

PAINTED BY FREEMAN THORP AND PRESENTED THE MANKATO, MINNESOTA LIBRARY BY CONGRESSMAN McCLEARY

The gift of this portrait was the result of Mr. McCleary's contemplation of the life of Mr. Carnegie and his benefactions. He asked himself,



SHOOTING JACK-RABBITS ON THE COLORADO PLAINS

From a photograph by E. W. Hawkes of Denver

# SUSAN BROWNELL ANTHONY, REFORMER

**Born at Adams, Massachusetts, February 15, 1820; died at Rochester, New York, March 12, 1906**

Miss Anthony was probably the ablest and best known of all the women reformers of her era in either Europe or America. For more than half a century she gave her whole time and strength to the work of enlarging the political and industrial rights of her sex. She early perceived that the right to labor must be backed up by the right to vote, or there can be no true freedom. She was an advocate of woman suffrage because she knew that woman must remain more or less a serf until she gets power to enforce her demands at the ballot-box. She summed up the story of her life-work, and its fruits, in the four-volume "History of Woman Suffrage," written in collaboration with Elizabeth Cady Stanton and Ida Husted Harper. With her passing, the cause of the lowly and the oppressed of both sexes and of all races has lost a devoted and powerful advocate and friend. Her high place in American history is far more secure than that of any of the alleged "statesmen" who proved their gallantry and their sense of fair play by jeering and sneering at the great-hearted, far-sighted woman who has now passed from mortality to immortality. *F. P.*

NATIONAL MAGAZINE

VOLUME XXIV MAY, 1906 NUMBER TWO

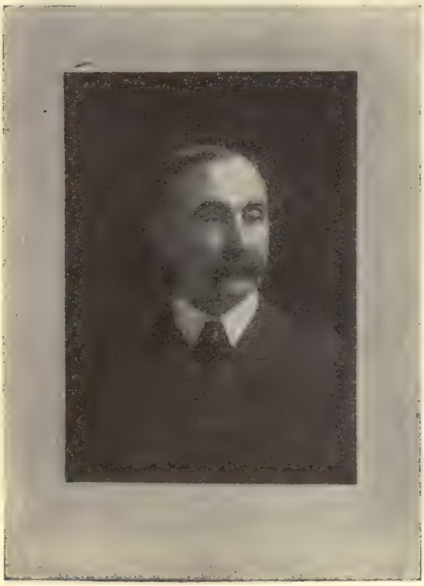
# Affairs at Washington

## By Joe Mitchell Chapple

ONE of the most interesting recent sessions of the senate, from a public gallery viewpoint, was the one in which the final speeches were made on the statehood bill.

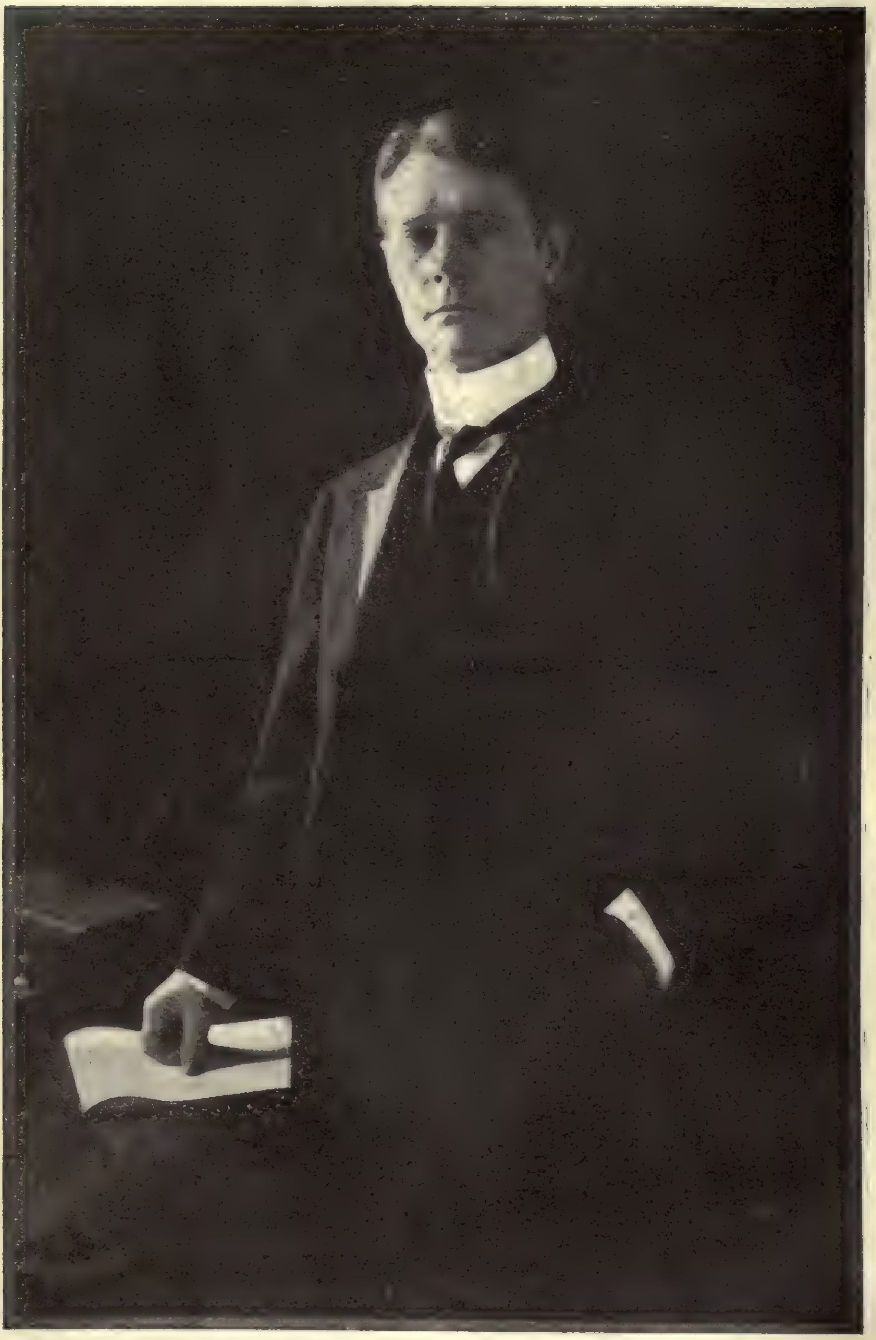
Senator Beveridge, who, as chairman of the territories committee, has given the question years of study, had the bill in charge, and on this occasion was to make his final speech upon it. The galleries were early crowded and even the corridors were filled. I saw Senator Beveridge in Senator Allison's room as he was leaving for the floor, to make his supreme effort.

On the walls of the senate chamber was a formidable array of maps, and at one side a blackboard, indicating how much land had already been irrigated in the two great territories of Arizona and

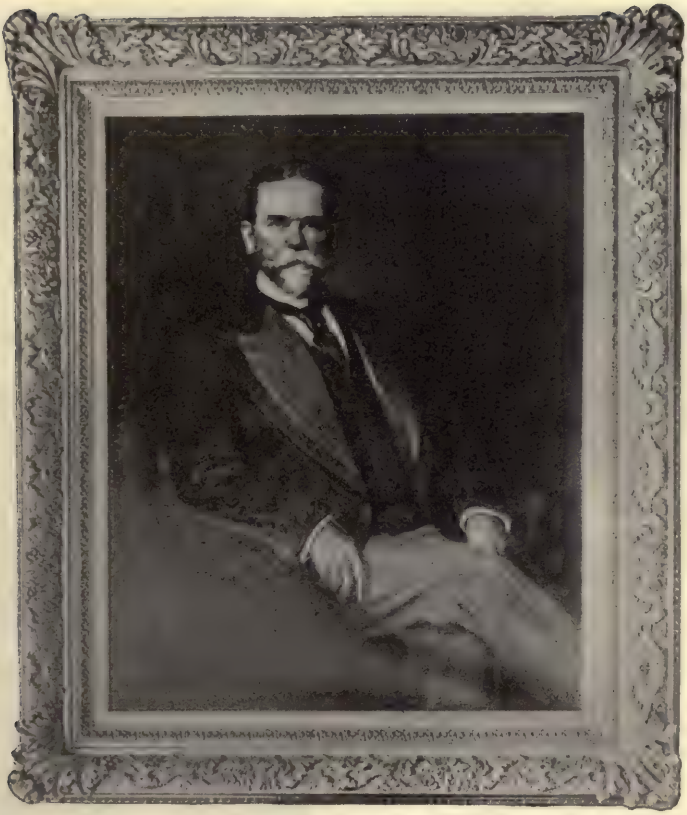


SENATOR CHESTER I. LONG OF KANSAS

REPRESENTATIVE SHERMAN OF NEW YORK



SENATOR ALBERT J. BEVERIDGE OF INDIANA



PORTRAIT OF JOHN HAY, IN THE STATE DEPARTMENT

New Mexico. The speaker of the occasion was in splendid voice, and every paragraph of his address was faultless. He has a dramatic way of drawing word pictures that makes all he says entertaining.

Senator Beveridge wore the conventional "Prince Albert" with a standing collar, and as he stood shaking his parted locks, he made a fine picture of a senatorial orator.

Senator McCumber had opened the debate in the morning, pleading very effectively for separate statehood for the two territories.

At the very start of his speech it was evident Senator Beveridge was not to have a clear field to himself on the floor. He was most frequently interrupted by Senator Patterson and Senator Teller — the two Coloradans who have the habit of "wanting to know," and of bringing out all there is in a question.

During a scene of this kind it is interesting to study the mannerisms of the various senators. Each one has his favorite attitude when giving a respectful hearing to a brother speaker. There was Senator Spooner, sitting squarely before his desk, and casting quick side-glances now and then at the speaker, while Senator Allison turned half-around and assumed an easy and placid posture as he listened. Senator Foraker, with his troublesome amendment pending, sat near Senator Beveridge, with his arm over the back of his chair, moving now and then to take a note.

Senator La Follette, compelled to take a seat in the "Cherokee strip" on the

SENATOR GALLINGER, NEW HAMPSHIRE

democratic side, sat with arms folded and pompadour hair erect, and looked as he does in his picture—complete.

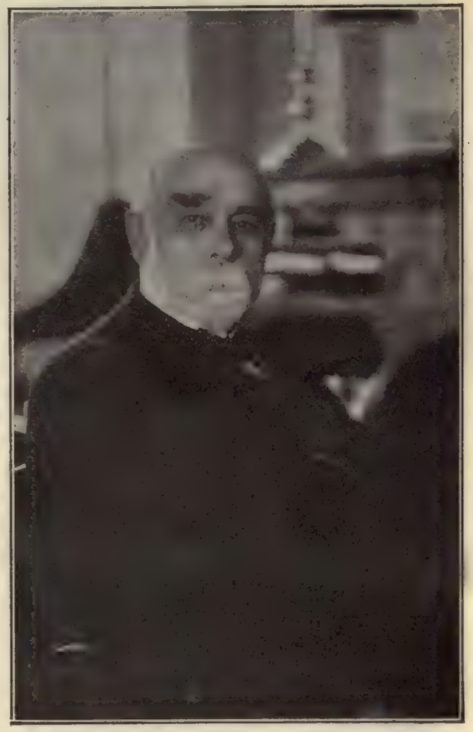
Senator Pettus squared around, with one arm on his desk, and looked serenely over his spectacles at the speaker.

REPRESENTATIVE WILEY, ALABAMA

Senator Clarke of Montana occupied a seat on the republican side. He has bushy hair and beard, and sat looking straight before him, a quiet and attentive listener.

Senator Alger, in one of the rear seats, with both arms on his chair, seemed to be very much interested in the statehood bill, while Senator Gallinger stopped fussing with his papers long enough to turn an attentive ear to what was going on.

Senator Hopkins leaned back in his chair as he might have done to enjoy a good evening at the theater.



SENATOR MILLARD OF NEBRASKA

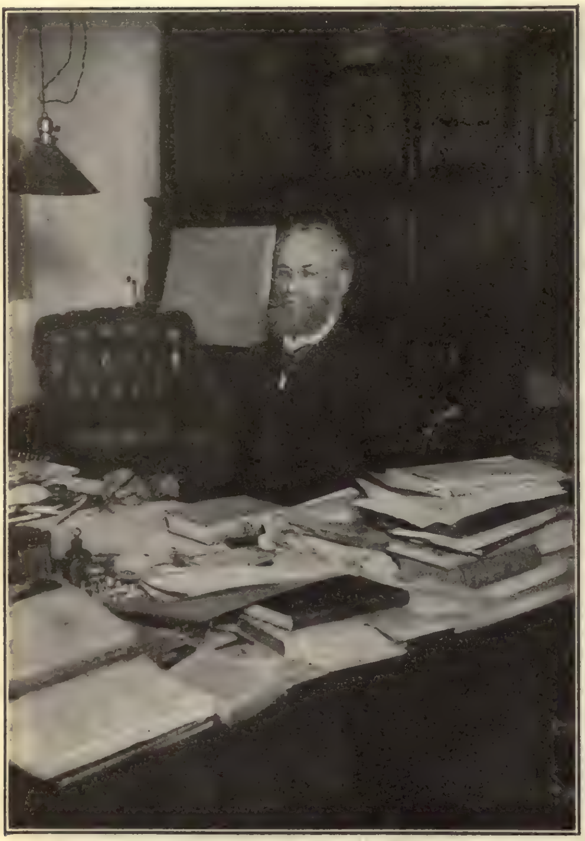
Senator Nelson, sitting squarely on his chair, sturdy Norwegian that he is, had a suggestion now and then for the speaker during the interruptions. Senator Dillingham, the keen and dignified Vermonter, who is one of the best-informed members of the senate on the statehood question, was near at hand.

THE LATE SAMUEL P. LANGLEY, ASTRONOMER AND PHYSICIST, DIRECTOR OF THE SMITHSONIAN INSTITUTION SINCE 1887 UNTIL HIS DEATH EARLY IN THIS YEAR

Photograph by Clinedinst, Washington

Senator Newlands, in a rear seat on the democratic side, with his legs crossed, looked as though he might be thinking of the old days and the fight on the irrigation bill.

Perhaps the finest picture of all was



GENERAL A. W. GREELEY, CHIEF SIGNAL OFFICER OF THE UNITED STATES SINCE 1887, IN HIS OFFICE AT WASHINGTON

the well-poised and comprehensive spirit of the senate as a whole, and there is no career so well fitted to develop the power and spirit of a man.

My seat that day in the public gallery was beside a man who had come from Oklahoma. When Senator Beveridge was reaching one of his greatest heights, in which he alluded to the fertile prairies of Oklahoma territory, my neighbor could not resist it; he jumped up in his seat in an excited fashion and, without raising his voice, exclaimed: "Yes, yes. I have 160 acres of it, and no man is happier than I. You bet it's God's country."

However, he regained his composure and took his seat before the sad-faced usher could reach him through the crowded aisles.

Arizona and New Mexico will probably be deprived of statehood for the present session, at least. This seems a peculiar and unfortunate situation, and the different votes taken were very confusing to the outside observer. In fact, it was not much to be wondered at that Senator Scott of West Virginia came out from the coat-room and registered a negative vote by mistake, which he afterwards had to change, reversing the prospect of a tie, which reminded many present that Vice-President Fairbanks was once more losing chance to vote. When first taken, the vote was thirty-five to thirty-five, but the change in Senator Scott's vote made it thirty-six to thirty-four.

The senate in session upon these occasions affords fascinating glimpses of national life, for when all is said there

Senator Beveridge, standing erect before his desk, every inch an orator, with his papers before him, ready for the debate. He responded with telling effect to the interrogations which poured upon him thick and fast. He was interrupted almost constantly, but with a vast fund of information at his command he held his own. That speech could not possibly have been constructed any more skillfully as an oratorical effect. Senator Beveridge is certainly firmly established as one of the great orators of the senate, and his state and the nation may well be proud of his splendid abilities as senator, orator and author.

This scene more than ever emphasized

are few sights more inspiring than a view of the upper house in session.

On all three sides of the senate chamber were representatives who had come over from the opposite side of the Capitol to see the event of the day, and doubtless many of them were dreaming of the days when they, too, might occupy a seat on this side of the Capitol, for more often than ever before the senate is now recruited from members of the house of representatives.

Congressman Adam Bede was there, with arms akimbo, watching the senatorial fireworks and probably comparing them with those of the house.

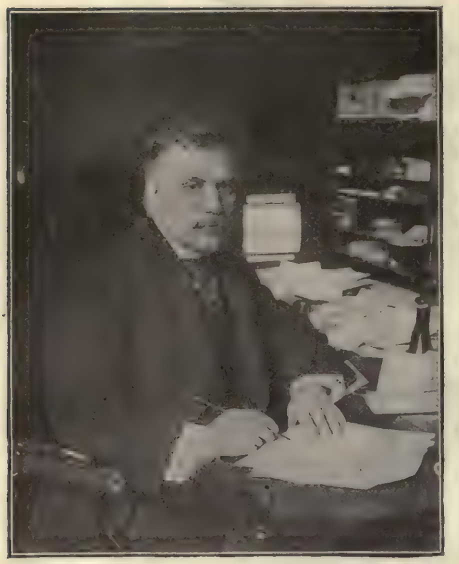
* * *

THESE are strenuous times in the executive office. There is a continuous delegation of "hand-shakers," as they are often called. The president is kept busy every minute of his time. Even the cabinet room is thronged on days when the cabinet is not in session. The visitors may be seen embracing their overcoats, despite the new coat-racks in the corner, which remain unused. The president passes around the room with a rapid-fire of remark and comment which would soon wear out an ordinary man, though he seems to thrive on it. He hears the man who has something to say on the Alaskan situation and wishes for information on railroads in that state. President Roosevelt promptly answers his inquiries. Another man wants an appointment in the army and navy, and the president quickly grasps the details. Occasionally there is a guest who taxes the president's memory by recalling some scene or event of one of his many trips taken during his eventful career. It seems to be quite the proper thing to try to recall some scene in one's life in which Mr. Roosevelt is concerned. One remarked:

"You remember I went over to Europe with your cousin in 1868."

But this time the president blinked behind his spectacles and did not seem to have a keen remembrance of the travels of his cousin. Another visitor knew a cousin, I think it was a fourth, and I wondered how the mind of one man could even attempt to arrange all

FRANK P. SARGENT, UNITED STATES COMMISSIONER OF IMMIGRATION SINCE 1892, IN HIS OFFICE AT WASHINGTON



MAYOR JOHN WEAVER OF PHILADELPHIA, WHOSE PROGRESS IN MAKING THE OLD RING DISGORGE FRANCHISES GOT FROM CORRUPT CITY COUNCILS IS EXCITING A GOOD DEAL OF ATTENTION AT THE NATIONAL CAPITAL

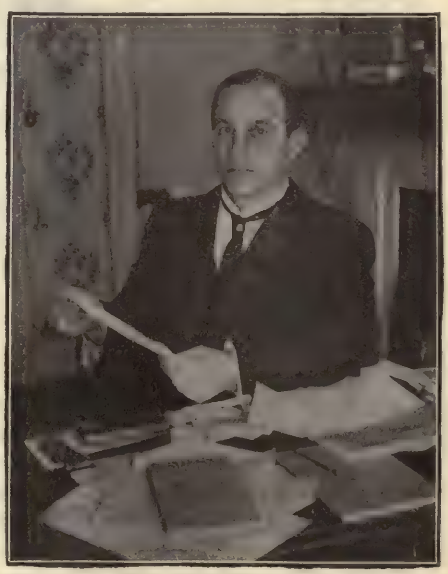
From a stereograph copyright 1906 by Underwood & Underwood

this mass of detail. It certainly passes my comprehension, but there is probably no more attractive trait in the character of Theodore Roosevelt than the brisk and cheerful way in which he fulfills his task day after day, meeting men of all temperaments, from every state, territory and section of the nation, while yet he remains his own true self—equal to every demand.

It was not cabinet day, and the people thronged into the cabinet room, where the chairs were all properly labelled, and one could readily imagine the president at the head of the table, with the secretary of state at his right and th post-master-general on his left. One could almost hear the rap of the fist-like gavel as he called the cabinet to proceed with business. On the walls are maps, showing a live interest in the Panama question, and a number of the immortal sayings of Lincoln.

In the president's room was an array of pink primroses in bloom, and on his desk were his favorite heliotrope and Jacqueminot roses, a number of books and a mass of papers, revealing what a busy workshop this office now is. Over the mantel is a painted portrait of Lincoln, flanked on either side by mottoes apt and inspiring. In the corner the great globe three feet in diameter is mains an object of interest to callers.

In the adjoining anteroom were various distinguished visitors, waiting their turn. In the room of Secretary Loeb were also decorations of primroses and roses, and here, too, were a coterie of visitors, who watched while the secretary handled the correspondence and kept grist in the mill at a lively pace. Just about noon the "Mystic Shriners" appeared, and it is supposed that they gave the president a chance to "hold on to the ropes," but no record is extant of



JOHN MITCHELL, CHIEF OF THE HARD-COAL MINERS' UNION, WHO FACES THE GREATEST CRISIS IN HIS CAREER, AND WHOSE MOVEMENTS ARE WATCHED WITH KEEN INTEREST IN WASHINGTON

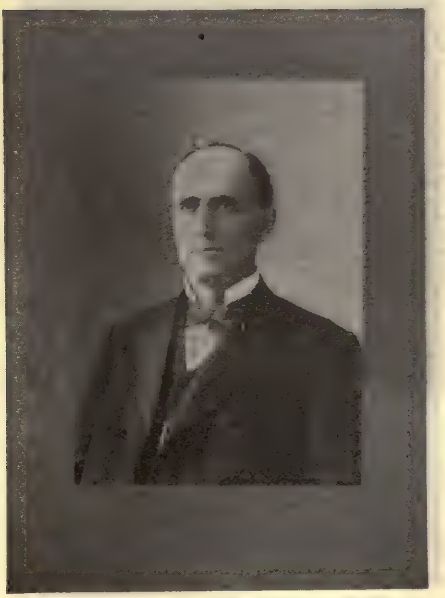
From a stereograph copyright 1906 by Underwood & Underwood

DELEGATE MC GUIRE OF OKLAHOMA

REPRESENTATIVE BURKE, SOUTH DAKOTA

any initiation exercises, nor is it told that he "drank camel's milk." There was no evidence that the president took a degree from the Mystic Shrine.

However great Theodore Roosevelt may have been when he entered the presidential chair, it does not require an acute observer to decide that day by



REPRESENTATIVE PADGETT, TENNESSEE

REPRESENTATIVE ADAMS, PENNSYLVANIA

REPRESENTATIVE HARVEY CABLE GARBER OF OHIO, WHO IS A TELEGRAPHER, A LAWYER AND A SKILLED POLITICIAN

day the splendid power of the man is developing under the vast responsibility thrust upon him.

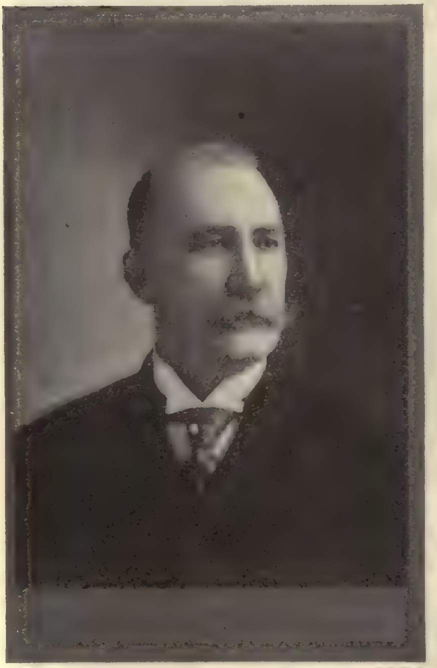
* * *

FEW military funerals in Washington have been more impressive than that of Lieutenant-General Schofield. He selected the spot in which he wished to be buried — at Arlington, close beside General Sheridan and near the Temple of Fame.

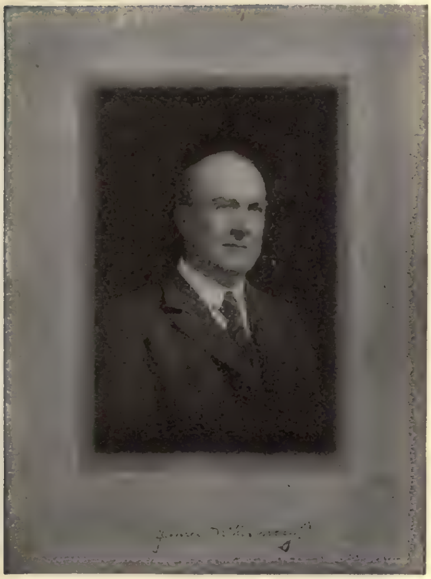
It seems only a few days ago that I was with him at St. Augustine, at the Ponce de Leon. It was at the Yacht Club receptions that the general delighted in telling those old, mirthful Irish jokes, replete with humor, and recalling memories of his career.

General Granville M. Dodge, one of the few major-generals of the Civil war yet living, was a close friend of General Scofield and came on from New York City to attend the funeral. I met him afterward in the room of Senator Allison. How his eyes sparkled as he recalled episodes of his early career; the tribute paid by him to his old comrade in arms was one of the most eloquent I ever heard from the lips of man, not only because of its fine sentiment, but because of that subtle expression which indicated the depth of his friendship in a way that no spoken words could do.

It was General Schofield who first conceived the idea of using troops to prevent the detention of the United States mails during strikes, which was done at Rock Springs, Colorado, years ago, and it was on his advice that President Cleveland acted so promptly in the Chicago railroad riots. The veteran was so thoroughly versed in these matters that he knew every legal, as well as every military phase of the proposition.



REPRESENTATIVE GEORGE WASHINGTON TAYLOR OF ALABAMA, SERVING HIS FIFTH TERM

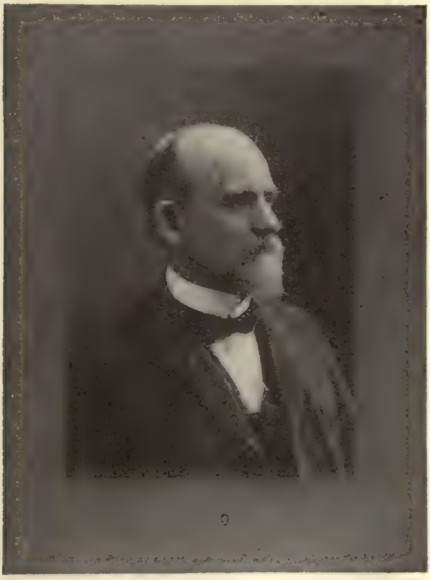


REPRESENTATIVE MC KINNEY, ILLINOIS

REPRESENTATIVE UNDERWOOD, ALABAMA

Of a kindly disposition, yet he never failed to do his whole duty as a soldier.

General Schofield served in President Johnson's cabinet as secretary of war, where he succeeded General Grant, but in spite of this fact he was a close friend of Grant and of General Sherman. Perhaps one of the most important missions of his long and eventful career was



REPRESENTATIVE HOLLIDAY, INDIANA

REPRESENTATIVE HENRY OF TEXAS

the one that determined the freedom of Mexico. He was sent to France on this mission, and in forcible yet diplomatic manner gave Emperor Napoleon III the information which led to the withdrawal of French troops from Mexico. It is said that few diplomatic missions were ever so adroitly and quietly yet effectively accomplished; it was at this time that the momentous question which involved the Monroe doctrine, as well as the fate of the republic to the south of us, was settled. I can recall at various times noticing General Schofield's keen interest in the welfare and progress of Mexico. He always felt proud of the fact that he was associated, in a way, with the history of that republic.

❧

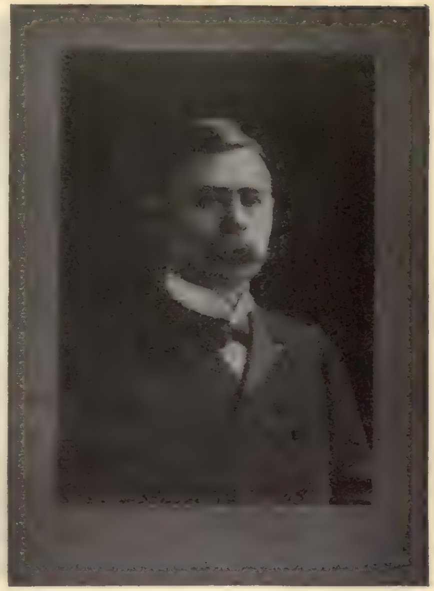
I MET recently Uncle Joe Cannon, speaker of the house. He was wearing a steel-gray suit, a genial smile and a pink carnation in his coat. I was asked for information concerning certain Lincolnesque stories. "Take *carte blanche,* and put in any darned story you want, so long as there is a point to it and it is entirely proper," he said.

At this time he was anticipating the reception he was going to give to the Gridiron Club, and was as eager about it as a boy in his early teens might be over a day's holiday or a "s'prise party."

"We are going to have them all there," he said—"plutocrats, peasants, preachers, plumbers, pot-boilers, politicians and a few publishers," and he looked expressively at me. This sentence was a slight strain on Uncle Joe's powers of alliteration, but he was quite equal to it.

There is a joke going the rounds of Washington. Recently there was a pile of counterfeit bills on the floor of the house, placed there by someone who wished to play a practical joke. Uncle Joe took them up, remarking:

"Some plutocrat has been trying to bribe the representative body of the people."



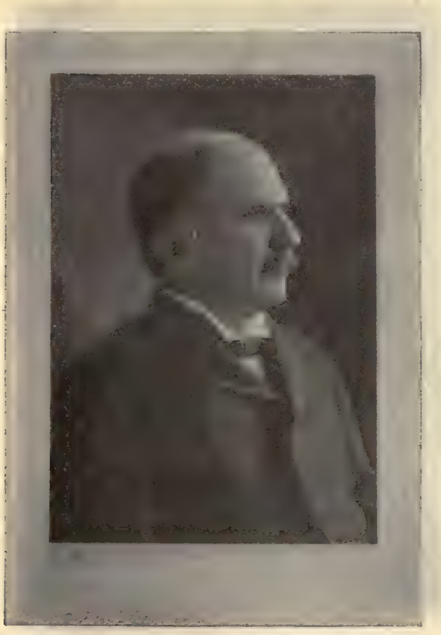
SENATOR SIMMONS, NORTH CAROLINA

One bystander asked the speaker if he really thought that congress was a representative body—under the rules. But, although there may be a certain amount

REPRESENTATIVE HUMPHREYS, MISSISSIPPI

REPRESENTATIVE PATTERSON, PENNSYLVANIA

of chafing under responsibility and the Reed rules, and an occasional murmur from "insurgents," yet everybody knows that if there ever was a square, lovable man in the government, it is Speaker Cannon. He is always the same kindly, popular, democratic man that he has been since the beginning of his congressional career. Ever watchful for the public interests, with a keen eye on the expense account, fighting against appropriations, and yet keeping in close touch with the needs and demands of the hour, he has made a name for himself as speaker of the house of representatives, such as few men will be accorded when history is written.



SENATOR RAYNER OF MARYLAND

After all, it is not so much his long and unswerving service that has endeared him to the nation, as his democratic tastes and unflinching devotion to the plain people of America. He is known and loved not only in his own district but by the whole country.

As he took his hat from the mantel, preparing to leave the president's office, he did not forget his usual genial glance around, which included a farewell to everyone present, before he waltzed out of the room and away.

⁂

IT is interesting to observe the development of the strength of various senators and congressmen as occasion may arise to draw out their powers. No one who has been in Washington any length of time during the past few months will fail to agree in the opinion that there are three senators who are especially noticeable in this respect, being possessed of that subtle power which is felt rather than seen in debate or on special occasions, but not observed during the regular course of events. One of these men is Senator Bailey, who is quietly but effectively going to the front as a party leader. He has a fearless and thorough way of handling problems, and the maintenance of his buoyancy has thrown out in sharp relief certain prominent traits that contrast with the character of the men around him. He is certainly a representative of whom the Lone Star State may be proud.

THE LATE LIEUTENANT-GENERAL SCHOFIELD

The next developing man is Senator Knox of Pennsylvania. He pursues a subject along direct lines, plowing deep. A great many of his friends urged him to take a more active part in proceedings and debates during his first session, but he responded that he considered himself as being merely in the preparatory stage, rather than upon the platform. Now it is seen that the former member of the cabinet has at his command a wide scope of information that is not available to the senator who has never been in the cabinet—knowledge which does much to determine the power and standing of a senator. In fact, Senator Knox has become one of those men who do things without any apparent effort. He gives the impression of getting his tasks done quietly by a sort of "workless work," while other people are wearing themselves to a thread.

The third of the trio is Senator W. Murray Crane of Massachusetts, who in his serene way has a power of concentration—and consequently an effectiveness — that is making him one of the potential members of the senate. He has a wide grasp of situations and policies and can discern subtle points which lead him quickly to logical results and conclusions in a way that can not be learned in books, nor taught, but is inherent in a man. A quiet, keen, genial observer, he has seldom had a plan go awry, and yet it would be impossible to define just how he manages always to come out right.

⁂

IT was a busy month in the dead-letter office. I was told by the fourth assistant postmaster-general that during the past year they had disposed of over eleven million letters, and in these letters were found more than $56,000. Of this amount $40,000 was returned to the owners and the balance is still in the treasury awaiting redemption. It is said that, for the first time in fifty years, the work in the dead-letter office is at last caught up. When Postmaster-General

LIEUTENANT-GENERAL BATES, U. S. A.

Cortelyou reorganized the department there were over a half-million letters to be attended to, but the adoption of modern business methods soon reduced the mass of accumulated work that had been piling up for years past.

These "dead" letters are all preserved, and would furnish volumes of the history of humanity at large. It must not be supposed that all of these epistles are from ignorant people. There are thousands that indicate the dire consequences of a slip of the pen, and the department urges continuously the use of a printed return-address envelope, which would secure the sender against possibility of loss of his letter should it not be delivered.

While in Washington I heard a story from a friend, of a relative of his who had come to Washington in search of a letter that had gone astray. He was successful in finding it in the dead-letter office. He returned home a wiser and a happier man, rejoicing over his reclaimed letter, which contained a thousand dollars that he had intended to forward to his prospective wife. It seems that in the excitement of addressing his beloved he wrote some undecipherable address, and after he had mailed the letter it occurred to him that he had made a mistake.

REPRESENTATIVE DICKSON OF ILLINOIS

REPRESENTATIVE REYNOLDS, PENNSYLVANIA

It is simply amazing when one considers the millions and millions of letters and the vast amount of mail passing through the postoffice department, how small a portion of it goes astray; and this lost percentage will constantly lessen as, with the new system inaugurated in the postal department, it is becoming more and more easy to trace mail matter with unerring accuracy.

⁂

IN the corridor of the house I met Representative John Sharp Williams on his way to the minority room. He was evidently in a reflective mood, but seemed to be particularly pleased about something that had happened on the floor

SENATOR MC CUMBER, NORTH DAKOTA

and his gray eyes twinkled as he chuckled to himself.

These are not strenuously partisan days; as has been remarked, it is difficult to discern party lines, even on looking carefully over both sides of the house. The old-time party labels seem to have been lost in the shuffle, and, as one member remarked:

"This feature presages for 1908 one of the most peculiar presidential campaigns that has ever been fought."

The chief difficulty will be to find the entrenchments of a few years ago, in order to define the battleground.

⁂

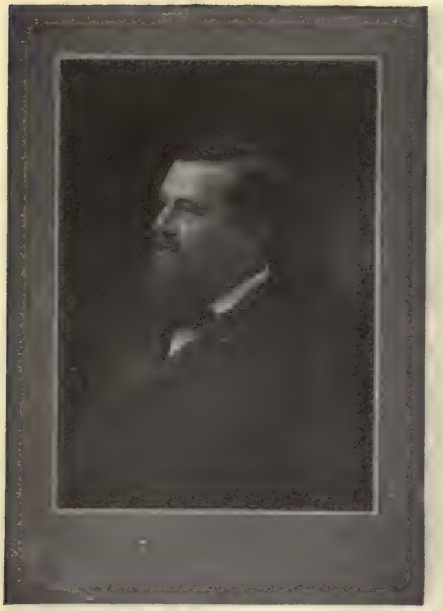
SENATOR TILLMAN is happy, and he does not disguise the fact, but is rather proud of it, that the railroad rate bill was passed over to his tender mercies. When the National Magazine photographer found him recently he was engrossed in study of this great question, but paused long enough to look over his spectacles and send a kindly greeting to our readers.

⁂

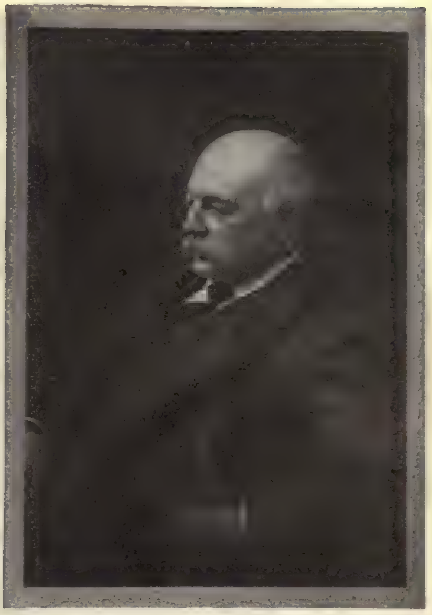
THE hearing of the committee on interoceanic canals drags wearily on. Senator Morgan occupies a seat near the end of the table. His lips are firmly set and his chin nestles down in his expansive collar as he listens, or looks up to continue his sharp questioning. I dropped in on rather a quiet day when expert Burr was on the stand. Professor Burr has the distinction of drawing thirteen distinct and separate salaries as an expert; but he is not superstitious.

REPRESENTATIVE WILSON, ILLINOIS

The walls of the committee-room are covered with maps and the table is strewn with papers. Senators Kittredge and Sanders, and Millard, the chairman, lis-



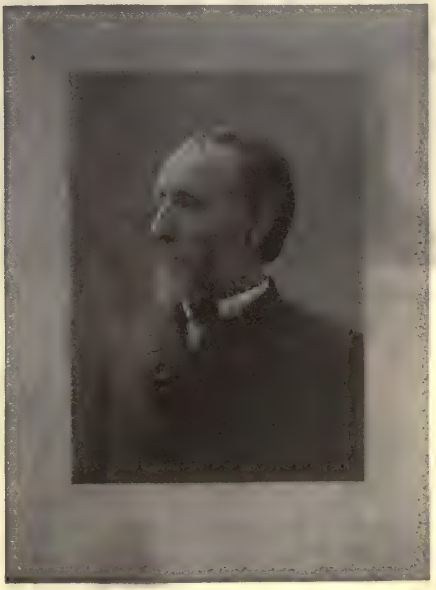
REPRESENTATIVE BABCOCK, WISCONSIN



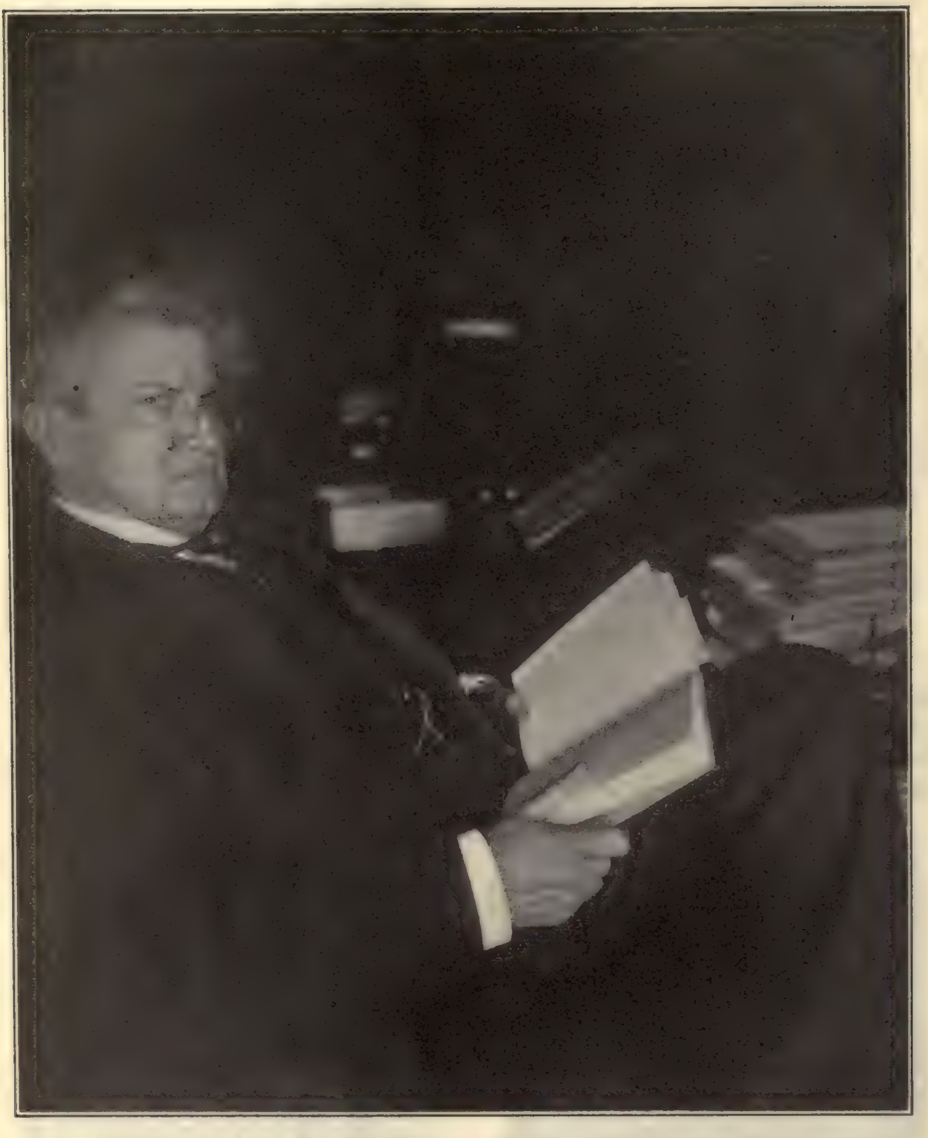
REPRESENTATIVE PARKER, NEW JERSEY

tened attentively to the recital of Professor Burr's opinions as to the capacity of the locks in the canal. Coming out of this room, an "old-timer" remarked: "If we had a man like Senator Hanna, this work would get pushed along quicker; when he was chairman of the committee this was his pet project."

REPRESENTATIVE GARRETT, TENNESSEE

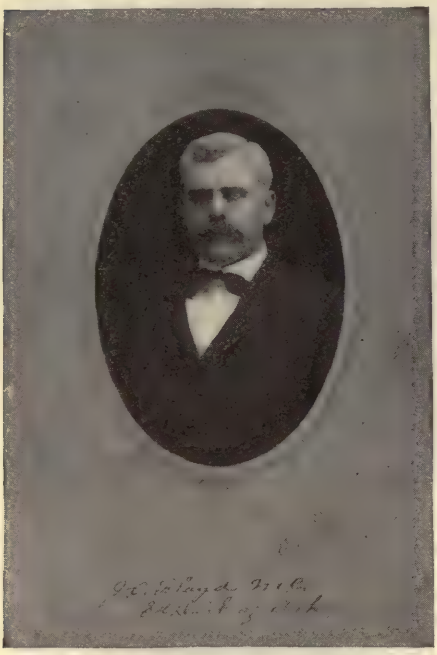


SENATOR SHELBY M. CULLOM OF ILLINOIS

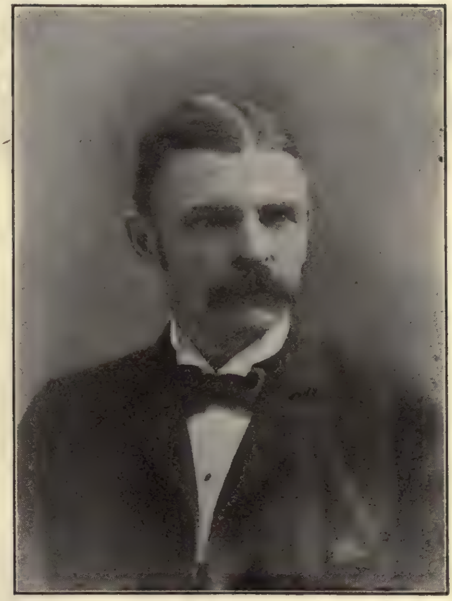


SENATOR BENJAMIN RYAN TILLMAN OF SOUTH CAROLINA, WHO FIGURES PROMINENTLY IN THE DEBATE ON THE RAILWAY RATE BILL

Time brings its swiftest changes to Washington. It seems as though no other place can reveal such sudden transitions from obscurity to power and from power back again to obscurity. Every day brings its own change on the dial of public opinion, a timepiece whose record no one can adequately analzye or explain. If a sentiment is running over the country in favor of this or that, it is beyond the power of the average observer to explain whence it came or to analyze it by any ordinary rules of logic, but nevertheless public opinion is always there and is a force which must be reckoned with, though one section will get worked up over a question on which another section is quite indifferent. One part of the country will be aroused to the point of distraction over the rate problem, while somewhere else it will be phases of the tariff which claim public attention. Others are interested only in irrigation. Every section emphasizes its own local needs. There is one important thing to be considered in national legislation — the happy blending of all these heterogenous wants and opinionsin to a harmonious whole — a difficulty which has proved a puzzle to all students and observers of other governments.



REPRESENTATIVE FLOYD OF ARKANSAS



UNITED STATES LAND COMMISSIONER RICHARDS

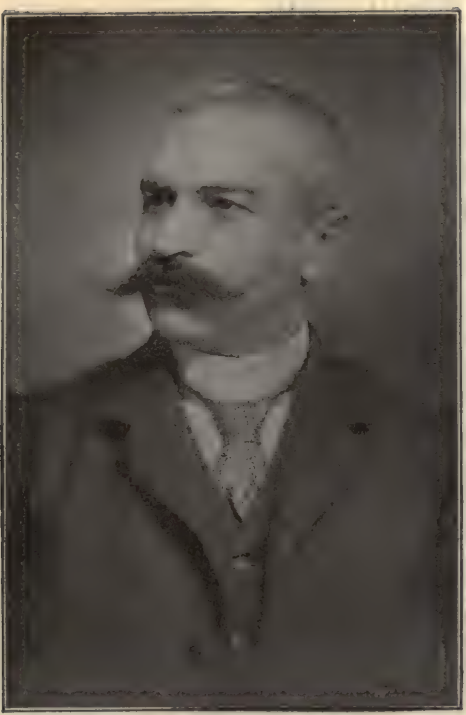
REPRESENTATIVE MAYNARD OF VIRGINIA

SENORA DONA CARMEN ROMERO RUBIO DE DIAZ, WIFE OF PRESIDENT DIAZ OF MEXICO

Photograph by Valleto & Co., City of Mexico

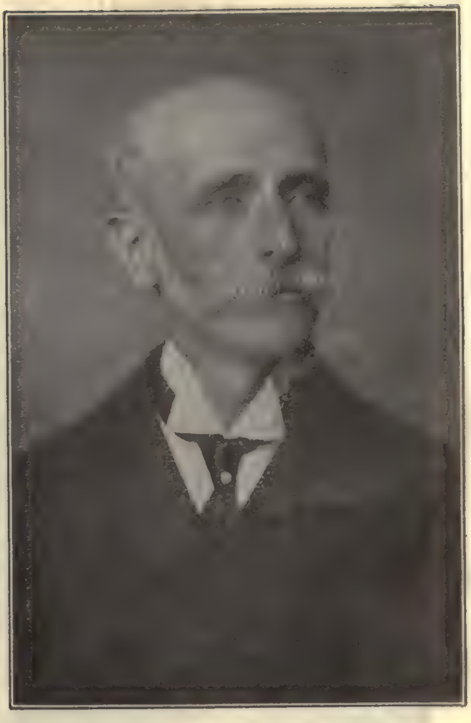
FENTON R. MC CREERY, SECRETARY OF THE UNITED STATES EMBASSY AT MEXICO

FREDERICK R. GUERNSEY, EDITOR OF THE MEXICAN HERALD



RAMON CORRAL, SECRETARY OF THE INTERIOR FOR THE REPUBLIC OF MEXICO

**Photograph by Schlattman, City of Mexico**



JOSE IVES LIMANTOUR, SECRETARY OF FINANCE FOR THE REPUBLIC OF MEXICO

**Photograph by Schlattman, City of Mexico**

# MEXICO'S WAR MINISTER GREETS NORTHERN NEIGHBORS

## By General Bernardo Reyes

MINISTER OF WAR FOR THE REPUBLIC OF MEXICO

*My Dear Sir:*

You have asked me for an expression of personal opinion relative to the great nation of which you are a citizen, and of whose ideas and aspirations your publication, The National Magazine, is such an able exponent; and I take pleasure in complying briefly with your request, inasmuch as the American people have always excited my sincere admiration.

In 1890, when writing "An Outline of

PORFIRIO DIAZ, PRESIDENT OF THE REPUBLIC OF MEXICO AND ONE OF THE GREATEST LIVING STATESMEN

Photograph by Valleto & Co., City of Mexico

the Progress of Humanity," I made the following statement with reference to the beneficent transformation of America in the eighteenth century, due largely to English migration which was directed toward the north of the continent:

GENERAL BERNARDO REYES, MINISTER OF WAR AND COMMANDER OF THE ARMY OF THE REPUBLIC OF MEXICO

"The political evolution, brought about by historical conditions, was developing in Europe to such an extent that the English Puritans were forced by persecution to flee to America. These pioneers of civilization, armed as they were with all the elements of human progress, arrived in a savage country teeming with richness, and, dedicating to it the activity and energy of their race, founded a powerful nation, where but yesterday a settlement of tents existed: a nation whose doctrines were imported from across the sea, but untrammeled by antiquated systems, which are ever a hindrance to new ideas. Upon these elements and principles was founded the great North American republic, where liberty and equality, predicated upon Christianity, have been definitely sanctioned by law, and where work, the blesssing of man, causes treasures to spring forth by the touch of its magic wand."

These lines synthesized my opinion respecting the marvelous development of the United States of America, and I should add that illustrious statesmen, emanating from popular will, have made the nation grander every day. At the front of this people we see today President Roosevelt, a man who combines the genius and spirit of a race which has multiplied its strength by the intermingling of the choicest races of the world, and who ever seeks to elevate their ideals and to amplify their field of action in all lines of human progress and achievement.

In his literary works, and in his luminous writings outlining the future of the nation, President Roosevelt boldly points out the obstacles that must be overcome. He attacks sterility in marriage, which he aptly terms "race suicide"; the unfortunate ease with which the family tie may be dissolved; corruption in public affairs, and selfishness in every form, especially where it affects the interests of the country at large, to which he is so fervently devoted.

The great statesmen of America, and the soldiers, who have distinguished themselves in battle and shed their blood for the nation, are more highly esteemed by this fearless leader than the moneyed kings, the powerful plutocrats of wealth, and the men who have formed combinations of capital for the control of all forms of industrial activity.

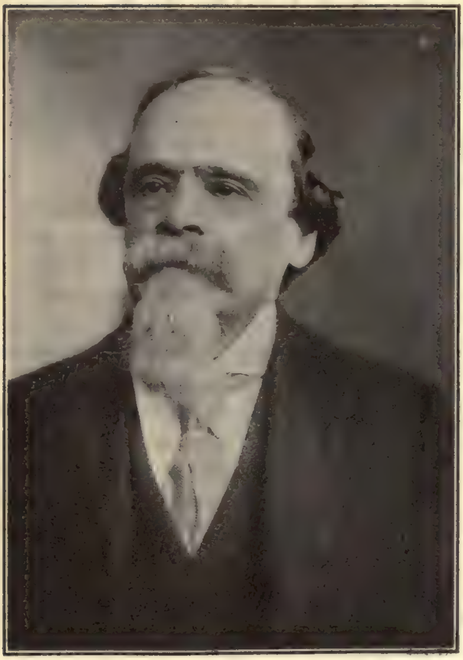
Such a nation, with these antecedents, composed of an imposing aggregation of vigorous and manly citizens, and with

SENOR DON JOAQUIN DE CASASUS, AMBASSADOR OF MEXICO TO THE UNITED STATES

Photograph by Clark, City of Mexico

SENORA CATALINA A. DE CASASUS; THE WIFE OF THE AMBASSADOR FROM MEXICO

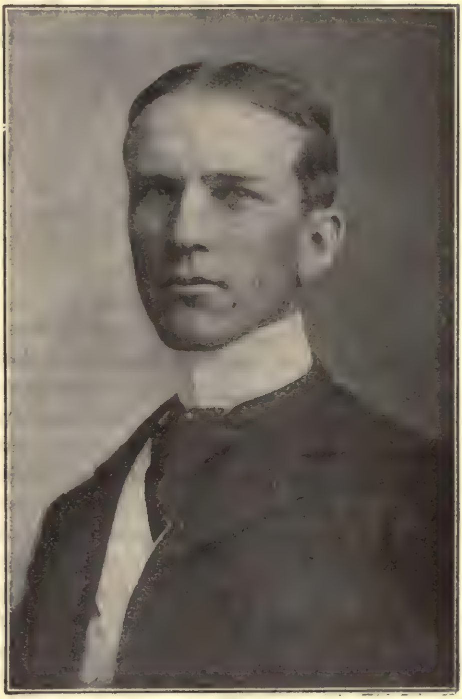
Photograph by Valleto & Co., City of Mexico



IGNACIO MARISCAL, SECRETARY OF FOREIGN RELATIONS FOR THE REPUBLIC OF MEXICO

Photograph by Schlattman, City of Mexico

leaders of the type of their present president, is destined to fulfill, and I believe will fulfill, the noblest and most beautiful of the missions of civilization, in the critical epoch of history through which the present generations of earth are passing; recognizing the principles and the free exercise of democracy, while maintaining tranquility and order, and serving as an example of material and intellectual development; in multiplying, through intercourse, the material wealth and the wholesome ideas of the world; in compelling respect of its rights in order that its evolution may advance triumphant, and, at the same time, in respecting in a manner corresponding to its grandeur and which its honor demands, the rights of the rest of the civilized nations of the earth.



PAUL HUDSON, GENERAL MANAGER OF THE MEXICAN HERALD, AND ONE OF THE ABLEST MEMBERS OF THE AMERICAN COLONY IN THE MEXICAN CAPITAL

Photograph by Schlattman, City of Mexico

A truly great mission of progress and justice, in which posterity is vitally interested!

These, Mr. Chapple, are my sentiments with respect to the United States of America. Faithfully yours,

Monterey, Mexico,
February 23, 1906.

Mr. Joe Mitchell Chapple,
Editor of The National Magazine,
Boston, Massachusetts.

# THE PINK COUNTESS

## By Charles Warren Stoddard

Author of "South Sea Idyls," "Islands of Tranquil Delight," etc.
MONTEREY, CALIFORNIA

THE Italian shepherds, watching their flocks by night, and looking like a cross between a mythological faun and a bit of chimney bric-a-brac, will tell you in their mellifluous tongue that the Milky Way is the road to Rome. There is a saying in that delectable land that all roads lead to the Eternal City, and I have often been inclined to accept this statement literally. In the days of my youth, or ever the grasshopper had become a burden, the more I strove to escape the waters of Treve the surer I was to find myself within hearing of the gurgle of that highly decorative fountain. I had sworn once in the bitterness of my homesick heart that I would leave Rome forever; that nothing under high heaven could ever again tempt me within its walls. I had persistently refused to drink at that fountain, because if one drinks thereof one is under the spell; and if one casts into that wide marble basin his copper *soldo* one is lost forever and, willy-nilly, he must back to Rome again. Friends had assured me on their word of honor that the mere fracture of an arm was nothing; and so it *was* little or nothing in comparison with the fracture of two arms and a couple of legs—for example. There was no need to call my attention to the thousand and one beguilements of the Rome of the early seventies; it was still mossy and musty and full of little mysteries. But I had turned from it in weariness and sworn never again to shed the light of my countenance within its gates, or cause my face to shine upon it.

We were taking a last stroll together, a few of us of the æsthetic circle; it was one of those warm nights when no breath of air is stirring and there is nothing whatever to do but wait for a change in the weather. Alfredo and Romeo were my companions and it was suggested that we refresh ourselves with a glass of *dolce*. When the sweetened draft was swallowed, Alfredo asked of the keeper of the booth—one of the many pretty little tents that are scattered about the streets during the Roman Summer—"Of what water is this drink compounded?" "Bella Treve, Signore!" was the reply, with a majestical wave of the hand worthy of a river-god. I was fairly caught. There was nothing left for me now but to cast my coin into the fountain and say farewell, only to return again after many days. Kismet!

On my return, there happened what I am about to tell you. It all comes back to me vividly enough because I have just been turning the pages of a once popular novel that is now, perhaps, almost forgotten. The book is called "The One Fair Woman." I smile as I recall some of the original incidents upon which the Poet of the Sierras founded this eccentric bit of autobiography. My copy is not the rather vulgar American edition in one fat volume, but three fair, womanly volumes with beautiful type and rose-tinted paper and dainty covers, bearing a well-known London imprint on its title page. I wonder if you have ever seen the book and have read it, and if you remember the chapters—they are saturated with the Roman sirocco—that refer to the so-called "Pink Countess?" Well, here is a little incident that is not recorded in that valued book.

It was in the afternoon of one of my lonesome days abroad. One can be very lonely in Rome if he tries hard enough. I had strolled to the *Pincio* because there was music there, an obelisk and a palm tree. To tell the whole truth, I sought consolation and I caught a cold. I was there, on the breezy heights where once bloomed the famed gardens of Lucullus; where Messalina gave those brilliant and boisterous garden parties that were the occasion of so much scandal. If the fair and frail Messalina could look in upon the tame flirtations that are now the only crimes worth mentioning enacted there, she might regret that even these feeble imitations of her pleasure grounds survive her shame.

The grave obelisk, erected by Hadrian in commemoration of the melancholy fate of Antinous, has a sad sister in the palm tree that was born of a proud race but has grown peevish in the frigid and forbidding Italian Winter. Picture to yourself this heartbroken palm tree, chapped by the keen winds that swoop down upon it from the snow-crowned Sabine hills; bandaged and bolstered up—a captive queen exposed to the admiration or indifference of the populace and dying by slow inches. Must I confess, after the above elaborate period, that the palm is now dead and buried? So I am informed by one who has many a time mourned with me at the foot of that royal martyr.

My case that day was pitiable until one of Joaquin's friends ran against me. The Poet had made him over to me with a compliment. He is very generous in this respect. We fell together at the start and never jarred after that; he had the heart of a giant, the soul of a woman, and seldom bored me with the assumption of any interest in the arts. This amiable man was lord in the palace of the Pink Countess. He was a neutral-tinted Count, who lived only to set forth the peculiar pinkness of his Countess. There are few of us but have some mission in life; let us approve those who accept theirs without a murmur.

The Count approached me and, seeing me distraught, led me gently to the gate of the Villa Medici, where he rang for admittance. We entered a broad avenue hedged with box and flanked by two rows of antique statues; the statues were dismembered, but one pardons anything in the antique. The keeper of the grounds admitted us to another and more secluded retreat; it was the verdant crown of the hill. We threaded cloisters of black ilex trees, wherein the sun ventures not; there were marble seats at intervals, green with moss and mold. Higher yet we climbed, and at last reached a mound feathered with long grass, on the pinnacle of which a graceful minaret lifted its fairy columns above the dense foliage of the grove.

The undulated line of the horizon marked the summits of the sacred hills. Monte Mario with its comb of pines; St. Peter's, like a huge bubble floating above a thousand tilting roofs; and farther on the Palatine and the Quirinal, with their palaces and temples and basilicas; the Pantheon, the Capitol, and many a stately column with its crowning statue held high aloft, all swam in a golden haze that had grown warm in the slanting sunlight, a vision that was the more lovely in that it was brief and changeful. That is what we saw from the uttermost parts of Nero's Garden, with two huge locks shut fast between us and the outer world.

For a moment Rome was nothing to me; I was above it and beyond it. I had set loose my spirit and breathed the air of a fresher and more congenial world; yet in the same breath she was all in all to me, this Roman world. Without her supreme presence what would the hour have been other than a repetition of the hours that come into every life through the sunshine when the day is fair?

Ten thousand bells swung to and fro in the purpling dusk. Did ever the sun set to such music in any other land, I wonder? Those bells seemed to be ringing in new years forever and ever and aye; they were cheery, jubilant bells, that made melodious the very air; it quivered and throbbed as they reeled in their twilight towers, and, standing upon the hilltop in the *Boschetto*, for the first time in my life, perhaps, the truth of the old tradition that church bells put to flight the devil and all his angels flashed upon me. Surely, in such a burst of heavenly harmony, no unclean soul could pause and listen without contrition in his heart of hearts.

The Count and I turned silently in the gloaming and hastened out of the villa, for fever, like a deadly perfume, exhales from the twilight shadows of a Roman garden. But this is not what I started to say, and we will have no more of it. We returned rapidly into the darkening town and made our way as speedily as possible to the palace of the Count in the Street of the Guardian Angel.

Entering the great court of the palace, we learned that the Countess was still driving. This, however, was by no means surprising, for the fatal hour of dusk is the most delicious in all the four-and-twenty that revolve about Rome. A broad marble staircase connected the court with the *primo-piano* of the palace. Gradually, as the estate declined in value, as the fortune of its possessor began to fail, the once princely proprietor crept toward the roof with his family and retainers, and now the several floors between him and the pavement were occupied by strangers who were chiefly English.

The Count led me through suites of apartments sumptuously furnished. Each chamber was larger than the other; the walls were literally covered with clouded paintings, such as impress one with the idea that the old masters could never have painted anything really fresh and brilliant in color. Full-length, life-size portraits of a brace of cardinals, resplendant in canonicals, adorned the grand salon. The glare of gilded and gorgeously upholstered furniture of antique pattern, the confusion of glittering bric-a-brac, the soft glow of a multitude of waxen tapers that transformed the chandeliers of Venetian crystal into fountains of light—all betrayed the luxurious taste of the hostess, and were but the suitable environment of one who to fortune and to fame was known as The Pink Countess. A carriage rolled into the court below; servants stole noiselessly to aid their mistress in alighting and ascending the stately stairway. A shrill, treble voice rang through the outer rooms and then a diminutive child, elfish, impish, looking like a girl in boy's clothing, or a boy who should have been a girl, sprang into the salon and embraced the Count in a paroxysm of delight. This was little "Sunshine," sole scion of the house and heir to all its pinkness. A mass of fluffy blonde hair fell over his shoulders and below his waist; large blue eyes lighted a face that was delicately chiseled and colorless as Carara marble. Buchanan Reed, the poet-artist, once painted this child as if floating in space and called him "The Evening Star." He was a star that never set without a disturbance, and it took two able-bodied lackeys to keep him, in his revolutions, within his private sphere.

The Pink Countess entered on the arm of the poet-friend. They had been driving together as was their custom of an afternoon. What a picture! Pink! Pink! all Pink! from the roses in the blonde hair to the tips of the daintiest of slippers; pink stockings; pink trimmings on a white, gauzy something that only half obscured an undercurrent of the deepest pink that ran all through her. Pink lips, pink cheeks, pink ears, and gloves of the pinkest pink imaginable. It was, in short, too good — I mean too pink—to be true.

The poet was ashen and sober. He seemed to have covered himself, as with a garment, with the silence of the somber Campagna, from whence they had just returned. A broad-brimmed sombrero shaded his melancholy eyes from the roseate glow of the salon; his Byronic cloak was still draped about him; his amber locks fell in ringlets upon his shoulders. He was booted to the knees; his small and well-shaped feet tapped a pricless Persian rug noiselessly but impatiently. It seemed as if something were impending — and something was, and had been for some time. It was dinner. "Where is the man who can live without dining?"—O, "Lucille," thou idol of our youth, with feet of clay that crumble as the years increase and multiply. "Where is the man who can live without dining," be he Poet, Pork-packer, or Politician?

Having dined, wined and gotten rid of little "Sunshine," with his corn-silk hair,—his afterglow suffused us to our dismay — we adjourned to the Poets' Corner and did the languid, Oriental pose until long after midnight.

This Poets' Corner was a kind of boudoir, and I am at a loss to know just how it happened to be in that part of the palace, unless it chanced to fit in there and nowhere else in the building; it was about the shape of an egg-shell cut in half between the two ends of the egg, and, would you believe it? it was pink from carpet to ceiling; pinker flowers than nature ever painted made a bower of the dome; the fireplace was pink to the very embers that glowed on a spotless hearth, satin draperies of sea-shell pink veiled the walls and covered the couches and cushions, and all these were redolent of the spice of the carnation. There we had tea at all hours—pink tea, with a monumentai samovar more or less pinkified, and mulled wine in pink glasses, and Turkish coffee in pink cups; and such talk and such deep, refreshing intervals of silence as the gods provide for those alone who are capable of appreciating them!

Do we not all remember how, on one stormy night, we reclined upon our couches and listened to the wind and the rain while each of us imagined that the other had been lulled to sleep by the elements, and not for worlds would we have disturbed them. The fire burned lower and lower; the air grew chilly; yet no one moved or spoke — it was is if we were all under a spell. Then the Poet, who was, as usual, clad in his long cloak, rose stealthily and crept toward the hearth. He looked into the embers, breathed upon them, smiled, and stealing to a box that resembled a cottage piano framed in old rose, silently took from it the balsamic kindling. Over the gray coals, in a bed of ashes of roses, he built him a baby wigwam; then, crouching at some distance from it, blew a breath—a blast worthy of Boreas — the flames burst through the peak of his tepee, the pink room blushed all over and we were saved. What followed? Polite and appreciative applause? Not so. We were all as much asleep as ever; we held our peace; but from under our eyelids we could see the Poet as he crouched before the camp-fire; and we heard him—forgive me, I cannot resist saying it—we heard him give a hollow grunt of satisfaction as, perhaps, he recalled the nights in the lonely forests of the Sierras when his only companion was the fire he had kindled in the good greenwood. Then he tiptoed back to his couch of tiger skins—it had been fashioned for him alone, and we dreamed again. It was a souvenir of the forest and of the great plains, my dear, such as one gets not every night in Rome.

Well—as I was about to remark when I

interrupted myself with a smile at something else that had just flitted through my brain — can you not see how the plot thickened and the people talked? The foreign colonies in the European capitals are hot-beds of gossip, but I venture to say that there are no gossips more venomous or meaner than those of Rome. The Pink Countess and the Poet drove daily and were seen of all who had eyes to see. It mattered not to them; they were dreamers and they let the world go by as if it were not. The Philistines and the Pharisees might pass on the other side and they, the while, be quite unconscious of the fact. Affinities, when they are absorbed in one another, seem to imagine that they are invisible to the naked eye and it is well for the repose of their souls that it is as it is. They drove in the highways and the byways, a spectacle for gods and men, while they were wrapped in sweet oblivion.

The Count and I drove together reverently and religiously, seeing all the sights that have endeared the Eternal City to the heart of the globe-trotter. His was a gentle and appreciative spirit and our little pilgrimages were a perpetual pleasure. With "Sunshine" perched upon the box-seat, we also were not unobserved by the idle and the curious. "Sunshine," with his custard-colored mane waving in the wind, was the object of interest; he was dressed in violet velvet of the deepest dye, and it deepened the depth of those blue eyes of his, so that they, too, were violet in tint; and all the while he was feeding on candied violets, that the harmonious whole might know no discord — feeding daintily on candied violets, as if he were a page to some Watteau lady, with a slim Italian grayhound for his playmate, and all the background of his delicate youth banked with roses. He was now on his good behavior — the eyes of the Roman world being upon him and he self-conscious to a degree, like all young children.

It seems there was a friend of the family who frequented the palace and was the secret adviser of the Count. This friend was Mephistophelian in temperament and delighted in intrigue. He bore the distinguished name of a cardinal and an admiral and may be classified as a Gentleman With a Past. Sometimes he suddenly appeared in the palace, from behind the folds of the brocaded portieres; sometimes he vanished as suddenly and no trace of him could be found — not even the echo of a retreating footfall. The question occasionally arose, were there sliding panels in the palace, or trap-doors, or secret stairways hidden between the walls?

It was this family friend who deftly kindled within the gentle heart of the Count a spark of jealousy. He had not even known how to spell it until with the shrugging shoulder, the furtive eye and the insinuating leer of the family friend the Count grew restive and suspicious. It was a part he played but poorly. Nothing could have been farther from his nature; but a family friend is too often the worm-at-the-core, and more's the pity.

At the Cafe Greco I began to miss my friend the Poet; we often breakfasted together in the continental fashion — merely breaking our fast and reserving our appetite for the midday meal. Many inquired as to his whereabouts; I could not enlighten them. Once, indeed, he came to my chambers in the Little Street of the Little Tower, where Hilda of "The Marble Faun" was wont to trim her lamp of the Madonna, hanging without the wall of the Tower, and feed her flock of doves. Irene, my handsome padrona, who, with her maidens, did the finest laundering of lingerie in all Rome, told me that the Brigand— she always called him that — had called for me on horseback and with *such* a saddle! "It had plates of silver on it so large," said Irene, and she held a saucer between the fingers and thumbs of her two hands and gloated over it.

Rumors were rife. There were gossips even in the Cafe Greco, and the male gossip is a formidable rival to his glib-tongued sister. I listened but said nothing. I could not stop my ears. Since the Count had become peevish, I had ceased visiting the palace. A family affair, after all, is something to steer clear of; no intruder is welcome, even though his motives be above reproach.

With some anxiety I looked for the Poet in his private haunts and found him not. How forlorn they all seemed to me then! The place was becoming a burden to me. Why should I tarry longer in a deserted city—so it seemed to me now—when there was so much to be seen elsewhere? I resolved to go northward, since the heat was increasing; not to Florence, which is too English, but to Venice, where one may hide within the hollow of a gondola and remain anonymous while drifting lazily from point to point of interest.

My mind made up, I thought to pay a last visit to the Cafe Greco and quaff a beaker to the memory of the past. It was one of those moonlight nights when everyone is in the street save the lame, the halt and the blind and, alas! the bed-ridden. The Greco was deserted; I went into our favorite corner and ordered a flask of Chianti, with sweet wafers. In his novel, "The One Fair Woman," the Poet has introduced me among the lay-figures who fill in the background of the story. There I am made to look upon the wine when it is vermilion in the vessel and murmur at appropriate intervals—"I will reform—tomorrow!" Perhaps so, good Poet, perhaps, perhaps! While I was mooning over the blood of the grape, someone entered and seated himself by me. Whom should it be but the one I had been seeking in vain. There was a swift recital under the breath and we felt quite melodramatic in the solitude of the cafe.

What he had to tell was this: The Count, who had once been the soul of generous and amiable hospitality, grew snappish. He was little and soft-voiced and round. The change in his attitude toward his friend made him seem like a pet spaniel that has been spoiled and is feeling far from well. For a time his ill manner was passed unnoticed. The sirocco often effects one that way. Day after day he grew worse, and finally his treatment of his guest was little short of insulting. There were low-voiced consultations in the boudoir, during which the Pink Countess, now paler than pink, begged of the Poet as a friend and protector not to abandon her to the tender mercies of the Count—that were growing less and less tender day by day. The family friend had ceased to be a mere skeleton in the closet and had become an incarnate fiend—to put it rather strongly. He plied the naturally amiable Count with wine, or potions more potent, and would usher him into the presence of the Countess and the Poet and leave him sputtering unpleasantly to the dismay of both. Evidently affairs were approaching a crisis.

One evening, returning late from a drive, the household was found in commotion. The Count and the family friend, heated by cordials, were prancing like war-horses; one might have looked for the smoke issuing from their nostrils and have just missed it. It took but a few moments to bring on a revolution and a call to arms. The family friend, being portly but not in good form, thrust the Count into the field of battle and proposed to stand by him to the death. He supported the Count upon the right flank, but the latter fought blindly and was as often in the rear as to the front. (It must have been funny had it not been so absurd.)

It is evident that poets know a thing or two beside verse-making—Indian fighting, for example, and the "biff" in the solar plexus. The engagement was brief and decisive. The Countess, an unwilling witness, fainted like a rose in pain. A retinue of servants ran shrieking from hall to hall. Great mirrors were shattered by flying missiles — the bric-a-brac was circulating wildly. He left two upon the bloody field when he took his departure, he, the conqueror, the captain-general of his soul, and not a scar to grieve him. I fear the Count and the family friend were bad shots; it was they who were shelling the camp. The Poet's only weapons were God-given, and he knew well the use of them in an extremity. How we laughed over it all, there in the little inner room of the Cafe Greco! It was all so sudden and so silly. "I shall of course leave town," said he. "For her sake it is better that I do not again cross the track of these warriors." We were to say goodbye that very night over a fresh flagon of Chianti. I whispered in his ear, "I will reform tomorrow!" I knew not whither he was going. I didn't ask. If he had cared to tell me he would have told me without the asking.

Two or three days later I chanced upon the Count. He had been seeking me in my favorite resorts, for he did not know where I was lodging. He was furious with rage and indignation. "Where is the Poet?" he demanded of me fiercely. I could not believe my eyes or ears to find him in such a fury. Of course I could not enlighten him, though I must confess he looked incredulous. Then, when I inquired after the health of the Countess, he replied half viciously: "She has disappeared with Sunshine, a maid and a valet." And whither? He knew not. She had left word that she could no longer remain in Rome, on account of the intolerable domestic conditions; that he was to remain until he had settled everything and given up the keys of the palace. Then he could join her in Paris, and in future try to live up to his prerogatives. He must not forget that he was born a gentleman, even if he was a Count. This did not cheer him or comfort and console him. Vengeance was his; he would pursue the Poet to the antipodes, up hill and down dale, from sea to sea, and beyond the uttermost seas — and there annihilate him. I could not repress a smile and yet there was a bit of a tear in it. And to think that this vendetta was worn by one who was in reality as gentle as a sucking dove.

While the Count was still nursing his wrath, I silently stole away to Venice. It is odd how many homes one has in Europe — one who has ever visited there. Rome, Albano, Venice, Naples, Capri — these are my Italian homes. Even the gondoliers recognized me when I alighted at the station at Venice. Giovanni claimed me for his own, and I entered his gondola to swim with him the whole glorious length of the Grand Canal.

The Sea City was ablaze with glory. It was the annual Fete of the Gondoliers. Huge barges more graceful in outline than the swan, more beautifully decorated than that in which the Doge of the days of eld was wont to go forth to wed his bride, the wondrous Adriatic, passed in stately procession to the lagoon where the pageant culminated in all its splendor. They were propelled by a phalanx of oarsmen picturesquely clad in mediæval costume, who rowed rhythmically to the music of voices and mandolins. Some of them carried gauzy sails as brilliant as butterfly wings. The canals were crowded with gondolas laden with sight-seers, and yet it was not long before my attention had been attracted by the occupants of one that was floating near me. A lady partially concealed under the canopy of her gondola was trailing a gloved hand in the water; half the forearm was gloved and the glove was pink. I wondered who was with her—who beside the little creature in violet velvet with the flaxen hair. I caught only the glimpse of a sombrero and beneath it the amber ringlets curling upon the shoulders of one draped in a manner more or less Byronic.

The Venetian sea betrays no secrets. If one's wife enters the *felse* of her gondola at any hour of the day or night she is as secure from identification as if fortified with masque and domino. The pink glove was a bait one might have nibbled at had one been greedy, but I contented myself with following after it at my leisure until the end of the afternoon, when a storm cloud swept over us and the stars of the twilight were dark.

I saw them no more after that; pink, violet and amber were colors that faded out of my life. Not that I forgot them for a moment; they, like many another memory, were indelible, but I thought to go back to Rome and round out an experience that had, in a certain sense, been nipped in the bud, and I immediately returned.

The Count had put his desolated house in order and repaired to Paris. The gossips of Rome, having wearied one another with elaborately imaginative details, were in chase of more recent victims. I was silent as a sphinx and almost as stony-hearted—having a conscience all my own—until I received a happy letter from the Count himself, who had hastened to assure me that all was well; that he had been too hasty, too suspicious, and had written a curt letter to the family friend assuring him that he had been utterly mistaken in his surmises. That the Pink Countess was well and pinker than ever, if that were possible; so also the violet child with his golden aureole still guiltless of the barber's ruthless shears. That they were one and all at the daintiest of Parisian hostelries, and that nothing could add to their united happiness save my poor presence. Would I join them for a little visit and do all the bewildering fetes with them before they took wing again and went elsewhere?

Alas, no! There was still honey in the honeycomb, close at hand, though the Italian bees are not so very busy. I could at least sit in the Cafe Greco and over my Chianti dream of the poet friend I missed so sorely. I had sometimes listened if, perchance, I might hear his returning footfall — for poets love variety and may weary of even the prettiest of pinks; but no! I hear only a still, small voice that whispered never so softly in my listening ear: — "The places that once knew him shall know him no more forever!"

## ONE SINGER ❧ By Eugene C. Dolson

FLORIDAVILLE, NEW YORK

SHE sings in many a strain,
But ever truest and best
Of her own life's loss and gain;
Of love's divine unrest.

For our deepest feelings move
To words untouched by art;
And the sweetest songs of love
Come straight from love's own heart.

*Haydon Jones*

# HAYDON JONES, NEWSPAPER ARTIST

### By Ethel Armes

THE newspaper artist, hitherto no more nor less than reporter's henchman, is at length coming into his own. He begins to rank with the first-class illustrators. His standing, both professional and social; his training; methods; ideals; and, generally speaking, the results he gets, are practically one and the same.

He is no longer a citizen of the nether world of art, answering no more to that epithet — the scorn of it — "neither a soldier nor a sailor, but a marine!" The whole situation has, in fact, turned turtle. He has a claim, and latterly it is becoming recognized.

The American public is getting from him today, citing the leading daily papers of the country, a service often singularly excellent, and, in a sense, remarkable. Remarkable, because so accurate and faithful a representation of daily life as is gotten by these men, of all the vast series of human interest stories that breed on unceasingly from night to night and day to day, is no light achievement. Today, in the majority of the great newspapers, the picture goes side by side with the written account.

It takes a certain athletic makeup in the workman, this business, having to do so with the quick. The manner of the training, the ways and means of the getting of his materials, and the artist's methods of handling the various big stories, conferences, conventions, court-room scenes, strikes, murders, funerals, weddings, balls, banquets, Sunday feature work,—all this makes interesting reading.

In nine cases out of ten the successful newspaper artist of today,—this is not including the cartoonist or caricaturist—is a product of the modern art school. He enters, usually at quite an early age, the elementary class, works gradually through the intermediate and antique to the life, serving, as he goes, apprenticeship to the streets. But it is a four to six years sweat under a skylight in Olympian company,—ghosts if you will!—before he can so much as touch a banana cart and a "dago!" Yes, out of plaster cast, Phœbus Apollo and the rest, and all that is writ on Parthenon walls, are evolved the first working principles. To be steeped in them, then, mentally speaking, wrung out dry and put to fresh sunlight. In other words, to learn it—and forget it. That is to say, it is packed into the subconsciousness. Methods of work and handling, even in a touch-and go illustration, must be academic.

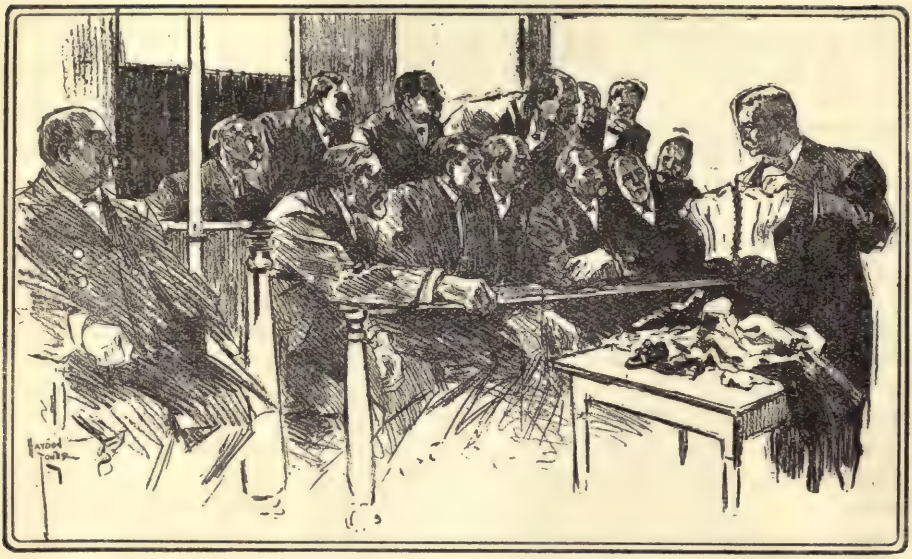
The newspaper artist, equally with the painter, looks for and must get sense of line, proportion, balance, composition,—in a word, technique, as the law declares technique. His black and white handling is no go-as-you-please run, swiftly as it is achieved on a daily paper, but it is something that has been, if at all worth while, carefully trained for and is consistently managed. The ability to secure atmosphere, humor, pathos, individuality and suggestion, is, natually, matter of temperament, personality, a a certain power of subjective observation and vivid dramatic and color sense innate. There is usually somewhat of this in the newspaper artist after his several years with the Olympian company and his certainly curious contact with the intimacies of life. Yes, the catechism of the ancients is the first prop.

That this pale light of the antique should determine visions and handling of, say, a common, ordinary, up-to-date American court-room scene, may look a far cry for the fact, but there it is.

For example, here are some illustrations by the Boston Herald's star artist, Haydon Jones, taken as typical of the every-day work done by the modern American newspaper artist according to present day methods and the prescribed training.

This first sketch, the jury picture of the Tucker murder trial, exemplifies in perhaps every degree what has just been said regarding the artist's aims. Certainly it is a wielding together of spirit and technique. It is true to the life and at the same time academic in construction and handling. It is rather a fair piece of work taken all in all. Concerning it and the manner of getting it, Mr. Jones said in a recent interview:

"It took all day, about to get that; these court-room scenes have to be done on the spot. No faking here! You see, you have to wait for the second when



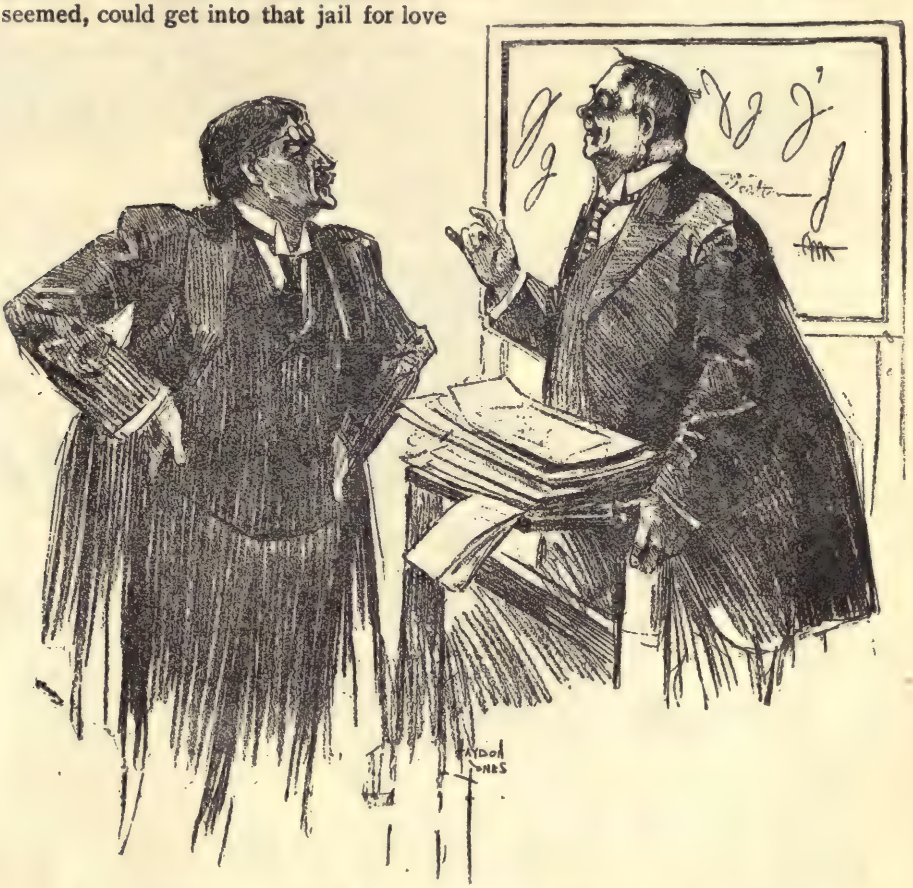
*"The Jury"*

those fellows forget everything — get tense, drawn, excited — then get to work, you understand! Then you make your picture straight from the living models. Now, see that fellow there with the big hand? He's a wheelwright. And that one standing, leaning 'way over, — he's a blacksmith. There's a plumber back of him—two plumbers,—there's a grocer, and a lawyer, and that fellow at the end is a minister. To each one his own treatment—his own characteristics. What you have to do first of all is be right there, you understand,—and stay there. Study your men. As I said,—draw on the spot.

"Some, maybe, think you are making one grand splurge, and 'rubber-neck' around—you know how they do. What's the odds! Let them rubber-neck! I say to myself, my business is to make a good picture for my paper, make the best that's in me to make, finish it and then hot-foot to the office! Just like you do with a story. Your mind's bent on what you have to get, you're for it and nothing else, your head's full of the idea, the relations, the atmosphere—the characters, the color—just the same with an artist,—you see how I mean? And you want to seize the dramatic moment. For instance, in this picture you are looking at,—that is Professor Wood, expert Wood of Harvard, explaining to the jurymen about those knife-thrusts in the woman's clothing, and every word he lets go is hot shot,—see! That's the critical moment. I watched and waited all day for just that point. I wanted my men in that pose. I studied each one till I could get him when he took the position most natural to him under that excitement. Ah! There's nothing like the living models!"

It occasionally happens in newspaper work that the living models are pretty hard to get! The artist, like the reporter, must exercise ingenuity. And he must be able to catch a likeness, a character, in a lightning flash. And he must be always ready for rush work. At the time of the tragedy at Buffalo many a feat remarkable in the line of artists' and reporters' work was done and passed unchronicled. Mr. Jones, whose picture of Czolgosz was at the time a notable thing, remarked concerning his experience:

"Just as soon as we got word that McKinley was shot, off I was sent to Buffalo — to get Czolgosz, among a few other things, and Czolgosz couldn't be gotten. No artist or photographer, it seemed, could get into that jail for love or money — at first. Well, I hung on around there and at last I set up the fellows and persuaded them to handcuff me and take me in the jail as a prisoner and march me past Czolgosz so I could get a good look at him. And the good look had to serve in that instance for a rush picture."

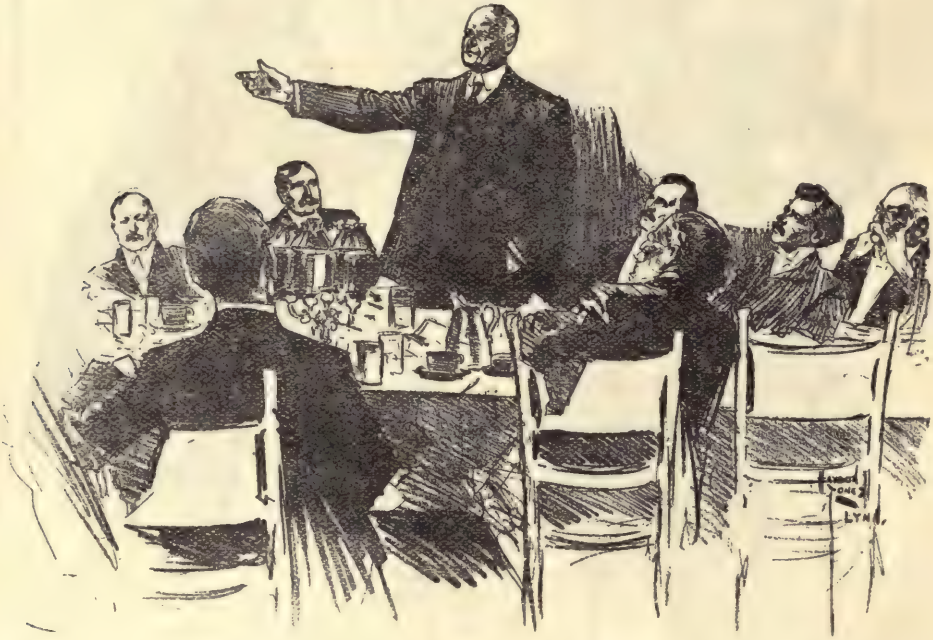


*Attorney-General Parker and the Expert*

In the recent horror of the suit-case murder in Boston, Mr. Jones' portrait of the first prisoner, the murdered girl's lover, was a picture that for realism, for tragedy, the sense of woe unutterable, was not surpassed. He had perhaps a two-minute glimpse of the unfortunate young man as he was hustled past between two policemen, and achieved not only a likeness but the very inmost vein of pathos.

The illustration here of the Mary Rogers case, "The Plea for the Woman," is a picture out of life, and also used as an example of particularly rapid work.

"I had a time limit there," observed Mr. Jones; "a train to catch back to town to get my picture in on time, and the thing had to be done as near instantaneously as I could do it. I blocked it in on the spot, got my main issue, the two judges and the general character of the whole, and then worked it up and finished it on the train coming back. Of course that's another thing the newspaper artist has to learn—to do work on a fast-moving train."



*"Sam" McCall, friend of the oppressed (railways)*

Mr. Jones does most of his work with a plain lead pencil,—the Blaisdell pencil and a square of Steinbach. He usually starts and finishes his drawings right on the spot and seldom waits to round them up at the office. This, it may be said, is rather exceptional, and few without excellent training can do it.

"One thing nowadays that's a big advantage to the artist is that his work, if care is taken, need not be all 'bunged up' in the process of reproduction. If his work is good, it tells! Some of those lithograph men! They're geniuses! And they are artists!"

Another element somewhat favorable to the newspaper artist is the sun of encouragement that invariably shines on his work. Public men, and citizens in general, observe closely and follow with rather unique interest the work of newspaper artists, of course, more or less as it bears upon them and their associates.

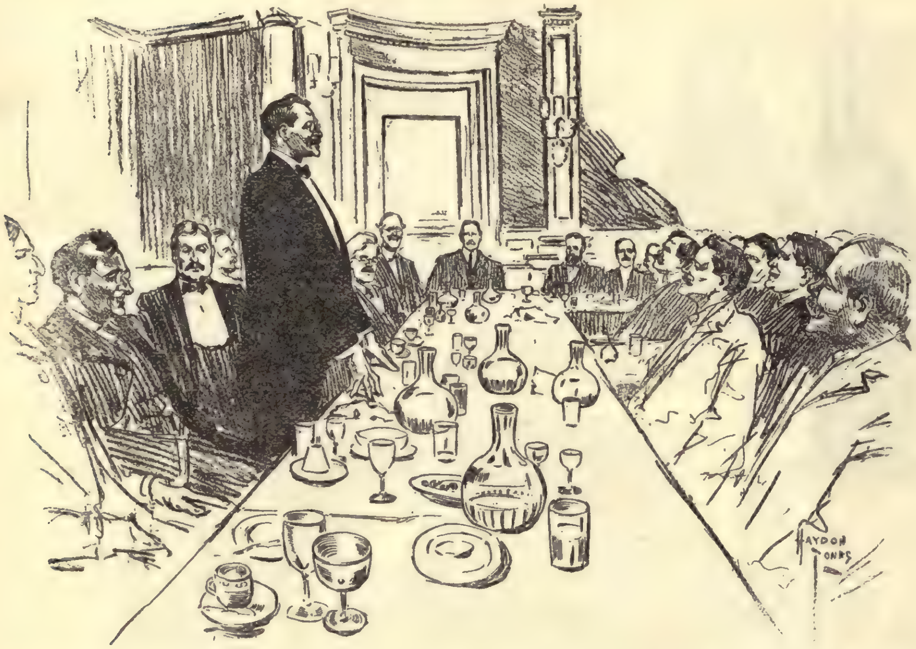
Mr. Jones' work is known from Maine to California. At all the big conferences and conventions, at every important trial, upon all occasions of municipal and national interest, there the Boston Herald sends Haydon Jones.

At the opening exercises of the International Peace Conference, in Boston, Mr. Jones drew, among his numberless portrait sketches, a picture of our late Secretary of State John Hay, so excellent as to call forth the high commendation of Secretary Hay and a special re-

"The Plea for the Woman."

"At the Information Bureau"

quest to purchase the original. Mr. Jones presented his drawing to Mr. Hay and received not only a letter of profuse thanks but an autograph copy of one of the rarest editions of his poems together with a little remembrance gift, a silver match-box inscribed "To Haydon Jones from John Hay." Attorney-General Parker was so struck with Mr. Jones' clever work during the Tucker trial, particularly



*District-Attorney William Travers Jerome of New York City (otherwise known as Bombastes Furioso) defying the world after dinner*

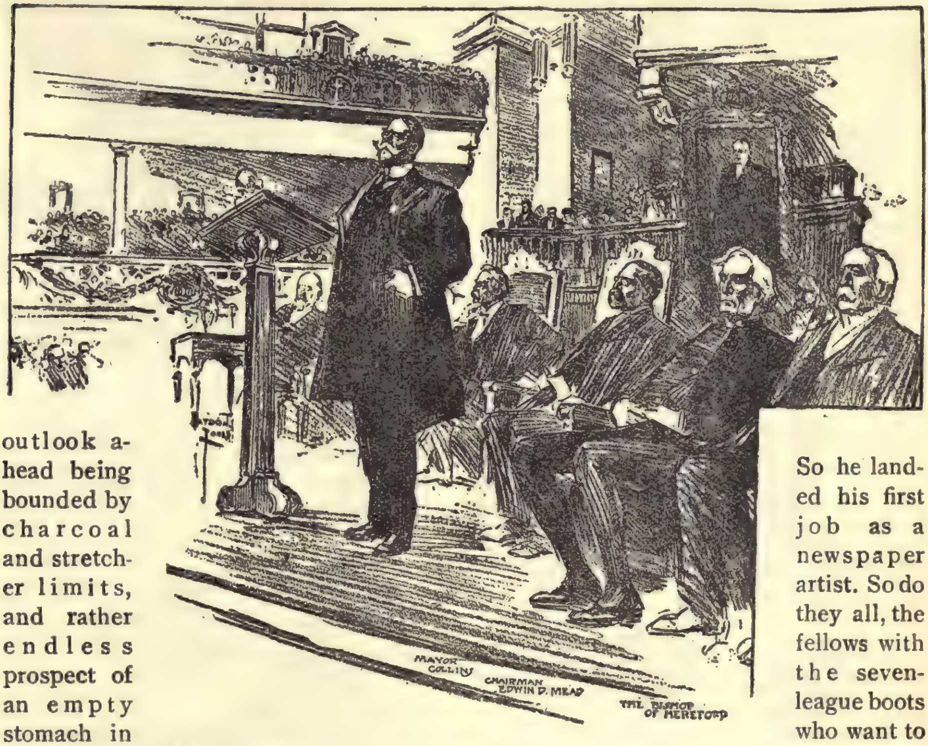
with one sketch depicting the verbal fencing bout with the hand-writing expert E. B. Hay, that he wrote:

"I cannot too highly commend your remarkable skill in this most difficult line of portraiture. You have perfectly caught the humor, the atmosphere and the incident."

Although Mr. Jones' newspaper drawings have made his reputation thus with the public in general, it is his book-plate designs that have won for him a notable standing among artists in that special field. His own book-plate, depicting his favorite poet, Francois Villon, is one of the best, denoting with characteristic touch and much suggestion the bowed figure, lean and spare and intense, that is so deep a source of modern French art. That one for Mr. Arthur Brentano, "At the old book-stall" — vision of a Grub street day; the illuminated script of the Middle Ages, the patient monk at work in monastic cell, belonging to Mr. George Leander French; those inscribed to Dr. Charles Cameron, Mr. Henry Havemeyer and Mr. Edward Lauterbach are all most excellent in design, scholarly and suggestive in character and perfectly artistic and complete in treatment. These, of course, much more carefully wrought than the daily news illustrations, represent considerably more time and thought.

Haydon Jones began when he could just about hold a pencil, and his father, a machinist by trade, put no stones in his son's way, though he cut no clearing to speak of.

"He would have liked to have been an artist himself, remarked the son, "and he wanted me to be one." Born thirty-four years ago in Cleveland, Ohio, where his father had settled some years before, Haydon Jones grew up fairly in the School of Design there. "Then after I finished there," stated Mr. Jones, "I lit out for New York with a diploma,—a diploma," he repeated, for that seemed to strike his sense of humor. And he did not have much else beyond that diploma, either. He entered the League Life Class and lived a couple of years on half-rations and stuck to his brushes and pencils. Then, finally, the outlook ahead being bounded by charcoal and stretcher limits, and rather endless prospect of an empty stomach in the bargain, Haydon Jones went to sea. He enlisted as deck hand in the Atlantic Coast Line service; roustabout from New York to Savannah and Savannah to New York and back again, over and many times over. Off hours in New York he searched the advertising columns. At last there was an advertisement for an artist, one who could "draw quick." Haydon Jones responded. He went to the office of the Mail & Express.



*John Hay addressing the International Peace Conference at Tremont Temple, Boston*

"Can you draw? Well,—draw those newsboys on the World steps over there, then."

And he drew those newsboys on the World steps over there.

"Ah, that was the truck I was used to doing — all the kids, the life of the streets, the horses, the crowds, — that's what I liked to do."

So he landed his first job as a newspaper artist. So do they all, the fellows with the seven-league boots who want to make something of themselves. After but a brief stay in New York, Haydon Jones accepted a better offer on the Chicago Times. Then he went West, clear to California, and he made his mark in 'Frisco. However, mirage of New York banked his horizon once again and he came over the States to the East once more. The early Spring of '98 found him in the office of the New York World. And the war breeze blowing!

"Ah! I was crazy! If they wouldn't send me to the front, I told 'em, I'd enlist, for I was bound to go. They talked over it a while and didn't come to a head, and I was preparing to go on my own hook, and one night — I remember it was raining pitchforks — I went down in my old brown ulster to the office and — 'Jones,— are you ready? Take the midnight train, then!'

"Ready? You bet you! Off for south —for Key West. I didn't stop for so

*"Eliot of Harvard"*

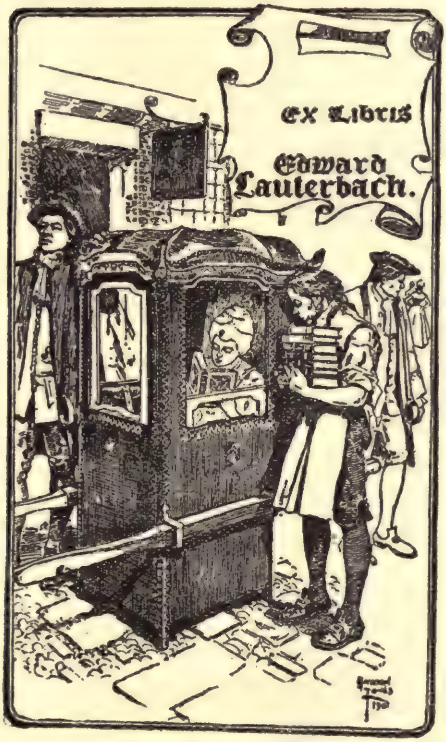
much as a collar; went just as I was in my old brown ulster. I was off to the front! Every night the World's boat went out from Key West, and I had the time of my life till—" Mr. Jones paused, "till I got captured by the Spaniards!"

That capture, by the way, was a long story told all over the world at the time, in scare-head type! "Haydon Jones, First American Prisoner of War!" The simple facts: Jones and another World man accompanied an armed expedition into Cuba, and going ashore near Havana to reconnoiter they were captured, and after numerous hair-

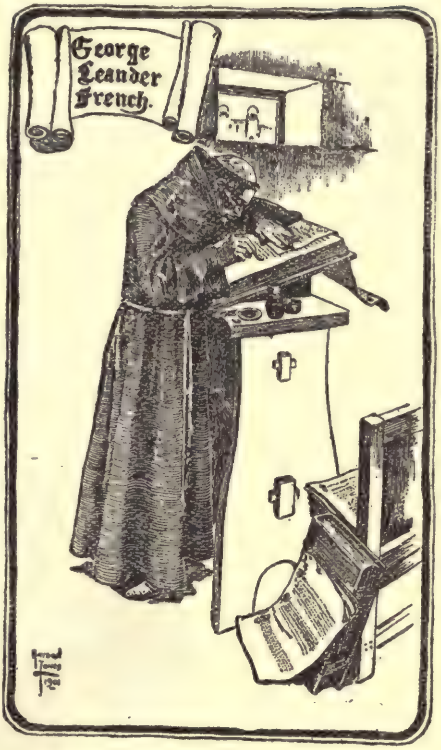
breadth adventures were confined in the Cabanas fortress, where they stayed until their exchange was brought about.

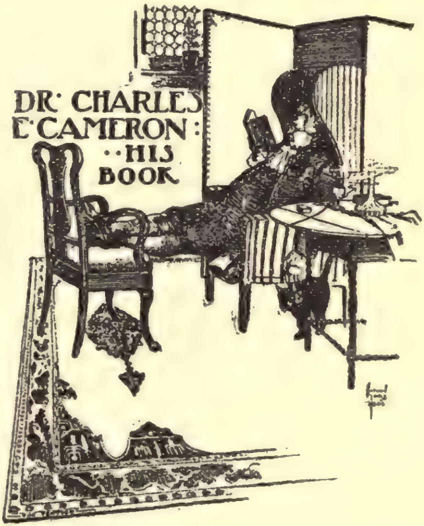
"It is great now, looking back, but then I didn't expect to come out of it alive!" and Mr. Jones related how, one thrilling night on a plantation, he drew the portraits of the Spanish soldiers till daybreak.

"One after another they filed in, they and their swords and their lanterns. 'No tomorrow—tonight!' they all cried, for they wanted the sketches then, and I thought I was drawing for my life!"



He dove down into the color of it! He took out his pictures of that time: fumes of Cuban tobacco and smell of Cuban brandy; clatter of boots and swords; look of Spanish soldier faces under Spanish soldier hats,— one word — adventure; that's what makes the American newspaper artist, or any artist! We were in the front room of his house at Jamaica Plain, No. 4 Brewer





street, a turn or two from the big pond and full in the stretch of elms and maples. It was half-study, half-parlor; armor set in a spot or two; some rifles, Spanish guns, old flintlocks, Jap and Persian swords,—all got in the artist's wanderings. Two three-pounders from the Maria Theresa [Spanish cruiser sunk off Santiago] stood on the mantel-piece, a milk-white little mantel strangely pale for its warrior leaning!

Daniel Vierge—he and his Paris and his white Orient—dreamed under the guns! There, the key, I perceived. As necessary as bread and wine, a master illustrator to have and hold in ken.

Then, too, Francois Villon was at table with us. We had just been listening to his stout and lusty imprecations upon "those vintners who put water in our wine." But now we put off the mediæval poet fellow a space and took up talk of the moderns.

# THESE OUR GREAT

## By Frank Putnam

### I

THERE is a quality in the general mind
Ignored by men who like the tiger prey
Upon their weaker fellows; rob and slay,
And in the hunt their dearest pleasure find.

A quality sweet as Mercy, pure as Youth,
Sterner than Death to those who dare its force;
Moving as sure as planets in their course,
Changeless and tireless as eternal Truth:

The quality of Justice, which not I
Nor you nor any other can evade;
Though long its solemn reckoning be delayed,
Each mortal must make answer ere he die.

We are judged by the full measure of our days;
Not by a late repentance and the giving
Of lavish gifts, nor by abstemious living
Can we turn detestation into praise.

### II

I often wonder whether they ever pause
For silent self-inspection, these our great,
Pimping upon a prostituted State,—
Makers and breakers of convenient laws.

Have they forgotten or did they never know
How like Nemesis on the murderer's trail
The quality of Justice cannot fail
Early or late to touch both high and low?

However that be, forgotten or never known,
They are here and we must chain them or be chained:
Freedom is ours while it is hourly gained:
Only in battle can they be overthrown.

Unlike the proud, paternal ancient lord,
Drunken with gold and arrogantly blind
They cast off kinship with their common kind, —
Dreaded and hated, envied and abhorred.

# A MEMBER OF COMPANY B

## By Elmore Elliott Peake

SALEM, ILLINOIS

MARCIA THORN sat on the front steps of the cottage, elbows on her knees, cheeks in her palms, brown hair lying in a heavy coil on the white curve of her neck. Her two children were asleep inside. A clump of honeysuckle, silvered by the light of the moon, stood at the edge of the walk, as motionless as a sentinel in the still air. The breath of hyacinths came up from the warm earth. Outside the picket fence the village street was as deserted as a country lane, though the court-house clock had only just struck eight. Afar off somewhere a piano was playing; and as the vague, attenuated notes, touched by the magic of night and distance, floated into the young woman's consciousness and became a part of her thoughts, her lashes glistened with tears.

It was three years now since Shiloh, where her husband was reported to have fallen. Andersonville and Libby prisons had opened their filthy maws and vomited forth what was left of the scarecrows in blue—ghastly, gangrenous caricatures of the men they once had been. A month and more had passed since Lee's surrender. But it was only today, when Company B, of the 113th Illinois, had come home, that Marcia Thorn relinquished the tenacious belief that she was still a wife — that her hubsand had not died on the field, but had been carried off to a Southern prison.

She and the rest of the village and the village band had gone to the railroad station to welcome the boys home; just as, nearly four years before, they had gone to bid them goodbye. Sixty robust, spick-and-span young fellows had then gone away. Twenty-odd sallow, haggard, tattered men, old before their time, had come back today. They stepped off the train; and, after receiving such kisses, tears and caresses as no military discipline could restrain, quietly fell into line for their last march — to the court-house, where a speech of welcome was to be made. But it was not the happy occasion that people had anticipated. Too many of the boys were missing; and as those that were left marched unassumingly along, with the noiseless, swift step which had carried them from Cairo to Washington, by way of a great arc through the heart of the Confederacy, the sight produced a tightness across Marcia's breast and made her throat ache.

After the speech she had talked with each of the members of the company about Rodney. They told her all they knew, which was not very much, and only what many of them had written to her months or even years before — namely, that Rodney had fallen on the first day of carnage at Shiloh, and that, though his body could not be found after the battle, he must certainly have perished. It was just what everyone else — friends, neighbors, and even the secretary of war—had told her; and, as she turned away from the last member of the company, the spark of hope which had glowed fitfully and feebly in her breast, month after month for three years, was finally snuffed out.

"Poor, little, fatherless babes!" she had sobbed softly, as she laid chubby little Ethel, whom Rodney had never seen, beside her curly-headed brother.

As she sat on the steps, brooding over the past, it seemed but the other night that the court-house bell had rung out a solemn alarm which froze the blood in her veins. It was the day of Lincoln's call for men. Chains of steel could not have kept Rodney Thorn from that mass meeting, but he had promised Marcia not to enlist yet, agreeing with her that the unmarried men should go first. At that time southern Illinois, with her large population of Southern immigrants, had not yet found herself on the question of the war—though she soon magnificently atoned for her early lukewarmness — and the appeal of the Reverend Hosea Hodge for volunteers to save the Union was received by the audience with frigid silence. Then Rodney Thorn sprang to his feet and gave in his name. He explained it all to Marcia afterward, with tears of shame and rage in his eyes; and, though her heart sank at thought of his going to war, she called him her brave boy.

He marched away. Months passed. The savings which he had left behind for his little family — at first thought more than ample — began to dwindle. Little Ethel was born, making a big hole in the bank account — God bless her! Then came Shiloh — horrible, heart-breaking Shiloh—followed by the breathless scanning of death lists in every village and hamlet as the city papers percolated throughout the country, and by the passing from neighbor to neighbor of every letter received from the front. A little later a few long, grewsome-looking boxes were received at the railroad station, and fortunate were those who thus got back their dead.

Marcia marveled now that she had lived through those days, when she went about with a rigid face, deaf to the church bells on a Sunday morning, doubting God, sitting mute through sympathizing neighbors' visits or fleeing to the garden to escape them, and doing her work as automatically as a machine. But, thank heaven, that evil spell had been removed. Though mourning for Rodney no less than at first, she had soon awakened to her duty to her children and those about her, and though clinging, with an obstinacy that puzzled and even provoked her friends, to the belief that her husband was still living, she was prepared for any proof to the contrary.

Today, therefore, the conviction that he was dead had come rather as a relief than as a shock. Yet her heart sank at the thought of facing the world alone, with her two babes. Rodney's savings had long since gone; the proceeds from the mortgage on her home were almost gone, and soon her home itself would be gone; for in spite of her best endeavors at fancy-work, sewing and baking bread and cakes for sale, she had not been able to live and keep up the interest on the mortgage.

The gate clicked and Sidney Wentworth came up the narrow, shell-bordered walk. She knew it was Sidney without looking up, for in the past three years—and the last six months especially—his step had become a familiar one. As cashier of the bank and Rodney Thorn's bosom friend, he had naturally become Marcia's adviser and business agent in her husband's absence. He had negotiated her mortgage—at a very low rate of interest, she had since learned; he had written letters by the score to establish beyond question that Rodney was either dead or alive, and he had even made a trip to Washington for that purpose.

He sat down on the step below the one occupied by Marcia, with the easy manner of an habitual visitor. She had greeted him with a quiet "Good evening, Sid," without changing her graceful, relaxed posture.

"I interviewed all the members of Company B today," said she after a moment.

"So did I," he answered.

"And you believe—" She paused for his answer.

"I believe what I have believed for three years, Marcia. Rodney is dead. Can you still think otherwise?"

She slowly shook her head.

"No. I must believe it, too. My babes and I are alone. The little dears haven't even a grandparent." Her voice broke slightly.

"Do you feel alone, Marcia, after all your friends have done for you?—after all *I* have done?" asked Wentworth, reproachfully.

"You know what I mean, Sidney," she answered pensively.

For a moment he studied her sharp, beautiful profile, and the rich, warm coils of hair half submerging her ear. The hand on her cheek, with its plain band ring, had never looked so white, so small and delicate before, so insufficient to parry the blows of the world.

"Marcia," he began, in a voice not quite steady, "you need not be alone in even the sense you meant. Haven't you guessed my secret? Haven't you guessed that I love you? I do love you, dear, and have loved you for a long, long time — perhaps even before I had right to do so. But surely I have the right now, and the right to tell you of it, and to ask you to become my wife."

He saw with a sense of relief that her expression scarcely changed — that she was not shocked. Instead, she reached out and broke off a sprig of syringa, in apparently a matter-of-fact way. Yet her fingers shook.

"It would be unwomanly in me to affect surprise, Sidney," said she in a low voice. "I have foreseen this moment —I hope it was not an immodest assumption. I have tried to think how I should meet it. But I couldn't decide. I can't decide now. I—I value your love. I can't tell you how much. But I can never return it, Sidney. I love you as a dear, dear friend who has never faltered in my time of need. But as a wife I could not love you. All that I could ever give you would be the poor remnants of what I have lavished on another man — your friend and my husband."

"Those poor remnants, as you call them, are all that I ask," he returned. I would rather have them than the full, unbroken measure of any other woman's love."

She gave him a quick, grateful glance through misty eyes, and allowed him to take her hand.

"This is all so sacred and so dear to me, Sidney. But I cannot allow you to cheat yourself. The fingers you hold contain my wedding ring. If I had lost that ring any time these three years back, I believe I could have accepted the loss as a sign from heaven that the hand which placed it on my finger was in the grave—if they gave him a grave." Her tears began to fall. "But I could never take that ring off; and as long as it's on—Oh, Sidney, suppose I should marry you and he should return!" She shuddered and covered her eyes with her hands.

"I shouldn't want you ever to take that ring off, Marcia," he answered. "I should prefer that you leave it on. But as to Rodney's returning, do you suppose that I am any more willing than yourself to take any chances on such a ghastly contingency? And to place it beyond human possibility, I should be willing to wait a year—two years—three years, before we married, if you saw fit. And three years are a long time to wait for one you love."

"I know it well," said she, with a fluttering sigh. He knew that she alluded to her three years' wait since Shiloh. "There is a sweet reasonableness about you, Sidney, that almost persuades me," she continued, in a mellow voice. "It tempts me to try to make some return for all your kindness. But my gratitude is not what you want. What you want is my love; and, alas, I have no love to offer you. My heart is an empty altar whose sacrifice has been already burnt. Only ashes are left."

"Then give me those ashes, Marcia," he entreated, again taking her hand. She smiled at him, tenderly, sorrowfully.

"I can't, Sidney!" she protested.

He was silent for a moment, doubtful about speaking what was in his mind. Then it came out.

"Before you say you can't, Marcia, think of this: You have two children to feed and clothe and send to school. I don't doubt your ability to do it. But it would mean a ceaseless struggle for you. It would be a pitiful waste of energy, for you were made for lovelier and holier things than earning a livelihood. As my wife, relieved of this drudgery, think how much more you could do for your children, yourself and all about you."

"You ask me to sell myself, Sidney!" said she accusingly.

"I do not. I should never try to buy *you*. You are not the kind that can be bought, and if you were I should not want you. I speak of these things only because they are facts which must be considered; and which, loving you as I do, I have often considered."

Marcia slowly reduced to bits the twig between her fingers. The cheek toward Wentworth was flushed and in the pale light he could see that her eyes glistened. They were large, soulful, lustrous eyes, and the suitor's heart quickened when they turned full upon him, searchingly, questioningly, appealingly.

"Can a woman, for the sake of her babes, lawfully wed a man she does not love?" she asked.

"She can—if he is willing."

Again she seemed to be trying to read his very soul.

"You wouldn't tell me that unless you believed it?"

"No—not even to win you."

She clapped her hands to her face again, so as to hide her eyes.

"Oh, Sidney, I don't know whether I can ever think of Rodney's being dead! And tonight, talking thus with you, I feel somehow as if I were disloyal to him—as if he would have waited for me longer than I have waited for him. But give me a week, Sidney, and I shall try to answer you. Don't come to see me for a week."

## II

She sat on the steps until his footfalls had died away, leaving the street silent and lifeless. Never before had his departure left her quite so lonely. He had given her hand such a firm, masculine, confident grasp in leaving! Yielding is such a sweetly perilous thing to a woman, and for a little while her fancy ran riot in a vision of golden dreams. Then Rodney's careless, laughing face flashed before her and a revulsion took place.

"He went and Sidney stayed!" she murmured, solemnly.

She entered the house. A lamp was burning in the bedroom; and, stationing herself at the foot of the smaller bed, like some exquisite statue of maternity, she soberly studied the rosy faces of her sleeping children.

"He would be their father!" she murmured. "They would grow up remembering no other. And their real father, my darling Rodney—" A sob choked her voice.

On her dresser was a photograph of Rodney. Beside it was a musket-ball which had lodged in the butt of his gun at the battle of Belmont. He had sent it home as a souvenir, with some playful remark about lightning never striking twice in the same place, and affecting to regard his close call as a good omen. Not so with Marcia. It had been days before she could look at the ugly, battered piece of lead without turning faint. It would have made such a ghastly hole in a white, tender breast like Rodney's!

During the trying days of indecision that followed, Rodney's eyes, looking at her from the dresser morning and night as she robed and disrobed, seemed to contain a mute appeal. Sometimes, so strong was this appeal, she would seize the picture and, covering it with tears and kisses, exclaim passionately: "No, darling, I will not marry him! You went and he stayed!"

But the faces of the sleeping children at her back contained an appeal of another kind. Dire poverty was their lot unless she did marry. Already she had been forced to an economy in the matter of the little ones' clothing which made her cheeks burn with humiliation.

One afternoon a tall, gaunt fellow in faded blue, whom Marcia recognized as a member of Company B, came up the cottage walk, passed around to the side door, like a delivery boy, and timidly rapped. He would not sit down, but stopped just inside the door, uneasily revolving his cap in his hand as he talked.

"I heerd, mem, after I seen you the other day, that you still had a suspicion that Rodney—Mr. Thorn, I should say — might yet be alive. So I thought that mebbe it was my duty to come around and tell you something that I didn't mention the other day—not wishin' then to harrow up your feelin's. Rodney—Mr. Thorn—was my left mate in the rank. We was chargin' a little clump of trees and bresh, where the Johnnies had been a-poppin' it to us like a nest of hornets. All of a suddint, Rodney goes down — so quick that I thought he must have tripped on a vine. But he kind of twisted and turned as he fell, and lit on his back with his face up to the sun—"

He paused in distress at Marcia's sudden pallor. She hastily stepped to the sideboard and poured herself a glass of water with an unsteady hand.

"Go on, please," she said, resolutely.

"I seen he had a kind of surprised look on his face, like men have when they're hit suddint, you know. His eyes was dazed-like, too, and he didn't make no effort to git up. I didn't stop—I couldn't, you know," he added, apologetically. "But as I passed on I heerd him say somethin' that sounded kind of like an oath. You know he used to swear-like—a little—in a kind of amiable, winnin' way—though I don't suppose he ever did around home," he hastened to add. "I thought he said — you'll excuse me, mem, for repeatin' it — I thought he said, 'Gone, by God!' But I kept studyin' about it all day, when I had time, for his face kind of ha'nted me, and it didn't seem as though that was just what he said. We couldn't look up his body that night, because the Johnnies had driv us back a piece. But happened to hear one of the boys say that Rod sometimes used to call his wife 'Dot'. Then it flashed over me that what he said was *'Goodbye, Dot!'* which was more natural-like, under the circumstances."

He paused with a delicacy which his uncouth exterior had given no hint of, when Marcia pressed her handkerchief to her eyes. Then he went on sympathetically, but with the firmness of one who has looked upon whole acres of human dead:

"The next day—it was a Monday, I ricollect—we retook that patch of ground from the Johnnies and fit till dark. The next mornin' I got permission to look for Rod among the dead. But I couldn't find him, as I told you the other day. Of course he might have crawled over to some bushes that was near and — excuse me — died there. But if he did, some of our boys buried him before I got there, or else the Johnnies buried him the day before. But the reason I think one or t'other thing happened, and that he *was* buried — to say nothin' of your not hearin' from him since — is because I seen his sperit that night. Yes, mem, his sperit," he repeated at her start. "It was standin' right at the flap of my tent, as plain as you be before me now. It was so plain that I thought at first it must be *him*. But when I jumped up he just smiled in that sweet way of his'n and melted away like mist. I believe, mem, he come to set my mind at rest about his bein' dead, and I hope it will your'n."

In the morning Marcia wrote the following to Sidney Wentworth:

> "If you can believe, Sidney, what I have told you—that I have as yet no love to offer you, but only admiration and esteem, together with the profoundest gratitude; if you are willing to take me on these terms, and become a father to my children, I am willing to marry you. I have asked God to show me the way, and I pray that I have read his answer aright. Our future happiness will depend on ourselves; and, believe me, if I did not think I saw a beautiful sun of Promise pushing above the horizon, this letter would be of a different tenor."

She intended to mail the letter at once, so that Sidney could call that night. But, faltering before the irrevocable step, she put the mailing off until noon. At noon, she put it off till evening; then, after a final attack of irresolution, she started for the postoffice with a fast-beating heart. She paused at the gate with maternal solicitude, for a final glance at the house, where she was leaving her sleeping babes alone for a few minutes.

## III

Half an hour earlier, perhaps, a shabby figure, but with a wild rose in the lapel of his coat, approached the village along one of its dusty highways. His trousers were torn to tatters at the bottom. His calico shirt was collarless. His right sleeve lacked four or five inches of covering the thin, brown wrist which protruded from it. His left sleeve was empty and doubled back and pinned to his shoulder.

His face was sallow and wasted, and he looked sick. Yet the brim of his slouch hat was jauntily cocked up on one side, and there was a brightness in his eye and a sprightliness about his movements which belied these signs. He walked, in fact, with a swiftness such as no tramp, for whom he might have been mistaken, ever mustered. Yet nothing along the roadside seemed to escape him, although dusk was already falling and lamps being lighted; and when he reached the first straggling houses of the village, with their spacious yarns, gardens and barns, he occasionally paused for scrutiny.

At the third house on the right side a girl was milking. He recognized the milkmaid and stood for an instant with his hand on the fence, tempted to hail her. He wanted to ask her a question. But the first word on the tip of his tongue —"Marcia"— brought a peculiar faintness over him and he passed on. If anything had happened, he could bear better to hear it later.

Yet, in spite of his suspense, how sweet, how divinely sweet it was to be home again! His heart quickened with affection for the very trees; and when he reached an old elm on which he knew that his initials and a certain other person's, beginning with M, were carved, he threw his one arm about the trunk and pressed his cheek to the rough bark. Then, as if ashamed of this display, he glanced shyly about him to see if he had been observed, and moved on.

Could it be only three and a half years that he had been gone! There was little or no change, to be sure, in the village street; but he had a strange, Rip Van Winkle-like feeling, as if decades might have slipped by since he last looked upon this dear, familiar scene. He began to wonder if the same people he used to know still lived in these houses. Half alarmed at the thought, he paused in front of the Darrells' fine old home and strained his eyes for some reassuring sign. Yes! There was one of the girls—she looked like Letty, only a little older—dressed in white and lying in a hammock, reading by the fading light. She had been among the last to bid him goodbye at the station. How glad she would be to grasp his hand again, now that he was back from the war! But that must wait.

He met several people, all of whom he knew. But they did not recognize him in the dusk and his shabby garb and sunken cheeks. So he did not speak. His heart thrilled at the sight of each, and his palm itched for a handshake. But all this, too, must wait. There was a more urgent matter ahead.

As he approached the vicinity of his home, even before he could make out the shrubbery which hung over the fence, an unexpected weakness assailed him. Sinking down upon an opportune horseblock, he removed his hat from his matted, auburn hair and wiped the dew from his brow. Then he smiled bravely, through white lips, at this foolishness, as he called it.

But how many, many times, while lying in the squalid prison at Mobile, had he dreamed of thus coming home along this very street, in just this way! And later, on the West Indian isle, where a Spanish merchantman had heartlessly abandoned him and a fellow stowaway with whom he had broken prison, how often, during those maddening months of helplessness, had he pledged his soul to the God, devil, angel or fiend who would vouchsafe him one more glimpse of that little, sacred, embowered cottage, and one more caress from the precious ones within! And now that home was at hand, just beyond the next two houses! And he, Rodney Thorn, with no devil's lien on his soul, was soon to see his wife and child—and possibly another little one of whose existence he had received only a hint.

But *was* he? Perhaps Marcia had died of a broken heart. Perhaps little Robbie had died. Possibly they had starved. Or maybe, to satisfy her child's hunger, Marcia had sold the cottage and gone away to the city to make a living, and strangers were now gathered about his hearthstone. Maybe, as he had dreamed with cruel frequency, the house had burned down. Maybe the little front yard was choked with weeds and the garden had become an abandoned thicket.

These torturing thoughts goaded him to his feet again. He was on the same side of the street as the cottage; but he crossed over in order that the revelation, whatever it should prove to be, might come more gradually. He could not bear a shock now. So, for fifty or sixty feet, still fighting his weakness off, he pulled himself along by the pickets. A passing citizen eyed him suspiciously and prudently kept the opposite side of the walk. For an instant the tottering man thought of appealing for help; but in the months gone by he had made too many such appeals in vain, and gritting his teeth he dragged himself another rod. Then, panting and gripping a picket with all his strength, he peered dimly across the street.

There was the fence!—if it was not a trick of his crazy brain. There was the bridal-wreath bush, white with bloom! And there — thank God! — was the house! And a lamp shining from his bedroom window! But *whose* lamp? And was it still *his* bedroom—and hers? Once more the chill returned.

But at that moment a figure in white appeared at the gate — a figure whose beloved outlines not even the darkness of the night added to the darkness of his brain could obscure. He staggered across the street like a drunken man. At his approach Marcia shrank from the gate, and when the grotesque figure stopped directly opposite her, swaying and groping for some support, she gave a little cry of alarm. Then the drunken, one-armed tramp quietly sank to the ground.

Was it some familiar gesture which he unconsciously made as he went down? Or did some hearthstone angel whisper a hint of the truth in Marcia's ear? With blanched face she gently forced open the gate, which his prostrate body had blocked, and slipped her form through. Stooping, still shrinkingly and half fearfully, she pushed back the brim of the dusty old hat until the face beneath was exposed to view.

She uttered a short, sharp scream, sprang to her feet, and glanced wildly up and down the street for help. Then, with a calm as sudden as her agitation had been, she lifted the fallen figure in her arms—it was pathetically light—and carried it into the house.

She laid it on a couch, lit a lamp and flew for the brandy bottle. When she returned, Rodney's eyes were open and he was smiling at her, faintly and wanly, but still with a trace of his old tender roguishness. Unaided, he placed the bottle to his lips, took a swallow and then set the bottle on the floor.

"Kiss me!" he whispered huskily.

With a little wail of joy, which must certainly have reached to heaven, Marcia threw her arms about his neck and began to sob. For a long time neither spoke, while Rodney, slowly and with a strange, far-away look on his face, stroked her hair.

"This isn't a dream, is it, dear?" he asked.

"No, darling."

"Heaven may be sweeter than this, Marsh," he murmured after a moment, "but I doubt it."

She kissed him again.

"Is Robbie alive and well?" he asked, after another pause.

"Yes, and such a fine big boy that you won't know him!" she exclaimed happily.

"Is there another one? You wrote me at Pittsburgh Landing—it was the last letter I got — that you — " He ceased, half in doubt.

"Yes—a little girl, and her name is Ethel," said she, smiling tenderly. Oh, what a beautiful, beautiful present I shall have for her in the morning! A father!" And she hugged him ecstatically.

"I'm afraid she'll think you got him at a remnant counter," said he, ruefully, raising to a sitting posture. "Take me to them."

It was not till then, in her flustrated condition, that Marcia noticed his missing arm. Her face grew gray with horror; and with a stifled cry of pity—the sweetest sound, Rodney thought, ever vouchsafed the ears of a man—she passionately wound her arms about his neck and drew her body, a-quiver with love, tight against his breast.

"Oh, my hero, my soldier boy!"

Gently he led her to the bedroom. As they stood at the foot of the little bed, she clinging to his arm, the tears ran abundantly down his withered cheeks.

"I can't realize it all yet, Marsh," he said. "Don't blame me if I act strangely for a few days. It will take some time to make sure that it isn't only another dream. I won't try to tell you now what I have suffered—how I have prayed for death—how many times I have fainted from hunger—how many thousand miles I have walked. It makes no difference now, after all," he added, with his cheery, brave smile. "It's past. Thank God, it's past."

At that instant Marcia's letter to Sidney Wentworth slipped from her bosom to the floor.

"Love letter?" asked Rodney, with gentle mischievousness.

Marcia suddenly grew white as death.

"Oh, husband, be merciful and forgive me! It *is* a love letter to Sidney Wentworth. I believed—we all believed you dead. He has been so good and kind; the money from the mortgage is almost gone—we were going to wait a year—two years—three years more for you to come back. And for the sake of the little ones—believe me, darling, for them only—I have promised to marry him.''

He looked at her dumbly. "Marry him!'' he repeated softly, in a tone that stabbed her to the heart.

"Yes. But, oh, read it—read it!" she begged of him, in an agony of remorse, placing the letter in his hand—his poor, one, cold hand which she yearned, mother-like, to warm in the cosy depths of her breast, close to her heart.

He unfolded the sheet clumsily. As he read, his eyes grew tender. Then, letting the paper flutter to the floor, he drew Marcia close to his side again.

''Poor, brave, little girl!'' said he, kissing her agitated lips. ''And poor, faithful Sid!''

# The KNOTS of BLUE and GRAY

## By May Elliott Hutson

MCPHERSONVILLE, SOUTH CAROLINA

BOTH, Mothers of America, but reared the States apart,
One with the Winter on her head, the Winter in her heart,
One crowned with never-melting snows, a grave within her breast,
But in that grave the dove of Peace had made its little nest.
In soft, low tones they murmured on, of joys and sorrows past,
And then with gentle hands they touched a tender theme at last.
One wore a little tuft of gray — gray with its soft, sad hue,
The other carried on her breast a knot of Yankee blue.

''Why wear this token next my heart?" The Northern mother smiled,
And stroked the fragment on her breast as if it were a child.
''In blue our Lord has clothed the skies, and robed the tropic seas;
From azure fields our banner throws its spangles to the breeze.
In blue the mountain drapes her head, while through the mists and dew
Shines, like a baby's, from her breast the gentian's eye of blue.
When, years agone, the simoon's breath smote all our fairest flowers,
When earthquakes rent and tempests tore this God-made land of ours,

When Maine and Massachusetts called, amongst the brave and true
Who answered 'Here,' I gave them one who wore a coat of blue.
When, gory-maned, the beast of War charged through Virginia's hills
With dripping blood that stained the rocks and dyed the mountain rills;
When, bellowing with rage and hate, he shook that bloody mane,
And tore the ranks with cruel teeth upon Manassas' plain,
They found amid the mangled heap of victims whom he slew
A soldier, from whose boyish breast they cut this slip of blue."

The Southern mother bowed her head, a prayer rose to the throne,
For Christ, the Comforter, to seek this heart so like her own,
Then lifted up her fair old face, bejewelled with a tear,
And touched her bosom with a knot of gray that rested there.
"In gray our Lord has dressed the mists, and wrapped the twilight sea,
Gray are the ashes of the dead, gray is the hue for me.
Like silent specters grayly swathed, behold the Southern moss.
Gray was the face that heaven turned on Calvary and the Cross.
It is the tint of human tears, the hue of parting day;
If broken hearts are ever seen their color will be gray."

A sob of memory arose, it shook the Southern breast,
And lo! the timid dove of Peace was frightened from its nest.
Slow dripped the sad and silent drops, and wet the gray knot through,
While opposite a soft stream fell, and wet the knot of blue.
When next that Southern mother spoke, the voice was not her own.
The desolation of her heart was echoed in her tone.
"When pealed from Sumter's battlements the War-God's awful voice,
And men and States were called by Fate to make the final choice,
I had but one — a child he seemed — my dead love's legacy,
The only living, human thing that earth contained for me.
I trampled on my selfish heart, I drove my tears away,
And with my own hands buttoned on my darling's coat of gray.
It matters not the agony, the love, the prayers, the pride,
The awful throes that racked my heart, for later on — it died.
But when upon Virginia's hills they turned the gory clay,
They brought me from a soldier's breast this little slip of gray."

With trembling, sympathetic hands, and voice that shook with tears,
The Northern mother quickly spoke of forms that thronged the years,
Of Jackson, Lee and all the host, whose glory and renown
Like blazing jewels — set in gray — adorn the nation's crown.
Of these she spoke — then silently she brushed a tear away,
And bending forward, pressed a kiss upon the knot of gray.
The Southern mother raised her face, and slowly over all
A soft light, as from white wings in their passage, seemed to fall.
It rested in her eyes, despite the grave within her breast —
The little frightened dove of Peace had fluttered to its nest.

# THE LAWYER AND THE MAN

## By Kalvin Johnson

COLUMBUS, OHIO

IN the four years that he had occupied offices in the big trust company building this was Morrison's first visit to the place after business hours. It was about ten o'clock when he dropped off the car in front of the many-storied pile, which loomed silent and shadowy into the night.

A paper left in his desk was necessary to the transaction of a business matter that was to call him out of town on an early train the next morning. The deserted marble vestibule suggested a mausoleum. Rousing the night elevator man, who sat dozing in his cage, Morrison was quickly lifted to the twelfth story. On his way up he caught glimpses of janitors at work on the various floors and heard them whistling as they went about their duties. The squeaking of furniture, the metallic clatter of cuspidors and the occasional bang of a door resounded throughout the building.

He had been to the theater, and at tardy recollection of the paper had cut the last act. The pockets of his evening clothes lacked the means of entrance to his office. A man carrying a pound or more of keys at the end of a chain came and unlocked a glass-panelled door bearing the sign, "S. Morrison, Attorney." A click of an electric button and the room, which formed the first of a suite, was illuminated. Lighting his way as he went, the attorney passed on into an interior apartment, where his private desk was located.

Morrison was not in an especially good humor over the necessity of his errand. Lately he had begun to show an irritableness growing out of a certain dissatisfaction with himself. He could not exactly define it, but he missed the old enthusiasm he used to feel in his work before sacrificing his general practice to that of a corporation lawyer. The latter often involved tactics which were not up to his earlier standards. The implied attitude of the several large interests that he served, of owning him, conscience and all, awakened a spirit of resentment, which could not be altogether soothed by the fact that he had trebled his income and was well on the way toward affluence.

While Morrison was searching for the mislaid document one of the cleaning force, a robust-appearing fellow, came into the room, carrying a broom and a large empty basket.

"I will be out of your way in a minute, janitor," said the attorney carelessly, after a glance.

The man, in the act of retreating, hesitated at the door and gazed in a half-amused, half-nervous way at the speaker. There was apparently nothing about the attorney to arouse such feeling. He was a keen but affable-looking person of forty-five years, of rather handsome features, a little stout in figure and having an air of prosperity. Except that his opera hat sat rakishly on the back of his head, his general appearance was conventional enough.

The fellow turned as if to go, then paused again, and with sudden resolution exclaimed, "All right, Sammy!"

Morrison was in the act of closing his desk. The roll-top slipped from his fingers and he turned upon the janitor as if struck. It had been years since he had heard that name. In the brief space of time required to reach the man, who stood doubtfully, leaning against the door-frame, the office and its luxurious appointments faded away. In their place was a quaint, sleepy old town, with a background of green hills. The picture aided him some as he peered into the somewhat embarrassed, smiling face.

"Joe Stephens!" cried the attorney.

"I didn't think you would recognize me so easily," was the response, given in a laughing but still restrained tone.

There was nothing of the cad about Morrison. He fairly hugged the fellow, in spite of his workingman's dress. "Joe, I'm tickled to death to see you, but what are you doing here—what in the name of goodness"— Morrison stood off and pointed at the broom.

"I suppose it's what you call trying to make an honest living."

"Why, I thought you were in the West and doing well. The last I heard of you, you were in the manufacturing business."

"The bottom dropped out of it and I came back," said the man, with a slight wince.

"How long have you been working here?"

"About two months."

"And never came in to see me?" There was genuine reproach in Morrison's tone.

"I didn't dream of it being you, until a week or two ago, when I learned it by accident."

"Why didn't you come then?"

"I wanted to, the worst way, and yet I hated to," said Stephens, hesitatingly. "I sleep in daytime, and then it had been so long since we'd met, and you're so fine here, I didn't know just whether you'd care — that is—"

"You dirty dog, you!"

"No, I didn't really believe that," Stephens hastened to add, "but when a fellow is down at the heel it makes him sensitive about hunting up old friends. Anyway, I felt that we would run into each other sometime natural-like, just as we have tonight. I couldn't have enjoyed anything better than this. Some afternoon, when you are not too busy, I want to come up and have a good talk with you." The two men had dropped into chairs. Stephens arose to his feet.

"Where are you going now?" asked the attorney.

"I have a lot of work to do yet tonight."

"See here, Joe Stephens!" exclaimed Morrison, giving the basket in front of him a kick, "the owners of this building are my clients. The superientendent is directly responsible to me. Technically, I'm the head janitor, and I want you to understand that you are fired, right now, so you might as well sit down again. I am going to fix you for something decent."

"Hold on, now, Sam!" said Stephens, resuming his seat, "I don't want you to feel that I'm expecting anything of that kind; not offhand, anyway. Wait a while."

"The idea of cleaning my rooms," continued Morrison; "I'm ashamed to look you in the face. Why, your folks used to keep us in milk, after father died, and we were blamed glad to get it, too. Do you remember that cow of yours, old Baldy? My! but she used to give good milk!"

"Yes, and we'd both go to the pasture after her in the evenings. She seemed almost as much your cow as she did ours."

"Sometimes your sister Elsie would cry to go along, and I would lead her by the hand, for I was always fond of her," said Morrison tenderly. "Ah, Joe! I've never forgotten. It was my last year in college, you know, when she died. I tell you, it knocked the ambition out of me for a while. I have a good wife, Joe; I love her; we are happy, but there is one feeling a man never experiences but once in a lifetime."

"You've been getting along fine, haven't you, Sam?" said Stephens, after a little pause.

"Better, I expect, than I deserve, Joe. It was a struggle for the first few years, but I have worked into a good practice and have been able to accumulate a little something."

"I'm glad to hear it. You always were smart, and square, too. Anybody would know, just to see you, that you were prospering. You certainly look sporty in that rig," added Stephens, with a gleam in his eye. "When I spied you sitting there in the chair, so swell, I couldn't help saying 'Sammy,' for the life of me."

"Don't guy me like that, Joe!" protested Morrison, chuckling. "You were thinking of how I used to look in those Sunday pants mother cut down for me out of brother Ike's. I used to want her to take a reef in them, but she was afraid of spoiling them for Charley, who was coming on and was stout, like Ike. Those pants always embarrassed me, and I just hurried up and grew out of them lengthways." Both men laughed until the tears stood in their eyes.

"You're the same old Sam!" cried Stephens, enthusiastically, his restraint entirely gone.

"I haven't had such a good, old-fashioned laugh for I don't know when —just like when we were boys, Joe. But to be serious, tell me about yourself. "You're married? No one I know? Three children! I've only got two. Living on the fifth floor of a flat building? I own a little house up my way that is just spoiling for a good tenant. Country air and quiet surroundings. Tomorrow I'll be out of town, but Thursday I am going to have you and Mrs. Joe up to dinner, and we can talk it over then. Eh? I'll bet you four dollars you'll come or there will be trouble. Nonsense! You will look good enough for me, whatever you wear. My wife will be just as glad to have you as I will; I've often talked to her about you. She's got sense, and any friends of mine are friends of hers."

The attorney rattled on, in his impulsive way, hardly allowing his companion opportunity for reply. "Now, about that business affair of yours! Give me the particulars; maybe I can be of service to you."

"Well, it's quite a long story," said Stephens, thoughtfullly, "but I'll give you the general facts, as a matter of interest. I am much obliged to you, Sam, for your offer of help, but the matter is past mending. I suppose my going broke is a good deal my own fault, anyway. I contracted a bad habit after I went West."

"It wasn't whiskey, was it, Joe?" interrupted Morrison.

"No; that's something that never bothered me."

"I was sure it couldn't be that with you," said the attorney, "but what put the idea into my head was that I heard that Dick Chalmers had taken to drink and was almost a wreck—had run through with the money he got from his father's estate. I'll tell you who told me—you remember Albert Fawcett, who used to run a shoe store on the corner of the square? I happened to meet him on the train not long ago. It seems that Dick is living in Denver, and Fawcett had been out there visiting his brother-in-law. I was awful sorry to hear such a thing about Dick. He was always such a steady, level-headed fellow. Next to you, there was not a boy in Mowry to whom I was more attached. You know how we three used to run around together. I thought possibly you might have happened on to

Dick while you were in the West."

"Dick is a part of the story," said Stephens, quietly. "My failing was speculating. I had a pretty good start on a ranch, but traded it off for mining stock, not the wildcat kind, but something that would have made me money if I hadn't let it go again. I was first into one thing and then another, sometimes coming out ahead and sometimes losing.

"As part of a real-estate deal, I got hold of a little factory that had suspended operations for lack of capital. It was equipped for making a line of brass specialties. I had no idea what to do with it, except to trade it off again. One day while in Denver I happened to run across Dick Chalmers. He was out there for his lungs and was feeling so much better that he had concluded to stay. I mentioned the factory to him, incidentally, and he got interested at once. He was looking for a small investment and knew something about the manufacturing business. The plant was located about fifty miles from Denver and he went down with me to investigate the proposition. As a result we fixed up a partnership arrangement.

"Dick is a hustler, and it wasn't long before we were selling our goods faster than we could make them. We kept putting in more machinery and increasing the size of the plant, until finally every dollar we both had in the world—which wasn't an enormous sum — was tied up in it. Things were beginning to come easy when some parties in the East here, who were forming a trust, wanted to buy us out. Their offer was liberal enough, $50,000 in cash, and I suppose we made a mistake in not accepting it. Dick felt that the business had a big future, and as this was a free country, we didn't have to sell unless we wanted to.

"Well, the trust went after us roughshod. They kept spies on where we shipped our goods and took our customers away from us by cutting prices. The worst, though, was the way they persecuted us in the courts, claiming infringements of patents, getting out injunctions and the like. What their lawyers didn't think of wasn't worth while. We stayed with them as long as we could, but they had too much money for us. We were both cleaned out. Dick went back to Denver, almost brokenhearted, and got a job as draughtsman. I guess he has been drinking considerable. He first got started at it on account of his lung trouble, but was straight as a string all the time we were together. I think now it's more discouragement than anything else, and that he would be all right if he could get on his feet again. That isn't likely, though. He has lost his nerve.

"I scraped together a few hundred dollars and came East. Father and mother are getting up in years and they wanted to see the grandchildren. We didn't care to worry the old folks with our troubles, and so didn't say anything about them, but after a month's visit we came here, where I could get work and not be so far away from home. I found things pretty dull, and when I stumbled onto this job I took it as a makeshift, until I could have a chance to look around."

Morrison, sunk deep in his chair and with his eyes fixed upon the other man's face, had listened quietly, except to ask an occasional question concerning names and dates. He remained silent for a time after Stephens had finished, as though carefully weighing the matter. Suddenly he roused himself and leaned forward.

"Joe, you have got a good case, much better than you think. There are plenty of grounds for a damage suit, but I wouldn't advise that, as it would involve too much litigation. If you are willing to settle on the $50,000 basis, I can get it for you."

"Willing!" cried Stephens, excitedly.

"I'd be glad to take anything, but I don't see how—"

"Leave that to me. I have had dealings with these people myself, and there are certain reasons why they cannot afford to turn me down when I present the matter to them in the proper light. This lawyer of theirs is a person with whom I think I have some influence. I am better acquainted with him than I am with you. He used to consider himself a pretty decent sort of fellow, if he was a lawyer, and I am satisfied that he wants to feel that way again. It is only charitable to say that he never would have had a hand in such dirty business if the facts had not been misrepresented to him, but that don't excuse him. Lawyers, in their zeal to serve rich clients, easily get the habit of not looking very carefully into the morals of a proceeding. Anyway, you and Dick are going to get your money."

Morrison could not bring himself to the point of actually making a confession. Some other time he would have the courage. There was no question, however, about the restitution part of it. Should his efforts with the company fail, he would pay every dollar of it out of his own pocket.

"There, now, Joe! I don't blame you for being a little broken up over the prospect of having your money again—it must have been a hard strain on you—but I won't listen to any gratitude talk, not now. When this thing is all fixed up and you know the whole story, if you feel like shaking hands over it and saying, 'Sammy, you're all right!' that will satisfy me.

"Only one thing more, Joe. Next Monday I am going to start for Denver, and you have got to go along. We will find Dick and get him on his feet again."

# CAPTAIN EMERY'S REVENGE

By Ernest McGaffey

Author of "Sonnets to a Wife," "Poems of Rod and Gun," etc.

LEWISTOWN, ILLINOIS

CAPTAIN EMERY WILSON was a retired sea-dog with a penchant for literature. He had in early youth read extensively and scribbled industriously, and all through his strenuous maritime career the dream of winning fame and fortune with his pen had never forsaken him. Indeed, even in the midst of his cruises he kept a journal, in which he jotted down his thoughts and experiences, and wrote his rhymes, for the captain was versically as well as prosily inclined.

But there came a day when his voyages were over, and he retired at the age of fifty-three to a modest competence. But while the years had passed the half-century mark with him, his heart was as youthful and his spirit as sanguine as in the heyday of his twenties. His longing to be an author was stronger than ever, and in these his leisure days he worked unceasingly on his compositions. The captain had touched at numberless ports and acquired a smattering of many foreign tongues. He had experienced moving accidents by flood and field, and had even passed one year in the interior on a Colorado ranch, where he had roughed it with the cowboys and acquired quite a knowledge of these amiable centaurs.

In his stays on shore he had drifted around the streets of San Francisco a great deal, and had thoroughly familiarized himself with all phases of city life. The advantage of having been brought up on a farm until the age of eighteen was also an addition to his stock of experiences, and, altogether, the captain ought to have been well equipped as a writer.

He could write humorous and dialect verses, love poems, elegies, child's poetry, odes, sonnets, lyrics, dramatic poetry, vers-de-societe, sea poems, western poems with or without dialect, sailor and cowboy stories, idyls of the farm and fireside, sketches in Irish, German, Swedish, Bohemian, Polish, Swiss, French, Italian, Chinese, Siwash, Malay, Hindoo, Spanish, Mexican, negro and Patagonian dialect; heavy articles on naval affairs, such as deep-sea soundings, whale fisheries and maritime gunnery; light articles, such as flirtation on the quarter-deck, the passion for the decollete in dress among the South Sea Islanders, or smuggling as a fine art, etc. He could write of war or peace, joy or sadness, sin or innocence.

With this remarkable equipment and a brain on fire with ambitious movings, the captain began to write and bombard the magazines and periodicals. But, alack for the uncertainty of human affairs! The captain's manuscripts came back by the score. Verses that he had cried over would be returned by some unfeeling editor with some such printed balderdash as this:

> THE STEREOPTICON
>
> A Magazine for the American People
>
> 523 EIGHTH AVENUE, NEW YORK
>
> "The editor has read your manuscript with abiding eagerness, but regrets excessively that it is not quite adapted to the special requirements of The Stereopticon. It is therefore returned to you reluctantly, with many thanks for your extreme courtesy in submitting it."

Or possibly he might get a communication from some editor in the editor's own handwriting which would read something like this:

> ANYBODY'S MAGAZINE
>
> Circulation Nine Million Copies
>
> COMATOSE BUILDING, PHILADELPHIA
>
> Captain Emery Wilson,
> San Francisco, California
>
> Dear Sir: We have read with much pleasure your exciting story of "Dragged by a Greenland Whale," and believe with some changes it may be made adaptable to the readers of Anybody's. Could you not have the whale dive and come up with Captain Kidd's buried treasure, or butt into a mountain of floating ambergris worth untold millions, or land your party, just as he sinks beneath the biting harpoons, at some tropic shore which turns out to be an island which a trust buys for six or seven billion dollars?
>
> Or could not the whale get tangled up in a treasure-ship of bygone days and on being hoisted to the top bring it up with him, disclosing to the astonished and delighted gaze of his captors hundreds of chests fairly reeking with ingots, pieces of eight, or even pieces of nine, doubloons, diamonds, gold and silver bars, emeralds, turquoises, garnets, pearls, plate, silks and all that sort of thing, don't you know? Our readers like to hear about things in which money is the main topic. Sincerely yours,
>
> THE EDITOR.

The captain's rage on getting these communications from day to day was something fearful to behold.

He would deliver himself of perfect broadsides of oaths in all the dialects of which he was master, and grind his molars in an excess of sea-going fury.

Month after month he sent his effusions away, and regularly as clock-work they came back to him. He grew misanthropical and moody and often sprang to his feet and paced up and down the deck of his little room, exclaiming in a passion of resentment: "Oh! If I but owned a magazine of my own!"

One morning a knock at his door aroused him from a very pessimistic daydream. He opened the door and a gentleman of immaculate dress and severe air bowed respectfully.

"Captain Emery Wilson, I presume?" he asked deferentially.

"That is my name," responded the doughty captain.

"I am extremely glad to make your acquaintance," replied the gentleman, handing the captain his card.

The captain looked at the card and read:

SHARK & WOLFE
**Attorneys and Counselors**
GOUGE BUILDING,
SAN FRANCISCO, CALIFORNIA

"Mr. Wolfe?" queried the captain hesitatingly.

"No," was the stranger's answer, "Shark; M. E. Shark. Captain Wilson," he continued in a firm tone, "I am here to acquaint you with the fact of your aunt Jemima's decease. You are her sole heir. It was supposed that she intended leaving her entire fortune to found a home for indigent bull-pups, one of whom was her constant attendant during her last years, but a fall downstairs prevented this, and you as her next of kin and sole surviving relative inherit the entire estate. It amounts to two hundred thousand dollars," he went on, with a gleam of avarice in his pale green eyes.

It was indeed true. Two weeks later the captain came into his own. How he blessed the slippery steps which carried off poor old Aunt Jemima. He took the bull-pup to his own home and ministered assiduously to its wants. Then he sat down to recover himself a little from the delightful shock. A batch of returned mss. and the usual grist of oily and meaningless printed refusals set his peppery a temper ablaze instanter.

"Now I'll have a magazine of my own!" he shouted, and the very next day saw him at work. He consulted an old chum of his, a practical printer, and in ten days to the hour from Aunt Jemima's funeral the Transatlantic Magazine, "a publication for the toiling millions," was announced with a splendid flourish of trumpets. The captain hired an advertising solicitor to take advertisements for nothing, and as his eccentricity had been thoroughly exploited, and as a merchant stood bound not to lose anything, he had advertising fairly thrust upon him.

He kept the secret of the editorship buried in his own bosom, but as a matter of fact Captain Emery Wilson was sole editor of the Transatlantic. He would sit down of an evening and gravely write letters addressed "To the Editor of the Transatlantic Magazine," and transmit with these epistles various samples of humorous and dialect poems, love verses, elegies, child's poetry, odes, sonnets, lyrics, dramatic poetry, vers-de-societe, sea poems, western poems in and out of dialect, sailor and cowboy stories, idyls of the farm and fireside, sketches in Irish, German, Swedish, Bohemian, Polish, Swiss, French, Italian, Chinese, Siwash, Malay, Hindoo, Spanish, Mexican, negro and Patagonian dialect; heavy articles on naval affairs, such as deep-sea soundings, whale fisheries and maritime gunnery; light articles such as flirtation abaft the quarter-deck, the passion for the decollete in dress among the South Sea Islanders, smuggling as a fine art, etc., etc., and NOT ONE OF THEM WAS EVER RETURNED.

On the contrary, the editor of the Transatlantic would kindly take the trouble to indite long letters to Captain Emery Wilson, commending the originality and verve of his contributions and encouraging him to send more of his mss. to the Transatlantic. Captain Emery Wilson as a writer adopted various noms-de-plume in order to supply the demand of the editor for his writings, and, besides, he always had at least four articles or stories and four poems in each issue of the Transatlantic Magazine over his own proper signature.

Every other line of both verse and prose in each issue was the captain's work, hidden under some such nom-de-plume as H. B. Podge-Wilkinson, Thomas Globular Dubb, Alice Wheaton, John Stuffer, Professor Dwight Moral Ames, Chumpsterne Swenson, Dolly Varden, and names he picked out of the 'Frisco directory.

Many letters came to the editor of the Transatlantic magazine, and it is noteworthy and cheering to reflect that every solitary mss. in them contained was returned to the writer, provided of course that stamps accompanied the contribution. The editor of the Transatlantic never read any contributions from any source save those of his own fertile brain, and invariably returned all mss. with anyone of a large number of printed stock refusals like those he had been in the habit of getting during his contributing days.

At the end of one year he had printed all of his stuff, both humorous and dialect verses, love poems, elegies, child's poetry, odes, sonnets, lyrics, dramatic poetry, vers-de-societe, sea poems, western poems with and without dialect, sailor and cowboy stories, idyls of the farm and fireside, sketches in Irish, German, Swedish, Polish, Swiss, French, Italian, Chinese, Siwash, Malay, Hindoo, Spanish, Mexican, negro and Patagonian dialect; heavy articles on naval affairs, such as deep-sea soundings, whale fisheries and maritime gunnery; light articles such as flirtation abaft the quarter-deck, the passion for the decollete in dress among the South Sea Islanders, smuggling as a fine art and others, and in one week thereafter the office of the Transatlantic Magazine was closed, never to be reopened.

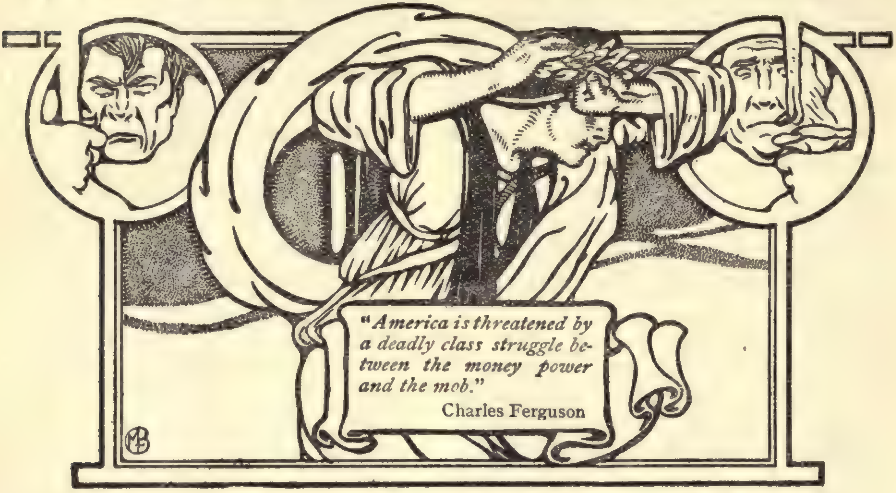
The captain retired to his quarters, perfectly satisfied and happy. He had ignominiously turned down and rejected everything submitted to the Transatlantic excepting his own stuff, and in the whole year's edition there was no single line but his own. It cost him just sixty-three thousand, four hundred and twenty-seven dollars and twenty-seven cents, and the captain affirmed vigorously and even profanely that it was dirt cheap at that.

He can be seen now any day in the streets of his chosen city, the very embodiment of peace and good nature, a sunny smile athwart the rubicund waste of his sea-faring frontispiece; or at evening in his snug little house, smoking a most curiously inlaid pipe and reading back numbers of the celebrated Transatlantic Magazine, in which with great profusion are to be found his articles, such as humorous and dialect verses and others as have been faithfully and even painstakingly set down.

## LAUGHTER AND TEARS ❧ By Eugene C. Dolson

TO lives with happiness aglow
  Laughter's glad notes are music rare;
  But sorrow would become despair
If tears could never flow.

# WANTED



*"America is threatened by a deadly class struggle between the money power and the mob."*
Charles Ferguson

# Cities with a Sane Ideal

## A Plan for the Creation of National University-towns on the Irrigated Public Lands, and How It Would Solve the Social Problem

By Charles Ferguson

Author of "The Religion of Democracy," "The Affirmative Intellect," etc."

KANSAS CITY, MISSOURI

THE difference between a university and a high school nowadays is mainly the difference between hard lessons and easy ones—between plane geometry and the calculus, between the Anabasis and the Greek plays. The original university idea has been allowed to lapse for a while. It must be recovered.

The university had its origin in the Middle Ages. The great imperial schools of antiquity, such as the Museum at Alexandria, were not universities but a totally different kind of thing. The university grew out of the church—in the twelfth century or thereabouts. The church had come into the midst of a civilization that had been suffering for a long time, about four thousand years perhaps, from a terrific social disease—a disease that worked a kind of organic lesion in common human nature and so had checked the course of social evolution. For thousands of years before the beginnings of Christianity nothing considerable had been done to raise the general standard of living or make the average man more at home in the world, and for more than a thousand years afterward the results in this line were so meager as to be nearly negligible.

The disease from which the world suffered may be described as a morbid breach between the intellect and the emotions. The ancients had just as good heads as modern men—and just as good hearts. There is no reason to suppose that the brains of our great men are any heavier than those of the Pharaohs, or their sentiments any finer. The trouble with the old world was simply that its intellect and its emotions had been divorced from each other. Its knowing-power was not on speaking terms with its motive-power.

Emotion is the driving-force of life and intellect is the steering-apparatus. Emotion does all the work that is done in this world, but without intellect it is a tread-mill round — there is no progress in it. On the other hand, thinking that is not touched with emotion, that is devoid of the passion of ideals, is mere logic-chopping or empty speculation. It has no power to move any man's hands. Because of this "original sin," therefore, this hereditary schism between the intellect and the emotions, the human race lost the power to do intelligent work and social order fell into an endless class-struggle between the mooners and the muckers.

It was the most striking consequence of this disaster that for five thousand years nobody ever clearly thought of such a thing as a social organization for the advancement of the arts and sciences. It was the church that paved the difficult way to that idea by insistence that the God within a man and the God of the universe are one and the same God. This was as much as to say that the law of the heart can come to terms with the law of the head, and that the arts and the sciences are two sides of the same thing — and must stick together. So it came to pass in due time that the university was born out of the cathedral schools. But the university was much more than a school.

### FIRST UNIVERSITIES WERE CITIES

The universities in the thirteenth century — Paris, Bologna, Oxford — were municipalities. A university was a free city, jealously guarding its rights against all adverse claims of the pope and the emperor and striving to win a foothold upon the solid ground for a new kind of social order. The world had had more than enough of the rule of kings and more than enough of the rule of crowds; the time had come to make a beginning of a new kind of government — a government by the Masters of Materials, — in academic phrase, Master of Arts. That is certainly the kind of government that the future has in store for us. It will give a final quietus to our political bewilderment, for when it shall be fairly established it can never be overthrown. The force by which governments subsist is derived from the elemental forces of nature. All the forms of government of which we have had experience are unstable because in them the force which the law undertakes to consecrate does not coincide with the force that men derive from nature. But when government gets into the hands of those who have acquired mastery of the natural forces and know how to use them in the service of all, such a government will be permanent and endlessly progressive. It will be irresistible, both because it will have in its own hands the energies that furnish the driving power of revolutions, and because it will command the moral assent of the people by constantly serving them. It will fulfill the definition both of a real democracy and a genuine aristocracy.

Of course the universities of the Middle Ages did not realize to the full the civic conceptions that were implied in their charters. They left that for us to do. They were clogged with all the morbid traditions of the past. They made a tremendous effort to bring the scientific spirit into effectual correspondence with the humanistic spirit, to heal the immemorial breach between the intellect and the emotional forces of life; but the confused currents of the time were too strong for them, and the utmost that they could accomplish was to rough-sketch the design of a true civic order and leave it for the future to work out. The prophetic idea that we derive from them is the idea of *a city with the laws for the advancement of the arts and sciences, a city dominated by artistic and scientific experts.*

## WHAT THE PROPOSITION MEANS

Now the advancement of the arts and sciences means simply the bringing of human nature into more agreeable relations with the nature of things. Stated in the language of economics this means raising the general standard of living. It means increasing the purchasing power of an average day's work. It means raising wages and lowering prices.

The astonishing thing about our industrial order as it exists is that there is as yet nowhere to be found in the modern world such a thing as a corporation devoted to the increase of material well-being! There is nowhere a corporation organized and worked to better the physical standard of living. This is the grand oversight of modern civilization and the most damnatory indictment against our industrial order. How incredible it will sound to those of our posterity who shall endeavor to find grounds of admiration for the past! The nineteenth century — they will be told— supposed itself to be the age of social organization for the production of wealth, yet in that age the vast wealth that was produced was all *in spite* of the social organization; for the law left the initiative and control of industry wholly in the hands of those whose sole credential was the possession of stocks, bonds and other certificates of indebtedness, and the sole aim of whose enterprise was to raise prices and lower wages in order that interest and profits might be increased. They will be told that in that century the idea of doing business for the sake of raising the standard of living was regarded as purely sentimental. In a word, posterity well discover that in the age which has just passed the intellectual forces of life were as completely, as morbidly divorced from the emotional forces as in any of the darkest and sickest periods of history.

Time was that men here and there were more capable than they are today of assessing the value of a sound theory —of seeing, in advance of a demonstration, the force of a general truth. We have nearly lost the power of abstract thinking; witness the decadence of theology, whether "new" or "old," and the driving out of business of all those who seriously undertake to help the people to a coherent philosophy of life. Our pragmatical contemporaries are mostly "from Missouri" and must be "shown." It might have been worth while, if the general psychological conditions were different, to go abroad preaching the gospel of the university, trusting the feeling mind and the understanding heart to discover the stupidity and cruelty of the social theory that we are trying to live by, and to establish in every existing town and city ward an institution that should embody the regenerative university idea — an institution that should supersede the existing religious sects and political parties by an organization of the people in the spirit of the university; and that should replace the chaotic misrule of professional good-men and professional smart-men by a government of those effectual civilizers and masters of arts who had proved their capacity to serve. There would be a fighting chance to make over the old cities on this new plan by sheer force of logic and common sense if it were not for our epidemic myopia of the abstract intellect. But as things stand the only way to give currency to the true university idea is *to go out into the bare places and build a few university cities from the ground up, as samples.*

### THE PROGRAM PROPOSED

A city is substantially "free" when its economic life is not dominated by any power outside its own civic organization. To this end a municipal government ought to have primary jurisdiction over a sufficient area of land to support its population. The proposition, therefore, is to build university-towns, universities whose charters shall be municipal charters, and set them the task of subduing as much of the earth as they can manage — say two or three million acres each, something over fifty miles square — by the exercise of their own organic civilizing powers.

The university, once in possession of its land and "plant," should be self-sustaining. It should also be very much more than self-sustaining; it should by its own creative energies furnish the highest artistic and scientific conditions of social existence now anywhere extant. A day's work should buy more than elsewhere; thus there would be set up a rousing inter-municipal competition which would compel all neighboring cities to civilize themselves — on pain of the loss of population and the decline of real estate. For the city which can maintain a higher rate of wages and a lower cost of living than its competitors, must perforce become the capital of the world. Nobody knows how high the organized artistic and scientific enterprise of a city can drive wages, or how low it can drive prices — *because no city has ever tried.*

### "ALMS-HOUSES OF THE ARTS"

American universities as they exist are the alms-houses of the arts and sciences. The creative intellect is pauperized in them and made the parasite of the artless, scienceless drudges of the field and workshop. For example, the University of Texas is endowed with about two million acres of land. Can it subdue this principality to the uses of the human ideal? Are the masters of arts in the Texas university showing the 'prentice hands how to make civility and grace and fair dwellings and laughing waters come up out of the sagebrush plains? Not at all. The lands are rack-rented for seventy thousand dollars to unregenerate ranchmen and mechanics; and with that sum and whatever else can be begged from the legislature or anybody else, a large number of book-men and boys are supported in a state of boredom tempered by football, in order that the toilers of Texas may nurse the illusion that they have some vicarious part and lot in the wide humanities. It is the same nearly everywhere, of course; but the pathos of it seems somehow especially poignant, in Texas.

America is threatened with a deadly class-struggle between the money-power and the mob. The former is the power of science working in abstraction from the humanities; the latter is the energy of the humanities driven blindly without science. *To take sides in this struggle is to lose your vote.* Both sides are sure to be beaten and would lose most in winning. There is still in this country a whole-souled contingent that is neither proletarian nor plutocratic. What it lacks is organization and a program. Here is the making of a prevailing political party. I venture to suggest that the program of this new party should be *the creation of national university-towns on the public lands, first of the Western states and territories, then in all the eastern states, with a view to bringing the whole fabric of government into harmony with the principles that the humanities should prevail over the* *money-power, and scientific efficiency over the crowd.*

The national government is building the Panama canal, working out great schemes of irrigation, and school-mastering the Filipinos. No violence will be done to precedent if now that government shall undertake to establish genuine universities on the desert lands of the West.

### WHY DESERT LANDS ARE BEST

The desert lands are the best lands in the country; but they mock at private initiative and the free-booting money-maker. That is a providential fact. These lands have been reserved, without human foresight, for great adventures in corporate civilization. We need to be reminded, perhaps, that the famous cities of the antique world were for the most part founded upon the practice of irrigation and nursed in the desert. That old world was scientific enough to prefer its rainless lands—Egypt and Palestine—Asia Minor and Syria, the land of the Carthaginians and the Moors, of the Incas and the Aztecs. The simple fact seems to be that the soluble plant foods—potash, lime, magnesia, sulphuric acid and so on—are, in countries of abundant rainfall, mainly washed away and wasted; while in arid countries these elements accumulate in the soil an inexhaustible bank account to be drawn on, without possibility of "protest"—through irrigation ditches. There is expert testimony to the effect that "the soils that lie west of the hundredth meridian in the United States, as compared with those that lie east of the Mississippi, contain on the average about three times as much potash, six times as much magnesia, and fourteen times as much lime."

So the new cities of the "great American desert" are going to have solid elemental underpinning.

In a few years—perhaps a few months—New York, Philadelphia, and the other great cities of the East, will be suffering, as London is suffering today, from an appalling problem of the unemployed. Under existing economic arrangements the convulsions that are called commercial crises, with their attendant phenomena of "over-production" and failure of credit, are periodic and uanvoidable. For, as things stand, mercantile credit is based, not upon technological or value-producing ability, but upon ability to collect debts. And since our "prosperity" consists very largely in the increasing of the legally enforcable claims of the creditor class, every period of commercial expansion is bound to end soon or late in such an accumulation of bad debts and indigestible securities as shakes everybody's confidence in the bill-collector. The crisis is therefore a part of the system and may be counted on.

### NOW IS THE TIME TO ACT

Before the next paroxysm of national heart-failure our party of the university propagandum should have braced the public mind with its definite program for the alleviation of the social distress. It should demand at once that the government, on the completion of the immense irrigation projects in Arizona, in Colorado, in Idaho and elsewhere, shall not try to peddle out the redeemed lands to wandering prospectors and speculators, but that they shall be kept in bulk and, together with such adjacent public lands as may be available, shall be made—like the District of Columbia—the sites of national cities. The demand should be made that the charter of these cities should be framed after the manner of university charters — establishing self-perpetuating faculties or governing corporations, with powers larger indeed than those of the commissioners who manage the civic affairs of the national capital city, but no different in principle. The members of these governing corporations should in the first instance be appointed by the president of the United States.

If Mr. Roosevelt at the expiration of his present official term, instead of settling himself in a cloistered academic seat at Harvard as has been most unimaginably suggested, should be made Dean of the Faculty of the Municipal University of Lanfranc on the Gila river in Arizona, the work might be congenial and the results momentous. The new university corporations should include all the Burnhams and Olmsteads, the General Woods and Colonel Warings, the Sargents and St. Gaudens folk that might by any means be got to serve — not forgetting such specialists as Professor Hilgard and Mr. Luther Burbank of California, Mr. Elwood Mead, who drew up the irrigation-law code of Wyoming which has been the working-model in that line of all the other far western states, and Mr. William E. Smythe, who wrote that luminous and prophetic book, "The Conquest of Arid America."

When we shall have put in full charge of the several land-tracts, corporations composed after this manner, and shall have alloted to each concern a few millions of dollars from the national treasury as a momentum-fund, the country should say to them: "Go ahead. Build cities in the university spirit and teach by demonstration how the arts and sciences may be advanced. We believe in you; we fetter you with no fine theories of the rights of man; you are under no law but that of the federal courts and the constitution of the universe. Go on and clear spaces in which fine goods shall be cheaper than they are in New York and common men dearer. If Shontz or anybody else can scoop down the mountains at the isthmus, you also can level a few lifts."

### A MAKER OF PROSPERITY

The immediate effect upon an era of commercial depression of an enterprise of this sort may be expected to be as stimulating as a first-class foreign war; the ultimate effect would be strikingly different, since instead of getting the mass of the people into debt, it would get them out of it, and instead of destroying wealth on a vast scale it would create wealth on a scale as vast. The effect would be as if half a score of world's-fair cities were to be built in a single year — only these should be cities that could pay their own freight; and instead of crumbling into tinsel and plaster at the end of the gaudy show, they might be quite as permanent as anything earthly, and stand — fair as the city of Damascus in the midst of its palm gardens and flashing streams — when most that is called American had passed to its day of judgement.

In these establishments the guide-lines of practical administration should be derived from the lineament of the university in its original and normal idea. The university is at the bottom religious; it has a gospel that preaches the unity and reasonableness of the ground-plan of the world. It is actuated by a faith that the laws of science are framed to match the laws of art — that all material things are plastic under the hand of an indomitable ideal. Thus the university as a physical institution should be to the new towns what the cathedral was to the mediaeval cities of Europe.

The university in its true character offers promotion and an expanding career on one single condition, to-wit: the achievement of some kind of value-producing efficiency. Its organization, therefore, should develop an ascending scale of ranks in which one might hope to become more commanding only by becoming more serviceable. The servants should rule. They should not merely be permitted to serve; they have an authoritative and indefeasible right to rule. The men who know how to bring human nature into fruitful and victorious relations with the nature-of-things are an authentic democratic aristocracy, and must not, if they can help it, permit themselves to be overruled by mere numbers. This is a social principle that lies in the very marrow of the university-ideal. It antagonizes our hereditary political prejudices, to be sure; yet not it but they must eventually give way. The principle in fine is this: *In a sound industrial society the higher rank should elect the lower, not the lower the higher.* The track - walker should not elect the section-boss, but contrariwise. Only the efficient are qualified to judge of a candidate's efficiency. The violation of this principle seems to be the cause of the failure of most so-called co-operative experiments. It is the radical flaw in the proletarian program of "scientific socialism." It would seem safe to say that American city-making can never become artistic and scientific so long as we cleave to the tradition of the sovereignty of majorities; and that the reason why the city of Washington is so incomparably better governed than any other city in the United States is that it is the only city in the country that is not governed by plebiscite. Majority-rule has indeed a revolutionary value; it is the only possible counterpoise to the tyranny of birth-boosted incompetents. But when once a society has found its equilibrium in a sound industrial order it seems to be certain that the rule of kings and the rule of crowds must fall into contempt together.

I do not mean to suggest that the national cities in the West should be governed by the president or congress. Whatever may be the justification of that plan in the peculiar circumstances of the city of Washington, the whole exemplary value of these new adventures would depend upon their being locally self-governed; their corporations, once established, should have unrestricted power to recruit themselves from their own citizenship.

### A BOON TO PURE SCIENCE

There is a prospect that pure science would receive an unprecedented impetus from universities of this new type. It is certainly a mistake to suppose that science in its larger and more speculative scope is best advanced when laboratory work and original research are carried on in a well endowed moral vacuum and in utter aloofness from practical affairs. The whole history of scientific progress points in an opposite direction, and goes to show that the largest accessions of knowledge and a true scientific philosophy are likely to come from a university that is enmeshed in an industrial order and whose atmosphere is aflame with a passion for social progress. Why is it that the scientific method burgeoned for a brilliant season in Athens, in Alexandria and in Syracuse—and then died for a thousand years? It was because Aristotle and Galen and Hipparchus and Ptolemy and Archimedes despised economics and the social problem and disdained to apply their science to the material enrichment of the world; and because the society in which they lived was utterly devoid of an industrial organization that could economize scientific ideas.

Plutarch tells how King Hiero entreated Achimedes almost, though not quite, in vain, "to turn his art from abstracted notions to matters of sense, and to make his reasonings more intelligible to the generality of mankind by applying them to the uses of common life." And he says also that Plato inveighed against Eudoxus and Archytas, who made some feeble efforts to translate their geometry into terms of mechanics, "inveighed against them with great indignation, as corrupting the excellence of geometry by making her descend from incorporeal and intellectual to corporeal and sensible things." If there are savants nowadays that could not interest themselves in such universities as are proposed, they belong by moral consanguinity, not to this age, but to that of Plato. The representative scientists of today are also masters of creative arts. I mean men of the stamp of Lord Kelvin and Thomas Edison, who have made electricity a familiar tool; Pasteur, who leaves his laboratory to destroy hog-cholera and cattle-plague, and Professsor Bertellot, who manages an experimental farm in the environs of Paris. Possibly our national universities in the West might furnish for the work of such men the best *milieu* that can be imagined.

### THE IDEA ALREADY ROOTED

I asked the president of the territorial University of Arizona at Tucson why athletics do not flourish in that institution. He said: "The faculty here have gone in for the regular sports that are in vogue in eastern colleges, and have tried to interest the students in that sort of thing. But it is no use; the boys have absorbed their minds in a bigger game than football, the game of besting this desert here with the tools of science. And they are away every holiday with the engineers and irrigators — to the bottom of mines and the tops of mountains — training for the Match."

So it would seem that the city-building university-idea, which has lain so long in the ground, has already sprouted.

# LYRICS ⁂ By Charles Warren Stoddard

## ARABESQUE

EYES,— whose every glance is such
I feel it like a velvet touch;
Eyes that all my comfort slay,
Yet grieve me when they turn away.
Eyes that flicker without fire;
That look, and burn without desire;
That seem to darken while they beam
And dart a shadow with each gleam;
Eyes that smoulder while they sleep
And glow — like planets, when they peep
From an unfathomable deep;
Eyes that wound for pleasure's sake;
That languish when they triumph take;
And slumber most when most awake;
Eyes that blur and blind my sight;
That see my pain; that know my plight;
O, thrill me! — kill me with delight —
Ye dark moons in a silver night!

⁂

## RESURGAM

SHALL I behold, what time the snows distill
In the soft wind along these silver boughs,
Crisp bud and curling leaf — the golden house
Of robin red-breast and the whip-poor-will?
Shall I behold the sudden pulse, the thrill,
As the rich blood, long dormant, 'gins to rouse
Among the meadows where the cattle browse,
Sad-eyed and tranquil, while they take their fill?

Shall I behold again, shall I behold
The slumbering dead awaken as of old
At sound of a still voice that quickeneth?
There will I hymn thee to the very skies,
Spirit of lonely Spring! I will arise —
I will arise from out this shadow of death.

⁂

## SOME ONE TO SOME OTHER

OH! love me not, that I may long for thee,
Or, loving me, show not thy love alway;
For love that seeks shall weave a song for thee,
But love unsought is love that's gone astray.

Love me, anon, and love will sicken me —
Even thy love, the love I most desire;
The want of love alone may quicken me;
The love that kindleth doth e'en quench the fire.

Yea, it is right for me, but wrong for thee,
To breathe a fruitless prayer with bated breath;
So, love me not, that I may long for thee —
Love and desire thee even unto death.

# ADVENTURES of a SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT

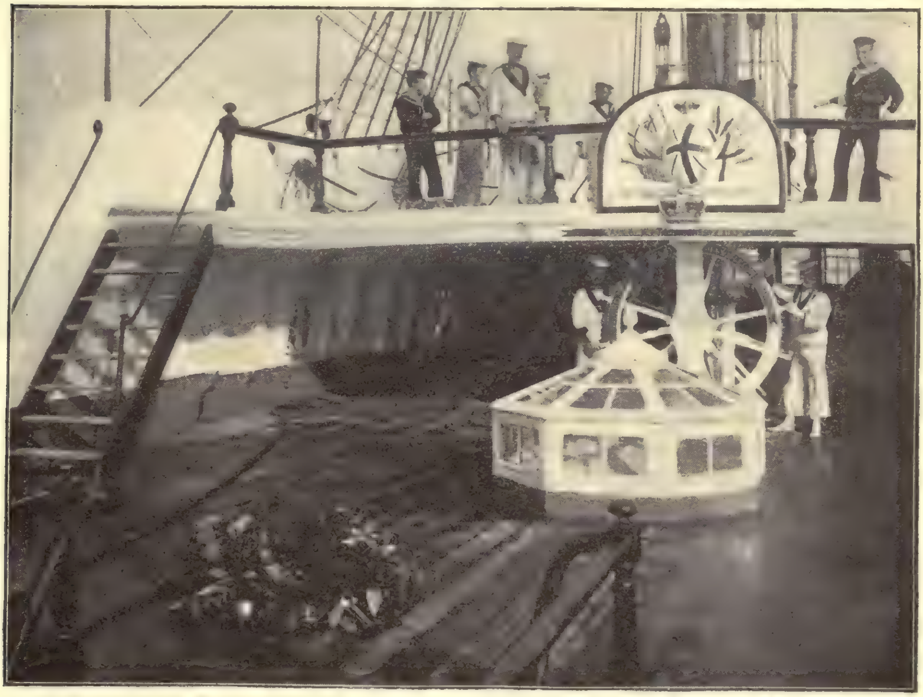
### by GILSON WILLETS

## I

ADVENTURES on ships on the high seas in many different latitudes and in the ports of countries widely separated from one another are bound to occupy much space in the notebooks of the special correspondent who leads a world-girdling career. In my own notebook I find some scribbling, dated at the North Cape, wherein is described the taking of a photograph of the Midnight Sun from the rail of a ship, at exactly eight bells in the night watch; and more scribbling, in which is recorded a visit to Lord Nelson's flagship, "Victory," at Portsmouth, England, at the moment when the daily fresh wreath was brought aboard and placed reverently upon the spot on the deck where fell the hero of Trafalgar. Notice

*"Midnight sun" at North Cape*

the steering wheel in the photograph of that scene on the "Victory." The wheel bears the famous words which Nelson signalled to his fleet just before the battle: "England expects every man will do his duty." Later I visited the present Lord Nelson's house near Salisbury, and there, over the mantelpiece in the dining-room, in tiles, were miniature reproductions of the signal-flags that spelled the words which were read by all who fought at Trafalgar.



"*A visit to Lord Nelson's flagship, 'Victory,' at the moment the daily fresh wreath was brought aboard and placed reverently on the spot on the deck where fell the hero of Trafalgar*"

Another entry in my notebook tells of boarding H. M. S. Discovery at Spithead, England, on the day of her arrival from her "farthest south" voyage in the Antarctic. That was on the tenth day of September, 1904, and on the following day I called upon Captain Frederick George Jackson, the distinguished Antarctic explorer, in London. With the return of the "Discovery," I was sure that he would have something of interest to say about Antarctic expeditions.

"I once had a lady ask me in all seriousness," he said, "if it were not really awfully hot in the Antarctic region. 'It's so very far south, you know,' she remarked. In fact, many persons have suggested that it must be very warm down there, their idea being that as the South Polar region is so much farther south than, for example, the Riviera, it must be simply roasting. But I fancy Captain Scott of the 'Discovery' could tell of an increasing number of frozen noses with every degree farther south.

"The great advantage of exploration in the South Polar country," continued

*"Boarding H. M. S. Discovery . . . . on the day of her arrival from her 'farthest south' voyage in the Antarctic"*

Captain Jackson, "is that down there is probably a great, solid continent.

This affords a better chance of success for South Pole expeditions, than for North Pole seekers, because it is possible in the Antarctic region to establish depots of supplies. Also, the nature of the region permits the party to make good its retreat.

"Not so many explorers have ventured south, however, because of the much greater cost of such an enterprise and the much longer voyage. Then there is not the romance that is attached to the attempts to reach the North Pole. Many explorers have sought the North Pole, while comparatively few have sought the South Pole; so there is the greater incentive in the hope of succeeding—in the North Polar region — where so many have failed."

## II

One of my most interesting shipboard experiences occurred off the Azores — while we lay off Fayal in a North German Lloyd liner bound for Genoa. While we lay there I witnessed the end of about as pretty a romance as I ever expect to see. As I stood by the ship's rail, the first human being I saw on shore was a young girl — the heroine of my story. She stood at the edge of a bluff — for the coast of the Azores is everywhere precipitous—gazing seaward like a statue. When we dropped anchor she moved into the shadow of the wall of coal that crowned the cliff — and watched. When our shore party entered the small boat, the girl ran up the white road toward a pink inn, her red bodice and white apron catching the rays of the sunlight.

With the shore party I climbed to the

pink inn, and there, on the portico, was the girl in the red bodice and the white apron. One of the ladies of the party engaged her in conversation, and presently the girl knelt at the lady's knee and wept. The lady talked to the girl in Portuguese—for the lady was herself from Lisbon. Presently a big man with a dark skin and wearing a waiter's apron joined the two women. He nudged the girl roughly; but she only crept closer to the Portuguese lady, who in turn addressed herself to the big, dark man. Eventually we returned to the ship—and with the Portuguese lady came the peasant girl of the Azores.

The lady told us that she was carrying Papita—that was the girl's name — away as her maid. Papita was the daughter of the dark man in the waiter's apron, the keeper of the pink inn. Papita loved Arlo, a young Portuguese farmer, and Arlo loved Papita. But both were unhappy. Poor Papita's parents opposed her lover's suit, and the priest also said she must not marry the farmer. For Arlo meant soon to leave the island, they said, and when he went he would carry Papita away with him to Portugal. So Papita wept in the lady's lap and told her story.

The innkeeper, when he learned of his daughter's wicked desire to leave the island, was angry. But when the lady promised that he should have all the money which Papita should earn as lady's maid, he called in the priest and together they blessed Papita and allowed her to go to the great white ship. So Papita wept no more. Yet she looked landward with wistful face, for she was going away and had not even said goodbye to her lover.

The next morning we were steaming on to the next port, Gibralter, and I went through the ship looking for Papita. What was my surprise to find her standing by the rail, in the steerage, locked in the arms of a stalwart young man. They two stood as if alone on the ship, and as I kodaked them they were gazing back toward the Azores which they had left forever. The picture expressed the love that passeth understanding, even among the lowliest of an obscure island of the Atlantic. For, after dark at Fayal, before we weighted anchor, Arlo the farmer had come aboard to sail away with his Papita.

Where she went he would go—a Ruth and a Naobi of the Azores. When we reached Genoa, a priest made them one.

### III

From Italy I went to Germany — to Potsdam, to "cover" one of the periodical visits of Emperor William to that "suburban seat" of royalty. The most imposing ceremony I witnessed there occurred on a Sunday morning when the Kaiser went forth to attend service at the Garrison church. With his imperial military escort, his majesty arrived at the church a few minutes before the time set for the service. Outside the church door he stood talking with his officers and the Lutheran pastor — in which time was made the photograph here reproduced. The church was crowded, for even the lowliest of his subjects is permitted to worship with the German monarch in that church at

*"What was my surprise to find her standing by the rail . . . locked in the arms of a stalwart young man . . . . a Ruth and Naobi of the Azores"*

Potsdam. Nearly all the pews were occupied by officers, however, so not much room was left after all for the lowly. The next day, when the church was empty, a photograph was made showing the royal pews. Upon the emperor's return to Berlin occurred a scene well worth recording here, as it involves a description of the kaiser's dramatic demonstration of his friendship for the United States. My duty called me that day to the American Embassy, in Unter Den Linden. Our ambassador at that time was Mr. Tower. A dense throng of people lined the sidewalks — for the emperor was to pass our embassy on his way from the railroad station to his palace. The crowd in front of the embassy seemed a bit reluctant to yield to my request for "way" for entrance. A policeman came to my rescue and so I got into the embassy and from an upper window waited for the drama to begin.

Presently "Hoch der kaiser!" or something to that effect, was flung from ten thousand throats. His majesty was approaching. He was seated in one of his less pretentious carriage and wore a uniform. Over the building from which I was watching the scene floated the American flag. As his majesty approached the embassy he stood up in his carriage, bared his head and saluted first the Stars and Stripes and then the representative of our national emblem, Mr. Tower, who stood in one of the windows. No act could have so impressed the populace as this demonstration of their sovereign's feelings toward the United States. It was dramatic and it was intentionally so, apparently, as is almost every public act of the kaiser's. But it was significant, and the people understood why, for the newspapers that very morning had printed the story of a supposed lack of courtesy on the part of the Berlin Chamber of Commerce in not inviting the American ambassador to a certain banquet of international import.

*"On a Sunday morning when Emperor William II attended service at the Garrison church . . . with his imperial escort . . . at Potsdam"*

*Inside the Garrison church at Potsdam, showing the royal pews occupied by Emperor William and his family*

## IV

The scene changes to the edge of the Orient — Tunis, in northeast Africa, where the bey is the nominal ruler, but where the government is really in the hands of a French resident-general.

Probably every correspondent in the Orient yearns at some time or other to see the inside of a harem. I yearned. And my yearning led to what might be called An Adventure in a Forbidden Place. I discovered the place solely by accident. At the house of a rich Algerian merchant, who was educated in the west and whose wife was an Englishwoman, I met a Turkish gentleman, who was also educated in the west but who was nevertheless a fat and terrible Turk. There was also present a young English girl, my hostess' niece. She was engaged to be married to the terrible and fat Turk. She was sweet; but her fiance had the face of a brute. The Turk drank a great deal of wine; so much that when he rose to leave the house he staggered. I volunteered to see him home, and he accepted my escort.

We got into a native cab and drove to the Turk's house. We entered, the Turk leaning on my arm. He tried to talk, but he only became more maudlin. A very stout woman in a slouchy *robe de chambre* advanced and took the Turk away from me. She spoke to me in a strange language — and I learned afterward that she, too, was from Turkey. She was for the present in charge of the home of the Turk.

When I left the house, fifteen minutes later, I had learned the exact nature of that "home." It was a harem. It was much the same as any place called by that name in Constantinople or Algiers. It was a Turkish harem in the heart of Tunis, and it and all that were in it were the property of the terrible Turk. And yet that lordly potentate was at that very time engaged to marry a sweet girl of England.

*In the harem at Tunis: "The Persian girl induced one of her 'sisters' to press the button, so that she could have a picture in which 'the monsieurs' as well as herself would figure"*

My information regarding the harem was obtained from one of its inmates, a young girl. She was very pretty and very silly. In her crimson satin costume with baggy trousers and her gorgeous beads and bracelets, she looked very foolish and very bewitching. She wore crimson silk stockings which were decorated conspicuously with bunches of black thread with which many holes had thus been sewed up. Her satin slippers were much down at the heel. As near as I could make out she was a Persian.

While the Turkish woman dragged away her drunken master, I saw the young girl just described passing through the courtyard. "By jove! that's a pretty girl!" I muttered, supposing that I would not be understood.

"Did you speak, monsieur?" she asked, but smiling in a way to indicate that she had understood my exclamation of admiration.

"Yes, yes," I said, delighted to find that she spoke French. "Do you live here? I stepped in with — with your father. Do you live here?"

She burst into harsh laughter. "Yes, monsieur! He is my pretty father. My father of the flesh sold me to this pretty father. Understand? You have a camera," she added, her eyes on the kodak which I happened to have with me. "I want you to take my picture."

"But, explain, madamoiselle," I said, ignoring her reference to my camera. "You say your father sold you to — that fat man. How do you mean?"

"Yes, for gold, monsieur," she replied. "My father brought me from Persia to Algiers, and then he sold me to my pretty father, who brought me here to Tunis. You see, my father of the flesh was poor, oh! very poor. He was in the army. But he sold his gun — for gold. And he sold his uniform, his English boots and all—for gold. And then he sold his daughter — for gold. He is dead and I am in this place."

"This place? What kind of a place is this?"

She looked around furtively. "Listen, monsieur. In this place there are fourteen girls like me, all sold by our fathers to the great lord who drinks much wine. We would like to go out. We are not allowed to pass the porter at the gate. We would like to run away, but we have no place to go to, no money, no friends, no anything. Now monsieur — will you take my picture? You need the sun? Well, when?"

"Tomorrow, any time, madamoiselle, gladly."

"But you cannot come in; I cannot go out. The great lord will be ugly when he is sober and finds you came in with him."

"Madamoiselle, I have an idea. I will leave this camera with you. You will hide it as best you can. Tomorow

*"The Bey of Tunis was on his way to visit President Loubet"*

"*What pleased the bey* (*of Tunis*) *all the more was that a French regiment, just home from Tunis, headed the procession . . . in Paris*"

when the great lord goes out, you will go on the roof and get one of the other girls to press this button — so. Then bring the camera to the courtyard and place it in that corner. I will call and tell the porter I left it here when I came home with the great lord. The porter will find the camera and hand it to me."

This plan was carried out to the letter. When I called for the camera, I was accompanied by a young friend—a French newspaper man — who also carried a kodak. As the porter handed out my camera, I thought: "Why not *see* this harem? The big Turk will be away till nightfall and a gold piece will 'fix' the porter." It did. Now, could he get my friend and myself up to the roof, where the girls passed most of their time, without encountering the Turkish woman, the manager of the harem?

Up the stone stairways we climbed as silently as we could, without speaking, till we reached the roof. All the girls of whom my silly and bewitching friend of the night before had told me were sitting in a group chattering like magpies. But at sight of us they ran away in apparent terror and horror, retiring to their various rooms, all of which opened on the roof, all in a tier, like so many cells. I say all the girls fled. I mean all save the Persian girl who had made this glimpse of a Tunis harem possible for me. She remained. She was not at all abashed at the sight of my young French friend, but talked to him with such volubility that I'm sure her words were uttered at the rate of sixty a minute. And when we took her picture she acted as delighted as a child that is allowed to play with a wonderful toy. She even induced one of her "sisters" to come out and press the button, so that she could have a picture in which "the monsieurs" as well as herself would figure. That photograph I send to the editor with this article.

### V

Now at that time the Bey of Tunis was on his way to visit President Loubet in Paris. I got passage on a "tramp" to Port Said, where I caught a P. and O. steamer bound for Marseilles — and so arrived in Paris in time to witness the public ceremonies incidental to the reception of the bey. On the fourteenth of July—the significance of which day, in France, I need not explain—a grand procession, in addition to the maneuvers outside Paris, was held in the bey's honor. What pleased the bey all the more was that a French regiment, just home from Tunis, headed the procession.

*"At the famous Alameda ranch resort at Las Cruces, New Mexico, I sat in the open air at a Sunday morning service"*

The story I have to tell in this connection, however, concerns not the bey, but one of his suite, his advance courier. The story was told to me by one who knew all the facts, one connected with the Elysee Palace Hotel. It is an amusing story illustrative of the confusion growing out of the similiarity of the name of the hotel and the official residence of President Loubet, the Palace of the Elysee.

It seems that when the bey's courier arrived in Paris, unheralded in an official sense, he ordered the cabman at the railway station to drive him to the Elysee Palace. The cabman promptly drove the courier to the Elysee Palace Hotel; the porters there quite as promptly carried in the courier's luggage; the clerk no less promptly assigned the courier to rooms; and there he was.

He had never been in Paris before. He spoke very little French, and to all his inquiries as to whether he was in the Elysee Palace he received a prompt *"Oui, monsieur."* So he calmly waited

*"The 'dobe-built,' wild-western town of Las Cruces, New Mexico, where I went to study the conditions surrounding the tuberculosis patients"*

for President Loubet to take cognizance of his arrival. Dinner-time came and he timidly asked if Monsieur le Presidente had been informed of his coming. The hotel people thought that he was merely a queer foreigner, or assumed that he was joking. But he demanded an answer, and, of course, finally elicited the information that the president lived at the Palace of the Elysee, not at the Elysee Hotel. About bed-time he arrived at the president's palace, declaring Paris to be a strange place, since there were two Elysee Palaces.

### VI

From the gaiety and luxury of the French capital to a town in the irrigated region of New Mexico—an oasis in the desert of that territory—is, as the actors say, a big jump. But in the life of the special correspondent there are jumps of a length that an actor seldom makes. I must take the reader, then, to the quaint, 'dobe-built, wild-western town of Las Cruces, in the southern part of New Mexico, a short ride by rail from El Paso, Texas. I had just come from a trip to the copper mines at Cananea, Mexico, owned by Colonel William C. Greene, the "Copper King." With Greene was a party of distinguished capitalists and statesmen, traveling in three private cars. I left the Greene party at El Paso and went up into New Mexico, stopping for a couple of weeks at Las Cruces to study the conditions which surrounded tuberculosis patients, who were flocking to the region by hundreds.

At the famous Alameda Ranch Resort at Las Cruces,—where I put up—I sat, with the other guests at the ranch, in the open air at Sunday morning service conducted by a lay preacher. While listening to the preacher's word, I looked upon the group in that Temple of Outdoors, reflecting that of all those present only my wife and myself were "well" persons. All the others were sufferers from the great white plague. The congregation represented thirteen different states and was a contingent of the nation's tuberculosis patients. The service was typical of the manner of life at Nature's vast sanitarium in New Mexico, where pilgrims from every state in our Union come to sleep and eat and work and play outdoors.

One of the congregation was a man who said he was from Texas—who said, indeed, that he had been driving a cab in San Antonio, but had contracted tuberculosis and so found it necessary to seek the higher altitude of this New Mexican resort. He was a superior kind of man, and I enjoyed many a horseback ride with him. One day I said to him:

"Ever been in England?"

"Lived there once," he replied laconically.

After several more questions and more laconic replies, I told him that I had just spent six months in England. And for half an hour — as we rode to the Rio Grande—I told him stories of the London which he admitted he had not seen for fifteen years. Gradually his eye brightened with interest. Memories seemed to be teeming in his mind. His enthusiasm over things of "home"—for he admitted that he was an Englishman—was at last so aroused that he began talking of the past.

"I came to Texas fifteen years ago," he said, "to make money in cattle. I had money, and I announced that I would buy 50,000 head of cattle in one lot. And they cheated me. After that I never cared what happened to me. I loved horses—I knew nothing else to do—so I drove a cab. I've been driving cabs ever since—and if ever I get out of this tuberculosis game, I'll drive a cab again."

"But you say they cheated you," I interposed. "How?"

"Oh, it was easy. They told me they had rounded up the 50,000 head of cattle ready for me—all fat, fine animals, in condition for immediate market. They said I could come to the ranch and count the animals and pay for them. I went to the ranch and they drove the cattle in a continuous line right before my eyes. And I counted them—counted 50,000, the process of counting occupying a week. And I paid for the 50,000 cattle. The men who took my money vanished as if into the earth.

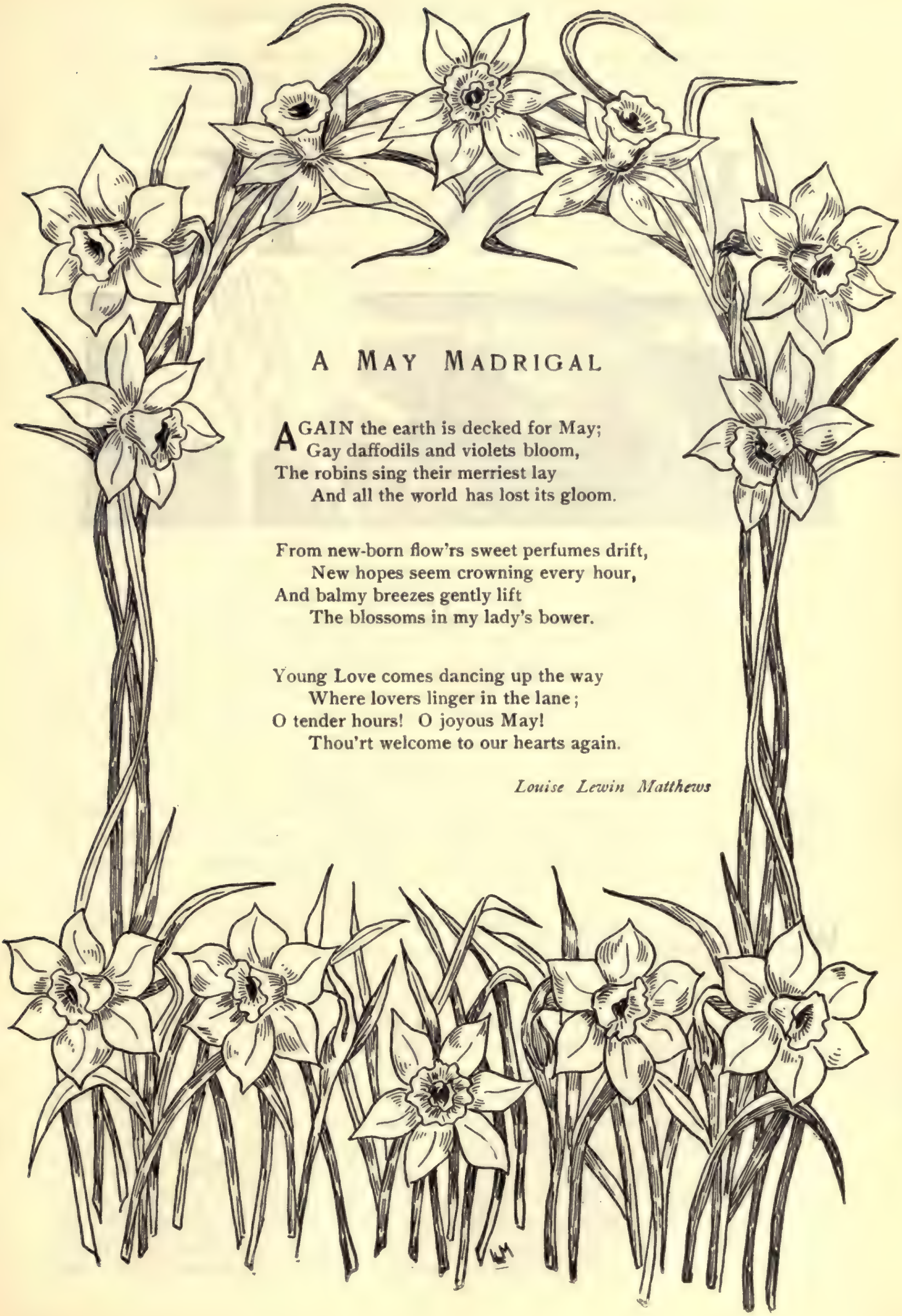
"Well, my cattle were there—in various bunches. A buyer from a great packing-house was there to take the animals off my hands. He said he would have to count them. He did so. At the end of the first day's counting he came to me and said:

"'I've counted all your cattle, and you have exactly *5,000* head."

"'You are mistaken,' I replied. 'I've got 50,000 head, for I counted them myself.'

"Well, sir, the upshot of the matter was that I really had bought only 5,000 head; but the sellers had trailed the 5,000 ten times around a little mountain and the same 5,000 had thus passed ten times under my nose for me to count. Say, have you ever seen supernumeraries on the stage in a theater pass back and forth from wing to wing? You think a big army is passing in review. In reality, the same few men are passing and repassing. Well, that was the case with my cattle—that's all. And I was ruined."

*The whole world cannot cure you of consumption,*
*But you can cure yourself, if you have gumption.*



# A May Madrigal

AGAIN the earth is decked for May;
Gay daffodils and violets bloom,
The robins sing their merriest lay
And all the world has lost its gloom.

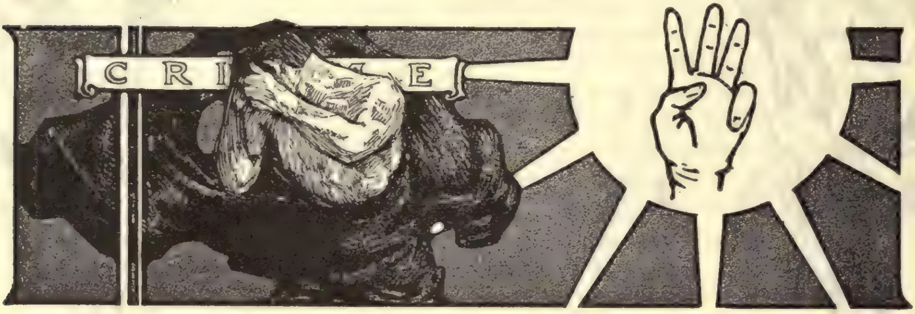
From new-born flow'rs sweet perfumes drift,
New hopes seem crowning every hour,
And balmy breezes gently lift
The blossoms in my lady's bower.

Young Love comes dancing up the way
Where lovers linger in the lane;
O tender hours! O joyous May!
Thou'rt welcome to our hearts again.

*Louise Lewin Matthews*

[BEGUN IN THE FEBRUARY NUMBER]

# The K·K·K



### By C. W. Tyler

CLARKSVILLE, TENNESSEE

## XII

## THERE BEING UNDUE EXCITEMENT IN THE PUBLIC MIND, THE CASE OF THE STATE VERSUS ANKERSTROM IS CONTINUED TO THE FOLLOWING TERM

WHILE the old gentleman was making praiseworthy efforts in different ways to extricate his son from the perilous position in which he found him, Mr. Bob Lee Templeton neither slumbered nor slept in his anxious desire to bring this same son to close acquaintanceship with the hangman as speedily as possible. On the night when Sandy Kinchen shuffled off his mortal coil under the gallows-tree, Templeton, as will be remembered, pleaded for the law, maintaining that it was in all respects sufficient for the trial and punishment of criminals, and that society must look to the law alone for redress of its wrongs. Now, when the brutal scoundrel — who ought to have died in Sandy's place — was apprehended and turned over to the sheriff, Templeton felt it incumbent upon him to make good his assertion that the law could be relied on to deal with evil-doers, and he set to work to aid the law to the extent of his ability. He was young, had leisure, some money not needed for his immediate necessities, and he did not object, for more reasons than one, to spending a considerable part of his time in and about the region known as the Marrowbone Hills. He became quite intimate here with Pearson, who was working up the case in a quiet but effectual manner, and with others who were bending their efforts in the same direction. He also, by occasional interviews with Major Habersham, was enabled to inform himself pretty well as to the state of the country, and at each of his visits for this purpose he managed to while away a little time in the society of the major's daughter without being desperately bored.

There were a half-dozen counties in the judicial circuit, and neither the judge nor the attorney-general resided in that in which Ankerstrom was to be arraigned and tried. Twice a year they rode into the town of Ashton and devoted themselves for two weeks to the task of clearing the docket of such cases as they found awaiting them. Usually more than half of this limited period was consumed by the judge in hearing civil cases, and fully half of the time of the attorney-general was taken up in drawing indictments and examining witnesses before the grand jury, to the end that fresh grist might be brought before the judicial mill to be ground. When the two weeks had elapsed, the grand and petit juries were discharged, the minutes of the court were signed, and the judge and the state's officer betook themselves to another county to begin over again the process of administering justice and upholding the majesty of the law.

The Fall term of the court at Ashton began on the first Monday in September, and, as it was important to use dispatch, all the witnesses in the Ankerstrom case had been summoned and were on hand ready to give evidence before the grand jury. Both Templeton and Pearson had labored to secure their attendance, and when mustered there was a goodly array of them, for, as a matter of precaution, every person who knew anything of the case, either by hearsay or otherwise, had been brought to court. The attorney-general was a middle-aged gentleman of somewhat nervous temperament and rather prone to lose his temper on slight provocation, but capable of getting through with a good deal of business in the course of the day. He conversed on this occasion privately with a good many persons, young and old, black and white, male and female, who had been summoned to testify against divers offenders, and embodied the substance of the information thus obtained in indictments which he drew hurriedly for the consideration of the grand jury. Somewhat to the annoyance of Mr. Bob Templeton, he postponed speaking to the witnesses in the Ankerstrom case until late in the afternoon, and after his conference informed them that they must all come back the next day, as he would not have time to draw so important an indictment until he went to his room that night. This announcement caused grave dissatisfaction among the witnesses, and Templeton indulged in some censure upon the state's officer, but Pearson said he saw nothing unreasonable in his behavior, and that when people came to court they must expect to put up with a little inconvenience.

Next morning the witnesses were all on hand, most of them in no very good humor; and during the course of the second day they were admitted, one by one, into the sacred precincts of the grand-jury room, where each was permitted to tell his tale. Late in the afternoon the grand jurors—thirteen in number, headed by an officer—filed into the court-room with a formidable batch of true bills and other important papers. These the foreman gravely handed to the judge, who, after brief inspection, passed them to the clerk, who thrust them at once into his bosom with the air of one who has a dreadful secret in his keeping which he would rather die than divulge.

Pearson and Templeton received private information from the attorney general that several indictments against Ankerstrom were in the batch of papers they had seen the clerk secrete in his bosom, and, as a special favor, after court adjourned they were allowed to inspect them. One charged the accused, Ankerstrom, with having feloniously taken and carried away a chopping-ax of the value of two dollars and of the goods and chattels of Gabriel Havemeyer, with the intent on the part of the culprit to deprive the true owner of his property and convert the same to his own use. The second charged the offender with having broken open a mansion house in the night-time with the intent to commit a felony therein. The third paper asserted that the same criminal had wilfully and maliciously set fire to and burned the dwelling-house of Mrs. Susan Bascombe, and was, therefore, guilty of the crime of arson. A fourth indictment charged the villain with having stolen from the Hopson family one table-cloth worth fifty cents and divers and sundry articles of the aggregate value of three dollars, to-wit: two broiled chickens, three dozen biscuits more or less, one boiled ham, one bag of sweet cakes, a jar of cucumber pickles, twenty-seven dried-apple pies commonly known as "flapjacks," etc., etc.

When they had finished reading the last paper the attorney-general informed them that he might have preferred a sixth charge against the accused for personal assault upon the sick man Hopson; and possibly a seventh, for breaking into the house, since some force was used in effecting an entrance. Many prosecuting attorneys in the state, he said, would have pursued this course with a view of increasing costs, but he was not that sort of a man. Templeton commended him for his frugality where the public interest was concerned and inquired as to which of the charges the accused would be brought to trial upon first, or whether he would be held to answer them all at once.

"Why, no indeed," answered the state's officer. "That wouldn't do, you know. We will try him on one of these indictments and if we fail we will take him to task on another; and if we have bad luck there, we will drag him up on the third; and if our hold breaks there, we will tackle him on the fourth, and so on. This is about the course we'll pursue, and by the time we're through with him, unless I'm pretty badly fooled, there won't be much left of him."

"Well," said Templeton, who being younger than Pearson assumed the right to speak for them both, "this fellow has committed murder. a cold-blooded and cowardly murder; there isn't any doubt about that. Suppose we therefore arraign him for murder and try him and hang him for murder right away and let the other charges against him be dismissed. When we've hung him for his principal offense, he will have passed beyond our reach, and there'll be nothing else we can do to him."

"There's sense in that," responded the attorney-general, musingly; and he looked out of the window as if he was turning the proposition over in his mind. Templeton handed him a cigar, and when he had puffed at this a while, and found it was a good cigar, he seemed to attach even more importance to the young man's proposition. "There's a good deal in that; there's a good deal in that," he repeated, nodding his head to Templeton. "Well, we'll try that."

"Suppose we set the murder charge for one day next week," said Templeton, "and try him and convict him on that. We might possibly get ready by tomorrow, but we'd better not go too fast. We can have all our witnesses back here next Tuesday, and we'll take up the case on that day and go right along with it. That is, of course, if it suits you."

"That's a good idea," said the attorney-general. "Fust rate; fust rate. I'll have the case set for that day. The fellow's down here in jail at Coopertown, ain't he?"

"Yes."

"Who's his lawyer?"

"Nobody, I reckon. He's not able to employ a lawyer, and a lawyer wouldn't do him any good. He's guilty beyond all question."

"All right; we'll try him next Tuesday. I'll get the judge to assign some of these young fellows to defend him," and the attorney-general walked away and had the case of Ankerstrom, charged with murder, set for the following Tuesday. He directed the clerk also to forward without delay a copy of the indictment to the prisoner in the Coopertown jail.

Seeing that the attorney-general had his hands full of other matters, our two friends, together with other active persons from the neighborhood of the tragedy, set to work at once to make ready the state's case by the following Tuesday. The witnesses were all resummoned to appear, and trusty individuals were detained to look after those about whose voluntary attendance there was some doubt. Mr. Bob Lee Tempeton had entirely recovered from his discontent of the evening before, and now cheerfully did his endeavor to put everybody else in a hopeful frame of mind, and induce them to return to court at the appointed time. There were some grumblers, of course, and some prophets of evil, but all these were put to silence by the assurances and encouragement of the candid youth. "You fellows be sure to come back," cried Mr. Templeton to a group of witnesses, who were muttering about the distance they had to travel in going to and from the court. "Let every man of you come back next Tuesday. If a few stay away, don't you see, that will spoil the whole business, for like as not some of the missing ones may be important witnesses, and the case would have to be continued for lack of proof. That will never do in the world. So let every man be on hand to answer to his name next Tuesday."

"I've lost two days already," replied one of his auditors, "and the worms are eating up my tobacco."

"That's bad; that's bad," rejoined Mr. Bob Lee Templeton, in a sympathetic tone. "I know just how it is, my friend, for I'm a farmer myself. But come one more time — just one more time. Don't forget that a good old woman has been murdered, and that the scoundrel who killed her should be hung without delay. I know just what I'm talking about, and I tell you one more day in this cause will be sufficient. I and the state's attorney have talked the thing over, and you can all depend on what I say."

When the following Tuesday came around the witnesses were all in attendance, and court having been called to order, Sheriff Sanderson appeared at the bar with the prisoner, Ankerstrom, who the day before had been brought from the jail at Coopertown. The attorney-general called upon the fellow to hold up his right hand, which command the sheriff finally induced him to obey. The indictment was a lengthy one — for the state's officer was a stickler for old forms and phrases — and was read in clear and deliberate tones, so that the whole courtroom might hear. It charged, after the caption, that in the county and state aforesaid, and upon a certain day in June, Johan Ankerstrom, alias Dutch Ankers, alias Cross-eyed Jack, alias the Flying Dutchman, did wilfully, unlawfully, feloniously, deliberately, premeditatedly, and with his malice aforethought, assault Mrs. Susan Bascombe, of the county and state aforesaid, with a deadly weapon, to-wit, an ax. And with said ax the said Johan Ankerstrom, alias Dutch Ankers, alias Cross-eyed Jack, alias the Flying Dutchman, not having the fear of God before his eyes, and being moved and instigated by the devil, did strike and inflict divers and sundry grievous and mortal wounds upon the body of the said Mrs. Susan Bascombe, of which grievous and mortal wounds the said Mrs. Susan Basombe did languish until the day following, to-wit: June —, and on that day languishing she did die of said wound. Wherefore (the document went on to allege), we, the grand jurors for the state and county aforesaid, being duly elected, impaneled and sworn upon our oaths the truth to speak, do present and say that Johan Ankerstrom, alias Dutch Ankers, alias Cross-eyed Jack, alias the Flying Dutchman, did wilfully, unlawfully, feloniously, deliberately, premeditatedly, and with his malice aforethought, kill and murder the said Mrs. Susan Bascombe, in the county and state aforesaid, contrary to the form of the statute in such cases made and provided, and against the peace and dignity of the state.

"Are you guilty or not guilty?" inquired the state's officer when he had finished reading the lengthy accusation.

Ankerstrom scowled upon him and made no reply. He either did not fully understand the purport of what he had heard, or he made believe not to understand it.

"If the court please," said a young attorney who had been assigned to defend the prisoner, "we enter a plea of not guilty here."

"Very good," said the judge. "Let the clerk record this upon the minutes. Is the state ready to proceed with the trial of this cause?"

Bob Lee Tempeton, forgetful of the proprieties of the place, was about to arise and assure the court that the prosecution was ready, but the attorney-general forestalled him. He informed the court, in deliberate tones, that the state wished to at once enter upon the trial of the cause.

"Is the defendant ready?" inquired the judge, addressing himself to the young attorney who had been assigned to look after the prisoner's interests.

The young attorney here went over, and seating himself beside his client, sought in a hurried conversation to obtain some facts bearing on the issue about to be raised. While he was thus engaged Lawyer Palaver entered the court-room, bearing in his right hand a suspicious-looking black satchel containing papers weighty in the law, and containing also, tucked away snugly at the bottom, a neat little flask of strong waters. He always carried this satchel about with him, and, the general impression was, would have been as utterly helpless without it as Samson with his head shaved. He now looked all about him and, withdrawing his gloves deposited these, with his satchel and cane, upon the table by which he stood. When he had done this, observing that there was a lull in the court-room, he addressed himself to his honor upon the bench.

"If the court please," said Lawyer Palaver, "I have just learned that a client of mine, one Johan Ankerstrom, has been indicted here upon a very grave charge, and I rise to ask that his trial be set for some day of the next term, so that both sides may then be in readiness to proceed with the investigation."

The attorney-general here mumbled out something about being needed in the grand jury room, and hastily withdrew from the presence of the court.

"Why," said the judge to Palaver, "we have that very case up now, and I was about to order the jury to be sworn."

"'What!" cried Palaver in astonishment. "I — ah — perhaps I did not understand your Honor."

"The state has announced ready," said the judge, "and the case was about to go to trial when you came in."

"Go to trial — go to trial?" repeated Palaver. "The attorney-general has announced ready, does your Honor say? Why, sir, was the like ever heard in the court-house before? My man is here on trial for his life. He is a foreigner, and can hardly speak the language. He has

*"If the Court please," said Lawyer Palaver*

Sketch by M. L. Blumenthal

not had a minute's time for preparation ——"

"Why," said Mr. Bob Lee Templeton, interrupting him, "this man has been in jail, if the court please,for three months. He certainly has had abundant time to prepare his case, and the witnesses we have brought here will tell the whole story, as the gentleman will find further along when we get into the evidence."

Palaver turned and regarded the speaker, first severely and then inquiringly. "I do not know this young gentleman, but I suppose, of course, he is one of the counsel in the cause." Mr. Templeton's abashed look showing too plainly that he was not one of the counsel in the cause, the lawyer continued: "I move you, sir," addressing the judge, "that this young man produce his license before the clerk and be sworn in as one of the practicing attorneys at this bar."

This caused a broad smile to spread itself over the court-room, and, looking about him, Templeton was pained to observe Miss Sue Bascombe, who was present as one of the witnesses, biting her lip to suppress an inclination to laugh. This added manifestly to his discomfiture, for all nice young men have their share of vanity, and nobody likes to be laughed at.

"Where's the attorney-general," inquired the judge, in reponse to Palaver's request. "He ought to be here looking after this case. Go fetch him at once, Mr. Sheriff."

The sheriff promply retired in quest of the state's officer, and Templeton followed him out into the hall. When the attorney-general presently emerged from the grand jury room the young man halted him and took up a few moments of his valuable time.

"I say," remarked Templeton to the busy official, "one moment, one moment, if you please. There's an old man in the other room trying to put off our case. It will never do; never in the world, I tell you. It's been three months since Ankerstrom killed the old woman, and the folks in that country are getting dreadfully impatient. Their opinion of the law is none too good now, and if this case is put off there is no telling what they will do or say. So do you go right in and head this old man off. He's talking wild, saying he hasn't had time to get his case ready, and I'm afraid he'll deceive the judge."

"I'll fix him," responded the state's officer, tearing himself from the young gentleman and hastily entering the court-room. Once in the presence of the judge, and informed of Palaver's application to postpone the trial, he began a rather vehement address, which apparently was intended more for the bystanders than the court. He had proceeded but a little way before Palaver arose and politely interrupted him.

"If your honor please," said Palaver to the judge, "I would like, with the permission of the court, to prepare an affidavit."

"Certainly," replied the judge. "The defendant's counsel has that right."

The attorney-general then sat down and fell a-chatting pleasantly with some of the lawyers about him. Palaver withdrew, with a stub pen, ink bottle and several quires of paper. He was great on affidavits; indeed, I may say, that was his specialty, and no lawyer had ever been known in his section who could cram more statements into a document for his client to swear to. Having consumed less time than usual in the preparation of his paper, he after a bit returned into the court-room with a very confident air about him. The affidavit, verified by Ankerstrom on oath, alleged the undisputed fact that the indictment against the prisoner had been brought in by the grand jury then in session, that it charged murder in the first degree and then the further allegation was made that owing to excitement in the public mind the accused could not safely go to trial at that term of the court.

"That is sufficient," cried the judge from the bench as soon as the paper was read. "No use to waste more words about it. It is well enough settled in Tennessee that a defendant cannot be forced to a hearing at the term in which the indictment against him is found, where the indictment charges murder and he files an affidavit stating that owing to excitement in the public mind he cannot safely go to trial. To hold otherwise would be reversible error on the part of this court, and the case must go over till the next term."

This ruling excited no sort of surprise on the part of the attorneys present. The attorney-general looked up at the judge and nodded gravely his endorsement of the action of the court. Palaver sat down by his cane and hand-bag, crossed his legs, shook his foot, and assumed the air of a wise man who knew very well in advance what was going to happen. The fact was he had not bothered himself at all with preparations for the defense, and had nothing whatever in his black satchel bearing on the Ankerstrom case.

As the lawyers and other gentlemen wended their way toward the hotel at the noon recess, Mr. Bob Lee Templeton overheard a conversation that made his ears tingle.

Palaver, to the attorney-general, who was walking by his side: "What smart young chap was that, Whackemall, who put in his mouth this morning while I was addressing the court?"

Attorney-general: "Templeton is his name. He is taking a good deal of interest in the Ankerstrom case."

Palaver: "Any kin to the old woman who got killed?"

Attorney-general: "None that I know of. None at all, I believe."

Palaver: 'What's he got to do with it then?"

Attorney-general: "That I can't just make out. I think he's in love with that black-eyed girl you saw in the courtroom. She's the old woman's granddaughter."

Palaver: "Ah, that explains it. I saw him turn red this morning when he looked at her, and wondered what the hell he was blushing about. So it was at his instance you made that nonsensical talk opposing my application for a continuance?"

Attorney-general: "Yes; he urged me to do it, and I just spoke to oblige him."

Palaver: "Ah, I see, I see. Right embarrassing sometimes to have a damned fool for a client."

Mr. Bob Lee Templeton here slackened his pace, so as to allow those ahead to increase the distance between them. He was on his way to the tavern to get dinner, but he changed his mind and took a notion to stroll round town before proceeding to the hostelry. As he strolled he came in contact with a good many witnesses that had been brought to court to testify in the Ankerstrom case. They scowled at him and indulged in uncomplimentary remarks as he passed.

"That's the smart Aleck," said one, "who had a private understanding with the attorney-general."

"His head will be gray before that understanding is carried out," retorted another.

"The next time we catch a red-handed murderer I hope we'll have sense enough to hang him up, without listening to any smooth talk from such palavering chps as him," proclaimed a third.

Mr. Templeton strolled on. He took a side street where nothing harassing would be likely to occur, and where he could make serious effort to get a hold upon himself. When, an hour or so later,he seated himself at the hotel table, he was outwardly calm, but his appetite had deserted him. He found, moreover, upon self-interrogation, that a good deal of his veneration for the law had departed with his appetite.

## XIII

## YOUNG MR. TEMPLETON CHANGES HIS MIND WHEN OUT OF HUMOR, AND REVERTS TO HIS FORMER OPINION WHEN CHEERFULNESS IS RESTORED

THAT afternoon as those who had been summoned in the Ankerstrom case journeyed homeward from the town, some were merry and some were mad. Templeton was of the company, and for a short distance he rode by the side of Miss Sue Bascombe, who, having made her second trip to court, considered herself pretty well posted now as to the legal methods of transacting business.

"Law is a great profession, Mr. Templeton," remarked the young lady as the horse that bore her jogged along at a steady gait toward the place of her abode, "and I wonder they don't have more female attorneys in the country. It seems to me to be a profession much better adapted to women than to men, anyway."

"How is that?" inquired Mr. Templeton.

"Oh, they talk so much," replied the young lady, "and it all amounts in the end to so little."

Miss Bascombe was inclined to be sarcastic, but Templeton accepted her observations seriously. "That's a fact," he answered rather sullenly.

"It's all talk and no cider, as we say in the country," continued the young lady. "The judge has his say, the lawyers have their say, and now and then an outsider puts in and tries to have his say. I think you made a little experiment in that direction this morning, didn't you, Mr. Templeton?"

"Yes," replied the gentleman addressed, "but it didn't help me, or the cause of justice, either."

"Of course not, of course not. You didn't seem to have many friends among them, and as for the cause of justice, I don't suppose that was on anybody's mind at all."

"I'm inclined to agree with you," replied the young gentleman gloomily.

"Well," pursued the young lady cheerfully, "next January I reckon they'll go to the court-house again, and talk some more and send us all back home again with nothing done."

"Shouldn't wonder," replied Mr. Templeton.

"It will be fun, though. Splashing through the mud and rain a matter of twenty miles in mid-Winter will be jolly. Nobody could grumble at that."

"I suppose not," replied Mr. Templeton.

"The lawyers, though, don't splash through rain and mud to any alarming extent. All they have to do is to stand up in the court-room and talk. That's what makes me say law is such a delightful profession."

"And that's what makes me say," answered Templeton bitterly, "that it's a humbug."

"A what?"

"A farce. A miserable contrivance for defeating the ends of justice.

"Why, my goodness," replied the young lady, "I thought, Mr. Templeton, you were on the side of the law. You speak like some of these outrageous Marrowbone people, so you do."

"I feel as indignant as any of the Marrowbone people could feel. Some steps must be taken in this community by which scoundrels can be brought to justice."

"Do you think so?" She spoke in a graver tone than she had used before.

"Indeed I do think so. The administration of justice seems to be hampered in the courts by antiquated rules that may have suited other people differently situated, but are not adapted at all to the condition in which we find ourselves today. Criminals should be punished, and that without unreasonable delay. Honest men and women are entitled to protection. The law as now administered affords great encouragement to scoundrels."

"Teddy McIntosh couldn't say worse than that."

"He wouldn't tell the truth if he said less."

"You seem to be in real earnest, Mr. Templeton."

"Indeed I am."

She hummed a little tune to herself a few moments and then she addressed him abruptly.

"Why don't you join the Klu Klux?"

"What's that?"

"As if you didn't know."

He tried to get up a laugh, but failed. "I'm more than half in the humor," he replied gravely.

"When you're altogether in the humor let me know."

"What have you to do with it?"

"Nothing at all."

"If you had I'd ask you to hand in my name at the next meeting as a candidate for admission to the order."

"You said just now you were only half in earnest."

"I'm in dead earnest now."

"Honor bright?"

"Honor bright."

The two were proceeding along the highway by themselves, though there were others at a short distance in front and rear of them. Among these was the youth called Teddy McIntosh, who was about fifty yards in front.

"Ha-ha-ha!" laughed Miss Bascombe in a very natural way, though nothing had occurred, that Mr. Templeton knew of, to excite her mirth.

Teddy glanced back over his shoulder, and she raised her right hand above her head for a moment, with three fingers extended, the others closed. It was a careless gesture, and would have attracted no special attention if one had observed it. Mr. McIntosh did not instantly quit his companion but in a little while dropped back and joined the young lady and Templeton.

"Teddy," said Miss Sue Bascombe in a calm, matter-of-fact way, "Mr. Templeton has business tonight over on Dead Man's Knob, and he doesn't know the way. Won't you be kind enough to take him there?"

"Why, for sure," answered Teddy. "I'll be glad to show him the road."

Then there was pleasant chat of indiscriminate kind, and before a great while the young lady bade them good-by, and leaving the main highway took a less frequented route that led to her home. Teddy McIntosh now took charge of Templeton, and escorted him to the house of a friend, where they supped and rested their horses.

About ten o'clock at night the two men mounted again and rode off together. No questions were asked as to their proposed destination by the discreet members of the household, and no information on the subject was volunteered by the equally discreet Mr. McIntosh. The two men rode off together and for some time rode in silence.

"Miss Sue is all sorts of a girl," said Mr. McIntosh, breaking silence after a while.

Not fully understanding whether this was a compliment or the reverse, Templeton did not reply.

"She's all sorts of a girl," Mr. McIntosh continued. "I've been knowing her ever since we were both little children, and I don't know her yet. Now and then she's funny and frolicsome just like other girls. It isn't very often, though, you catch her in that sort of humor, and when you do it's more than half put on. As a general thing she takes after her granny, and her granny had more grit than half a dozen common men."

"Does she really belong to the Klu Klux Klan?" Templeton ventured to inquire.

"How's that?" answered Teddy as if he hadn't heard.

"Is she a member of this order she was speaking of?"

"Oh, I dunno. Maybe she is, maybe she ain't. There's just no tellling. You never can catch up with her, you see."

This was all the answer Mr. Templeton received to a question he had propounded to himself several times in the past few hours without being able to frame in his own mind a satisfactory reply.

Traveling for about an hour the two young men came to a conical hill rising abruptly from the surrounding valley and a short distance off from the wayside. There are many such in that part of the country, but this was more rugged than the rest, and had an evil reputation from the fact that at a time prior to the Civil war a stranger had been enticed to the spot and murdered for his money. At the foot of this they dismounted, and proceeding Indian file along a narrow path they climbed it slowly, each leading his horse. They had not gone far in this manner before a man in front blocked the way. This individual said nothing, and made no demonstration, but stood stock still until McIntosh, who was in the the lead,came close to him and extended his hand. The sentinel reached forth his own, and after a friendly grasp stepped aside and allowed the two men to proceed. He had no weapons — or Templeton saw none as he brushed by him—though standing here as an outpost he could scarcely have expected, unarmed and unaided, to be able to repel intruders.

Pursuing their way the two young men, after going a short distance, turned aside and hitched their horses in a thick clump of trees, where they saw others standing. Here they began a precipitous ascent, up which a horse, however sure-footed, could hardly have clambered. A little further on they were halted by a second sentinel, who again said nothing but stood in the way till McIntosh had advanced and clasped hands with him. Next they reached a level strip of earth on which stunted cedars grew so thick as to make a passage throngh it almost impossible. Skirting this by a circular path they reached a perpendicular bluff of rock, with a small open space between it and the thicket. Here they came upon a group of men sitting side by side upon the ground, their line forming a rough circle of about twenty feet in diameter. Each of these, Templeton noticed, wore a tall black cap, and his figure was shrouded in a mantle of the same somber hue. Not far from the center of the circle sat one with a tall white cap and wrapped in a white garment. On either side of him was a figure robed in black, as were those of the outer circle.

Teddy McIntosh advanced into the middle of the group and faced the chief figure robed in white. Behind him came Templeton, and as they reached the center of the circle he faced and stood fronting the white-robed figure. Perfect silence was maintained by all present. Each member of the circle sat on the earth with his head bowed and nothing on the part of any of them indicated a consciousness that strangers were present.

"Majestical Grand Cyclops," proclaimed Teddy McIntosh, addressing the central figure, "this mortal desires admission into our mystic brotherhood."

No response at all was elicted by this announcement, but all sat on the earth as before with their heads bowed.

"Majestical Grand Cyclops," repeated McIntosh,"this mortal desires admission into our mystic brotherhood."

Then all at once arose and stood in silence around the circle. Templeton was astonished to find that the central figure, though apparently that of a thin person, was not much less than ten feet high. The long white cap added a good deal to the stature of this individual, but making due allowance for this he was undoubtedly the tallest person the young man had ever seen. His face was muffled, and his features could be but dimly discerned by the starlight that alone lessened the surrounding obscurity.

"Majestical Grand Cyclops," proclaimed Teddy McIntosh for the third time, "this mortal desires admission into our mystic brotherhood."

At this moment someone, whose approach had not been detected, stole softly up behind Templeton and blindfolded him. When this had been accomplished the tall figure in white for the first time vouchsafed a reply. He asked many questions of searching nature regarding the character and qualifications of the candidate, all of which were answered in a complimentary manner by McIntosh, who acted as sponsor. Then the Grand Cyclops inquired of the klan:

"Does any one present know of a reason why this mortal should not be received as a member of our mystic brotherhood?"

A silence of some moments followed this inquiry. Then the command came in solemn tones:

"Mortal, kneel."

Without hesitation Templeton obeyed.

"Raise your right hand to heaven."

He did so.

"Repeat after me now the solemn obligation which every member of this mystic order is required to take."

The speaker here proceeded slowly and distinctly, and Templeton repeated after him:

"I, Robert Lee Templeton, of my own free will and accord, and in the presence of these comrades, and of the ruler of the universe, do here register my sacred oath that I will never reveal to anyone not a member of this brotherhood any of the signs, grips or passwords that may hereafter be imparted to me. That I will never reveal to those not members of this brotherhood the fact that I know of its existence, or that I, or any other individual, is connected with it. I here register my sacred oath that I will never let the true name of the order, which I am soon to receive, pass my lips, though none but a brother be nigh. I here register my sacred oath that I will promptly obey all the decrees of the brotherhood, when not inconsistent with the laws of the land, and should I at any time prove faithless to the obligation I have here assumed I invite on my head the awful penalty that will then be my due."

"Mortal, rise," was the command after the oath had been taken.

Templeton rose to his feet and stood blindfolded before them. Someone now drew near and threw a mantle over his shoulders, placing at the same time a cap on his head which he supposed to be similar to those worn by others about him.

"Advance, mortal, brothers, and give to this mortal the secret grip of the order, in token of the fact that you greet him as a member of this brotherhood."

One by one those about him came forward, and each, extending his own right hand, took that of Templeton. As the grip was given, the forefinger of each in turn was extended until the tip of it rested on the wrist of Templeton, about the point where the pulse is usually felt. A gentle pressure was given, once, twice, thrice, and the individual extending passed on. Lastly the tall individual who had been spokesman during, the ceremony came forward and took the candidate by the hand. He stretched out his long forefinger and allowed it to rest on Templeton's wrist.

"Mortal," he said, "you are now about to attach yourself to this mystic order whose members never assemble until after the sun goes down, whose true name may not be uttered even among themselves, but which is known to the vulgar as the Klu Klux Klan."

The speaker pronounced each of these syllables he pressed his forefinger by way of emphasis on the wrist of Templeton.

"Turn thy right ear," he now said, "and I will deliver to thee in private the true name of this mystic order."

Templeton obeyed, and the speaker, stooping low, whispered softly in his ear a word of several syllables, which Templeton had never heard before, and which was in a strange language and pronounced so indistinctly he was not sure he caught the sounds aright.

"I greet you now as a brother," continued the tall man, addresing him once more aloud, "and remember that wherever you go you may make your clanship known by the sign of the three If you would draw one of the order to your side, first call his attention by an innocent sound, then raise the right hand quickly with the thumb and little finger closed, the other three fingers extended and separated. If you would greet a brother or make yourself known to one who is a stranger, give him your right hand and press three times distinctly but lightly on the pulse of his right arm. Brother, for we count you stranger no longer, we bid you thrice welcome as a member of this mystic clan. When the brotherhood has once more extended greeting you will withdraw beyond the confines of our circle, but you may reenter unaided if you can give the sentinel the grip of the order and whisper in his ear the countersign for the night, which I will now impart to you."

The tall master of ceremonies once more stooped and whispered in the ear of Templeton the password which had been adopted for the night. The syllables were easily caught and not difficult to remember, for the countersign as imparted to him in confidence was "Sue Bascombe."

The bandage was now removed from his eyes, and he saw the tall man still standing, with a figure robed in black on each side, as at the beginning of the ceremony. One by one the black-robed figures that composed the circle left their places and greeted him with a grasp of the hand and a significant pressure of the forefinger thrice repeated upon his wrist. He observed in the dim starlight that each of these had three large white letters, K. K. K., upon the breast of his gown, and looking down he saw that he himself was robed in black, and that the same letters were inscribed upon his breast. When his brother members had a second time greeted him he was a second time blindfolded, his cap and robes were taken from him, and he was led away to a spot some distance off. Here his sight was restored and there was none with him but Teddy McIntosh, clad in his ordinary garb.

"You may now follow me," said Teddy, "and we will go back into the circle. You must not press too close upon me, however, and when I have passed the sentinel you must approach him alone, give him the grip and whisper in his ear the password you have just received from the Grand Cyclops." Obeying this instruction literally, Templeton passed the outpost without difficulty, and following his guide soon reached the group of persons he had left assembled in the open space between the cedar thicket and the foot of the bluff. Each was clad in ordinary attire, and they were sitting or lying about at will on the ground, giving heed to some one who, though standing, was addressing them in a low, conversational tone. Templeton seated himself without formality in the outskirt of the group, and soon discovered that the individual speaking was a farmer whom he had met that day at the court-house. His manner was hesitating, showing that he was not accustomed to facing an audience, and the attention given his utterances was not very flattering. He was several times interrupted, and the meeting bade fair to become a little disorderly, when a tall young man who had been sitting on a flat stone arose and in measured tones commanded the assemblage to be quiet and give heed to the speaker.

"That's Jim Blankenship," whispered McIntosh to Templeton, when the tall youth had taken his seat. "He's the best one in the deck. He takes everything in dead hard earnest, and you can see by his figger that he's cut out for a Grand Cyclops." Templeton had no difficulty in recognizing the deep voice as that of the slender individual who had addressed him while he stood in the midst of the clan blindfolded. "He's a pretty tall chap still," he replied in an undertone to Teddy McIntosh, "but he's shrunk a good deal in stature in the last fifteen minutes."

"Oh, that was in the make-up, you know," rejoined Teddy. "It's with us as it is with the gals. A heap depends on the make-up."

While this whispered conversation was going on, the farmer, a level-headed fellow, stumbled along in his talk.

"I think it's too soon for us to interfere in this matter, though I know many of our members,and nearly all outsiders, favor immediate action. The man will certainly be convicted whenever his case does get to the jury, and we'd better wait as long as there is a chance to have him legally punished. It was hasty counsel that led to the hanging of Sandy Kinchen, and if we err at all now we ought to err on the side of prudence and caution."

The speaker held the floor, or rather the ground on which he stood, for ten or fifteen minutes. Random discussion followed his speech, and it was evident the clan had under consideration a proposition to take the case of the State versus Ankerstrom into their own hands. There seemed to be many minds on the subject, and it was hard to tell how the assemblage stood, when our friend Teddy McIntosh rose and favored those present with his views. His eloquence flowed in a torrent, and he spoke his mind with a directness that left no room for misunderstanding.

"Now here, gentlemen hobgoblins," he began, "I'd go as far as the next man on the road to caution and prudence and that sort of thing; but it does seem to me, if we're going to take a hand in this game, that now is the accepted time. Talk about the hanging of Sandy Kinchen being a rash proceeding! So it was, gentlemen hobgoblins, but who's responsible for it? Why, this here same infernal devil that brained old Granny Bascombe with a chopping-ax. Nobody but him, as I could prove before our Dreadful Ulema right now, if it was in order for me to do so. Ain't he responsible for the hanging of Sandy Kinchen? Didn't I see him hit that old gray horse as hard as ever he could? And didn't I see the old horse jump when he hit him? Wasn't it that lick and that jump that sent the nigger out of the world before you could say Jack Robinson? If it wasn't that lick, and that jump, will somebody have the kindness to tell just what it was that sent the nigger out of the world? Now here, fellow citizens and hobgoblins, you fellows just listen to me a minute. Let's treat this cross-eyed Dutchman just like he treated Sandy Kinchen. He can't complain of that, because we'd be feeding him, so to speak, out of his own spoon. I, for one, am tired of waiting and of all this tomfoolery talk about the courts. I know the hobgoblin that spoke last is a gentleman, and I indorse all he says in a general way, but Cross-eyed Jack ought to have been at the devil long ago, and we'll be much to blame, in my opinion, if we don't send him there just as soon as we can lay hands on him. Talk about courts, haven't we got a court of our own, and what's it for if it can't settle the hash of a lowflung Dutchman without any more tomfoolery about it? I hope the Dreadful Ulema will get down to business right now and order this miserable Dutchman brought out of jail, where he's eating public vittles and getting fat. And I hope the Dreadful Ulema will make me one of the party that's to cut him off from his rations and fetch him here. If so, I will obey this order of the Dreadful Ulema, as I obey every other order of the Dreadful Ulema, and I'll bring a rope along to hang the scoundrel just as soon as sentence of death has been clapped upon him. So I will, fellow citizens and hobgoblins, and all of you that know me at all know I mean just what I say." With these vehement words did Teddy McIntosh free his mind of the burden that had been weighing it down, and many of his younger friends, when he was through, congratulated him upon his effort and endorsed his sentiments.

Randolph Pearson, however, had, more than any other one man, the confidence of the clan, and he disposed of the question at issue in a few words. The time had not come, he said, for interfering with the due course of law in this matter. As yet the clan could not even afford to gravely consider such a proposition. There had been but a single continuance of the case, and they could never justify themselves if, exasperated by this slight delay, they sought now by violent means to take the accused from the proper authorities and dispose of him themselves. He admitted that any delay in the punishment of so heinous an offender was discouraging. He hoped the time would come in Tennessee when in every county some judicial tribunal would exist that could openly try the perpetrator of a monstrous crime very soon after its commission. Then there would be no reason why any good citizen should join in a mob or countenance mob law. Reckless and lawless persons would still resort to such methods, but good citizens, having a better method for the redress of evils, would frown upon them and mob law would no longer be tolerated. Good citizens now should strive to amend their statutes and as long as it was possible uphold the constituted authorities. Crime must be punished. Self-preservation was the first law of nature, and whenever in any very flagrant case there was an utter failure of justice through the courts, the citizens of that community had the right to protect themselves from future outrage by punishing the offenders. It certainly could not be said now that there was an utter failure of justice in the Ankerstom case. At the next term there would doubtless be an open trial, and the ends of justice would be reached without resort to illegal methods. The members of the clan should see to it that every witness was again in place when the case was called in January. Till then they must possess their souls in patience and do all in their power to calm the excitement and quiet the indignation that existed in the public mind.

When Pearson had finished there was a silence of some moments, and then Mr. Bob Lee Templeton arose and delivered a smooth talk. He said he had been very much put out indeed that day in court and had expressed himself pretty plainly in town, and on the road home. He wished to say now, however, that after listening to his friend Pearson, and turning the matter over in his own mind, he was convinced the clan would do well to heed the advice just given them. It was natural to get mad, and indulge in violent talk, but the wise thing to do now was to await the further action of the court. He had been of different mind a few hours before, but then his angry passions were aroused. Now he had cooled down and heartily endorsed the sentiments uttered by Mr. Pearson.

The Ankerstrom question was thus

disposed of without the formality of a vote, and the discussion drifted to other matters. Many horses and mules had been stolen in the vicinity of late and it seemed impossible to get on the trail of the thieves. Suspicion at first rested on the negroes, but it soon became evident that a systematic plan was being operated by which the animals were transported entirely out of the country after they were stolen. This precluded the idea of the persistent scheme of depredations being entirely the work of negroes. If they were engaged in it there must be shrewder villains behind them, prompting them and reaping in the main the fruits of their dishonesty. The strangest thing was that immediate pursuit, as a rule, did not enable the owners of the stolen animals to discover which way they went. They disappeared entirely, but no man could say how. It was also singular that no suspicious strangers had been seen lurking about in the neighborhood. The discussion brought out the fact that an old peddler had been lately on several farms selling cheap jewelry and such articles, mainly to negroes, but there was no reason to suspect he had any ulterior design beyond the disposal of his shoddy wares. They resolved, however, to have an eye on him, and to keep sharp lookout for all strangers and a close watch on several negroes in the locality, of notoriously bad character.

Then the clan adjourned without very much accomplished, but in better humor, on the whole, than when they assembled.

## XIV

## MR. BOB LEE TEMPLETON AND MATILDA THE HOUSEMAID HAVE A SINGULAR EXPERIENCE WITH A BIBLE AGENT

MR. Bob Lee Templeton, having devoted a month or two to the faithful discharge of his duties at home, concluded he had earned a vacation, and that a little trip to the Marrowbone Hills would be improving to his health, as well as consoling to his feelings. Mounting his faithful steed, therefore, he set out one fine morning in the late Fall, or early Winter, with the intention of drawing rein about dark at the residence of Major Habersham, which, he had concluded, would be a convenient stopping place for the night. As to the next stage of his journey, whether indeed there would be any subsequent stage, was a matter which he had not fully decided in his own mind.

As he pursued his way the air was bracing and crisp, the fields were all of sober hue from the touch of the frost that had dyed them a uniform brown, the farm hands were singing at their work as they pulled the ears of corn from the tall stalks, and all things combined to put the young gentleman in an excellent humor with himself and the world at large. When the noon hour came, he stopped and whiled away an hour or two with a farmer acquaintance, and resuming then his journey, proceeded briskly on toward his destination. His steed seemed to know there was good fodder ahead and quickened its pace so decidedly that as twilight approached many familiar objects along the road informed the rider that he was nearing the premises of Major Habersham. The days were short now, and night closed in early, so that welcome lights from the windows greeted him as he rode up to the gate. He was forcibly reminded of an evening in the preceding June, when, nearing the same premises, kindly lights from the same windows beamed on him invitingly. There was this important difference, however, that then it was Summer, and the heat required that all the windows be raised, while now it was frosty Autumn, when the windows must be closed and the curtains drawn to make things snug and comfortable; and this other important difference, that then he was a stranger, and now he was an intimate acquaintance, on excellent terms with all the dwellers on the premises, from the house dog up.

So when Mr. Templeton rode up to the gate he dismounted without an invitation and hitched his horse at the rack near by. He then pursued his way briskly along the brick pavement that led to the house and knocked at the door. Not receiving any response he knocked again, not quite so softly. Not hearing this second summons, he smote the door a third time even more vehemently, and now it was that answering footsteps were heard along the hall floor. He assumed without much difficulty a cheerful aspect of countenance, and made ready to greet a certain young lady whose custom it was to appear in person and welcome visitors to her father's mansion. When the bolt was drawn, however, and the door turned upon its hinges, there stood before him not the somewhat diminutive figure of Miss Polly Habersham, but a damsel exceeding her considerable in stature, whose face was about the color of a ripe Florida orange, and whose manners, though a trifle distant, were elegant.

When the damsel above mentioned had thrown wide the hall door and beheld Mr. Templeton standing without, she bowed gracefully and smiled condescendingly. Mr. Bob Lee Templeton, however, was a friendly fellow — perhaps a little too much inclined to be familiar on short acquaintance—and so he called heartily out when he saw the orange-colored maiden before him:

"Hello, Matilda, where's the folks?"

"They aren't here," answered Miss Matilda, accompanying her reply with a second obeisance.

"Nobody?"

"No one at all," repiled the handmaiden with a decided accent on the last syllable. "That is to say, sir, there isn't any person here that belongs here."

"That's the dickens," said Mr. Bob Lee Templeton, as he pushed by her and entered the hall. Then he stood and looked about him as if uncertain what to do next.

"They've all gone to Nashville, to consult a physician about Mrs. Habersham, I think, sir."

"Is she worse?" inquired the visitor, when the polite hand-maiden had volunteered this informtion.

"We cannot say she's worse, sir, and yet we cannot say, upon the other hand, that she's any better, sir."

Mr. Templeton stroked his chin, which was beardless, and made no reply.

"We have fears of her, sir," continued Matilda, "and we have hopes of her."

"That's the dickens," said Mr. Bob Lee Templeton.

"It is indeed," replied Matilda.

"Can you give me a drink of water?" inquired Mr. Bob Lee Templeton.

"Indeed I can, sir," replied Matilda.

Mr. Templeton drank the water and next inquired:

"Can you give me a strong cup of coffee, Matilda, and some bread and butter, and two or three slices of ham and any little jimcracks that may come handy? I'm as hungry as a wolf."

"Indeed I can, sir," replied Matildia.

"And say, Matilda, you haven't said when the folks are coming back."

"About the middle of next week, sir," replied Matilda.

"That's the devil," said Mr. Bob Lee Templeton.

"So it is, sir," replied Matilda.

Mr. Bob Lee Templeton went into the parlor, which was a very snug parlor as a usual thing, but looked quite dull and comfortless now. He made believe to read a book for a few minutes, and fingered the keys of the piano for a few minutes, though he couldn't strike a tune. Then he flung himself down on the sofa and was lying there outstretched when Matilda summoned him to sustenance.

Mr. Templeton did full duty to the repast, and when he had nourished himself sufficiently he again addressed the handmaiden.

"*Quite an entertaining old gentleman*"

**Sketch by M. L. Blumenthal**

"I suppose I take the usual room upstairs, Matilda?"

"Yes, sir; yes, sir; that is to say, sir; oh, yes indeed, sir; of course, sir," replied Matilda in some confusion. "We will see to it, Mr. Templeton, that you have the same room."

"If there's any trouble about it, Matilda——"

"There isn't any trouble about it at all, sir," replied Matilda. "There isn't the least trouble in the world about it, sir, only, sir, there's another person in the room."

"Another person in the room?" said Mr. Templeton in some astonishment.

"Yes indeed, sir; so there is, sir. A very nice old gentleman in the room."

"Why, I thought you said there was nobody at home?"

"There is no one at home, Mr. Templeton," replied Matilda, evidently laboring under some embarrassment. "That is, sir, no one that belongs here, sir; none of the family, sir. And you know the rules of the house, Mr. Templeton; and you know how very strictly I always adhere to the rules of the house when the establishment is left in my charge; but, sir, this is such a nice old gentleman, and such a pious old gentleman, and such a well-behaved old gentleman in every way that I thought it right to let him stay all night, and I thought it right to put him in our nicest bed-room."

"What's his name?"

"That I cannot tell you, sir, because it's a foreign name, and it will take a foreigner to pronounce it. But he was a good Christian man among the Turks, I think he called the people, and they used him very badly, and killed about half his family, and he's now selling bibles to get money to bring the other half over here, sir. He's a very nice old gentleman, sir, and a very pious old gentleman, and has very agreeable manners."

"Has he gone to bed?"

"No, sir, he's just gone out to walk a little and muse," said Matilda tenderly, "upon his melancholy situation. He'll be back presently."

"Well, Matilda," replied Mr. Bob Lee Templeton, being a whole-souled sort of a fellow, "you did quite right to take this unfortunate stranger in and to give him the best room in the house. As for me, you can stick me anywheres. I shall sit up until the old gentleman comes back, and have a talk with him. I've no doubt I shall be highly entertained; for I have long wished to know something of the Christians in Turkey."

After so long a time the old gentleman came in, having consumed an hour or so in strolling about over the premises, musing upon his melancholy situation and smoking his pipe. He soon proved himself to be quite an entertaining old gentleman, and succeeded in making himself understood more readily than Mr. Templeton expected, seeing he was but recently over from a foreign country. His gestures were as eloquent and significant as those of a deaf and dumb man, and he had picked up a few words of English with which to supplement these when it was necessary to make out the sense. Altogether, the little old man managed to convey his meaning clearly enough, and what with motions of the hands, scraps of language, and expressive changes of countenance, he told a tale that aroused the compassion of the sympathetic Mr. Templeton, as it had previously done that of Matilda, the housemaid. Such atrocities as the cruel Turks perpetrated upon good Christians in the land beyond the seas Mr. Templeton would hardly have conceived possible and indeed would not have credited if the story had been told by other than an eye-witness, and a very earnest and truthful eye-witness at that, such as the old gentleman undoubtedly was. When the old man, somewhat wearied — for he had come afoot —retired to his room, Mr. Templeton meditated a while by the fire, and then addressed the housemaid as she was passing.

"That's a nice old man, Matilda."

"It is indeed, sir," replied Matilda.

"He has seen sights in his time."

"He has indeed, sir," replied Matilda.

"How many bibles did you subscribe for, Matilda?"

"Only one, sir," replied Matilda.

"Put me down for five," said Mr. Templeton.

"Indeed I will, sir," replied Matilda effusively. "For if ever there was a nice old gentleman, as you say, sir, I think sir, it's this old gentleman. And if ever there was an old gentleman, sir, which has had calamities befall him, I'm quite sure, sir, it's this old gentleman. I'll go upstairs right now and tap at his door and tell him to put you down for five. The money is not to be paid until he comes back with the bibles, which shows to my mind that he is a very honest, straightforward sort of a person."

"It does indeed," cried Mr. Templeton." "It speaks well for him."

"Such misfortunes, sir, as have come upon the old gentleman!" continued Matilda. "Why, sir, it's enough to make a person's blood boil to hear him tell of the troubles he has seen through those heathen Turks."

"Sho-nuff, Matilda?" ejaculated Mr. Templeton.

"Yes indeed, Mr. Templeton, su-r-r-e enough," replied Matilda, rolling the "r" over her tongue as genteel folks invariably do. "And to think, sir, of the great sorrow that's weighing him down on account of having members of his own family still over there at the mercy, as one might say, of those heathen Turks! Did you say five, sir?"

"Six," responded Mr. Templeton promptly.

"And say to the old gentleman, Matilda, that the binding may be of his own choice."

"Oh, sir, that is kind."

"And say, Matilda."

"Yes, sir."

"The old gentleman, you tell me, came afoot, and is no doubt a little short of funds. Hand him this ten-dollar bill, Matilda, with my compliments, and request him to place the amount as a credit upon my subscription."

"Oh, thank you, indeed," replied Matilda, bowing. "Oh, that is very nice of you, I'm su-r-re. The good Lord will be certain to reward you for your noble behavior, and I'll not forget, sir, to mention the matter to Miss Marie."

With these comforting words Matilda hastened upstairs to inform the old gentleman of Mr. Templeton's generous subscription, and of his thoughtful cash installment thereon.

I defy anyone to do a meritorious act upon this earth without being immediately being repaid for it in the solace such righteous conduct will bring to his soul. Mr. Bob Lee Templeton had been fretting, as we know, during most of the evening, over his hard luck in not seeing any of the Habersham family after his long day's ride with that special object in view. Now, however, a feeling of content stole over him as his fancy conjured up the vision of a grateful old man setting down his subscription of six bibles and pocketing the advance payment of ten dollars on same. When he retired to rest, his mind pursued the grateful train of reflection thus aroused, and his sympathies went out toward all the unfortunates upon the earth wheresoever they might be. He bethought him — Mr. Bob Lee Templeton did—of the great difference between his own worldly condition and that of the poor old bible-vendor, roaming a fugitive from his far-off home. How strange it was, he said to himself, that divine providence should turn the cold shoulder, so to speak, on many deserving people in this life and bestow comfort and happiness on others far less worthy. And how ungrateful and unbecoming, — said Mr. Bob Lee Templeton to himself—was the behavior of that man who, having this world's goods and seeing his brother in need, shut up his compassion for him. Then, naturally, Mr. Templeton indulged in the comfortable reflection that his own case was not by any means the one just depicted, but quite the reverse. Then he fancied the surprise and gratification of Miss Polly when his meritorious conduct came to be reported to her. Then his pleasing fancies and his consciousness faded away altogether and he fell asleep.

Mr. Bob Lee Templeton was a young man who usually resigned himself to the arms of Morpheus as soon as he sought his couch and remained there contentedly until some one shook him or the breakfast bell rang. On this occasion he slumbered even more deeply than was his wont, for he was tired from his long day's ride. After a while he was startled by such a rapping at his door as would have aroused one who had gone to bed dead drunk and was snoring off his intoxication.

Opening his eyes wide, Mr. Templeton saw it was broad daylight, and, springing out of bed, he recognized the voice of Matilda, keeping excited accompaniment to the constant rapping she maintained at the door.

"Oh, Mr. Templeton, sir; wake up, if you please, sir. Something has happened, sir, that I was not in the least expecting. Indeed, sir, there has, and the nee-gros on the place are all in a state of dreadful excitement over the matter. It is a very strange thing that has happened, one that I was not in the least expecting; sir, not in the least, sir."

"What's up with the niggers?" inquired Mr. Templeton, throwing the door open as he spoke; for having leaped into his trousers he considered himself now fit to receive company.

"Oh, sir, it isn't the nee-gros at all. It's a great deal worse than that, sir. They have stolen your horse, Mr. Templeton."

"My horse?"

"Yes, indeed, sir. And more than that; they have stolen Miss Marie's horse, too—the one with the blaze face they call Lightfoot."

"Well, damn the luck!" exclaimed Mr. Bob Lee Templeton, for he wist not what to say.

"Yes, indeed," replied Miss Matilda. "I say so too, Mr. Templeton. And that isn't all, sir. You know the nice old gentleman you ordered the five bibles from? Well sir, he's up and gone, sure as the world; and not a soul has the slightest idea when he left the house or which way he went."

"What, left in the middle of the night, without saying a word to anybody?" cried Mr. Templeton.

"That's just exactly what he did, sir. And I can't help thinking, sir, and saying, that his conduct was a little strange."

"He's an infernal old humbug," asserted Mr. Templeton, tying his shoes hurriedly as he spoke.

**(To be continued)**

## MAY IN IOWA

By Oscar Johnson

THIS is the sweetest time of all the year;
The air is cool; with clouds of silver sheen
The skies are flecked, and lovely and serene
The golden sun shines down, while sweet and clear
The glad birds sing in fields and woodlands near;
Beneath one's feet the grass grows fresh and green,
And in the fragrant woods the violets lean,
Their blue eyes wet, perhaps with many a tear
Of crystal dew. The sunny woodland bowers
Are full of joyous sounds: not birds alone
Make music there, but cattle roam about
In dell and hollow, and the silver tone
Of bells is heard, and children picking flowers
Beneath the spreading branches laugh and shout.

# AN ANGLO-SAXON REVOLUTION

## THE TREMENDOUS SIGNIFICANCE, FOR THE WHOLE RACE, OF THE ELECTION OF TWO SCORE LABORERS TO THE BRITISH PARLIAMENT — MIGHTIEST OF THE MANY PORTENTS OF A COMING GREAT EVENT — FEW OF THEM ARE DOCTRINAIRE SOCIALISTS, BUT ALL WILL FAVOR PROGRESSIVE APPLIED SOCIALISM, STEP BY STEP AND NO STEP BACKWARD

THOSE among us, here in America, who believe organized labor should abandon the strike—a barbarous, mediaeval weapon which cuts the hand that holds it quite as badly as the foe at whom it is aimed — and should go into politics to gain the ends it seeks, are encouraged by the late parliamentary election in Great Britain. Various reports of this election and its meaning have come to us, none in which the tremendous facts are writ so large and clear as in the report by W. D. P. Bliss, published in Collier's Weekly. Mr. Bliss' article is reproduced here by special permission of the editor of Collier's, Norman Hapgood. *Frank Putnam*

THERE have just been elected to Great Britain's Parliament nine miners, seven railroad men (engineers, brakemen, navvies), five factory-hands, four printers, three shop-clerks, two carpenters, two gas-workers and general laborers, two steel-smelters, two shipwrights, one barge-builder, one sailor, one cooper, one furniture-maker, one watchcase-maker, one laster, one blacksmith and one agricultural laborer. These men enter today the great hall of William Rufus, and sit, many of them in workman's dress, as successors to Hampden, Pitt, Fox and Gladstone. No more important or significant event has been flashed across the wires from England in fifty, perhaps in one hundred years. It is doubtful if any more significant event has occured in the world during the same period. By the Franco-German War, the Spanish-American War, the Russo-Japanese War, it has been determined that the Anglo-Saxon race shall rule the world; by these English elections it has been determined who shall rule the Anglo-Saxon race.

These English labor men have come to stay and to bring others with them. They are not the result of any ministerial crisis or passing wave of political excitement. The dissolution of Parliament and the downfall of Mr. Balfour's ministry may indeed have pierced the hole in the dikes of English conservatism, but these events are not responsible for, nor the creators of, the ocean of England's labor that is pouring through the opening. These English labor men are not French Communards, Russian Nihilists — not even German Socialists. They are Anglo-Saxons; they belong to the race that does things, that does more than it says, that achieves, that moves slowly, but when it does move, moves forward, and that, once having occupied a position, has never been known to move backward. These are the men who will be each year more in evidence in Parliament than they are today. Read their names; it is worth while. They are not Latin, nor Gallic, nor Slavic, nor Germanic, nor even Norman. They belong to the race that conquered the Norman conquerors of Hastings. There are among them, it is true, representatives of Wales, of canny Scotland, of the Emerald Isle, but the overwhelming majority are Saxon-English, even more than they are Anglo-Saxons. Here is the list — we add a few who are practically identified with them, though not themselves actually labor men: Abraham (a Welshman), Alden, Barnes, Bell, Bowerman, Brace, Broadhurst,

Burns, Burt, Byles, (notice the monosyllables), Clynes, Cremer, Crooks, Duncan, Edwards, George, Gill, Glover, Hall, Hardie, Henderson, Hodge, Hudson, Jenkins, Johnson, Johnston, Jowett, Kelley, Macdonald, Macpherson, Maddison, Nicholls, O'Donnell, O'Grady, Parker, Richards, Richards, Richardson, Roberts, Rowlands, Shableton, Scott, Sedden, Snowden, Steadman, Summerbell, Vivian, Walsh, Ward, Wardle, Wilkie, Williams, Wilson, Wilson, Wilson — fifty-five names. There is no doubt about the racial instincts and the English heredity of these men. The list makes one think of John Ball's rebellion and Jack Cade's revolt. It is English to the very core.

And be it remembered that these — not have been, but *are* — English working men. They have been elected exactly because they are working men. In congress, in house and senate, you will find men — attorneys, railroad men, millionaires — who began life as working men. You will find such instances in the legislatures of every country. But, in the United States especially, such men have ceased to be working men. They are ex-working men. They have, as we say, "risen above their class." Many of them are now the worst foes of labor that can be found. Not so with these English labor representatives. They are not ex-working men. They have been elected as working men, by working men, for working men. They have not "risen above their class." They have risen with their class. This is the significance of the election. They are taking and, above all, they are going to take their class along with them. They are going to take other working men with them into parliment, on to the front benches, into cabinets, into ministries, into prime ministries. They cannot be stopped. John Burns in the Liberal Cabinet is more of a symbol of what shall be than a sign of what is. He is more indicative than Campbell-Bannerman. The English dikes have been pierced and the ocean is flowing in. There is an ocean of votes behind these labor men. There are at present somewhat more than two and a quarter million trades unionists in Great Britain, most of them voters and all going to vote tomorrow. That would be the equal of four and a half million trades unionists in the United States. Moreover, vast numbers of working men in England who are not in the trades unions are quite as politically alive and often more radical than the trades union members. Seventy-seven per cent. of Great Britain's population is engaged in manufactory, commerce, or in personal labor. If some of these are of, or vote with, the employing class, it will be more than balanced by the agricultural laborers who are beginning to vote with the workmen of the town. No wonder England's worshipers of things as they are stand aghast at the prospect of things as they will be in England.

Be it remembered, too, that circumstances make fifty labor men in parliament vastly more significant than eighty social democrats in the German Reichstag or 115 socialists of various types in the French Chamber of Deputies. The fifty labor men in parliament are but the beginning of a movement which must move increasingly fast. The growth of German and French socialist votes must be increasingly slow. The reason is that in every country except England there is a large, unprogressive agricultural vote, which socialism finds it difficult to capture. In Germany, thirty-seven per cent. of the population are engaged in agriculture or fisheries; in France forty-four per cent.; in the United Kingdom it is only fifteen per cent. This means that English working class interests are unified and solidified as perhaps in no country in the world. The English working man is growing self-conscious beyond any metaphysics of German Marxism. It is English capitalism, vested interests and a more concentrated land monopoly than in any country of the world that is producing this result. The "bitter cry" of London, of Newcastle, of Lancashire, of York, is more bitter than in any country where labor has learned to have any voice at all. It is England's aristocracy that is driving English working men into parliament as their last resource.

But these labor men will know how to get what they want. They have had, the most of them, a life training and a personal evolution almost startling in what it reveals of personal power and intensity of purpose. John Burns, thirty-eight years ago, was a lad in a candle factory, earning a few shillings a week, and spelling out an education at night by the light of his flickering lamp. Today he is a cabinet minister at a salary of $10,000 per year. Keir Hardie, forty-two years ago, was in the coal-pits at the age of seven, never having a day's schooling in his life. Now he leads the Independent Labor Party. William Crooks, who startled England two years ago by carrying Woolwich for labor at a bye-election, spent his early boyhood in the cold wards of an English poor-house. George Nicholls worked till his nineteenth year as an agricultural laborer, and then tramped England as a navvy, looking for work. Alfred Gill sold papers in Lancashire at the age of seven. William Hudson has been a railway guard for twenty-six years. Will Thorne, the first simon-pure socialist to be elected to parliament, worked as a boy in the brick fields. Thomas Burt was a "trapper" in the Northumberland mines. J. R. Clynes was a mill boy. William Abraham worked in the pits at ten and continued there twenty-one years. J. R. Edwards was in the coal-pits at nine. T. Glover was in the pits at nine. It is astonishing how many of England's labor leaders served apprenticeship in the mines. J. Robertson, one of the more fortunate, did not enter the pits until eleven. G. Wardle worked in a factory at eight. J. R. Macdonald's parents were agricultural laborers. Today he is secretary of the Parliamentary Labor Representation Committee. J. H. Seddon was a grocery clerk. W. C. Steadman was a barge-builder. P. Summerbell was the son of a miner and began work in a grocery. Stephen Walsh was an orphan and educated in an industrial school. William P. Cremer began as a shipbuilder; in 1903 he received the Nobel prize. John Ward was an English navvy at twelve. John Wilson's father was a day laborer and began work in the mines. Such were the beginnings of at least three-quarters of these men. Today they sit in the most coveted seats in England, from which they have ousted, most of them, sons of peers or inheritors of millions. They have done it, too, by hard personal work. It is doubtful if in the whole number there is one who owes his success to any accident of birth or favor of social position. They are of necessity picked men, the pick of English working men, picked by their own efforts and strong with the strength begotten of success. Most of them have labored long at their respective crafts. They know the situation. They have thus been chosen, almost all of them, as leaders or hard-working secretaries of their trades unions. They have organized strikes and conducted agitations. They have presided over labor congresses and served on innumerable committees. Very many of them have had legislative experience on county councils, or as aldermen in city halls. Often they have met with employers as equals on arbitration boards or as representatives of the employes. These men will not be turned from their purpose by Liberal attorneys or Conservative Primrose Leagues. They are not all socialists. Very few of them are doctrinaire socialists. But almost to a man they will favor constructive, step-by-step, evolutionary socialist measures. They will all move in one direction, and usually together. In demanding public ownership, at least of municipal natural monopolies, in voting for the state employment of the unemployed, for radical land reform, for old-age pensions, trades union legislation, educational reform, they will vote as one man. And many not of their party will vote with them. For most labor measures the eighty-one Irish nationalist votes can be counted. Similarly England's labor men almost unitedly will favor Home Rule for Ireland. It is little wonder that astute English observers predict that in two years local parliaments, friendly to England's parliament, will sit in Dublin and Edinburg. The only question is how long England's House of Peers will continue to sit. Thus far the wily peers have been able to defy a slightly divided Liberal and Conservative House of Commons. It will be another thing with a united House of Commons accustomed to pushing loaded coal trucks and to driving wheels of steel. There will be erected on the Thames embankment no guillotine presided over by Kier Hardie; no dynamite bombs will be nor need be thrown, but more radical things will soon be doing in parliament than beside the Seine, the Elbe, or the Neva. It is an Anglo-Saxon revolution.

It is consequently well financed. The Labor Representation Committee collects thirty shillings per year for each one thousand members connected with societies or unions affiliated with the committee and one penny from every member for the parliamentary fund. Paying sixpence per year (twelve cents), English trades unionists could send 240 members to parliament and pay each $1,000 per year. The money will not be wanting for every labor man elected.

Will this election affect America? The editor of a great New York daily declined to give much space to the details of the English elections. He said: "What does New York care that a few English laborers have been elected in England?" This shows that the editor does not know New York, nor understand his business. New York is not indifferent to the most important political event of the Anglo-Saxon world. If there are those who do not realize this, an editorial leader should point it out. The differences between a republican and a democratic victory, between English liberals and conservatives, is as nothing compared with the significance of the appearance for the first time in either England or America of an organized political party to stand for labor as opposed to capital and privilege. The former parties stand for differences that are fading from human thought. Labor and capital politically arrayed stand for a cleavage that may go to the very bottom of existing society.

## ARRANGING CUT-FLOWERS

By Eva Ryman-Gaillard

GIRARD, PENNSYLVANIA

TO the true flower-lover much of the pleasure from them is secured by their use as cut flowers in all sorts of places, for all sorts of decorative purposes and the hints here given will be along the line of easy and effective ways of arranging them, rather than descriptive of any finished effects.

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The petals of many flowers, like the lily and the fleur-de-lis, are so fragile that it is almost impossible to handle them, after they are fully open, without breaking; if cut before the petals begin to curve outward and allowed to finish expanding after they are arranged, this risk is entirely obviated.

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Very few flowers look well when massed closely together in the style of arrangement which leaves the blossoms loose and natural in appearance the stems must be held in some way. When using opaque receptacles, paper, moss, or almost anything may be tucked in among the stems to support them and prevent the blossoms from lopping over on one side, or on all sides.

For use with glass receptacles having wide tops, a circular piece of wire netting is a great help. Any dealer will cut it to a desired size, leaving a few wires on each side to be bent into hooks and caught over the edge of the glass. This is practically invisible if allowed to drop a little below the edge of the receptacle; and by putting the stems through the meshes of the netting they are kept separated and the flowers remain as arranged.

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Pansies, violets and other flowers having large and heavy heads, in proportion to their slender stems, are hard to arrange in any kind of receptacle without something to hold them in position; the best thing I ever have found is a sponge. Get a large one and soak it in water until fully distended, then cut away one side until it is perfectly flat. Round the remaining surface to a symmetrical shape, stick it full of meat skewers and let it dry.

When wanted, pull out the skewers and put the stems of flowers in the spaces; set the sponge in a plate of water (flat side down) and after it has absorbed the water, add more and tuck in a few leaves and blossoms where needed to hide the sponge or plate.

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In using flowers that are produced in spikes, umbels or other compound forms, it often is advisable to sacrifice part of the blossom. To illustrate: the immense blossoms of the hardy hydrangea seem little suited for use in making wreaths, crosses, anchors or other pieces where the flowers must lay close to a flat surface; but by cutting away the florets on one side until a flat surface is obtained they may be used as easily and effectively as any flower known, and have the very desirable qualities of filling space rapidly, and keeping fresh for a long time.

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When possible, use the natural foliage of the plant (and plenty of it), for no other greenery will give the artistic effect secured by using that with which nature surrounded the blossoms.

Nearly always the finest effects are gained by using but one kind of flower, and *always* by making the vase subordinate to the flowers.

A vase may be beautiful in itself, but if its lines and coloring are not in harmony with the flowers put into it, the effect can never be artistic, or pleasing to a cultivated taste.

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# COOKING AND SERVING CELERY

## By Katherine E. Megee

WAYNESBORO, VIRGINIA

ASIDE from its use as an appetizer, the dietetic value of celery is pretty generally appreciated, yet few housewives are aware of its culinary possibilities, both alone and in combination with other foods, which, while affording the change so agreeable to the palate, in no wise detract from the food value of the plant.

Below are appended a few choice recipes for cooking and serving celery:

ESCALLOPED CELERY: Wash, scrape and cut two bunches nicely bleached celery into half-inch lengths, then drop into boiling water slightly salted and stew gently five minutes; drain well, reserving one-half cup of the liquor. Put this over the fire together with one cup cream or rich milk and two tablespoons butter. Bring to a boil, thicken with two tablespoons flour moistened with a little cold milk; cook smooth, season to taste with salt and white pepper, then pour over the celery. When the mixture cools, stir into it two beaten eggs, and pour the whole into a buttered vamequin, cover with grated bread crumbs, dot with bits of butter and stand in a hot oven until set and nicely browned. Serve hot without re-dishing. At the last moment before sending to the table sprinkle grated cheese over the top.

CELERY PUREE WITH POACHED EGG: Chop one bunch fine celery into small pieces, then stew gently in one pint chicken or veal stock. When tender, press through a purée sieve, return to the fire and boil rapidly until reduced to a cup and one-half. Then stir into it half a cup of sweet cream and a large tablespoon of butter; boil up once, then thicken to the consistency of cream with flour moistened with a little cold milk; cook smooth, then season to taste with salt and white pepper. Poach the required number of eggs, arrange on small hot plates for individual serving and pour the purée around them.

CELERY PATES: Wash clean, then cut into small lengths a sufficient quantity of nicely bleached celery. Stew until tender in boiling salted water; then drain, reserving one-half cup of the liquor, to which add the same quantity of cream and two tablespoons butter. Put over the fire, boil up and thicken with one tablespoon flour. Pour this sauce over the celery. Have ready paté-shapes baked empty, fill them with the mixture and brown in a quick oven.

CELERY LOAF: Chop fine a sufficient quantity of celery to measure two cupfuls; stew tender, then cover with a sauce made of one cup milk, two tablespoons each of butter and flour with salt and pepper to season. Stir well, then add two beaten eggs or a cup of minced veal or chicken. Turn into a buttered mold, stand in a pan of hot water and bake in a rather quick oven. When done, unmold on a hot platter, garnish with fringed celery and serve with tomato sauce.

(To fringe celery, cut the white stalks into three-inch lengths, then draw each end back and forth several times through three or four coarse needles stuck in one end of a cork.)

CELERY AND APPLE SALAD: Cut the white portions of a bunch of well bleached celery into half-inch lengths. Pare and cut three tart, nicely flavored apples into dice. Mix with the celery. Wash and crisp one head of lettuce and arrange for individual serving; pile little mounds of celery and apple in the leaves and dress with salad dressing. This salad must not stand long before serving, as the apples turn dark when exposed to the air. Nuts may be substituted for the apples, using twenty English walnuts for each head of celery, reserving a dozen meats for garnishing. Or the celery may be used alone, in which case double the quantity will be required.

CELERY SOUP: Cook one pint of celery, chopped very fine, in one pint cold water, salted to taste, until soft enough to mash;

then rub through a colander. Bring one and one-half pints milk to a boil; add the pulped celery and one-half teaspoon minced onion. Simmer fifteen minutes, then thicken with one tablespoon flour blended with two of butter. Cook until smooth, stirring constantly. Season to taste with salt and white pepper.

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## SCHOOL GARDENS

### By Eva Ryman-Gaillard

GIRARD, PENNSYLVANIA

WE talk about arranging flowers and often forget the many who have none to arrange and would not know the most common sorts by name if they saw them; but, fortunately, the sad lack of knowledge and enjoyment along this line is being brought to the public and a widespread interest is the result. To become interested in such a subject is equivalent to trying to better conditions, and among the many plans being put in operation that of the "School Garden" is destined to be the farthest reaching in its results, and destined to achieve those results quickly because of the fact that when a child is interested he will see to it that everyone interested in him shares in that interest.

This work has grown, in a very few years, from the school garden where a love for beautiful surroundings was taught through the work, to thousands of home gardens where both flowers and vegetables are grown from seeds sold to the school children at a penny per packet.

In order to have the children do their home work with an intelligence which will insure the success necessary to a continued interest, they are taught the work in gardens belonging to the school, where the enthusiasm of numbers working together adds to the interest.

As a means of promoting interest in the school garden idea, as well as furnishing a text book for use in the work, Mr. H. D. Hemenway (director of the School of Horticulture, in Hartford, Connecticut) has published a little book entitled "Hints and Helps for the Young Gardeners," in which he shows every step of the way, making plain even such little things as the right and the wrong ways of spading soil and the many other little things which the beginner needs to know, whether his years number seven or seventy.

In a perfectly simple way Mr. Hemenway makes plain the "how-to-do" side of growing flowers or vegetables in the house or in the open ground; in a large garden or in a soap box; in Winter or in Summer; in shady or in sunny places, and in many instances illustrates the idea by pictures of school children doing the work described. These pictured lessons are so plain that any child gets the idea at the first glance.

This book not only shows working methods so plainly that any teacher may, by its help, start such work among his pupils, but by showing how garden work tends toward the physical development of the children; how the turning of back-yards (often filthy ones) into little gardens helps the sanitary conditions, as well as the looks, of an entire neighborhood, and the many other ways in which the work reaches out and betters the conditions of life where they most need bettering, he makes every reader want to help start the work or give it aid where already started.

The price of this little book is so small ($20 per hundred) that any board of control can put it into the hands of every pupil, and at the same time inaugurate a system of gardening in the school which will do more good than can be estimated.

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## THE USEFUL ICE-CREAM FREEZE

### By Frank E. Channon

BETHESDA, MARYLAND

WOMEN sometimes get some good ideas. I don't say that patronizingly. I simply raise my hat and make the statement. Here is an idea that occured to my wife back last Summer, and one that proved itself a great success. We had just moved out from the city to a three-acre piece of land and like most "town farmers," we wanted to make our three acres give us everything. One of the first things we intended to be independent about was our butter. We had bought a good Jersey and she was giving us nearly three gallons a day, so we had lots of cream, but hadn't bought a churn. Said my wife:

"What's the matter with the ice-cream freezer?"

I said I had never heard of butter being made in that utensil. She said that didn't matter; she didn't see why it shouldn't, so we poured two quarts of nice, rich cream into the freezer and turned the crank. Well, to cut a long story short, the cream became butter—at last, but it was a long trip—nearly two hours.

The fact that the butter did "come," however, set me thinking, and now, — well, now, I wouldn't swap my big ice-cream freezer as a butter producer for the best churn on earth. With it, I will undertake to bring butter any day in fifteen minutes; that is, if I take care of the cream up to the time of churning. This is my plan:

I churn twice a week — Tuesdays and Saturdays. If the weather is cool, I keep on the side of the stove a big two-gallon crock. Into this I pour all the cream that we don't use, and allow it to sour. If the weather is hot I allow it to sour away from the stove. On churning day I take my big freezer and empty the contents of the crock into it. In the place where the ice is generally packed, I pour a couple of quarts of very cold water, right from the well. Some days when it is very hot, I chop off a bit of ice and throw that into the water; but in cool or cold weather I have no trouble. Then I simply turn the crank and in anywhere from ten to fifteen minutes I get butter — and fine butter, too.

I have never churned with a proper butter churn in my life, but people tell me that very often it takes much longer than this.

It may be that elsewhere other people have caught on to the freezer idea, but around this neighborhood I seem to be the first one. Try it; give the idea a fair chance and you'll not be disappointed.

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## LITTLE HELPS FOR HOME-MAKERS

**For each little help found suited for use in this department, we award one year's subscription to the National Magazine. If you are already a subscriber, YOUR SUBSCRIPTION MUST BE PAID IN FULL TO DATE IN ORDER TO TAKE ADVANTAGE OF THIS OFFER. You can then either extend your own term or send the National to a friend. If your little help does not appear, it is probably because the same idea has been offered by someone else before you. Try again. We do not want cooking recipes, unless you have one for a new or uncommon dish. Enclose a stamped and self-addressed envelope if you wish us to return or acknowledge unavailable offerings.**

### FOR MEALY BAKED POTATOES

By MRS. S. E. SMITH
Valley Junction, Iowa

Cut a snip off the end of potatoes before placing in the oven to bake. The steam escapes and leaves the potato mealy.

### TO GROW FINE CAULIFLOWER

By HARRIET L. SISSON
Unadilla, New York

Use wood ashes plentifully on old garden soil and you will have no trouble about your cauliflower heading, providing you purchase good seed. It is equally good for cabbage.

### BOILED CHESTNUTS

By G.
Redding, Connecticut

A valuable discovery made recently is a comfortable and even elegant way of eating boiled chestnuts. A bit of shell is pared from the larger end of each nut before boiling for twenty minutes in salted water; they are then eaten conveniently from the insinuating tip of a coffee spoon — chestnuts on the half-shell, as it were, properly accompanied by a draught of sweet cider. With a small, sharp knife, a quart of chestnuts can be prepared for boiling in ten minutes or less.

### GROWING STRAWBERRIES IN A BARREL

By MRS. E. C. ROCHEFORD
Brighton, Washington

If you live in the city and have a limited space for gardening, and wish to grow strawberries, you can grow them in the following manner. Take a barrel, fill with good, rich soil after boring holes all around the barrel with a two-inch auger, having the holes about eight inches apart each way. Set a plant in each hole and you can either grow strawberries at the top of the barrel or you can have a few flowers. The berries will be perfect and clean if you keep them well watered.

### TO FRESHEN MATTING

By MRS. F. M.
Fullerton, California

Dip a mop into water to which salt has been added, wring almost dry and mop up the matting. This keeps matting much better than simply sweeping it well.

### OPENING A FOUNTAIN PEN

By RALPH BURNS
Anoka, Minnesota

If your fountain pen is stuck so you cannot unscrew it, wrap a small rubber band tightly around the nozzle or pen part. This will give you a grip on the pen that will nearly always fetch it. If you cannot get it to come off by using the rubber, try putting a little powdered rosin on the fingers. I have never known the rosin to fail; but it is rough for the hand.

Rosin on the hand will always fetch a tight watch case or any other smooth, screw-joint article.

### A GLUE HINT

By V. M. B.
Tiashoke, New York

A teaspoonful of saltpetre added to a large pot of glue will effectually prevent it from smelling bad; besides, it causes the glue to dry faster and harder than it would without the saltpetre.

## THE ART OF MAKING SOUPS

By E. S. C.

Chicago, Illinois

It is said that ten or fifteen years ago soup was served in very few American homes, while now it forms an essential part of every well-regulated dinner.

Soup has its place at the beginning of dinner, for a reason, not a fad. It is a valuable appetizer, acting as a stimulant rather than a nutrient, and being quickly assimilated, prepares the way for the dishes to follow.

Gouffe says: "Beef broth is the soul of domestic cookery." That is, it is the essence that is to pervade the body of the dish, giving character and atmosphere without substance. But to get that "soul" out of the formula, beginning, "take a shin of beef," has proven a difficult problem to many a housekeeper and a seeming impossibility to more than a few cooks.

Edward Atkinson said in the beginning of his well known directions on how to prepare and cook food: "Take one part of gumption and one part of food." Gumption simmered gently with the "shin of beef" will produce beef broth, but gumption brings a high price on the market of commodities nowadays, and is often lacking at any. The demand for marketable gumption has brought into being a substitute for home-made beef broth, in the form of Armour's Extract of Beef. With a jar of solid, or a bottle of fluid extract at hand, the cook has, without time or trouble, and with ordinary or even less expense, the "soul" of her cookery at hand.

Thin, poorly flavored, watery soups are never satisfactory and are actually wasteful, but such need never be served if the right use be made of the materials. Pea, bean, corn, tomato, vegetable and grain soups of all kinds, can be prepared of the left-overs of canned and fresh vegetables, if properly combined with stock made from Extract of Beef. In such cases recipes can act as suggestions only, for the ingredients must vary with the exigencies of the larder. The proportion of Extract, however, remains the same.

When a clear soup, such as bouillon, rice or sphagetti is to be made, take one teaspoonful of Armour's Solid Extract of Beef to every quart of water. When used for purees, bisques and those soups with substance or bodies to them, take one-half, or even at times all that is required is one-quarter, teaspoonful of Armour's Solid Extract of Beef to every quart of water. Soups that have a stock of their own require but one-quarter teaspoonful of Armour's Solid Extract of Beef to give the desired meat juices and flavor.

The exact measurement of the required seasonings can rarely be given, for adaptation is one of the necessities. Add salt until the soup is "bright-tasting" but not suggestive of sea water; pepper to the brink of pungency, giving the tone of warmth, not a burning taste.

## FOOLING THE CAT

By MRS. J. M.

Nadeau, Michigan

If the cat needs medicine, don't try to force it down her throat or mix it with milk. Smear it on her sides and she will lick it all off clean.

## CHOPPING RAISINS

By JENNIE S. HERON

Canastota, New York

Always when I put raisins through the chopper they come out all sticky and lumped together. I find that by first washing the raisins in cold water before putting them through the chopper, they come out free and in fine condition to use, not adhering in masses as before.

## SAVES LABOR AND DIRT

By H. P.

Worcester, Massachusetts

To save the taking up of ashes, we have an arrangement which we would dislike to be without. In the bottom of our range we cut a hole in which a three-inch galvanized iron pipe is inserted. This leads into a brick pit directly underneath in the basement, which holds two cart-loads of ashes; so it is necessary to have them removed only once a year. As our grate is moderately fine we never have to dump it, thus saving the disagreeable work of sifting the ashes.

## FRESHENING DUSTY CARPETS

By MRS. J. M. GIFFORD

Whitewater, Wisconsin

In the early Spring and Fall before house-cleaning time has arrived, the carpets often look so dusty that the housekeeper is in despair. When this is the case let her take a basin of water in which a little ammonia has been dropped, and after she has wrung a cloth out and wiped off the floor, she will be agreeably surprised, as the carpet will look as fresh as when first put down and keep clean much longer than it otherwise would.

## THE OLD WAY AND THE NEW

By MRS. S. M. NEEDHAM

Sardis, Mississippi

Every country housekeeper knows the enormous waste from the lard supply in "cracklings" in the old way of "drying up" lard at hog-killing time. The *new* way turns all the fat into lard. Cut the fat from the skins, free it from all lean particles and bloody shreds, and where there is only a small quantity to be rendered mix the leaf lard with the other fat. Wash first in quite warm water and rinse twice in cold water, put it on the stove in closely covered vessels, stirring frequently until the fat is boiled perfectly done and tender. Have ready some good, home-made, sound wood-ash lye, strain from all sediment and add half a teacup of the lye to each gallon of the fat, first removing it from the fire to cool somewhat or it may boil over. Return to the fire and cook gently. If the fat is thoroughly done it will soon be reduced to a creamy consistency—the fat entirely dissolved. Cook the lard uncovered after the lye is added. When the lard is done it will be perfectly clear with a very thin, brown, gummy scum on top — no cracklings at all. Remove this scum and let the lard remain on the stove at the scalding, but not boiling, point for two or three hours. Pour into perfectly dry, hot earthen jars—holding only one gallon each is the best size. Let it cool uncovered and then cover closely and keep air-tight. Keep in a cool, dry place. I prefer to keep my lard in small vessels because only the small quantity is exposed to the air while using, the bulk of the year's supply remaining air-tight, and in no danger of becoming rancid.

## A NEW IDEA IN TURN-OVERS

By MRS. I. W.

St. Joseph, Missouri

When my husband's linen collars are past wearing I put them in hot water and rub the starch out; then I peel off the outer linen pieces, hemstitch them, and put them on bands for my little girl to wear with school frocks. These turn-overs are easy to make, launder beautifully, and wear as long as those made of new linen.

# Note and Comment

### By Frank Putnam

WE haven't a king to rule us in the United States, but we have the federal supreme court—*in office for life, and not responsible to the people*—which is a very effective substitute for an absolute monarch.

Precisely as Hamilton and the other monarchists in the constitutional convention intended, the federal judges are steadily advancing their own prerogatives—unmaking good laws enacted by congress and signed by the president, and making new, bad laws by pretending to read new meanings into the constitution. Always these laws slain by the federal court are laws that were demanded by the people — the income-tax law was an example; always these usurpations of the federal courts are in the interest of the too-rich and the too-powerful — witness the countless injunctions forbidding workmen to exercise their "natural and inalienable" right of free speech for self-preservation.

Everybody knows now that the federal senate is made up mainly of railroad and other trusts' lawyers; what everybody apparently does not yet know, or realize, is that the System —organized predatory wealth — is now relying more on the federal courts than it does on the senate. The System long since found it cheaper to elect senators than to buy them after election—so it dismissed the lobby and seated its agents in the senate. Now that the senate seems likely to be abolished for its crimes, the System will be found more strongly intrenched in the federal courts than it ever was in the senate. It will make its last stand behind *the one bulwark of genuine absolutism possible under our government*—the federal judiciary.

The people may purge the senate of its trust lawyers, may regain control of it for a time, but it is, in its nature, a denial of the safety of really popular government; and I predict that this people will in due time, perhaps a very short time, cut it out of their governmental system entirely. As long as we retain the senate, we so notify the world that we dare not trust ourselves to enjoy really free government; that we feel the need of guidance by a house of overlords, who shall have power to deny us our desires, whenever, in their opinion, we ought so to be denied. This means, in practice, whenever our desires conflict with those of the overlords and their master—the System.

The house of representatives, having to go back to the people every two years for reelection, can always be forced to obey any really widespread public demand; and, if Washington and Jefferson and Lincoln were right, if we as a people really have enough justice and humanity and common sense in our brains to govern ourselves, then the quicker we cut out the house of lords and simplify government by putting it into the hands of a house of direct representatives who must answer to us every two years for what they do in office, the better for us all around.

My own belief is that time spent in tinkering the senate will be time wasted — that instead of moving to have senators elected by direct vote of the people, we would do better to move for the abolition of that body. It will be just as difficult, and just as easy, to do one thing as the other. Thirty states must ratify either proposition before it can be added to our federal constitution, and the System will make a mighty fight to beat the movement in the twenty-ninth and thirtieth states, you can depend on that.

As to the System's last stronghold, the absolute federal courts, we'll have to amend the constitution, making these judges elective and for limited terms. If we don't need any house of lords, we surely don't need any absolute monarchs.

A big job? Certainly. But there's no lack of time to do it in, and our sons and daughters can take it up where we leave off. (Our daughters must have the ballot and be taught how to use it.) The main thing is to know where you want to go, and why, then get started.

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STEP by step, cautiously, timidly, mankind comes out of its native jungle. Today, in every civilized country, intelligent public opinion concedes, and is moving to a position where it will be able to *guarantee* to every man and every woman, *the right to a job whereby life can be sustained decently and in comfort.*

The only way in which society *can* guarantee this right is by owning and operating a sufficient number of industries to give such jobs to all who are unable to get them in private employment. The cruelest spectacle in the world is that of the individual—man or woman—eager to work for a living, to feed and clothe helpless dependents, to render a useful service to society—and unable to get work to do. None but the ignorant or the malicious will deny that there are many such cases in every country, even during what are known as the most prosperous periods. There are tens of thousands of them in this country today, and other hundreds of thousands whose work yields them less than enough to sustain life decently and in comfort.

The first industries to be taken over will be those which are essentially public in their character—the steam and electric highways, for example, and those other industries which in private hands have been so monopolized as to levy extortionate tribute upon the masses of the people.

England, where most of the workingmen are engaged in manufacturing, and are therefore closer to each other, better able quickly to spread the new ideal of the duty of society to its members, will lead us in the new socialization of industries. Our farmers, comparatively isolated, most of them, and most of them landowners and therefore quick to doubt the virtue of any scheme to socialize property now held by individuals, will perhaps be slower than our city-workmen in adopting the new idea. But they will take it up, soon or late; and when they do, they will put it through in their usual thorough and workmanlike way

# A HALT ON THE MUCK RAKES

## By Joe Mitchell Chapple

IT is a far cry from the pages of a modern magazine exposure series to "The Pilgrim's Progress." One of our most prominent public officials recently called attention to the man with the muck-rake, described by Bunyan, who stood all day raking together all manner of filth, while just above his head and within his reach hung the golden crown of everlasting bliss. But the poor man was so absorbed and infatuated in collecting muck — and only muck — that he could not see anything else, and refused to lift his eyes to the heavens and see the crown which he at first honestly sought — that hung above in God's own smile and sunlight—rather than in the depths of the mire.

Now that the warm Chinook breezes have supplanted the rough winds of March, I have a desire to "rise in meetin' " and say something, in a colloquial way, which has been in my mind for months past.

For years I have been assiduously cultivating a cheerful disposition—the happy habit—and therefore cannot join in this wail of pessimism which the wailers — many of them political agitators in guise of "reformers" — are trying to represent as public sentiment. The wave of exposurism which has been sweeping through the press is only the sure and certain reckoning that comes to nations and individuals periodically, and when honestly and squarely made serves a useful purpose, but I cannot see any reason why people should grow hysterical because of it. Exposurism is being overdone—it has become of itself a peril. Scarcely a periodical is published without its sensational, saffron-hued pages of description of public clinic and dissecting table, and — I'll confess it—we have been infected.

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Although many articles have been printed and sentiments expressed in The National Magazine which we know are as repugnant to the feelings of some of our readers as they are to us, yet a sense of toleration is our only plea for having printed this matter. We realized at the time it must be objectionable to those of contrary opinions, but we wished to present all phases, so as to clarify conviction.

Every newspaper man knows that in cold print — with sensational headlines — even the most innocent proposition of ordinary, everyday affairs and business would not always stand the rigid "rule of thumb." Why wear blue goggles and believe that the world is going to the bow-wows, just because the spirit of investigation is abroad and has revealed murky spots! All this is simply a re-adjustment of our equilibrium.

If one stops to listen to the comments of persons who are captivated by the more or less inaccurate and one-sided exposures that are abroad, it will usually be found that at the foundation of their interest is the basic hope that something will come to THEM out of the scramble — they want a share of the spoils when the possessions of others are divided — or they have a subtle wounded vanity or envy to soothe.

Is it a cry of sham or shame? There seems to be a syndicate of shame exposers, or sham exposers, who go around with a list of questions and obtain in one breath answers where they can, so that they may be able to scent and use the overworked word "Graft," with double capitals on the letter G and trilling r r r r 's. In their anxiety to indict evildoers—according to their views—they have no time to listen to qualifications or explanations which may accompany the answers to such queries. Instead of giving "all the truth and nothing but the truth," they dash off answers which in part may be true, but on the whole are a misrepresentation of the actual facts.

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The English language is debauched for superlatives; the word "treason" is coming trippingly from the tongue in order to arouse a sentiment that is the embodiment of the black hand itself.

Meetings of socialists are being held every night in the year in large cities to inflame the poor people against existing conditions. And strange as it may seem, most of those meetings are supported by men who have been and are aspirants for political honors, and some of whom possess thousands of acres of land in the West,on which they are waiting for an advance in values, but on which these poverty stricken people ought to be living and with a chance to make a decent livelihood out of God's own acres, instead of feeding upon this insidious propaganda of false hopes.

Among those present at a gathering at the villa of J. G. P. Stokes who seek to cure all ills under the Socialist banner were the following eminent gentlemen: Morris Hilquit, the scholar of the Socialist movement in New York; Leonard Abbott and Victor L. Berger, Socialist leaders; John Spargo, another Socialist; Gaylord Wilshire; Prof. Franklin H. Giddings of Columbia; David Graham Phillips and Ray Stannard Baker, magazine exposers; State Senator Everett Colby of New Jersey, reformer; Ernest Crosby, single taxer; Arthur Brisbane, George Fred Williams, William Kent, J. G. Phelps Stokes, ex-Senator John Ford, John Brisben Walker, Hamilton Holt, E. J. Ridgway, of Everybody's Magazine; Ernest Poole, John De Witt Warner and A. J. Boulton.

A halt has been called upon the magazine muck rakes — if I read public sentiment aright. The people are tired of this array of aggregated evil and corruption, with nothing but aggregated "Graft" to read about. It is a "Get-Fame-Quick" route for certain writers. What is more contemptible than the man who, on a battlefield, plays the vulture and the vandal and removes the jewels that he finds on the bodies of his fallen brothers, even though they may have been slain in a wrongful cause! Then what shall be said of the men who deliberately seek to tear down reputations with indiscriminate, ghoulish glee, and feed upon public confidence, grasping anew at the few remnants that may be left even to the fallen in order that they may push themselves into political prominence? They are the foxes and crows of society. They come along crying:

"Caw! caw! Cry out against this corruption. Follow—Me!"

I cannot work up a deep sympathy with the people who appear to have a yearning to smash "everything in sight." Smashing is much easier and quicker than constructing—it takes less effort; but before destroying the old it is very expedient and reasonable to provide something new and better to take its place.

There are two sides to a question, and it is well to go around and look at your proposition from the other side, and then to take a look also at the top and bottom — by that time it will often be discovered that the bottom has fallen out—or fallen somewhere. When a man considers a question in this way, he is not likely to get the exposure fever, because his own conscience will suggest to him that the same principles, motives and impulses that are apparent in other people exist also in himself, and he does not feel that his own human self is so much holier than his brother. Let us recall Ruskin's suggestion and "Take a mental looking glass now and then."

Suppose we were to print in cold type all the details of our own lives—your life and mine—do you think we could bear to see every lightest thought and word, every careless action, produced under flashing headlines — in cold, bold type, —and not flinch at the sight? Well, I confess I'd leave town.

On the other hand, to print and array all the good things we have done might make us vain. Do you believe we could endure the muck rake process, which rakes together all that is worst and lets the pearls of honesty and purity fall in the mud unseen? All that is worst is gathered together—amalgamated—and over it then is cast the dark pall of suspicion, through which no gleam of good intention or pure motive is allowed to penetrate.

Paint, if you will, the whole truth — give the lights as well as the shadows. Dr. David Swing once collected in a lecture all the evils of the Seventeenth century, and it seemed as though the whole structure of good impulse had fallen. But, on the other hand, he gathered all the good of the times and glories of that period, and presented an inspiring picture.

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Take a concrete example, in the postoffice department, of the iniquity and corruption of which we have heard so much. Yet, after most relentless and searching inquiry, but two men out of about 25,000 employes have been convicted of corruption or bribery. Can you imagine a corporation of such a size making a better showing? Suppose these 25,000 men represented a city of 125,000 people, using the multiple of five to a family, can you conceive of a city of such a size in this country where but two men could be convicted of corruption?

The fact is, that there never was a time when public corruption was more vigorously and uncompromisingly punished. But if the charges borne on every wave of suspicion are permitted to convulse and confuse all society, where shall we land?

"Many are ready to condemn and accept the naked charge as proof of guilt as they pass the judgment of an evil-thinking mind." This is nothing short of hysteria, and a halt has been called on the periodical muck rakes of today.

Members of the Masonic orders understand the false exposure heaped upon that organization in anti-Mason wars. The Catholic church and many other religious orders have been the victims of these half-written and oftentimes venomous attacks. The confession of Taxil, the French Free-thinker, who first exposed Catholics and then Masons, makes interesting reading bearing on the present situation today. Similar motives actuate some of the "muck rakes" of today, as indicated in the following confession:

> "The public made me what I am; the arch-liar of the period," confessed Taxil, "for when I first commenced to write against the Masons my object was amusement pure and simple. The crimes I laid at their door were so grotesque, so impossible, so widely exaggerated, I thought everybody would see the joke and give me credit for originating a new line of humor. But my readers wouldn't have it so; they accepted my fables as gospel truth, and the more I lied for the purpose of showing that I lied, the more convinced became they that I was a paragon of veracity.
>
> "Then it dawned upon me that there was lots of money in being a Munchausen of the right kind, and for twelve years I gave it to them hot and strong, but never too hot. When inditing such slush as the story of the devil snake who wrote prophecies on Diana's back with the end of his tail, I sometimes said to myself: 'Hold on, you are going too far,' but I didn't. My readers even took kindly to the yarn of the devil who, in order to marry a Mason, transformed himself into a crocodile, and, despite the masquerade, played the piano wonderfully well.
>
> "One day when lecturing at Lille, I told my audience that I had just had an apparition of Nautilus, the most daring affront on human credulity I had so far risked. But my hearers never turned a hair. 'Hear ye, the doctor has seen Nautulius,' they said with admiring glances. Of course no one had a clear idea of who Nautilus was—I didn't myself—but they assumed that he was a devil.
>
> "Ah, the jolly evenings I spent with my fellow authors hatching out new plots, new, unheardof perversions of truth and logic, each trying to outdo the other in organized mystification. I thought I would kill

myself laughing at some of the things proposed, but everything went; there is no limit to human stupidity."

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To decry no public man unjustly; not to abandon the plain, direct sense of duty, not to refuse examination of any charges that are just, while refusing to harbor indiscriminate accusations, is what must be done before we can tell where the actual stealing and lying begins and ends and where the lying begins and stealing ends. Half truths, supplemented by the dark shadows of suspicion and inuendo are the menace of today, for

"A lie that is half the truth is ever the worst of lies."

Half truths threaten to debauch, first the individual then the state, into an utter loss of confidence in the very existence of honesty and honor.

The solution of national and corporate evils is already at work—the limelight of publicity — not muck rakes. There would be little crime left in the dark byways of our cities if they were brilliantly lighted by electricity, which would show them AS THEY ARE, and not as we think they are. But don't let the light grow into a conflagration that consumes and destroys.

The trend of this agitation is toward a certain form of socialism, which augurs ill for the future of our beloved country. I myself once felt a tendency toward a kind of socialism which is difficult to define, though it was indescribably attractive. With a view to acquiring more information on the subject, I attended socialist meetings, but the more I learned of their propaganda the more I believed that the bone and sinew of the nation would arise and meet the issues of the day in a fair, square manner, instead of appealing to the same reprehensible avarice and passions of men which are being combated as corrupt and iniquitous.

Recently I attended one of these meetings which was addressed by one whom I knew as a very clever fellow in his own special line. His speech was plain and sometimes forcible, yet I believe my friend missed his vocation when he "started to stump" for socialism. His logic wobbled. He drew vivid pictures of the wild orgies indulged in by the "leisured classes." Right on top of this statement he demanded a three or four hour day for every working man—that they might also have time for— orgies?— nay, nay, but to improve their minds! The speaker simply assumed that human nature was more than human among the working classes, and I was tempted to remind him of Sunday school days when we had learned that "Satan finds some mischief still for idle hands to do."

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Our lecturer used frequent illustrations, one being an imaginary island, the rostrum of Faneuil Hall, the Cradle of Liberty, with amateur fishermen, who daily obtained just enough fish to feed themselves.

He then supposed that one man invented a trap which caught far more fish than could be taken by anyone in the ordinary way. In a short time, he said, this man would dominate the whole island, and a time would come when this "big fish" would eat up all the little ones. Ye gods and little fishes—what shall be done to the wicked inventors and employers of our day? Shall we regard invention as witchcraft and drown or burn them, that the rest of us poor, dull mortals shall continue to plod along and catch barely enough fish to keep the breath in our bodies, and fan the feeble flame of our unimaginative minds? Can it be, I said to myself, that intelligent people are taking seriously to such theories? I do not pretend to have been a close student of socialism, but if I desired to be more convinced than I now am that it is an earnest but misguided and illogical propaganda, I should listen again for an hour or so to such a speaker as my talented and lovable friend.

A picture was drawn of the poor little children going to work, eating johnny cake dipped in gravy. Now, I have done that myself and have been none the worse for it. But the opportunities offered in this land made a change possible. That's the whole point. Give the boys and girls a chance — keep open the doors of opportunity and do not allow lazy ones and parisites to obstruct or rob a worker of the well earned reward of his toil. There are people who pine for only a "jug of wine, a loaf of bread" and ease. Let them have their choice, but there is no justice in encouraging the lazy and worthless with hopes of getting something which they have never earned. The whole scheme seems to me an appeal to the selfish and shiftless, though I know there were in that audience many persons whose earnest and honest convictions must be respected.

* * * * *

In the usual discussions I have heard only two classes mentioned. There is another to be dealt with. Beside labor and capital there is the third great power lying between the two—the Fulcrum that brings all humanity more nearly on a level, making true democracy possible. This is the great exploiting and executive force of the country, without which capital can do nothing and labor is helpless.

True, this Fulcrum must be closely allied to capital, because without capital it would be impossible to employ labor, yet the "Fulcrum" body represents the golden mean that could not exist without the two extremes. Perhaps it is the most desirable state of all, as Horace says,

"He that holds fast the golden mean
And lives contentedly between
The little and the great,
Feels not the wants that pinch the poor
Nor plagues that haunt the rich man's door
Embittering his estate."

Let me enter a plea for the great Fulcrum, to which the workers of today are intimately allied. The small shopkeeper, the superintendent, the foreman, anyone who directs, the owner of a little farm—all are employers—no matter to how small an extent. Alarmists say, "Kill off the employers," but what a wild pandemonium it would be if such a thing should even be considered, for thousands who have no suspicion that they belong to that obnoxious body,—would go to the guillotine.

It must be remembered that the bridge which "carries over" the workers of today is provided by the wielders of this executive force, and it is really they who supply the motive force, furnishing means of making a livelihood. Too often it is forgotten how thousands—aye millions—have gone to suicide, ruined and desperate, because they have sought and sought for work and failed to find it. In the days of the soup-houses, who does not remember that awful cry for work, and what a despair came over every man as he looked from the smokeless factory chimney to the dead embers on his own hearth—in which he may have burned the golden corn of his year's toil for fuel because of low prices and no market.

And there are others whose fate is just as pitiable — the men who have struggled to build up a great business and failed. When they fell, when the crash came, did labor lose its hire? No! Labor was paid. The owner's fortune—and too often the fortunes of his friends — were lost in that struggle to build a future for himself and provide another means to meet the expanding wants of the world for something to eat and something to wear, but most of all to create more work and wage.

One great trouble is the division of profits, and this means nothing more nor less than submission to square and honest dealing. The prosperity of later times has had a tendency to create the arbitrary trusts, controlling the necessities of life, which have found that good natured toleration has its limit. It has also created a trust of labor, which seeks to interfere with the inalienable rights of the independent laborer. Who will suffer most in tearing down the constructive and cohesive forces of the nation? The favorite dream of many socialists appears to be a wider distribution of money, but in the name of common sense, how can capital be better or more evenly distributed than by creating work for an honest wage? It is the old story—the aggressiveness of those who have *not* toward those who *have*. They seem inclined to act on the advice given by the old Scotchman to his son, "Get money, honestly if you can, *but get it?*

Are we bringing on a general fear for every man who has capital. whether he be a large or a small money owner? This in turn will react upon the workers, for capitalists will fear to invest money where it will be imperilled by the menace of socialism. Would even the man who has a small sum saved think of putting it into a constructive enterprise if he felt that the moment the undertaking began to prove profitable, along would come someone else and take his honestly earned increment from him? The man who lost a hundred dollars in any such way would be quick to see the injustice of having his earnings grabbed by someone who never worked for them. He would be like the thief of whom Charles Reade tells in his thrilling story, "Never Too Late to Mend." This man of easy manners could never see any harm in taking what he desired until he had been transported to Australia and became a gold digger. Then, when his own hard earned nuggets were stolen one night, he suddenly saw the injustice of theft in general, for the simple reason that it now touched his own welfare.

Let justice be done, even to those who have thriven in arousing the passions of their fellow citizens. Many of these persons are earnest and sincere, but it is time that some great public leader—with clarion voice—should arise and cry "Halt!" until we have carefully considered where all this fever of passion and prejudice is leading us.

SAN FRANCISCO HARBOR

# TRIP TO NATIONAL EDUCATION ASSOCIATION MEETING AT SAN FRANCISCO

### By Joe Mitchell Chapple

ABOUT the time that the National Educational Association has its annual meeting, there is an amazing number of school teacher recruits. An arrangement has been devised by which anyone buying a ticket is also entitled to membership in the National Educational Association, as well as securing low rates which have been arranged for the teachers and the general public who desire to attend the convention.

The attention of all the people in the United States who ever hope to visit California is focused on the National Educational Convention in San Francisco, which is to be held from July 9 to 13. Boston at present holds the medal for large attendance at a gathering of this kind, for over 37,000 excursionists were registered at the convention held two years ago. Now, the people of the Pacific coast are aroused and are going to use every energy to make a tremendous record for attendance, and the figures shown by the thickly settled eastern portion of the country are to be a standard for the convention held within sight of the Golden Gate.

Los Angeles did very well with 22,000—but now for Californian push again. Californians are already writing to all their friends, or anyone whom they think might make the trip—in all parts of the country—extending a hearty welcome. Now is the time to make that long-talked-of visit to the Pacific coast. When you begin to think of excursions, the first question is:

"What are the rates?"

Well, you can have a round trip for $64.50 from Chicago, with the advantage of a personally conducted tour on a special train, which will leave Chicago at ten-thirty p. m., July 3,—"the night before the Fourth." The Chicago & Northwestern has long been known, through its Overland Limited, as one of the aggressive leaders in Californian transit business.

In order to anticipate what this trip will be for the thousands who are to attend the convention, let us make the journey together on schedule time. With the cool lake breezes blowing, even the Fourth of July has no hot weather terrors in Chicago, and ten-thirty is just the right time for retiring—all good people in the Windy City are abed at that hour.

The train pulls out of the Wells Street Station, over the only double track line between Chicago and the Missouri river, speeding its way toward the golden West. In the interior of Iowa, at Boone, on the Fourth of July, breakfast is served at eight o'clock and at noonday the Fourth of July dinner is eaten at Omaha, on the Missouri river. Then we speed across the prairies of Nebraska, winding up the day in the fertile valley of the Platte, and supper-time finds us stopping at the city of Grand Island, where the great beet sugar industry was initiated. Then the glorious natal day of Uncle Sam has passed for another year.

On the morning of July 5, the special train arrives in Denver, and there the visitors look upon the Rocky Mountains in all their grandeur. A tour of the city and suburbs in automobiles and trolley cars is one of the features of the special train excursion in the Rocky Mountain metropolis.

Colorado's magnificent Summer climate invites the traveler to linger on this westward journey. The clear, invigorating air in July and August suggests the pleasures of camping out, and tents can be leased at reasonable prices, enabling the flying tourist to partake of the real western camping life during a trip to Colorado.

The city of Denver is nearly one mile above the sea level, although it does not seem possible when looking out upon the great expanse of tablelands, toward the foothills of the Rockies, that you are breathing air at the altitude of 5,200 feet.

A side trip to "Georgetown Loop" down the South Platte Canon, north to Boulder and over "Moffat Road" to Monmouth can be made in one day returning to the city in the evening. Manitou, known as the "Spa of the West," lies at the foot of Pike's Peak. It was named because of the wonderful waters found there possessing remarkable medicinal properties. The springs are iron and soda, and here the tourist may drink natural soda water on a hot Summer day without the aid of the fizzing fountain.

Who can forget the trip to Pike's Peak up the cog railroad, and that glimpse of the Halfway House? You know there was a classic saying, "Pike's Peak or Bust," popular in the early days, but this was before special trains were run for tourist parties.

Over the Denver & Rio Grande the party leave in the afternoon and arrive in the early evening at that gem city of the Rockies, Colorado Springs, where they look upon the glories of the Garden of the Gods and the splendor of the snow-capped Pike's Peak.

A start is made from Colorado Springs early in the morning, and by daylight the special train reaches the Canon of the Arkansas river. What glories of nature are here unveiled, for this is fittingly named the Royal Gorge, and here again the teachers and friends pull out note books and try to describe the beauty of the scene to those at home.

Perhaps at breakfast at Salida there will be those world-famous Rocky Ford melons. Salida is a picturesque railroad center in Colorado, recalling memories of the stirring fiction written about western life. The ride during the day reveals the majesty and splendor of the Rocky Mountains, and off in the distance may be seen that beautiful hotel nestling in the wood-crested, oval bed of Glenwood Springs, where we arrive at two o'clock. This sequestered spot is one of the popular resorts of President Roosevelt in his Western trips. In the great swimming baths and surrounding walks a delightful afternoon and early evening is enjoyed, and the dinner and substantial, toothsome supper, for which this hostelry is noted, bring peace and content to the hearts of the travelers.

On the following morning, as though we had flown in an airship, the special train pulls into the station of Salt Lake City, one of the most interesting places we visit en route. In Temple Square we look upon the Tabernacle and listen to a recital on the world-famous pipe organ. Altogether it is a day which none will ever forget, for here we begin to realize what an oasis has been created in the barren desert of the West, in the blossoming beauty of Salt Lake City—a marvel of what irrigation, energy and organization will accomplish. It was here that the "See America First" convention was held, and the influence of that gathering will do much toward stimulating transcontinental travel, spurring us on to visit the wonders of our own land first before trying to "do" Europe in a six weeks' gallop.

An entire day is spent at Salt Lake

City—a most eventful day it is—looking at the wide streets and the fascinating sights of this beautiful place. We have a dip in the Salt Lake, at Saltair Beach, where the most timid bather is rejoiced to discover that he can float on and on forever and never sink. One jumps in and is suddenly buoyed up in the brine, and it begins to dawn upon the bather that the stories he has heard are all true. Early in the evening the train leaves, and in passing we have a glimpse at Ogden, the famous junction city.

At Elko on Sunday morning, we have a quiet breakfast, and afterward every minute of the day is enjoyed, because, rest assured that every one of the party on that special train is goodnatured —and remember that Sunday is letter and postal writing day. Right here let me remark that in all my travels I have found nothing so essential as goodnature in a traveling companion, and I would suggest that when you make your trip you look around your neighborhood and gather together all the most cheerful, congenial friends you have, making a jolly party of people who are all acquainted. You will thank me for this suggestion for nothing is more delightful than a neighborhood party in traveling; they can talk it all over en route and keep on talking it over for years afterward. If you cannot collect a party of friends, however, you will be sure to find some pleasant acquaintances on the train. So make up your mind, from the time your berth is made down in Chicago, that you are going to have "the time of your life," and you will find the realization of your hopes in the flying days of the tour and through all the coming years.

At Humboldt comes a hearty dinner at one o'clock, and at Truckee we have a typical Western supper, and every minute of the time between the two meals is full of interest, for the trip has been especially arranged, and the train equipped for sightseers—the polite and genial conductors employed by the railroads see to the rest.

On Monday morning, bright and early, breakfast is taken in San Francisco and we look out upon the placid waters mentioned by Balboa, I believe, in the old green school geographies. By this time we are all convinced that no school teacher can properly instruct pupils in the geography of the United States without having traveled over at least some portion of it—to catch the length and breadth of American ideas, if nothing else.

A personally conducted special train is something of an innovation for a railroad, but no one conversant with the management of the Northwestern Line will need to be told that provision is made for the "best of everything" a motto established by this road and well earned. So sit down and write a letter to the Passenger Traffic Manager Chicago & Northwestern Railroad, Chicago, and make your reservation of a berth from Chicago, enclosing seven dollars, if you wish to travel in the Pullman tourist sleeping car. A berth accommodating two persons in the regular Pullman is fourteen dollars. A compartment in the Pullman costs thirty-nine dollars and fifty cents, and a dining room fifty-three dollars. There is a slight increase in these rates, to provide for the additional stopovers contemplated in the itineraries of the special National Educational Association trains.

When you have made your wishes known depend on it your letter will be promptly acknowledged and tickets sent covering your berth or section. Railroad tickets are also provided for returning via Portland, Oregon, for twelve dollars and fifty cents additional, with the final limit of September 15, which gives abundant time for seeing California and for side trips to the Yosemite, San Jose, Santa Barbara, Pasadena, Santiago and the ocean resort of Los Angeles.

The convention promises to be one of the most notable in the history of the National Educational Association. Prominent instructors from all parts of the country will be present, and there will be many representative and congenial members of the profession to be found in the West-going tide of travel at this time.

In addition to the pleasure of attending the convention, are the sights of San Francisco—Chinatown, with its theaters and joss houses, Golden Gate Park and the Pioneer Building where is an incomparable collection of relics, gathered since the days of '49. There is the Mark Hopkins Institute of Art, and the famous Sutro baths and park, which are sure to be enjoyed by the tourists during the long days.

There will be a trip to Palo Alto to see Leland Stanford University, with its quadrangle in the old Spanish style, and the University of California—the prize places in connection with Californian higher education.

We get a glimpse of the trees of Caliornia, which, of course, includes the rich orange groves of the southern part of the state, and also the gaining of some information concerning the wonders of irrigation. There will be side trips to the big grove, where the magnitude of nature's lavish outlay is suggested.

Among the delightful one-day journeys which may be taken from San Francisco is a trip to Mont Tamalpais, passing up the Mill Valley through the heavy forests of redwood and on up the mountains over one of the finest scenic roads in the country, which parallels itself five times in the ascent. There is also opportunity for a visit to the famous geyser, Skagg Springs and Highland Springs, and many picturesque stage coach drives may be taken in California.

A trip to Lick Observatory will be of special interest to the teachers. This location was chosen on Mount Hamilton because of atmospheric conditions at the summit of the mountain. The observations taken here have added much to the treasure trove gathered by astronomers.

Of course we cannot think of omitting a visit to Los Angeles, the sturdy metropolis of Southern California, and we must include a trip to Catalina Island in the glass-bottomed boats. A trip will also be arranged to the ostrich farm. Every day will be replete with pleasure, and another note book must certainly be added to our equipment.

Pacific Coast people are proverbially hospitable and cordial, and this is perhaps one reason why, more than of any other journey he has taken, a man is always anxious to repeat a "trip to the coast." He is sure to want to "go again" after he has once been. Then so many friends have moved to California or somewhere in the West, that thousands of Eastern people eagerly embrace the opportunity for renewing old ties of family or friendship.

On the return trip a party has the choice of routes—over the Southern Pacific, returning through the famous San Joaquin Valley, where the traveler may revel among the old mission ruins and dream of romance. The oil fields of Bakersfield and the raisin country of Fresno are traversed by the trains speeding through seas of the finest wheat land in the world. Those who desire to return direct from Los Angeles to Chicago will be able to go over the new Salt Lake route and take advantage of the magnificent electric lighted "Los Angeles Limited," which leaves that city every day in the year, and consumes less than three days passing over the Salt Lake route, the Union Pacific and the Chicago & Northwestern—almost a direct line to Chicago. Returning by way of Portland to Chicago, the traveler skims along the beautiful Columbia river to Umatilla, on through Idaho and the Snake River Valley to Ogden or Granger, where the line unites with the Union Pacific and leads back on the Overland route. Opportunity is also given to go from Portland over the Northern Pacific, Great Northern and Canadian Pacific via Minneapolis and St. Paul, and still find the Northwestern as the entrance to Chicago, from any point of the compass.

Such a wide variety of routes is offered that there is no mood or temperament that cannot be satisfied. If you will think a minute you will certainly recall some friend now residing on one of these roads throughout the far extending empire of the West—some friend or relative whom you wish to visit—and in the West you will find the latch string always out and your welcome will exceed your expectations in the hospitable homes of the golden West. This assurance of a hospitable reception and the prospect of seeing old friends and relatives give such trips a strong personal interest and will enthuse "neighborhood parties" to start out to see townsmen and relatives who "went West years ago."

In this tour are also included interesting side trips to Tacoma and Seattle, and even a special tour to Alaska, via Pacific coast steamships, may be taken at a cost of $100 additional. This voyage is especially interesting, and as the route lies along the inner channel hundreds of beautiful islands present a picture of rare splendor, without the suggestion of sea sickness. The voyage only occupies eleven days, but affords a survey of the wonders of Alaska.

The Yellowstone National Park—that wonder of all ages past and to come—is accessible by two roads, either from Parkside, the new Western terminus of the Chicago, Union Pacific & Northwestern line, or via Gardner on the north. This tour takes the visitor through a diversity of splendid scenery which has defied the descriptive power of tongue, pen and brush, and has been the despair of the artists and poets of the world. Such marvelous grandeur and variety are not approached anywhere else on earth. Here geysers spout at regular intervals, and the tourist has the panorama of the beautiful Yellowstone Canyon rolling before him, as he stands a mile and a half above the sea level. In after days the memories of the "wonderful land" will serve to awaken the flagging interest of thousands of scholars, as the teacher relates scraps of personal experience — "something which actually occurred during my visit to the Yellowstone."

There is always a pleasure in telling others what to do on a trip which you have once taken yourself, and it has been my good fortune to take a trip to California in a tourist sleeper. In the first place, I should emphasize the fact that it is very desirable to be supplied with a note book large enough to chronicle those delightful but fleeting "first impressions," and you will find that this collection of impressions and chronicle of incidents will be food for reflection and awaken pleasant memories in years to come. You can rest assured you will have plenty of material to "scratch down."

Then it is always advisable to wear heavy clothing on a trip to California, and take a fair supply of wraps and an overcoat. Have stout shoes, and, as an old traveler, I should earnestly advise you not to take a trunk unless absolutely necessary. Supply yourself with a good, strong, large suit case, which it would be possible for you to carry, on a pinch. In this way you will be always ready for stop-overs or fortified against any possible miscarriage of baggage. This seldom occurs on well organized roads, but with the tens of thousands of people who will travel this year, you will feel more secure if you know you have nothing but a suit case to worry over.

Once more I suggest the organization of special parties for this occasion, as adding not only to the pleasure of the trip, but providing an opportunity to see the country at a minimum expense. When you all return home and talk matters over you will find you have an unfailing source of inspiration and pleasure.

In order to have full information, it will be well to send four cents in stamps to the Chicago & Northwestern railroad and obtain their printed books on California and Colorado. Then sit down and blue pencil a route on the map, both going and returning, just where you wish to go, and in this way you can obtain specific information and know exactly what the trip will cost you before leaving home.

There certainly never was a more auspicious time for visiting California than during the present year, and it is likely to be a good long time before another convention of this size is held on the Pacific coast. The rates are singularly low, and one can now travel across the continent at the same price which it cost to go from Boston to Washington in the "coaching" days.

After you have marked out your route on the map, you will find your interest increasing every hour as you continue to investigate. You will also discover that the realization of "a trip to California" during the present year far surpassed your expectations, and thereafter you will date all events in and about your household from "The year I went to California—1906."

THE TEMPLE SQUARE, SALT LAKE CITY

SEALS AT SANTA CATALINA ISLANDS

# OVER THE NATIONAL LINES OF MEXICO

IT is a significant fact that the commercial associations of St. Louis, Chicago and Kansas City have concentrated a great deal of attention in the last year upon Mexican trade. In this connection the National Lines of Mexico must receive prominent notice and mention, for it is through the efforts of the passenger traffic department of that road, that the direct service from Chicago and St. Louis to Mexico has been secured. When it is realized that the time has been shortened to fifty-eight hours from St. Louis to Mexico City some idea may be gained of what this rapid transit means in stimulating not only tourist travel to all parts of Mexico, but also what it is doing in the developing of business interests.

I stood in the office of the general passenger agent in the City of Mexico one delightful day in January, and saw a party of three come in to make some arrangements in regard to return tickets. I heard the tribute they paid to the service, something not often listened to behind a railroad counter. They could not say too much for the Mexican Special in which they had arrived direct from St. Louis over the National Lines. One of the ladies remarked: "Why, it is no more trouble to come to Mexico in this way than it is to go to New York—and how much more there is to see!"

Mexico has come into prominence of late years not only as a Winter but as a Summer resort. If people could only know the delights of the City of Mexico and the Mexican mountain resorts during the hot months of Summer, there would be a reversal of present conditions, and instead of rushing off North in the Summer, the comfort seeker would go toward the equator in Mexico. The road takes the tourist to Laredo, Monterey, San Luis Potosi, the City of Mexico — a direct route in all directions, while the points of interest between these well-known places are simply legion. Then there are the branch lines, covering all the cities and places of historic interest which the tourist most wishes to see, yet with all these advantages the journey is never tedious, the National being an air line or short line through Mexico. Anyone who has made the journey to that romantic country over this road will realize that nothing has been neglected that could add to the comfort of its passengers, even to the exchanging of money on the frontier—for which the highest market value is paid—and the caring for passengers who are unable to speak Spanish. The Company's agents meet all incoming trains at Laredo and Cuidad Porfirio Diaz and take charge of baggage, following it through the custom house and rendering other assistance desired by passengers.

Pullman Palace sleeping-cars are furnished, and for those who desire a water trip, trains are arranged to connect with various steamship lines. In short, the National Lines of Mexico supply every modern convenience that the most exacting traveler could expect or desire.

This effective passenger service is only a forerunner of a quick dispatch freight system on the National Lines of Mexico, on which are already to be found every convenience and facility for speed and comfort known to American roads. This company has not only adjusted its line to the needs of American trade and traffic, but more important still, the management has clear and comprehensive ideas of just what is necessary to adapt the road to Mexican conditions. The result of all this foresight and energy will appear in the added traffic which the National Lines of Mexico are bound to secure in the coming years.

Those who have indefinite plans for a trip to Mexico "some time" must be made to realize that there is no time that is equal to the present moment, for the romance of Mexico is rapidly giving place to business realities. In order to demonstrate how simple a matter it is to arrange for a trip to "the prehistoric land", just drop a line to George W. Hibbard, General Passenger Agent, City of Mexico, and mention the National Magazine, and you will be surprised to see how easily arrangements are made and what splendid service you have at your command, merely for the asking.

A trip over the National Lines, arranged by Mr. Hibbard, will give any tourist an opportunity of seeing Mexico to splendid advantage at the least possible cost. The only thing you have to do is to make up your mind and buy your ticket, and if you wish to make the trip in the quickest possible time, with the least possible discomfort, it will pay you to communicate at once with Mr. Hibbard.

# BENITO JUAREZ

## THE GREAT MEXICAN REFORMER

ON the morning of March 21, throughout the length and breadth of the republic of Mexico, from Yucatan to Chihuahua, from Lower California to Vera Cruz, every church bell and chime in Mexico pealed forth its requiem to the memory of Benito Juarez, and a nation in exaltation paid its tribute of loyalty and devotion to its great president.

One hundred years ago, in a poor little hamlet in the mountains of Oaxaca, then known as San Pablo, but which now bears his name, Benito Juarez was born. He belonged to the Zapoteca tribe of Indians and not a drop of Spanish blood flowed in his veins. A son of that ancient, mysterious race, whose origin no man knows, and which has survived civilization after civilization, and then still other civilizations, he was born in extreme poverty, and until twelve years of age, spoke only the Indian dialect in use in his native village, and could neither read nor write. At three years of age his parents died, and for a number of years he led a mere existence, until when twelve years of age he was apprenticed to a bookbinder, who seeing the thirst for knowledge of the little Benito, gave him what advantages he could, and in a short time Juarez had mastered the Spanish language and made rapid progress in his studies.

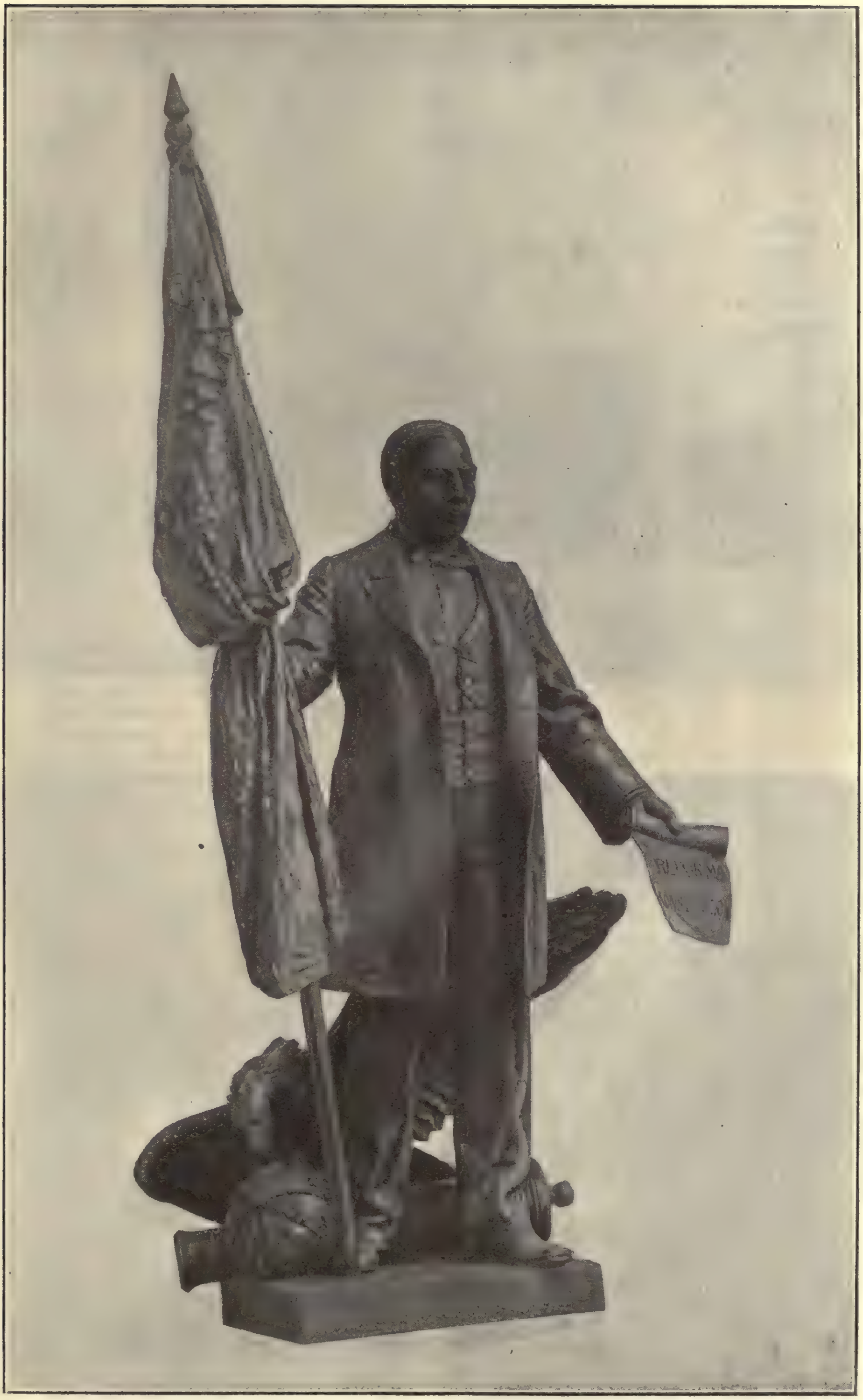
Thus being given a start in life, he was educated for the law in the city of Oaxaca and rose rapidly in his profession. At twenty-seven he was elected to the Mexican legislature, and setting his feet on that pathway which led to glory, he experienced all the vicissitudes of political life in Mexico at that time, including arrest, imprisonment, sentence of death, escape, exile and amnesty. He held the offices of legislator, judge, senator, governor and cabinet minister, before he became by popular election president of the supreme court of justice and in line for succession to the presidency.

Unquestionably, Jaurez was one of the greatest men Mexico has ever produced, and the chief glory of his public career was his determined effort to establish constitutional government in Mexico — to make law superior to force in that country, and in training his fellow countrymen up to an appreciation of the blessings of independence, peace and self government, free from ecclesiastical control and military domination.

Mexico delights to honor the memory of Jaurez, and on this, the one hundredth anniversary of his birth, is erecting statues and tablets to perpetuate his fame in almost every city in the republic. The largest of these, as shown in the illustration, was recently unveiled by General Bernardo Reyes, in Monterey, and is an heroic figure thirteen feet and six inches in height from base to top of the head. It was designed by the well-known sculptor, E. McCartan, and was stamped from bronze by the W. H. Mullins Company of Salem, Ohio. This statue of Juarez has been pronounced by sculptors the finest piece of work of its kind ever made. Thus the reform president stands in bronze looking out over his beloved Mexico, so life-like that we can almost see the fire in his coal-black eyes, and hear the appeal for freedom and constitutional government that seems to fall from his mute lips.

Five nine-foot statues, twenty-nine six-foot statues, seventy-eight busts four foot high, and one hundred and twenty-five memorial tablets of Juarez, beside this heroic statue, have been shipped to Mexico by the W. H. Mullins Company and were unveiled in various cities of Mexico on March 21, the one hundredth anniversary of the birth of the great Mexican president, worthy companions of that magnificent statue of Hidalgo, at Monterey, designed by the late Alfons Pelzer and executed by the W. H. Mullins Company in bronze, which is said to be one of the most admired statues in the Rupublic of Mexico.

May the benign bronze face of Juarez impress upon the children's children of Mexico his message of courage and loyalty to the constitution, and inspire them with his own burning patriotism. Two of the great patriots of Mexican history, Hidalgo and Juarez, stand in bronze in the city of Monterey — the third of the "trinity," perhaps the greatest of them all, sits in the presidential chair and watches over the destiny of Mexico.



STATUE OF BENITO JUAREZ ERECTED AT MONTEREY, MEXICO, BY GENERAL BERNARDO REYES

CORTEZ PALACE

EMETERIO DE LA GARZA

COLONEL J. A. ROBERTSON

# A MONTH IN MEXICO

### By Joe Mitchell Chapple

GOING with us on a trip to Mexico? All right—get aboard—is your baggage checked? Now get out your maps.

On a cold January night, we mustered, at the Santa Fe station in Chicago to begin a tour of Mexico under the management of General Charles H. Gates, of Toledo, Ohio. Representing every state from the Atlantic to the Pacific and almost every American territory, we started, one hundred and fifteen strong, to attempt a peaceful conquest of that Mexico, subjugated by Cortez over three centuries ago, and now the Mecca of tourists and adventurous promoters and business men from every land.

Our train consisted of eleven coaches, one baggage and the composite and observation cars, Aztec and Fingal, the former containing the library and bathroom compartments. The Mexico and Toledo, dining cars, and the Congo, Hebron, Pericles, Quebec and Lorenzo, cars all designated in accordance with the established nomenclature of the Pullman company, gave a certain territorial character to the inmates of each car, which was both convenient and amusing. For instance one would speak of "going into the Congo country" or say that such a friend "would be found in Hebron."

* * *

At the first breakfast everyone found his or her habitual seat, as if on shipboard for a five weeks cruise, and all soon became acquainted with "Larry," who speaks Parisian French fluently, although he claims to be a graduate of ancient and stately Heidelburg. However that may be, there was always something cheery and animating in his greetings as he passed up and down the aisles urging everyone, with hearty words and not less significant gestures, to "eat, drink and be merry." The staid conventionalities and dignified exclusiveness of life were soon forgotten, as all became neighbors, and "dropped in" on each other, to compare notes "about the weather," the time made by the train, and mooted points statistical, historical and social about the foreign and Latin republic to which we were speeding. Whirling across the prairies of western Missouri, we reached Kansas City, where another coach containing the Cleveland contingent was added to the train and Manager Dennison, having made up his train to his complete satisfaction, we went speeding across the Kansas plains rejoicing in the fact that "Westward the Star of Empire takes its Way," although our course was nearer "South'ard-by-West."

* * *

I confess my first acquaintances were made in the library car — where "Prescott's History" was constantly in demand, and was read aloud and discussed a great deal in those early days. What interested me most was to see in the party several young boys and girls. The boys, of course, were all very busy getting their camera artillery ready for action. I found a little miss industriously reading "Live Dolls," the splendid book written by Mrs. Charles H. Gates, the wife of the promoter of Mexican tours. In a corner was a boy deeply engrossed in railroad folders, while in another a little miss was revelling in the National. It did not take us long to become acquainted, and when she told me she came from Indian Territory and was a constant reader of the National, I felt indeed that the world was not so very large, after all. Then there were also several boy readers of our magazine, and when I learned a number of these little fellows had planned a reception for me at San Luis Potosi I felt that no greater honor could ever be paid the National.

At Emporia, Kansas, the gilded dome

of the courthouse and clodded streets in outskirts, reminded me that here dwelt William Allen White, the distinguished editor and author, who has made Emporia famous and gave the world that immortal message of "What's the matter with Kansas." Then on down the line rushed the train to Fort Worth, Texas, the home of the "150 Thousand Club," and an energetic and thriving pivotal jobbing and manufacturing city.

Passing through Austin, we looked at sunset upon that state capitol built by John V. Farwell of Chicago and others in exchange for Texas lands, which they held for many years at a tremendous sacrifice but finally sold at a good profit.

All the way from Chicago to San Antonio the traveler is constantly impressed by that vast empire known as the Southwest, with its great plains and fertile lands, huge farms and growing towns and cities, which are indeed becoming the granaries of the whole world.

* * *

At San Antonio sterner memories of the Texan revolution and of the Alamo massacre were awakened as we saw the ancient walls of the Alamo, wherein Bowie, Crockett and their devoted comrades held at bay Santa Anna and his thousands until superior force and a cowardly massacre left not one alive. It was a greater pleasure to look upon the picturesque river winding through the heart of the city, and the old houses that brought to mind the early days of the Spanish conquest, and the fearless and heroic Texans. "San Antone" as it is called, is certainly entitled to the tributes that have been paid this quaint city, the gateway to Mexico. Here was just a faint suggestion of what we should afterward see so much of—the adobe houses,—and the life of Old Mexico.

It was evening when we reached the Rio Grande, so fraught with memories of stirring scenes of border feuds and more ancient history. What an important part this stream has played in the story of the nations!

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In the evening we crossed this great river at Laredo, and the twinkling electric lights seemed to bid us welcome as we rumbled over the railroad bridge; and looked down at the sand bars of the Rio Grande, trying bravely to keep up a showing of the Spring freshet days.

In the darkness of a Mexican midnight we entered that romantic country, after a courteous reception from a "reception" committee consisting of Mexican custom house officers. Dr. Juan Francisco de la Garza, a brother of Justice de la Garza of the supreme court of Mexico, is the mayor of Laredo; he has done much for that people.

* * *

In the morning, we saw the great shaggy peaks which on either side surround Monterey. No wonder these mountains are called the Sierra Madre, for those great peaks reminded one of the teeth of gigantic saws. Now, indeed, we felt that we were in a foreign land, and instantly came rushing to mind thoughts of General Zachary Taylor and his hosts, for it was near here that the famous battle of Monterey was fought. The Mexicans had entrenched themselves in the bishop's palace, but the undaunted invaders scaled the peak in the rear and planted artillery overhead, which soon demolished the fortifications of the garrison. Even today one can hardly believe that the American soldier boys ever hauled those guns up the mountains; but in due justice to the Mexican people, we must recognize that they also fought well for their country.

* * *

At Monterey, a city of progressive policies, we first rode in Mexican street cars, drawn by mules driven tandem. The street car drivers encouraged them by a sort of hissing sound like a sustained "sh-sh-sh," never saying "get up" or using a whip—driving with their zarapes gracefully wrapped about them. Here we discovered where the old horse cars of New York, Chicago and Boston had finally found a new usefulness. It was a novel experience to see these quiet Mexicans in their large hats and gay zarapes or shawls, which latter they fling about their shoulders in a fashion most picturesque and artistic. They always keep their mouths covered in the morning, because of the cold air, as they greatly fear pneumonia. This gives the impression of being at a masked parede and the air of mystery and silence typified by the hands upon the lips add greatly to the novelty of the picture. Even the driver of our street car, despite the difficulty of managing his prancing mules, never for a moment lost the dignity of his zarape.

VIGA, MEXICO

PRIMITIVE TRANSPORTATION

THE MARKET, GUANAJUATO

A MEXICAN WASHERWOMAN

In company with T. Ayers Robertson, I went to the palace to call on General Bernardo Reyes, the governor of the State of Nuevo Leon. Young Robertson is the son of J. A. Robertson, a business genius, the first American who went to Monterey and built railroads, factories, new houses, paved the streets, and established the sewer system and water works. Monterey owes to this man many good and everlasting improvements and he is regarded there by Mexicans with great esteem. Sentinels stood at attention in the saguan or hallway at General Reyes' offices, though their sabres were left in an umbrella rack close at hand. A beautiful airy patio or central court, bordered by covered verandas or galleries, gave access to the sala or reception room and other offices. General Reyes received us courteously, and his stately, erect and soldierly bearing and all his surroundings indicated military tastes. On the table was a bust of Napoleon; over his desk a handsome portrait of the great emperor; and I noticed that he wore as a charm on his watch chain a tiny silver bust of the little Corsican. On the book shelves were military works of all kinds and "The Life of Napoleon." Portraits of Von Moltke and Emperor Frederick adorned the walls. It was quite evident at a single glance that the governor is a militry man, though his iron-gray chin whiskers and beard, black eyebrows, plain collar and black string tie gave him the appearance of the "play" type of congressman; his erect military bearing, however, spoke of sterner debate than the courteous and wordy wars of a legislative body.

* * *

Mr. Robertson acted as interpreter. I don't know what he said, but he must have interpreted very pleasantly, for the governor gave me a hearty greeting and spoke of his admiration of President Roosevelt as a man of whom the world was proud. His eyes sparkled as he paid a tribute to our chief executive as one of the greatest men living. He said he had read with great interest the books written by the president. I told him of seeing the statue of Von Moltke, recently unveiled in Berlin, and how it represented him as wearing a cap, which seemed to interest Governor Reyes very much. It was apparent to me that in felicitous exchange of compliments he was going to get the best of me, but I imagine that the interpreter helped me out, for I seemed to come off with honors even.

* * *

Governor Reyes remarked that they were proud of the American confidence in Mexico, as shown by the investment of so much capital in developing the great natural resources of the country. When I essayed to tell him "Joke Number Six," he laughed graciously and showed his fine teeth. General Reyes is a brave and fine soldier, and is regarded by Mexicans as the most prominent, able and important man among the governors of the states of Mexico. He has been secretary of war twice in the cabinet of General Diaz, the president of the republic, and Reyes' administration during his time in the department of war is considered as the best Mexico ever had. The army loves General Reyes, and he is looked upon as the real man after Diaz — the power behind the throne. General Reyes is young, good looking, active, full of energies, — resembling President Roosevelt, Emperor William and men of that type. He has a great political future. We shall have more to say of General Reyes in prospective issues of this magazine.

* * *

Monterey is certainly a city of progressive ways. In a pretentious brick block on a corner I met Colonel J. A. Robertson, of whom we have spoken before, the genial proprietor of the Monterey News, who publishes a handsome and energetic daily nwespaper, printed in both Spanish and English, which thoroughly covers Northern Mexico. Colonel Robertson came to Monterey eighteen years ago to build railroads and is now looked upon as one of the old pioneers in the building up of the country.

The newspaper building and plant of the Monterey News is one of the finest in Mexico and certainly reflects great credit upon the enterprising publishers. This newspaper has been offering a prize for poems on Juarez, the noted founder of the Mexican republic.

If ever there was a man in love with his Mexican home, it is Colonel Robertson, who, by the way, presented the party with a case of fancy Mexican oranges from his farm, where he is helping to develop the more general cultivation of this delicious fruit, which comes into the market about a month earlier than that from California.

Extensive improvements are being undertaken in the line of electric street cars, gas, sewers and water works in Monterey, and the city has developed very rapidly in an industrial way. There is a ten million dollar establishment especially adapted for reducing the refractory ore of that section. There are 75,000 inhabitants.

Here we witnessed a typical Mexican wedding, in the first Mexican cathedral visited—and we saw a few before we were through. There was something indescribably pathetic and affecting in the singing of the "Ave Maria" and the ceremony by which the bonds of matrimony were symbolized—winding golden chains around the necks of the bridal pair. The bride was the daughter of one of the wealthiest men of the city, and we had a glimpse upon this occasion of the beauty and fashion of Monterey, where proud Castilian blood mingles with that of Aztec peons, giving out a beautiful race.

On Sunday morning we arrived at San Luis Potosi. Here on the haciendas, or farms, we witnessed the old process of irrigation employed by the Spaniards centuries ago, and still in operation. The cultivation of cacti for pulque is a very prominent interest. One peculiarity among many of the *casas de Mexico* is the apparent indifference of the people to the lack of daylight in their houses. There are no windows in the adobe huts, and they seem to regard the exclusion of light as most desirable; high walls are indispensable to the humblest hut.

The day of our arrival was said to be the coldest day known there in fifty years. The tropical trees were not as brilliant in verdure as they had been a few weeks previous. In the *plaza* we saw the statue of Hidalgo, the celebrated priest whose self-sacrifice finally culminated in the liberation of Mexico—the George Washington of Mexico.

A military band was playing American national airs and spirited rag-time music as our party entered the promenade, and we heartily cheered for more. On reaching the *plaza* of course we took the best chairs—with yellow seats — and found, after we were comfortably settled that a small gratuity was expected. The Mexican bands are unusually proficient; the players wear yellow stripes on the arm and their uniforms combine green and red—the national colors.

The markets of San Luis Potosi on Sunday present an entertaining study of Mexican character. The vendors sit on the paving with their little collections of goods. We saw an old man with peanuts in tiny piles carefully arrayed about him on a blanket; an elderly lady with peppers; a man with corn; a woman with cakes, or tortillas; and little mounds of yams, vegetables of all kinds and specimens of the many products of Mexico. Everybody was happy, for the Mexicans love the buying, selling and eating of tidbits. They live largely from hand to mouth, purchasing in small quantities as the food is needed from meal to meal.

# THE HIDDEN BEAUTY SPOTS OF MEXICO

BRIGHT and early on Monday morning we were on the way to Tampico, stopping first at Choy Cave. Here the irrepressible Larry led the way down some stone steps into what he called an "extinct geyser." Larry has for many years resided at Yellowstone Park with "Old Faithful" as his companion Winters and Summers, and is accounted an expert on the subject of geysers.

Choy Cave is a wonderland of fascinating beauty—even if the name does suggest a Chinese restaurant. Entering a large cavern, we found an undergound river rushing through it; and overhead, the roof, a solid mass, tells of the surging fury of the geyser streams from which it was vomited in ages past. From orifices in the roof pours in the sunlight, which probably once shone on the open mouth of a monster pouring out hot and cold water, as Old Faithful does today in Yellowstone Park. As the crowd gathered about the underground river, we heard the locomotives passing directly overhead with clanging bell, telling how modern civilization had invaded even this secluded spot.

All over Mexico abound evidences of industrial and agricultural awakening. In this district we passed through a colony which had left Oklahoma to settle in Mexico. On a commanding eminence was a little frame school house—three windows on each side — indicating that the American colony had begun to build their pioneer homes on the solid foundation of education.

All along the route were the thatched huts of the natives—walled with great bamboos stuck into the ground and open to all the winds of heaven,—and yet the inmates seemed happy and content. We had many glimpses of Mexican life as we passed. At one mountain home we saw the family assembed about a dying goat as they watched its last struggles. There is no need in Mexico of the S. P. C. A., for animals are regarded almost as members of the family and those we saw appeared as distressed as though losing a dear friend. Mexicans are very kind to animals, and this little incident served to impress this kindly trait of their character. It was noticeable also that the men, as a rule, cared for the children. It is true that the women do a great deal of the rugged work, still the place of the mother seems to be well filled by the father, though it strikes an American as somewhat singular.

They seem to be happy in their home life, father, mother and children living in love and amity and clinging together, in strong contrast to our city life. where the demands of our modern civilization so often break up the family and its members strive for a time to reunite at some Summer resort or at the old home at long intervals, but too often the ardent search for wealth precludes the pleasure of meeting and the members of the family are fain to look forward to the hope of a heavenly reunion, since it is unlikely they will ever see much of each other again on earth.

* * *

It is claimed that there are about thirty thousand Americans now in Mexico and a billion dollars of foreign capital invested in the republic, of which $750,000,000 is credited to the United States, so you can see even by figures that our interest in Mexico is growing to enduring proportions.

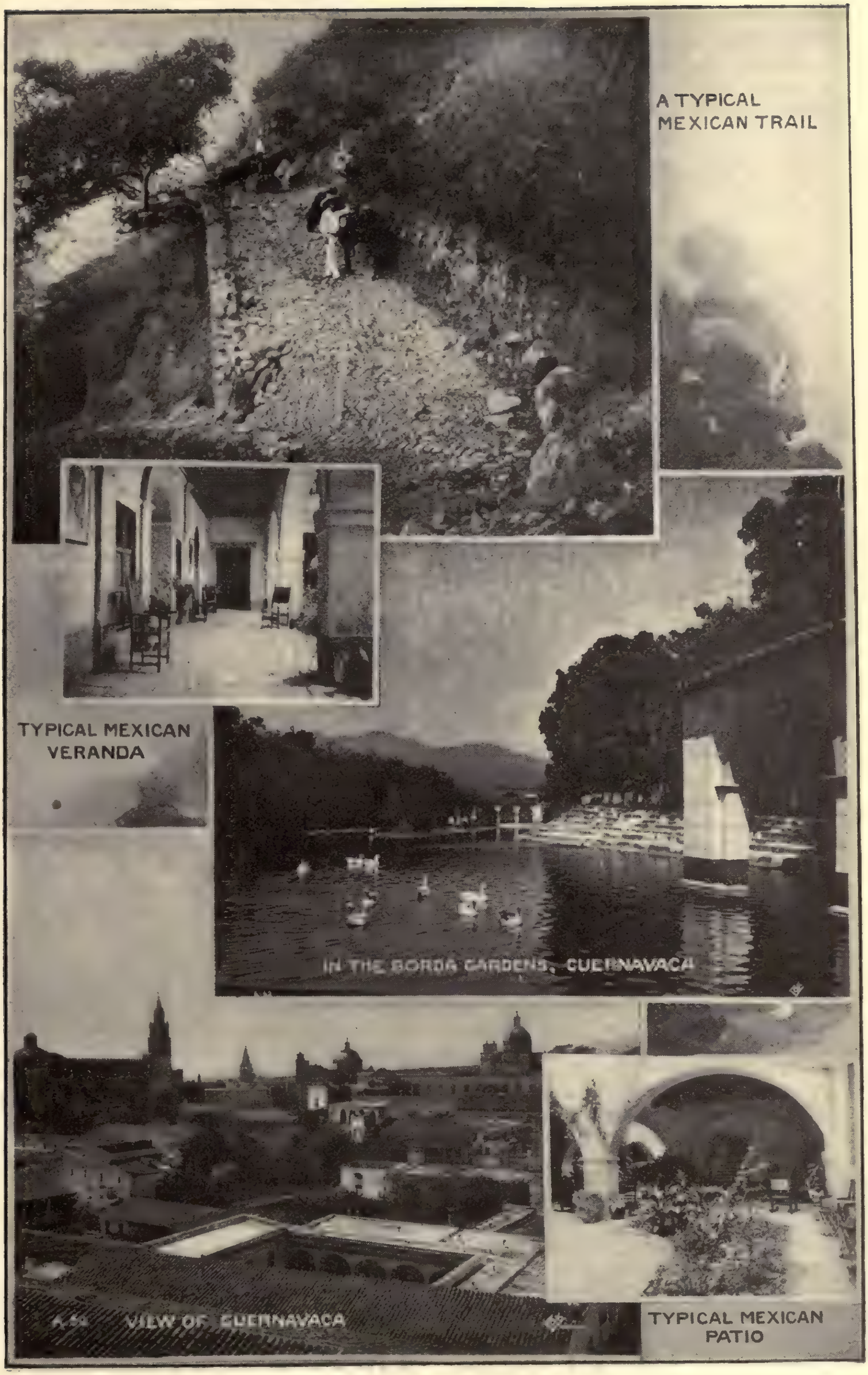
* * *

Down a steep embankment we climbed into a sequestered nook called "The Bridge of the Gods," where a great waterfall poured into a furious whirlpool. With Larry gripping our heels, we peered over the precipice into the grotto and looked upon the "Bridge." The water and foam surged out like natural fountains on all sides and then flowed underneath a beautiful bridge, the famed "Puente de Dios." Here we got busy in the search for souvenirs. Nothing would satisfy some of the more energetic spirits of the party unless they could carry away one of the young banana trees as a specimen of the verdure which fringed with tropical foliage the borders of this veritable fairyland with their wavy branches. Many other rare tropical plants and beautiful flowers graced the scene. It was a place where one would like to recline and rest content with pleasant thoughts and the joy of living. But there were three hundred steps to retrace, a prospect of strenuous effort as well as retrospect.

Tampico has developed more rapidly during the last decade than any other port on the Atlantic coast. More than forty ocean steamers discharge monthly at this port, plying between this once neglected haven and Mobile, Galveston, New Orleans, Havana, Pensacola, New York, European, Mexican and Yucatan ports. The fisheries are of immense value and are being developed rapidly. The discovery of petroleum in large quantities and the development of immense plantations have added enormously to the business of Tampico. The city itself is located some miles above the mouth of the river, where massive jetties have so deepened the harbor that the largest steamers can enter the Panuco.

On the beach at La Barra we had our first dip in the surf of the Gulf of Mexico. Nobody was afraid of sharks, but I must confess that the water was rather cold.

On every side was sand. It sometimes drifts so freely before the wind that it causes a blockade to the railroad here just as snow might do. The party spent a jolly afternoon "gathering shells on the sea shore," feeling the great relief of luxurious rest after long days of railroad travel. In the early evening a bonfire was built of old railroad ties, and around it we gathered and renewed our youth, joining with the children in playing tag and other juvenile games. Familiar old songs were sung in the glow of the firelight, and alto-



A TYPICAL MEXICAN TRAIL

TYPICAL MEXICAN VERANDA

TYPICAL MEXICAN PATIO

gether it was an evening long to be remembered. In the darkest shadows were the young people—doubtless lost in admiration of the beauty of the Southern Cross. We piled on the "ties," for it was a night of merriment, and the warmth of the firelight thawed out the last frosty remnant of dignity and reserve. Toward midnight we returned again to our berths on the train, preparing for another day's wonderful scenic feast crossing the Tierra Caliente over the Mexican Central to the Tamasopo Canyon.

* * *

While most of the company were asleep, in the early hours of the morning I overheard Larry and his friend Long, the train master, exchanging experiences and it was a case of Greek meet Greek, or Irishman meet Irishman. The impromptu dialogue was something that could hardly be equalled even at Keith's. Long talked of the old days when he was arrested six times a day for "kicking men out of the office and working his feet on them." Those were the early days when physical force counted, but Long has since become quite an influential and law-abiding member of society.

All engineers and conductors, in fact, all officials of the great Mexican Central and National systems, speak English, and the business is conducted in that language, which is curious, as English is not spoken as generally as would be supposed. During the night, while listening to some serenaders outside, we could hear the liquid tones of the Mexicans who had gathered about to witness our passing caravan. The "Si, si, senor," or "Si, si, senorita," seem especially pleasing and the pleasant courtesies and amenities of life are never forgotten by the Mexicans.

To one in quest of information, it often comes from the most unexpected source and at an unexpected time. My whole purpose in writing of this trip is to tell of matters of personal interest rather than write technical description in detail. What I want is, not to set down such information as those who have been to Mexico shall confirm, saying "there is a man who knows how the words should be pronounced;—he has been there,"—but rather to tell such things as shall enable those who never visited this land of delights to feel as though they had been there with us and had even met Larry and Long.

* * *

Coming back from Tampico, across the great lowlands, now developing wonderful agricutural resources, we tarried in the morning at Tamasopo Canyon.

On the terraced mountain side we visited a typical Mexican home, and the Senora invited us in to breakfast. There was no stove, but on a stone platform in one corner burned a charcoal fire and there eggs were boiled for fifteen minutes—not on the fire, but beside it. Over the door hung strips of tasajo (dried beef), and the good woman was very proud of the possession of a cot bed. Most of the people sleep on mats or in hammocks, or silently sit leaning against the adobe walls in those dark rooms all night. It seemed to me that the one thing lacking to make those Mexican dwellings really homelike was the cheery glow of the hearth, and the vivid contrast of brilliantly lighted rooms with the Winter cold and darkness without.

Our ride over the mountains from the canyon was one of the most fascinating I ever enjoyed. The building of this railway line was an engineering feat of great difficulty. It is said that three engineers went insane and another died before the road was completed. It seemed impossible that the winding curves and precipitous grades could ever be traversed in safety. Over all the sheer, rugged passes blossomed the lush tropical foliage, reminding me of the trip to Chester Vale in Jamaica. Even Switzerland furnishes no more beautiful scenery than can be found in these comparatively remote spots. The mountain sides were yellow, below green sugar cane fields stretched away to the horizon and in the great abysses the rushing waters of a river swept down to the plain to be utilized for irrigation.

From sea level we reached an elevation of from 6,000 to 10,000 feet. It was at this time that the young people in the party became greatly concerned about "heart action." It is said that at these heights the lungs and heart work twenty per cent. faster than "at the seaside"—Coney Island, for instance. But Cupid ploughed along at the same old gait, as Mr. Comstock whistled the bridal march.

For a few short hours we rode through a great alkali desert, which furnished a sharp contrast to the delights of the days before. On either side of the railroad are seen the ruins of stone walls and other evidences of the civilization of centuries long past. One thing is particularly noticed, and that was everywhere — the need of water. The green plains and fertile valleys had existed in Mexico long before the United States was founded, for here the Spaniards found, in the replication of Spanish climate and landscape, all that they could desire in a new world. It is no wonder that Mexico was called "New Spain" during Spanish dominion and up to the time of its independence. Since that time it has been called "May-he-co," please note the pronuciation! You see I've been there.

At Aguascalientes (Aguas, water; and Calientes, hot;) are the famous hot springs of Mexico. The Mexican who runs the single street car out to the baths did not drive his mules fast enough to suit some of our party and they tried to show him how we drive in America, with the result of the constant peril of jumping the track staring us in the face. But whatever dangers we had to face in Mexico, we encountered none from the haste of the natives. Our party seemed to take it for granted that we owned everything with which we came in contact. The bath houses are built around huge pools of water which have wonderful medicinal qualities.

The town is a great railroad center, and has the usual plaza and statue of Juarez — which, by the way, is pronounced "Warez," — and another of Hidalgo. It was here that the ladies of the party capitulated without exception, for around the train swarmed the Mexican women with samples of "drawn work," and a great many good-natured husbands had to "draw drafts" on their account to care for the "drawn work" purchased, for no matter where she may be the American woman loves to shop.

Yes, I purchased some real imitation opals made of glass, which are offered to the unwary traveler.

There were children, always children, on every side. Race suicide is certainly not a problem in Mexico.

* * *

The large smelting plant of the American Smelting and Refining Company is located here and the immense amount of traffic it gives the railroads is almost beyond belief. Each Mexican city seems to have some one thing in the way of local attractions.

In the early evening we arrived in Leon, the purest type of a Mexican city visited. Around the great plaza are buildings of imitation onyx, and it seemed curious that imitation onyx should be used in a country where the real thing can be procured.

One never wearies of watching the small merchants sitting at the street corners, with their little oil lamps, patiently and cheerfully waiting for customers.

Everywhere the strong authority of the federal government polices the city, and after nightfall all policemen carry a lantern to show their location and they stand about like strong switch lights.

We made another trip on the tandem street, cars but instead of the usual "Sh-sh-sh-ing" to drive the mules, horns were used, which sounded remarkably like a rooster crowing.

Leon is famous for leather work, for here leathern jackets and leggings are made. Several members of our party provided themselves with zarapes and leggings and I found it difficult to resist the impulse to invest in a typical Mexican hat—however, I have not had very good luck with my hat experiments in the past twelve months, so I forbore and clung to my Lamson & Hubbard derby.

The hat appears to be the crowning glory of the Mexican's costume, literally as well as figuratively. No matter how poor a Mexican may be, if he possesses a richly embroidered hat, costing $50 and upwards, he has courage to present himself as a possible lover before the windows of his sweetheart and go "bearing"—with only a cage-like grating between them. A patient wooer is the Mexican, but he would have grave doubts as to the success of his suit if he had not a good hat. In fact, it seems that in the matter of headgear the Mexican men occupy relatively the position of the American girl, for I am told that the most costly costume for a lady is utterly incomplete without a handsome hat.

This town shows little or no signs of Spanish occupation, and everything is more purely Mexican than in any town we saw. The people are of the dark Indian type, serene, industrious and with the usual affection for toothsome tid-bits.

We never tired of those narrow streets lined with houses of uniform size and ventilated by very few glassless windows, but through the weather-beaten, open doors glimpses of the home life of the Mexicans were had. In many places there was a refreshing neatness, but it seemed curious to see them clean up the streets with little whisk brooms and to realize that they have to bring all their drinking water several miles on their shoulders.

We may deem their simple life poverty, who knows but in those darkened homes in the evening-time, beside the flickering candle or the feeble, old-fashioned lamp, that those people who sit about in a gloom which would be intolerable to us have the purest form of domestic happiness? They do not depend on the comfort or beauty of their surroundings, but purely and solely upon their own content, with simple living and the affections of their dear ones.

It is quite usual to see a little girl of six or seven years of age, or perhaps a child of ten or twelve, taking care of a baby, the little charge being often almost as large as the nurse.

As we neared the City of Mexico it was interesting to hear different members of the party grappling with the pronunciation, which is simply impossible to get correctly until one has visited the country—and not always then.

The excursion went on to Marfil, and then up the gulch to the historic city of Guanajuato. Guanajuato is the most picturesque place I have ever visited. We took the ever-present mule railroad up the winding canyon with the evidences of old Spanish civilization on every side. Here also were old haciendas and water wheels of ancient reduction works. Even in past centuries these mines turned out millions of dollars. Here raged and fumed the great cloudburst of July 1, 1905, by which several hundred people lost their lives. The height of the water on that fatal day is recorded on the buildings at the corners of the various streets, the word "inundacion" being painted at high water mark. The flood did not abate until it had carrried the mules from the street cars to the tree tops in the park and dealt general death and destruction to men and beasts within the submerged districts.

In the canyon going up to the town the road runs parallel to the innocent looking stream, and there are walls of adobe, which furnish some idea of what must have existed in years gone by.

In the quaint old city we heard the clang of hammers putting up the great steel tanks for the cyanide works. American capital has been largely invested to re-develop the old deserted workings, taking the ore from the dump heaps of ancient days when only a small proportion of the metal could be extracted by the ancient processes.

On every side were evidences of the placid life of the peon—here in a tiny patch of ground a few vegetables were growing, to be later taken on foot to the market, where the owner would sit in a sociable way and earn a few centavos by peddling them out in small lots. I must say that there does not seem to be any desire among the Mexicans to grasp from their fellows in order to enrich themselves. Their motto appears to be "live and let live," and in this respect I think that even the American civilization of today might learn a lesson.

At the top of the hill there is a great reservoir to hold water for the town and for irrigation purposes. Surrounding this is a beautiful park, where January flowers were blooming luxuriantly. Many Americans reside here in beautiful homes. We took off our hats and saluted the English school as we passed. At Guanajuato our party were invited in to visit the home of Mrs. Bernard McDonald, the wife of the local mining magnate. In this beautiful house is a large patio, probably 100 feet square, about which were arranged orange and lemon trees and other tropical plants. Upon this courtyard all the rooms open, after the Mexican custom, but everywhere were indications of American taste in the furnishing of the library, dining room and sundry cosy corners. It was a great pleasure to our party to have this opportunity of visiting a Mexican-American home.

Before taking leave, Mrs. McDonald gave me her card, informing me that she would like to have the magazine mailed to her, as she had not had a copy since leaving Spokane.

Outside the house it occurred to me to look at Mrs. McDonald's card, and as I found no street address I inspected the building on the street corner and carefully spelled out and put down the inscription which I found there. I after-

SAN FRANCISCO, MEXICAN CITY.

DRIVE CHAPULTEPEC

POPOCATEPETL

NATIONAL PALACE, MEXICO CITY.

CASTLE OF CHAPULTEPEC

MUTUAL LIFE INSURANCE BUILDING
MEXICO CITY

STATUE OF CARLOS IV

ward noticed a great many street corners in the cities bearing the same motto, and began to think that the Mexicans displayed a great lack of originality in naming so many streets alike. But finally I became suspicious of myself and began to think that perhaps I was not quite so clever after all. Then I took my carefully written address to a friend, who translated it—"Se Prohibe Annuncios." Imagine my consternation to find that in plain English this read, "Post No Bills." I am very much afraid that Mrs. McDonald will not receive her magazine addressed like a lonesome telegraph pole.

* * *

We visited the catacombs, and it shows how little one can understand a country before visiting it. We one and all expected to find the catacombs underground as in Rome. Instead of that, we found them located on a high eminence, but a little way below the summit of the hill, in a long vestibule, so to speak, into which the visitor may look and see long rows of mummies standing in grim array in their cotton shrouds.

The catacombs are in a large cemetery surrounded by thick walls, in which the dead are buried in a sort of pigeon hole. As long as the rental of their shelf is paid, the space is reserved for them, but once this money ceases to be forthcoming the remains of the departed are sent to the bone yard. On inspecting this method of burial, I wondered if we had not here discovered the meaning of the term "on the shelf," as indicating those who are done with life?

# WINTER DAYS IN THE MEXICAN CAPITAL

AT Silao I learned that President Diaz was to leave Mexico, taking a special train, to be absent during the week in which we should visit the city. I knew it would disappoint the readers of the National if I did not see the president, so I arranged to leave the party and go to Mexico City to see him off on his presidential trip, and the dispatcher kindly helped me to make connections.

Alone with myself! alone in Mexico! None of the passengers spoke English, but I was delighted to hear the conductor say "Damn that door," as he pinched his finger.

At Irapuato there were strawberries—strawberries every day in the year. Everyone about the station had strawberries for sale. I ate nearly a whole box of the sweet fruit, and doubted if it could really be in the middle of January. My Spanish fellow travelers were merry fellows, ever ready, it seemed, for a laugh or a joke, and how lonesome it is to hear other people laugh and not know what they are so merry over? It impressed on me the fact that if we are ever to solve the question of trade relations with the Latin countries, we must master their language. It is more important that Spanish should be taught in our schools than that we should dabble in half a dozen 'ologies, for the future points to closer trade relations with the South than we have even across the Atlantic. The Panama Canal will be a powerful factor in bringing this about, and it is surely important that our youth should be capable of conversing intelligently with their Latin neighbors.

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Upon arrival in the City of Mexico the visitor finds a modern, bustling business metropolis. The street car service is equal to that of any city in the United States, and the fare — six centavos or three cents—is collected by the conductor and tickets are afterwards punched by an inspector. The price of the fare is indicated in big red figures on the checks, which everyone must carry and have ready at all times for the inspector, so no cash register rings in the Mexican street cars.

It was a wet, cold day, reminding one of Paris in Winter. The asphalt pavements glittered with a glassy stare and reflected the dashing cabs. I was looking for the American embassy, and wandered down the street that looked most likely to have an embassy on it, and finally approached a staid, good-natured policeman, pronouncing the name of the place I wanted. He handed me a piece of pencil and asked me to write out the name. I was somewhat at a loss, for the closest I could get to the spelling was Caltolcipapatopi. It is unnecessary to say that I did not have the name spelled right. Toward the end of our conversation the policeman rather nonplussed me by remarking in excellent English that he had served in the Columbian Guard at the Fair, and I doffed my hat in memory of the awful majetsy of the boys in gray of '93.

In Mexico the dignity of the solider of early days is reflected in the police, who are armed with revolver and club and wear most impressive official headgear.

o o o

In the embassy were portraits of McKinley, Roosevelt and Diaz. The office looks out upon a fountain, in which bloomed calla lilies under sombre surroundings of cypress trees.

At the embassy I found Mr. R. D. McCreery,—Ambassador Thompson had not yet arrived. Mr. McCreery has had an extended experience in embassies in Latin countries, having served some years in South America and Mexico. The American Embassy at Mexico on Buena Vista street, as in all other cities that I have visited, occupies comparatively mean quarters as compared to those provided for the diplomats of other nations. Here Germany, England and other countries strengthen their influence by appropriate consideration for the dignity of their embassies, while our own government seems to display a shameful penuriousness in the matter of providing a suitable home for the representatives of our flag.

In a large room, heated with a gas stove,—for it was cold in Mexico City, the elevation being something like 8,000 feet—I found the American representative. There were many indications that he was doing all he could to advance American trade and interests.

o o o

Later, on the same rainy day, I called on Secretary of the Treasury Senor Jose Ives Limantour in the National Palace, with letters from Mexican Ambassador Don Joaquin D. Casasus at Washington to President Diaz.

This palace stands on the most interesting of the many historical spots in Mexico. Here stood the home of the hapless Montezuma and also that of the doomed Maximilian, who gained a throne in Mexico only to lose all and die under the Mexican rifles at Queretaro. The palace is a long, low building. President Diaz has his office there but resides elsewhere. In the large waiting room are bevelled ceilings while on the wall paper was depicted the eagle with a serpent in its talons, the national emblem of Mexico. Handsome vases decorated the corners and a Japanese screen stood before the door leading to the secretary's private office. A large number of visitors waited to see the secretary, among them prominent and wealthy Mexicans, one of whom, the Pierpoint Morgan of Mexico, was telling how he had sold a property for $600,000 for which he paid $300,000 ten years before. This was certainly an indication of the rapid advance of values in Mexico.

Secretary Limantour speaks English well and has visited the United States many times. In some respects he resembles Secretary Shaw in appearance. He is a tall man, wears side whiskers, and has blue eyes. His splendid teeth are particularly noticeable. His pleasant and affable manners add much to the pleasure of a visit. His room, filled with books, and the large table littered with papers, and the typewriters incessantly turning out Spanish documents, indicated that the secretary is a busy man.

An interesting story is told of Secretary Limantour, who began as government clerk and worked his way steadily upward, always absorbed with the great purpose which he has since achieved. When he officially received his first commission, he hastened to take it to his mother. During all the storm and change of the cabinets Secretary Limantour and Minister Mariscal have remained with President Diaz, and it is significant that these two men speak the English language and have a wide knowledge of the United States.

In chatting with Secretary Limantour, it was interetsing to hear of the brilliant financial outlook throughout Mexico.

One thing which impressed me in regard to Mexican finance was that the mining companies and other corporations are under-capitalized to about the same extent that corporations in our country are over-capitalized. Bank failures in Mexico are practically unknown, as the government keeps close watch on all such concerns by nominating an inspector for each bank. His power and authority is almost unlimited.

The National Bank contains $2,600,000 in twenty-dollar U. S. gold pieces, as well as over $1,500,000 in bar gold. The United States now has $2,000,000 in Mexican gold to be converted into Mexican coins, so you see we are making money for them in more ways than one. All these facts make it easier to realize something of what has been accomplished by this modest but capable secretary of finance, Jose Ives Limantour.

Back of all this, in every other department of the government, one recognizes the strong and firm hand of President Diaz, whose power may be as absolute as that of the Czar of the Russias, but is always exercised for the good of the people and the nation. President Diaz is a man who neither loves nor hates, but always administers strict justice tempered by a patriotic love for his countrymen. Minister Mariscal of the department of foreign affairs, occupies a building near the bronze equestrian statue of Charles IV of Spain, said to be the largest statue in the world. The secretary is deeply interested in educational questions, and I greatly enjoyed hearing his views. The reception room, darkened to about the same degree of gloom that one sees in similar apartments in Washington, was handsomely and tastefully furnished and decorated with panelled ceilings and mural paintings. Minister Mariscal also speaks English, for he served some years as ambassador in Washington. He was very cordial and it is impossible, after meeting with such men, not to realize that there ought to be close commercial amity between the republics of the United States and Mexico. While American capital is welcomed to develop the country, it must be remembered that Mexicans are patriotic and feel the same spirit of patriotism toward their country that Americans do toward their's.

Minister Mariscal has bushy, black hair and always wears a silk hat. He has a genial smile and impresses one as being as typical a Spaniard as Secretary Limantour is a Frenchman. He has been a long time in charge of the foreign affairs of his country.

The best tribute that can be paid to both Secretary Limantour and Minister Mariscal is that they extend every courtesy possible to foreigners. They are especially to be congratulated on the splendid work that has been done in the upbuilding of the republic. Mr. Limantour is a very important man in Mexican politics; but he refuses to run for any office, limiting himself to his remarkably fine work at the finance department. Still he is General Diaz best adviser, and his opinion in home and foreign matters is much respected. He has placed the credit of Mexico very high, and if he wished to be a candidate for the presidency after Diaz, he could have the chair if it were not for his French origin, as the constitution of Mexico requires for president a native Mexican citizen.

Desiring to call up the American Embassy by telephone, there seemed to be nothing in the book that even approached "American Embassy," though I looked long and carefully. Finally I found that it read something like this:

*Embajada de los estados Unidos de America, Buena Vista Numero 426.*

It never occurred to me that this meant the embassy of the United States of America. It was really novel to hear the little telephone responding to the "*Buenos*" or Mexican "Hello," and I had a sudden sense of surprise that the wires carried Spanish just as easily as our own jagged, lightning English. Once connected on the wire, however, how delightful it was—after the experience of those first few days—to talk broad English!

The great event at the American embassy is Fourth of July, on which occasion President Diaz attends the celebration and mingles with the throng in a sociable and affable manner. There is always "something doing" among the members of the American colony in Mexico, which has all the vigor of American life. The American Club is also certainly one of the most hospitable and sociable rendezvouses to be found any where.

It was a rare privilege—that meeting with President Diaz. At the suggestion of Minister Mariscal, I got up early, at five o'clock in the morning, to be at the train to see the president. I arrived

STREET IN TALAPA

VIEW OF THE OUTSIDE OF AMERICAN CONSULATE GENERAL AT MONTEREY

VERA CRUZ HARBOR

STATUE PUEBLA

HERCULES COTTON MILL QUERETARO

A CORRIDOR IN A MEXICAN HOUSE

a little after six and found the station already thronged with officers resplendent in gold lace and carrying sabres and side arms, while all I carried was — an umbrella. The military hats were flat across the top, having a braid brought over the crown, the green ribbon prevailing in all decorations. The hearty greetings between the various officers made it a social occasion. Mexican gentlemen when meeting their friends throw their arms about each other, patting them on the back three or four times. Of course I felt rather lonesome in this friendly throng, not hearing a single word of English, but it was an excellent opportunity to study the personnel of the Mexican army, which at the present time numbers about 25,000. In this group of brilliantly arrayed gentlemen, I felt somewhat out of place attired in my plain Summer overcoat and carrying no side arms other than a 35c umbrella. An object of conspicuous attention, I wished for a more gorgeous array. I was enabled while waiting for the presidential party, to inspect the train one of the handsomest special trains in the world, made, of course by the Pullman Company. It was colored a brilliant green, with yellow panels on which were emblazoned the letters "R. M." standing for Republic of Mexico. The wheels were painted red. The brass railed observation car contained special folding steps, which were lowered as the heralds announced the arrival of the president.

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Mrs. Diaz, a charming lady, educated at Georgetown Seminary, near Washington, was attired in crimson with hat to match her dress. She took the arm of Secretary Limantour and was conducted to the car followed by Minister Mariscal. The band played the national air and hats were doffed. My hat went off with the same degree of reverence that it would have done for the "Star Spanged Banner." The Mexican national air is only used on very special occasions,— by permission.

The president was attired in a light gray cut-away business suit, and wore lavender gloves. In some respects he resembles Admiral Dewey. His hair and moustache are gray and he wears the former in pompadour style. His bearing is quiet, but in his eyes may be seen the dynamic force and power of the man. The presidental salute was fired, the signal given and the presidental train of Mexico left the depot with President Diaz bowing to the cheering throngs. It suggested to me the leaving of the presidential train from Washington.

* * *

I was very sorry that I could not have made this trip, but realizing that no one of the party except Mrs. Diaz spoke English, I thought it might, after all, be pleasanter for all concerned to remain where I was.

The presidential trip was to Yucatan, the first time that the president has ever visited this state, and it was a trip of great political significance. It is somewhat isolated and is only connected by water transportation and the narrow coast line to the republic. The enthusiastic reception given President Diaz shows the importance of the chief executive keeping in touch with all the people and the singular popularity of Porfirio Diaz.

In Merida, Yucatan, they spent thousands of dollars in making a special display for the president as he passed through. He evidently made this visit with the same purpose that President Roosevelt and McKinley went to the South when they sought to gain the affection and confidence of the people there.

* * *

President Diaz does not speak English at all, but I should judge that he has a very clear understanding of the language, as it is said that when one of the interpreters tried to smooth over the irascibility of a certain American during an interview, the President evidently understood perfectly. The horse-voiced American insisted, "Why don't the old fool do it?" The interpreter softened down to "He is very grateful to you." But when the interview was concluded and the American and the interpreter were retiring, the president called back the official and said,

"You are a very good diplomat, but—an inaccurate interpreter."

The wife of President Diaz is the daughter of Mr. Manuel Romero Rubio, a lawyer and politician, on whose head a price was set in the early stormy days, but the animosity against him was mellowed somewhat when the president fell in love with the daughter. The father has since proven a strong upholder and bulwark of the republic.

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President Diaz lives six months of the year at Chapultepec, at the historic "Grasshopper" castle, the military school of the nation, and the other six months in Mexico City. His city residence for years has been his private house at No. 8 Cadena street, where I saw a puffing automobile waiting in front, indicating the universal adoption of this modern vehicle. There is so much to say about General Diaz, his life and doings, that we promise to our readers a special number later with articles concerning him and his men which will be of great interest, no doubt.

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As to the sights in the City of Mexico: The whole city is replete with interest, and weeks, nay months, might be spent there with profit. The National Museum is filled with interesting relics which it would take a good-sized catalogue to enumerate.

There is the cathedral, with its historic memories, near the Main Plaza, diagonally across from the palace.

The first place discovered by the ladies of the party, after they had been settled in the historic Hotel Iturbide—with its oriental rooms looking out into the courtyard—was the Thieves' market, which still retains its name. It is the place where stolen goods were brought in order to make disposition of them, but it is not to be assumed that the wares now displayed for sale are obtained by burglary, but the quaint name makes it a popular place for the purchase of souvenirs.

The government operates a pawn shop, Monte de Piedad, in which it is possible to obtain an advance on almost any article at a low rate of interest, but they accumulate a large quantity of material.

Hotel Iturbide is a massive old pile, built of stone, which has stood for centuries and seems likely to be the stopping place for many more generations of excursionists. Near here the ladies found the headquarters of the Sonora News Company, which carries one of the largest line of antiquities and curios of any company in Mexico. The store near the Iturbide hotel is a veritable museum.

Of course we did not omit a visit to the La Vega canal, but it was difficult to even picture in fancy the glories of the floating islands of Montezuma's day.

The cabs of Mexico City are of two classes, indicated by carrying a red or blue flag. The red flag cabs charge fifty cents and the blue one dollar per hour.

Mexico has a strong paternal government, and in this as in other matters keeps in close touch with all business operations—in fact, an inventory of all business must be ready for government inspection at all times. The City of Mexico reminds one of Washington. There are squares in which statues have been erected, and the great avenue called "Paseo de la Reforma" is a handsome thoroughfare.

An incident showing the warm hearts and affectionate nature of Mexicans occurred on the street car on which we happened to be. A mother with a baby and four other children got in. She stood with the baby in her arms and the other little ones sat on the floor. The car gave a sudden lurch and the mother and baby fell sprawling over the children, but there was not a whimper from them. They extricated themselves very quicky, helped her to rise, and then rushed to the baby, kissed the infant again and again, overjoyed to find that he was unhurt by the little mishap. It is by these little impressionistic pictures that we get the real glimpses of the Mexican people.

Every city seems to have its Guadalupe, who is the patron virgin saint of Mexico. A story told of one of these sacred spots is that an Indian visited his bishop, claiming that he had seen the Virgin Mary, who had appeared to him upon a certain hill and told him to direct the bishop to build a chapel at that spot. He feared to obey, and the apparation visited him the second time near the same spot, at a certain spring, which is now held in sacred reverence. At a third appearance she directed him to fill his tilma, or mantle, with roses, which as a proof of the truth of his story the man brought to the bishop. As no roses grew there the bishop was induced to open the tilma containing them, on which was found a perfect picture of the Virgin, and it is claimed that this identical tilma, framed as a picture, is now treasured in the church. This particular Guadalupe is a town near the City of Mexico, on a very high hill. In the church below is an altar rail of solid silver, said to be the most valuable in the world. In a room in the church is a collection of crutches, which pilgrims have thrown away when they have tested the healing virtue of the waters. There is a long flight of steps near the church, up which the penitents crawl on their knees. In the cemetery on the top of the hill the famous Santa Anna is buried, but the wooden leg which he is said to have worn is preserved in the Washington museum. Here in this cemetery is buried also the first wife of President Diaz.

At Guadalupe the people come to the old church, where they get water and carry it for miles on their shoulders, and it was curious to see the circular place worn out by the feet of the many persons coming and going around the holy well. This reminded us of the water carriers at San Luis Potosi, who drew water from the fountain. They use tin cans with four partitions, about a foot square, hung from a stick thrown across the shoulder with ropes, and it was amazing to see what weights were carried by mere lads. When they had the water cans properly balanced they started off on a dog trot. The women carried large jars on their heads, nodding with their eyes to a passing acquaintance.

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It is worth while to have a chat with an American who has lived in Mexico, for nothing gives one such clear ideas of the country. It is a singular fact that few men ever care to leave the republic who have once made their home there.

One of the ablest men in Mexico is Mr. F. R. Guernsey, editor of the Mexican Herald, a bright and enterprising morning newspaper, printed entirely in English. He has resided in Mexico nearly twenty years, and few men are more thoroughly posted on the affairs of the republic. His editorials are always able and comprehensive.

Mr. Robert Barrett, the proprietor of the Evening Record, is another Mexican newspaper man, and one of the energetic pioneers. I need not say how much I enjoyed meeting brother publishers in a strange land.

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We much enjoyed watching the horsemen and elegant carriages on Independencia street in the pleasant afternoons. The magnificence of the new public buildings to be constructed in the city is amazing. There is to be a large national theatre. A new post office building nearly completed. The Mining Museum is a large building in front of which are the meteors that fell some time ago. They are like solid steel, weighing many tons.

I observed an old building which has been standing for three or four hundred years; it sags three feet in the center and yet stands perfectly safe.

An earthquake occurs in the city about once a year, but it does not seem to create any consternation as the shaking is very slight and sometimes almost unnoticeable when it occurs during the night. Sixty-eight blocks of asphalt were laid last year and the city is expanding very rapidly. No city is more noted for its beautiful and historic suburbs.

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The party spent a whole day at Guadalajara, the second largest city of Mexico. It is called the city of sunbeams. Its attractions were discovered by tourists only a few years ago, but since the Mexican Central has pushed its road through, this city has become a favorite resort.

From Guadalajara the party visited Lake Chapala. The boats on the lake are hollowed from huge trees, some being so very deep that passengers are obliged to sit on the gunwales in order to get a view of the scenery. Six boatmen poled the boat going to windward, but returning used a square or lug sail.

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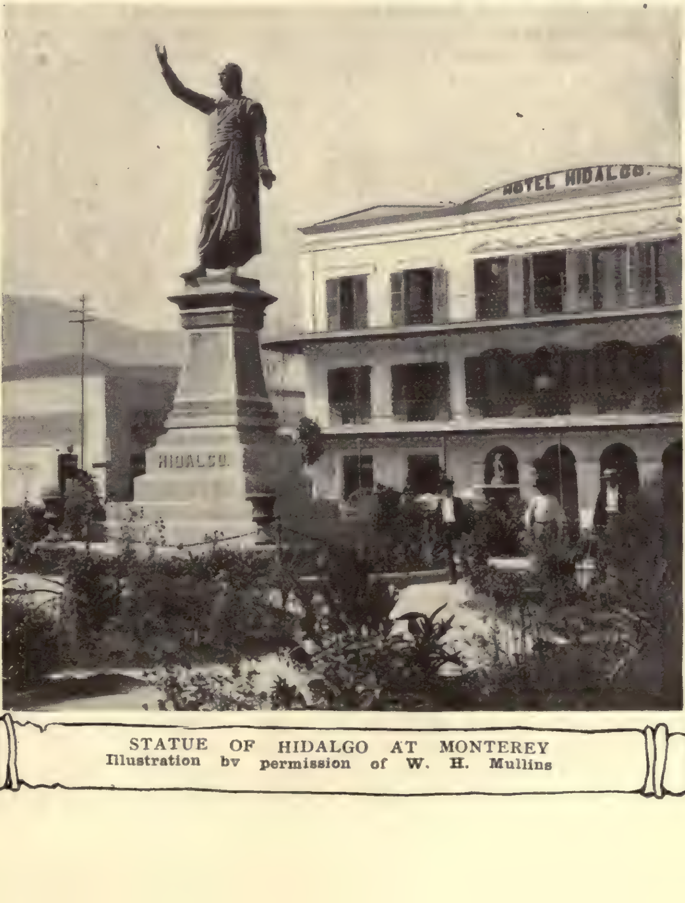
Of course you have to attend a bullfight in the City of Mexico, if you wish to make your tour complete. I solemnly assert, however, that I had not the least desire to go to this festivity and that it was the most miserable and saddest experience in my whole series of excursions. The one blot on my trip to Mexico is those few hours at the bull fight. For two or three nights afterward I could not sleep, and regretted that the sight of the Maestro Matador Antonio Fuentes, walking out of the hotel on Sunday, had beguiled me into attending. He was clad in green and gold, wore his hair in a picturesque little queue behind, had trunk hose and buckled shoes and seemed to shimmer and flash all over. No wonder such a "get-up" was too much for me.

Like the traditional boys following the circus, after Fuentes got into his

THEATER JUAREZ AT GUANAJUATO



STATUE OF HIDALGO AT MONTEREY
Illustration by permission of W. H. Mullins

carriage we found ourselves not far behind, full of the excitement of going to a somewhat doubtful sport, and hardly knowing just what to expect. This frame of mind kept anticipation on the stretch. We were soon seated in a box on the shady side, and I almost expected to hear the strains of Carmen—the roaring refrain of the Toreador song. The procession of horsemen and footmen moved across the arena to where the president governed the various ceremonies by bugle calls.

It was certainly a most picturesque glimpse of old Spain. The bands played and the people were all excitement and anticipation. After the first entry, out from the opposite door came the raging bull, and first with their mantles and then with red flags the bandilleros began coaxing him to battle. He lowered his head and pawed the earth. The animal was in prime condition for the fight, as for days before everything had been done to heighten his natural ferocity. Pierced through his back was a spike to which was attached a ribbon, indicating the hacienda where the bull was bred. The men threw and dragged their mantles, and then jumped aside as the bull charged at them, and a good many of them, I noticed, jumped over the fence rather speedily. Picadors with lances, on blindfolded horses, spurred in front of the enraged animal, and he was permitted to gore them without giving the poor beasts a chance of defence. Have you ever heard the cry of a horse in pain and dying? My indignation arose and I felt that I would almost rather have seen the men gored than these poor defenseless beasts. I was told the bull must have blood in order to get him to the right pitch of ferocity, and it looked as though the people also must have blood in order to amuse them.

Again and again the horses were gored, and again I turned and looked out on the beautiful, placid mountains and wondered why human beings should enjoy looking upon such a scene. The cries of those horses will ring in my ears for many a day to come.

After this began the placing of the banderillas. The banderillero stood with two of the slender shafts tipped with sharp steel spikes and decorated with paper roses, ribbons and leaves. As the bull rushed at him he thrust two of these into the infuriated animal's neck, one on each side of the shoulder. Then the man stepped nimbly aside and waved his hand to the throng. This part of the show was repeated several times, and then if the bull did not keep up the fight with sufficient vigor to please the audience, banderillas containing fireworks were placed at his back.

A bugle sounded, the matador took his flag and straight sword and prepared to end the tragedy. He carefully calculated the movements of the bull, and it was here that the science of the matador came into play, though his share of the work could hardly be called as picturesque as the work of the picador, or as tragic as the part played by the poor, gored horses. It looked to me as though the picadors were in more peril than the matador himself, though I suppose it is difficult for an inexperienced onlooker to estimate the degree of skill required. The sword was drawn as the infuriated animal advanced, and the thrust delivered as swiftly as the lightning flash. Sometimes it happens that one blow is sufficient, and again it may require several before the unfortunate brute is despatched.

If a bull happens not to be fierce enough, the crowd on the benches freely express their opinion very much as the bleachers would do at a ball game. It is a critical moment when the brute and the man look each other in the eye, for this is the death test. It sometimes happens, I believe, that a bull is possessed of a peaceful disposition and refuses to fight, thus unconsciously saving himself from a painful death in the arena. In such cases the crowd jeers and the bull is taken out of the arena by means of a small herd of steers. These are driven in, and when the bull hears the jangling bells, he peacefully follows them out, to live in pastures green.

It was noticed by our party that the matador waited until the bull came at him with death in his eyes, and that he was ready to plunge after the red flag or cape rather than at the man. There was something theatrical in the way Fuentes plunged his sword into the animal, then marched around with a stagey step and threw back the hats, cigars and other trophies that were showered upon him from the amphitheatre.

The band played, the matador bowed, the crowd wore a satisfied air; but after one animal had been done to death, I felt that I had had enough and did not desire to remain any longer. I afterward learned that four bulls were killed that afternoon. As I passed down the steps, and left the arena and its gore behind, I thanked God that there was a national game in the United States known as base ball, which appeared to me to be a mild and gentle amusement compared to the slaughtering of bulls and the goring of blindfolded horses.

The matadors rode back to their hotels in a carriage, still arrayed in their brilliant uniforms. They leaned back, placidly smoking their cigars. I was told that they receive enormous salaries and usually come from Spain, receiving as high as $25,000 for a brief series of engagements.

The amphitheater on that Sunday was not half filled, and if the signs of that day are any criterion, it looks as though bull fighting in Mexico would soon be a thing of the past. I would earnestly and honestly advise anyone going to Mexico NOT to see a bull fight. No part of the entire trip do I look back upon with regret except that hour which I spent at the bull fight.

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One of the most delightful retreats in the City of Mexico is the Hotel Sanz; an old Spanish mansion handsomely fitted up as a hotel under the mangement of Mr. Hubert A. Hall, an American who long since made his reputation as a host. It was a special pleasure to meet Mr. Hall there, for in years gone by I had known him when he first started on his hotel career. The same evidences of good taste and the desire to make guests comfortable, was apparent here as has always characterized Mr. Hall's management.

The patio, or court, was radiant with tropical foliage and the splashing fountain made constant music, whether one sat in the snug balcony rooms or in the cafe. It was entertaining to watch the arrival and departure of tourists. Here was the absorbed rush of the man just from the States. We were told it was very easy to single out new arrivals, because after people have been there for a month or so they acquire something of the dignified Spanish manner and cease to hurry. One of the most significant comments I have ever heard on the American "hurry habit" was made on a Chicago man, who rushed into a Mexican office to do business quickly with some Mexican business man, and it was evident he was in a real hurry. The Mexicans were not, and tried to get him into a more composed frame of mind; and when he had concluded his business and hurried away they glanced expressively at each other and one said, with a shrug of the shoulders, "A Yankee."

This evidently was ample explanation in their minds, and nothing more was necessary.

Every American is a Yankee in Mexico, whether he hails above or below the Mason and Dixon line, which is rather hard on the high-strung Mississippians and Virginians, though they soon get to appreciate the distinction of being real Americans.

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In the open air of the Sanz hotel, amid the music of the fountain and the glint of the goldfish, I almost forgot my nationality and imagined myself a great Spanish grandee, residing in an ancient Spanish mansion, and, no doubt, unconsciously adopted something of the stately walk and conversation suited to the part.

It required a good solid five days to see even a few of the sights of Mexico City, and as the high altitude seemed to affect a good many of the party, we planned a quiet day at Cuernavaca, the home of Cortez, and the real beautyspot of Mexico. Can I ever forget that day? What a ride that was up the mountains, looking out upon the great plateau below and down upon the shimmering lakes, Chapultepec looming up in the distance, the battle ground of centuries. We passed the battle ground of Molino del Rey, which means the king's mill. It was here that the last battle was fought in what General Grant called "an unholy war." There is no disposition on the part of Americans to point with special pride to the achievements of American arms in the days of '47. It was a pathetic sight to look upon the monument erected over the graves of the American soldiers who lost their lives there. Despite the mistakes made by our people in times of war, the spirit of patriotism is accentuated by visiting foreign lands, but let us remember that the very same spirit exists among the peoples of other countries. The patriotism of the Mexicans is certainly inspiring. At Molino del Rey their soldiers fought bravely, and there is a small monument there to their memory.

It was here that we saw an aged lady praying at the grave of one who had been buried long years ago—she was an American mother. As she looked upon the old flag, the Stars and Stripes of the Union, a little child approached and asked: "Is that God's flag?"

"No, my child," said a bystander, "It is not God's flag but the flag of God's country."

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At Ajusco we had our first glimpse of a trooper of the Second Regiment of Rurales, the mounted police of Mexico. It is said that most of the Rurales were brigands years ago, until Diaz brought them into line and made them sturdy defenders of the republic. Fearless men they seem to be in their fight for law and order, and the audacity they displayed as outlaws is still apparent, though diverted into a better channel.

One of the great anchorages of the future of the Republic of Mexico is in the fact that the present generation do not know how to fight as they did in olden times, when a man with a gun and a horse and pistols was considered to have completed his education. That state of chaos has given place to a very different state of affairs. In the old days a man could throw up his hat and create a revolution, but that is all past, because the present generation has no disposition to fight, knowing there is more to be gained by maintaining the stability and aiding the progress of the republic than in seeking to tear down.

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Looking down from the Sierras upon the valleys and plateaus of the country, one is reminded of Switzerland. Over the mountains we looked upon the ancient home of Cortez, surrounded by rugged peaks. The crater of the Horseshoe, an extinct volcano, is close by, covered with trees and peaceful in its long slumber.

# AT CUERNAVACA THE HOME OF CORTEZ

WE rode off in the red stage coach to Hotel Morales, one of the gem hotels of Mexico. This is an old house built by a Mexican general, and was the headquarters of the brigands, and yet, under the touch of an American hotel man the veranda was gay with flowers and foliage. From the flat roof the view was one never to be forgotten. Page after page of the "Conquest of Mexico" came to mind. Over in the distance was the old yellow-tinted cathedral, mottled with age, with gables festooned with gigantic purple logumbillas, the beautiful flower of Mexico which I have never met with elsewhere. To the left was the palace which Cortez built. The whole atmosphere was perfect, and we could have imagined ourselves looking upon an oriental scene.

At Cuernavaca I enjoyed a visit to the public school, where the boys all sat in one building and the girls in another. The rooms for the various grades were divided by a thin partition. I looked around and saw, among other things, the flaming picture of a stout goddess kicking lightning from the sky. The instructor asked me what I thought of it. Without too plainly expressing my opinion of the work of art, I said that in American schools we had pictures of Washington, Lincoln and other celebrated men, with whom it was advisable to have the children familiar. He said, "I am glad to know that. This picture has often worried me."

On the ceiling was a map of Mexico, and the little fellows turned their heads up to study their geography lessons. It seems, however, that natural history is the most popular study in Mexican schools, sometimes to the exclusion of other subjects.

The little boys seemed to look upon me as a very strange individual, but I took the liberty of speaking to them. I am sure they did not understand my

VIEW AT CUERNAVACA

PALACE OF MAXIMILIAN

OLD HOUSE AT PUEBLO

ENTRANCE TO PANTHEON GUANAJUATO

TUNNEL NO. 3 TAMASOPA CANYON

[illegible] GUANAJUATO, MEXICO

ON THE BEACH, LA BARRA, MEXICO

HUT COUNTRY HOUSE

words, but in their bright eyes I saw the gleam of welcome. Depend upon it, these little fellows in their school are acquiring knowledge which is going to be the great sheet-anchor for the future of the republic. As they prepared to leave the room they all lined up in military fashion, giving the salute as they passed their teacher and me. As the first came by and held up his hand I thought he was anticipating centavos and was appalled at the prospect, taking a hasty review of the state of my finances at the moment. But I found it was only the military salute.

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Over on the hill are the famous La Borda gardens, laid out by a famous miner who spent a part of his millions here. The avenues and arbors, the walks and lakes show the immense amount of money which must have been lavished on this garden. Borda died suddenly without revealing the secret of the place where he had buried the bulk of his money, and the entire place has been torn up by searchers for the treasure, without success.

We had a delightful ride over the road built by Cortez to his hacienda, on the backs of burros, for no wagon wheel ever whirred over these rough cobble stones. This estate we were told still remains in the Cortez family. Here a large sugar mill was at work squeezing the juice out of the cane. This juice runs into vats, and the sweet scum drained from it is used in the production of alcohol. The juice, after it is boiled down is placed in cones of clay and some sand is put on the top to filter the water which bleaches the sugar, so the old joke about having "sand in the sugar" may really have some foundation. The sugar then comes out nearly white and is taken out of the jars and sun-baked, later on being prepared for the market. The cooling process, in the vats, is done in a very dark room built of masonry. This old hacienda has been in operation for several centuries.

Riding on the backs of burros is not exactly a thrilling adventure, but the "herrike" and "andela, burro" of the drivers gave a glimpse into the Spanish language. I placed my heels behind the ears of the mule and felt quite secure. How those little burros' legs climb the mountains bearing the burdens they do is a marvel. All goods are transported on mules or burros, or on the backs of peons. The old stone bridges with wide entrance, under which dashed the water of the mountain streams fringed with water cress, were particularly picturesque.

If there is a cave or anything else picturesque about the country with which Cortez did not have something to do, we failed to find it. He certainly must have been a wonderful man if he did even the half that is credited to him. We had no difficulty in understanding why Mexico should have won the affection of the Spanish conqueror.

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At San Antonio, across the gulch, we drove to the famous potteries, where the people live in little huts and work in the same old way as in centuries past. Cuernavaca pottery attracted a great deal of attention and won much favor with our party. Here the famous church is located where young people who have trouble with their sweethearts come to have matters adjusted.

Down in the deep canyon, and clambering up the hill, is the old city, redolent of the atmosphere of ancient days. The view of Cuernevaca and San Antonio from the mountains is superb. It seemed to me if I ever wanted a place to go and rest, far away from the bustle of American activities, it would be Cuernevaca.

I stood on the balcony where Cortez looked down upon his achievements. The stone had been worn hollow where it is said the sentry was in the habit of sharpening his sabre.

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Back again to the Hotel Morales, to the old brick floors, the casement windows, the balconies outside overlooking the trees of the park that seemed to ask admittance; we looked out once more on the sun setting upon that scene which had inflamed the ambitions of Cortez, who, after he had made the conquest of Mexico, preferred to make his home here, rather than return to his native land.

I almost forgot to mention that famous mountain known as Popocatapetl, which name was the supreme test in our spelling lesson in days gone by. In Mexico, however, I met with another mountain called "Istha see Wattle," that is, the name is pronounced just like that, but I will not undertake to spell it. The only way that I could remember it was by remembering "seawall" as a mnemonic.

While in Mexico I had the pleasure of meeting Mr. Kong Yen Wei, who was making the tour of Mexico, and is studying the ruins of Mitla, with the hope of proving that the Aztecs and the Chinese are of one race. He is much encouraged by the result of his labors, and considers that he has been very successful in his research. It is most interesting to hear him tell of his ambitions and hopes for China. He said: "I will lead my countrymen out of slavery and awaken the Chinese nation from its sleep."

He remarked that China had formerly been among the progressive nations, but now is satisfied to dream life away. In speaking of his research at Mitla, he seemed to be convinced that there were distinct proofs that the ancient Aztecs and the Chinese were closely related to each other. The celebrated Chinaman is now making a tour through South America.

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"The Hill of the Grasshopper" is the name given to Chapultepec, because it stands on a great cliff of porphery rising 200 feet above the valley. The name was given by the Aztecs in 1279.

There is an old tree near the city which is seventy-two feet in diameter. A statue of Liberty is being erected at the foot of the Avenue de la Reforma. The castle has been built where Montezuma's palace once stood, and it is here that President Diaz resides six months in the year. It is surrounded by a cypress grove, the trees of which are all draped with Spanish moss.

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Mexicans complain of the imposition of a head tax on the foreign merchants who come to the United States to buy goods. The fact that they are prohibited from coming across the border unless they pay this onerous head tax is not only in itself repulsive to a free people, but it seems like pretty small business for Uncle Sam to enter upon with his neighbors.

There may be some good reason for the practice, but it is not one of which Americans can be proud, nor does such treatment appeal to the common sense spirit of a business nation.

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As the climax of our scenic tour we started bright and early for Esperanza, where we saw the highest mountain peaks and the crowning peak, the old giant Orizaba. That ride down the mountain —can I ever forget it? We were fortunate in having a clear day, for oftentimes these trips have to be made in a heavy mist which soaks the traveler through, without actual rainfall. We seemed to just curl around the great peaks, looking down into the abyss to see Maltrata. This is a purely Indian village, and the great valley laid out before us looked like a checkerboard. The drop is thousands of feet in a few miles. Near Maltrata is Boca del Monte. The Mexican railroad, which is called "The Queen's Own," and boasts of steel ties throughout, was one of the first roads in Mexico, and certainly runs through mountain scenery unparalleled for beauty in the wide world. The precipitous descent, made safe by air brakes, gives the passengers a sensation very like the "coasting" of our youth.

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Many of the small cities in Mexico have maintained socialistic or communistic ideas, which might commend themselves to the advocates of such doctrines in our own country. All lands are owned and worked in common. It sometimes, however, happens that there is a difficulty in getting each man to do his proper share of the work, for even under socialistic rule some men are lazy and some industrious. Socialism does not seem to change human nature. In cases where the man whose turn for work has come does not show up, the town crier calls him publicly by name, so that there never is any doubt as to who is needed. But the work does not seem to come hard on anybody, for eating and living, living and eating makes up their existence. If this is the future we have to look forward to, it certainly is not without its attractive aspect, and possibly when the socialistic community in Mexico becomes better known, we shall have all our Yankee socialists emigrating to that favored spot.

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Before leaving, the City of Mexico, I felt I must pay a visit to where the founder of the republic sleeps, in San Fernando cemetery, and look upon the tomb of Juarez. In this same place are buried many generals, two of whom died with Maximilian, and for whom he gave his own life. At the gate of the cemetery was an old veteran of the wars with the French when the Mexican republic made its last and final stand for independence and a republican form of government.

Everywhere it is evident that the peons are picking up English, and many of them understand what is said, even if they cannot speak the language. The public schools and compulsory education are doing splendid work.

At Orizaba we saw some of the largest cotton mills in the world, and also had a delightful glimpse of tropical vegetation. We looked once more on markets, cathedrals and plazas, three things which are always necessary in a Mexican town.

Here Larry Matthews had a most striking snapshot picture taken in the market place, as he claimed to have found a long lost relative. Here were offered for sale radishes over two feet long, yet as juicy as the youngest and smallest of their tribe, and there were wonderful onions — tender and mild. When I say I ate sixteen onions at one meal I hardly expect to be believed, but everyone was free to revel in them, because in Mexico everyone eats them and they are not offensive.

On my way back from the market I made my first acquaintance with Mexican chili. It was in a small cake, with potatoes, onions, peppers, tabasco — plenty of it — and cheese mingled, and possibly other ingredients. I ate it, but I spent two mortal hours trying to cool my mouth afterwards. It was certainly the hottest thing I ever consumed, or ever expect to, but when once I had started on it, I was determined to finish. Ever since that time I have a great deal of sympathy with the cadet who was treated to a course of tabasco sauce.

Here, also, were busy Mexicans of the ancient type, happy in chattering over their little wares, or content with their simple luxuries. It was a peaceful picture of barter and exchange. Here many of the ancient costumes might be seen. They were very simple, merely a piece of cotton cloth wrapped about them and draped in artistic manner, making a complete though seamless garment.

Underneath a white umbrella I found a German artist who told me how to see a sunset properly. I was instructed to turn my head to one side, shut one eye and look only through the other.

At Orizaba a member of the party captured a cactus, another secured an armadillo, while parrots became very popular. It was interesting to note what the different members of the party decided to carry home as trophies of our tour of Mexico.

Cordoba is another typical Mexican city, near which we lunched on a coffee plantation under the trees. We began to feel the change from the cool atmosphere of the table lands to the hot and sultry lands of the tropics. Across this part of the country Cortez made his famous march to the city of Mexico.

Puebla, is apparently one of the best built modern cities of Mexico. At the arcade, near the plaza, American goods were almost exclusively sold. The cathedral is one of the handsomest in Mexico. There was the customary Sunday band concert.

Some fine specimens of onyx were purchased at this place by members of our party.

A few hours' ride from Puebla is the famous old town of Cholula, which to me was one of the most interesting places that we visited, for it was here that Cortez, with the help of his Tlaxcalans, conquered or massacred the ancient inhabitants.

Tlaxcala, though a little city, is replete with relics of ancient times and memories of Indian warriors who joined Cortez in conquering and enslaving the people of Anahuac.

The first Roman Catholic church in the new world was erected here in 1524; here for the first time the gospel of the Cross was preached, and here began the Spanish impress on Mexico which is so apparent to this day.

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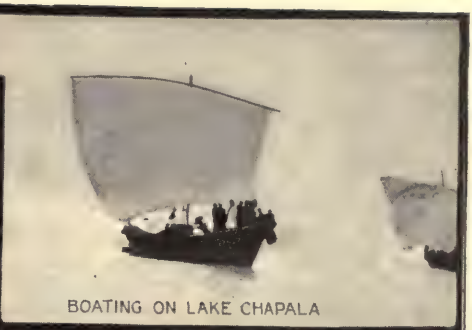
Tlaxcala is the place where Aztec hieroglyphics were read. Larry insisted on calling them "hair-lip-ticks." He was never particular about pronunciation, whether Spanish or English, though the rest of the party were rather proud of the progress made in Spanish. It was a sight never to be forgotten to see Larry wave his arms in the air and talk Spanish with the natives. It was especially noticeable at the time he was trying to get an extra mule for one of the ladies, for he always took special care of the fair sex. At one time it was rumored that he was a bachelor, but there came a day when he told us about his bright

IN THE GRAND CANYON



BOATING ON LAKE CHAPALA

AFTER WE HAD CONQUERED THE CORTEZ PLANTATIONS

CORTEZ BRIDGE, ENROUTE TO CHOLULU

BOAT SCENE, LAKE CHAPALA. LARRY IN THE STERN.

GROUP OF MEXICAN CHILDREN

JOE CHAPPLE AND PARTY AT PETRIFIED FOREST.

MEXICAN HOME AT CARDENAS.

little daughter and his good wife.

We watched his efforts in the mule-getting business with deep anxiety, and finally inquired what language he was speaking.

"Muley-Mexican, but I'll get what I want just the same, if I have to use cowboy classics,'' and he did.

Larry always provided us with the best and freshest of everything, from sweet corn to strawberries, and we always enjoyed watching him in the markets. He was an excellent buyer, and with all his other virtues was the most lovable, sweetest-tempered Irishman I ever met. He never lost his good nature and was always ready with his mother wit. He was the prince of good fellows. What Larry could not tell us about Mexico—and the Yellowstone Park — was not worth knowing, and he had a way of describing the various points of interest that made a guide book quite unnecessary.

The ruling spirit of our excursion was Mr. H. C. Dennison, our capable manager, and under his careful guidance everything was so well managed that we did not know it was managed at all—the whole thing seemed to go like clock work and none of us knew of the trouble he must have had in getting trains, etc., to come along on schedule time so as to make connections as arranged. The fact that in this tour of 8,000 miles we made every place on schedule time and returned on the dot, is certainly an indication of the thoroughness of the management of the Gates tours.

Then there was Father Pruden, the Pullman conductor, always up late and early to see that his family got home all right. He never did less than his best. We did not run out of gas for lighting, although we had to economize on a long jump of nine days. I was interested to see him digging cacti at the foot of Mount Orizaba. He said he was going to present them to the park in his home at Elgin, Illinois.

# BACK TO THE CITY OF MEXICO

BACK to the City of Mexico once more, and we felt as if we were almost naturalized citizens of the D. F.,— which means Federal District — like our district of Columbia.

The New York Mutual Life building here is interesting in every detail, equipped with elevators; here the Mexican Central railroad has its general offices. It was a pleasure to call on Mr. E. C. Hudson, the vice president of the line, and Mr. W. D. Murdock, the passenger traffic manager; one cannot think of going to Mexico without using this great system, so ably and efficiently managed in every detail.

The pleasure of meeting Mr. George W. Hibbard, the passenger traffic manager of the National Lines of Mexico, was a glow of early days. Long years ago—I will not say how many, out of consideration for Mr. Hibbard, — but when halftone engravings first came into use, I had an idea of issuing a special edition of a certain country daily. It was planned on an elaborate scale. Mr. Hibbard was then passenger agent of the South Shore Line, and had already brought into prominence the trip along the south shore of Lake Superior. He knew just how to obtain the best photographs for halftone illustrations and how to choose the good writers, so I made bold — with youthful audacity — to suggest that he should engage space in my special edition. He was somewhat skeptical, and looked me up and down, probably thinking that for a young country editor I had a good deal of confidence. Finally he agreed to my suggestion, and the South Shore went into the special edition. It was indeed a gratification to learn in later years that this rather crude article had resulted in attracting the attention of travelers in the far East, leading them to make a trip over that line.

Mr. Hibbard has all the force of those early days, and puts it in the work of the line which he represents. It is characteristic of his career that he has the fastest train running from St. Louis to Mexico — making the distance in fifty-eight hours. This is going to do more than any other one thing to weld together the business interests of the United States and Mexico, because when merchants realize that they have so large a market close at hand, and when the tourists understand that such a wonderful country lies near by ready to be explored, there will be an immense traffic to Mexico, Winter and Summer, for as a delightful Summer recreation point, the City of Mexico is not surpassed.

It seems curious to me that, although we passed the Tropic of Cancer, as duly indicated by a monument, and entered the torrid zone, yet in this country on the table lands may be found the finest Summer resorts in the whole world. This statement will be confirmed by everyone who has been there. If you want an ideal place to visit next Summer, remember that you can find it in Mexico. This may sound paradoxical, but it was certified to by no less an authority than Secretary Limantour, who assured me that the City of Mexico was more preferable as a residence for the Summer than for the Winter months.

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It seemed a very strange sight to see lottery tickets on sale on the street cars. Some of the party invested, but the returns are not yet in.

It was entertaining to visit the theaters and hear the plays produced in Spanish. If anyone wants to see only one act of a play, he simply pays for that act and no more, and for two or more acts in proportion.

At Orrin's circus the performance demonstrated how Americans can entertain other nationalities, even when they do not understand the language spoken. It was all pantomime, but as graphic as words. This circus was established by a circus clown, and is run the whole year around and proves the universality of the sense of humor—Mexicans evidently enjoy the very same things that amuse Americans from all sections.

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The political parties in Mexico seem to be divided into the Liberal and the Clerical, although there is little difference when it comes to the recognition of the ability and greatness of President Diaz. Vice President Corral, formerly governor of Sonora, is a man thoroughly in touch with American methods, and is looked upon as the logical successor of President Diaz. He is a business man and a very pleasant gentleman. The whole government and constitution of Mexico is very similar to that of the United States. Each state has its own governor and its legislature, as represented by the members of the lower house and senate.

One anecdote of Diaz spoke very plainly the character of the man—he refused to repudiate a bad loan made by his predecessor and maintained the national credit.

The whole trend of present legislation in Mexico seems to favor the encouragement of foreign capital to develop — in conjunction with Mexican capital—the great natural resources of the country. In fact, it is difficult now to meet the demand for wild lands. The larger tracts are held by Mexicans, and it is impossible to deal with them without involving the purchase of at least fifty or a hundred thousand acres. The land is taxed very low—in fact it is not assessed at all, as only the products of the land are taxed. Mexican legislators believe in taxing what the land produces rather than the land itself. When one considers the wide variety of resources in Mexico,—as so plainly displayed at the Pan-American and at St. Louis—covering almost every kind of mineral and every kind of wood, and all sorts of agricultural products known to the human race, some idea may be gained of the wonderful resources of the republic to the south of us.

In the later days of Mexico's development its history is replete with chronicles of strong and rare characters. There was Braniff, the Irish section foreman, who died a millionaire — and was prominent in the building of early railroads of Mexico. Agramonte, the well known soldier of fortune who was formerly a general and fought in sixteen wars, is now editor of the Anglo-American.

The temptation must be resisted to linger in the capital of the ancient Tenochtitlans. We left on the line of the Mexican Central, retracing our steps. On the way back we visited the ruins of Tepasteco, on the road from Cuernavaca, an experience never to be forgotten by any member of the party. It was a difficult climb, but no one wished to omit a visit to the old pyramid built probably two thousand years ago—no one knew just when, not even Larry. At the base of the pyramid is a row of sepulchres for the Mexican chiefs. Of course this reminded us all of Egypt. This pyramid is said to be the temple of the god Ahuizotl; it is composed of four stories reached by broad staircases, the first being situated at the south end of the first story. This leads to the sacrificial stone, where human sacrifices were once offered, the heart being taken out, probably for divination purposes. A small tank is near at hand, where the dismembered remains were placed.

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What a scene was presented as we first looked down upon Zacatecas. It might have been a glimpse of Jerusalem or some Eastern city, Ispahan or Merr, so oriental in style was it. The great flat-roofed, battlemented buildings were painted in oriental hues, the streets were narrow and winding, all situated in the midst of a great, barren plain. The city is reached by a beautiful ride up the mountain to an elevation of 8,000 feet. The plain somewhat suggested the wide, rolling prairies of the West, flanked with mountain peaks. Zacatecas is a great mining center. The houses are painted in all the colors of the rainbow—pink, green, yellow, etc., the outside of the dwellings being decorated so that they looked as though they were spread over with wall paper.

As we wandered down one of the streets a most fascinating feature was the old, deserted fountain, where the surrounding stones were worn hollow by the feet of the thousands of people who have come here for water through centuries past. We noticed also that the undertaking establishments were unusually conspicuous, displaying their sample caskets of all sizes and colors with great variety of decoration. Here, too, was the large cathedral, with its facade of beautiful carving, which was an object of special study to the tourists, though, you will understand by this time we had seen so many cathedrals, plazas and markets — crowded into so short a space of time — that our appetite for these sights was becoming somewhat jaded.

Chihuahua—the last two syllables must be pronounced with a good round "wow wow"—which indicates the bark of a dog—is famous for its dogs the world over. They are tiny creatures when first purchased, but if the owner is not care-

A MAT WEAVER

ful they shortly develop to the size of a burro.

It was here that I called on Governor E. C. Creel, whose palace is at one corner of the plaza. On the second floor, opening out of the spacious courtyard, in rooms furnished with all the comforts of modern times, I had a delightful visit with the governor. He speaks English very fluently and seems to thoroughly understand Americans and their methods. It was pleasing to hear him pay a just tribute to General Luis Tarrazas, for eighteen years the governor of the city. The first thing that he talked with me about was the great work which they have done in the way of public schools. Out of a budget of $1,000,000, over one-third, say $400,000 is spent on schools with 20,000 scholars and 216 school buildings.

General Luis Tarrazas is the largest single land owner and cattle owner in the world, possessing 6,000,000 acres, and he is also one of the most remarkable characters of the republic. He fought vigorously in the wars with France, and won the famous victory of March, 1867. He is seventy-seven years old, and has twelve children; his four boys have been educated in the United States, and the eight daughters speak English fluently.

Governor Creel also mentioned with some enthusiasm the new Kansas City & Orient Railroad, which is being put through the state of Chihuahua by Mr. Stillwell of Kansas City, and is opening up a vast amount of important territory.

The following morning, in the light of a gorgeous sunrise, we again looked upon our native land. Across the river from Juarez was El Paso, the great gateway and trading post of the Southwest. If there is any city where you feel the infectious enthusiasm of American push and go, it is here at El Paso. Here I fell in with Mr. Wilmarth, of the El Paso Herald, and Mr. George C. Clement of the El Paso News.

The wonderful growth of this city is one of the marvels of Western push. It has eleven railroads, and within a radius of 250 miles of this one spot over $50,000,000 worth of mineral is mined annually. This is startling when you consider that the entire agricultural resources of Iowa are only $100,000,000. This is also one of the great supply places of Mexico.

One of the picturesque characters of the state of Chihuahua is Pedro Alvarado, a little man something over five feet in height, with black eyes and hair. He is a pronounced Indian type, is about thirty-seven years of age, and is often called "Pete" by the Americans in Parral, where he lives.

His father was the owner of a mine, and in the early, struggling days the son worked there with other Mexicans, wearing the zarape and moccasins. At one time he owed $70,000, but while following the lead of his father, who subsequently died, he struck a bonanza and now rides down to his mine in a carriage, with his family, and collects $8,000 every week.

Strange to say, he has never visited the City of Mexico, as he has not yet set foot outside his home state. He once went to Chihuahua on a special train of regular day coaches to be present at the dedication of a church which he had built, costing upward of $100,000, for he is a devoted Roman Catholic.

On the site of his humble home, in a somewhat unpretentious part of the city, Alvarado has erected a handsome residence costing over a million dollars. The mansion has all modern improvements, almost every room being provided with a bath room, where Russian, Turkish and shower baths may be taken. There are also a number of fine pianos and an Aeolian pianola,—for Alvaredo is a great lover of music. A story is told of a German peddler who had gained the confidence of the rich mine owner, and came into his presence with a tray of diamonds, asking him to purchase some. Alvarado asked what the entire contents of the tray was worth, and on being told $1,000 he promptly paid for them and locked them into his safe without so much as another glance at the gems.

His wife was somewhat older than himself; she died about a year ago, leaving a family of three small children. She disliked Americans as much as her husband does, and it is said always called him away if she saw him speaking with anyone of Americanesque appearance. It is said after the death of Madam Alvarado, four hundred $1,000 bills were found between the mattresses of her bed.

Alvarado never employs Americans, but has a galvanized German who does his bookkeeping. His offer of money to pay the national debt and interest of Mexico was not accepted, though doubtless made from an impulse of pure patriotism. The mining magnate transacts all business at his own home, and scarcely knows that the United States exists—though he is quite sure of Texas.

The mines in and around Parral have been worked for centuries. It is said that John Hayes Hammond, the noted mining expert, known all over the mining world, and especially in connection with South African mines, was refused admittance to the mines by Alvarado, who has refused an offer of ten million dollars for his mining property.

The modest young magnate has little idea of the value of money, and his wants are simple, though he is very fond of jewels. He speaks no English, and his one dread seems to be that some day his mines will have another owner and pass away from his family.

Parral is located fifty-six miles from the main line of the Mexican Central, at Jimerez, and is the center of extensive timber and water power, as well as of mining development. Several American companies have heavy interests here.

At Monterey we called on Consul-General Hanna, who served for many years in the American consular service, and now has charge of the nation's interests in Northern Mexico. He resides in a typical Mexican home, where he has his large law library out on the veranda, and works in the courtyard. He has made a splendid record in the service, and is popular and highly respected by the Mexican people and the government.

When I made my call on President Diaz at the National Palace, I passed under the old liberty bell, which is suspended over the entrance. Then I was escorted to the second floor, walking through long corridors handsomely furnished with massive chairs. The walls were decorated with portraits of Hidalgo and various paintings commemorative of the adoption of the constituton of Mexico.

At the end of a long corridor is a glass partition screen in front of the room of the president. I was under the guidance of Captain J. O. Monastero, who acts as interpreter, and it was indeed a pleasure to learn that the captain was one of the Mexican commissioners at the Louisiana Purchase Exposition and spent almost a whole year in St. Louis at that time. He enjoyed hearing of the wonderful interest in Mexico awakened through the handsome exhibits which the republic has provided at the various American expositions.

The president is always very busy, and visitors merely call for a few minutes to pay their respects. This was the day after his arrival home from the trip to Yucatan, and was indeed a rush day; but never for one moment, under any circumstances, does the true Mexican forget civility and courtesy, and from what I saw of President Diaz the more profound was my admiration for one of the great characters of our time — a noted man in the history of the world today.

# AMONG THE GIANTS OF PAST AGES

By Joe Mitchell Chapple

OFF to the great canyon, on the line of the Santa Fe, on which we traveled all the way to Chicago. Our next stop was at Adamana, to visit the famous Petrified Forest of Arizona. Arriving there early in the morning, we drove six miles to the famous forests. Here lives Professor John Muir, the discoverer of the celebrated Muir Glacier and the guide of President Roosevelt to the Yosemite. Professor Muir is a man who has given his life to the study and investigation of the mountains of the world, and it was indeed fortunate for us that we had him with us on our trip to the Petrified Forests.

He expects to remain here for a year, and has a modest little cottage, painted green, and already filled with specimens which he has secured after hours and days of hard work. He is adding much to the information of the scientific world.

If there ever was a place laid bare for the delight of the tourist and the research of the scientist, it is these forests.

Across the great plain of sage brush

and rabbit grass, passing over several streams with quicksand bottoms, we came suddenly upon the first forest. Strewn about were logs of jasper and agate; in one place a large tree, perhaps three feet in diameter, spans a chasm as a bridge. These trees apparently did not grown there, but were tossed down and embedded in the marle, in which may be seen shells and other relics of prehistoric times. The logs have lain there for ages, as they were probably washed down from the great cliffs or buttes. They are crumbled about in fantastic shapes, with the heart and bark of the tree plainly visible. We had a busy time looking about for specimens; it has never been computed how many tons of curios have been carried away from the forest.

Professor John Muir is a man of perhaps sixty years of age, with full beard and a kindly glint in his eye that reminded me of John Burroughs, with whom he went on the famous Harriman expedition. I was talking with him and became so interested that I came near being left in the petrified wilds, but Larry soon caught the bell rope and the wagon train was halted until I joined the party.

Mr. Muir's two daughters were with him—picturesque, healthy western girls, wearing cowboy hats decorated with red, and heavy gloves. They drove with the party to the forest and seemed perfectly at home in the wilds of the Bad Lands.

As I stood on an eminence with Professor Muir, he took out his glass and looked at the specimens, and the computation of a few thousand years did not seem to worry him in the least. He directed my attention to the "Robber's Roost," which was at one time the favorite resort of thieves or "rustlers," and also pointed out the Black Forest, where better specimens were to be found. The country about is called The Bad Lands. In the first forest the trees are highly colored, but in the Black Forest the colors are comparatively dark. It was a strange and fascinating sight. When specimens gathered are submitted to the art of the lapidary, and polished, the beautiful markings of the stone are brought out and it shines like a piece of onyx. Few people looking on these specimens realize that they are actually slices of petrified prehistoric trees. The Petrified Forest has truly been called the "God's Acre" of the trees. The stone wood glitters like jewels in the sunlight in that barren spot, relieving the desolation of the prairie seas around.

It was amusing when we first arrived at the forest, to note the general rush for specimens,—but like children gathering flowers, our party kept throwing aside the specimens first collected as they came to something which pleased them better. We went from spot to spot, and kept picking up new specimens at every turn until we had—the real rocks.

One thing is especially striking—in thinking of a forest, one naturally pictures the trees standing. Now do not go to the Petrified Forest with any such idea, because the giants are all lying prone upon the ground, swept down ages ago in some maelstrom of a great sea, the waters of which have long since vanished and the bed of the ancient ocean now lies bare to the gaze of the world—changes wrought by the mysterious forces of nature.

The party seemed to feel richly repaid for the day in the Petrified Forest. It is a surprise, for, no matter how many descriptions you may hear, it never can be understood until it is seen, and you have picked up the rocks yourself.

* * *

From Williams to Flagstaff I rode on an oil burning locomotive, number 1,006. She was a giant—Baldwin's make. When the great six-wheeler started it seemed like a mighty battleship going into the smoke and steam of the conflict. There was our little engineer, pushing the lever with his feet, and with his hand on the throttle. He wore white gloves; the fireman sat on the other side as demurely as if at a church social, fingering the little valve to "stoke up." He remarked: "Seven men and a boy would have been needed to coal an engine for that grade, but now—oil does it."

Up the grade she went and over canyons, with the artillery rolling about us in the mountains, and the engineer seemed to be like a man going into battle, intent only on one thing—going ahead. No thought of possible danger for himself, but intent on having the train on schedule time.

We flashed by the red lights of the trains at the sidings, on into the snow belt of the hills, still on and on rushed 1,006, fed by the pipes of the life-giving oil. This was a startling ride for me, for I am not so young that I cannot remember when the old wood burners were in use, with their wide open funnels, and their plentiful supply of ashes and smell of turpentine. Then came the cinders and grime of the coal burners.

This oil fuel is a wonderful stride in the economical generation of power, for the oil is always ready, no lighting of fires or waiting to get up steam, no coaling, no more the sound of the scoop of the fireman, no more smoke from the locomotive, and the lame back of the weary workers on the heavy grades will soon be read about with all the interest of a war reminiscence.

# AT THE GRAND CANYON

By Joe Mitchell Chapple

NOW I have come to the last, the great climax of the trip, which had been approached by a gradual crescendo of wonderful sights, all of absorbing interest.

In the early morning we arrived at the Grand Canyon. The party clambered out of the cars to wander up to the rim of the great chasm — just outside the famous hotel El Tovar. As I looked for the first time upon that marvelous scene, that Sunday morning at sunrise, it seemed as though all the world were in a spirit of worship before the great Divinity. Here the finite seemed to touch the Infinite. "And, far removed, God made himself an awful rose of dawn." It was not a time for words, for it was like looking into the great sepulchre of all the ages past. In this vast abyss all the inhabitants of the earth —the sky-scraper and palace, factories and huts — could be placed, and yet there would be room for ages to come. Niagara might have been at the bottom of the chasm and looked no more than a thread in the far distance.

The great cones far away seemed like the mysterious, embattled dwellings of the old Norse gods, for here Thor and Odin might have found a dwelling place suited to their fierce majesty. These might have been the veritable Asgard, the home of the Aesir of Norse mythology, and in the darker recesses of the Great Canyon, where the stars peer down through the tremendous rifts at noonday, one might well fancy himself amid the tremendous and gloomy scenes of the Ragnarok, the last struggle of Good and Evil, "The Twilight of the Gods."

At Bucky O'Neill's Point, near by, President Roosevelt stood with his sombrero and knotted kerchief when he said, "It is the duty of every American to see the Grand Canyon."

Before such grandeur words fail, and I felt that it would be an immense relief if I could be permitted to leave this out of my story, and not seek to describe these awe-inspiring scenes.

Across the vision came a battleship with red turrets, standing out below us in the billowy sea of space, and it was difficult to realize that this was merely the peculiar formation of the rocks—and not a giant ship. Every minute the vista changes. It is difficult to realize that it is 6,000 feet, or more than a mile, to the bottom—and here on the midway plateau we could see the tents pitched, looking like tiny white postage stamps in the distance. We rode to Rowe's Point, and there had another view, and on this beautiful Sabbath we needed no formal service to awaken in us the sprit of worship, for all about us were the tokens of the majesty and omnipotence of God. The soft rustle of the pines overhead made the air musical, and we felt that we were indeed in the temple of Deity. Such a scene creates a vague feeling of disappointment and distress; one wants either to laugh or to cry. The glory of infinitude oppresses the heart and awes the mind. I thought of the cowboy who was brought here to look upon this wonderful scene. He stood beside a minister who gave utterance to his feelings of worship for the Great Creator in suitable language and solemn Bishop tones, but the cowboy had no standards with which to gauge his thoughts; he said, in equally solemn and reverential tones, turning to his companion, with hat off and one foot on a stump, "Bill, doesn't this beat hell?"

The cowboy and the minister meant exactly the same thing — but the language varied.

On a perilous point, not far from the hotel, the artist Moran, whose pictures adorn the national capitol at Washington, sat for hours making sketches, silently worshipping at the shrine to which his life's devotion is paid. 'Though he is now almost seventy-six years of age, and has made almost a life study of such scenes, he still insists that the human hand is unequal to the task of painting such grandeur and colors as are to be found in the Grand Canyon.

Of course we had to visit the bottom of this wonderful abyss—wanted to get to the bottom of things, you know. There was some hesitation—but I felt that I could not make any excuse that would satisfy the readers of the National, so I ventured on the back of "Midnight,"—a mule of skittish disposition. The first few moments of descent covers somewhat precipitous ground — to put it mildly— and as Midnight went round the ledges it seemed to me that she always sought the very outside rim of the precipice on which to walk. I held my breath and wore the shoulder of my coat off leaning against the wall to preserve my balance. About half way down I looked around me and saw a cheering sight for a traveler upon the mountainside—the body of a dead mule. However, there was no turning back, and I resigned myself to my fate—and Midnight. Down and down and down we went, over those winding paths—until, after about three hours of descent, we came upon tents used by tourists who had spent the night in the canyon.

o o o

After a rest we drove over to the plateau, and there looked down hundreds of feet upon another canyon, a canyon within a canyon.

As we made the descent, the canyons seemed to grow in proportion with every glance. Here were the shadows playing on the sides of the great red sandstone walls, and on the topmost rim was a streak of yellow with its turrets that might have suited a castle for the Colossus of Rhodes.

Tiny springs on the plateau sent in their contribution to the little rivulets, but the great interior is dry as a bone. On the plateau we threw a rock off, and the suction drew it in quickly, showing that power of gravitation and suction which is now noticeable between the sky scrapers of New York.

One cannot look upon this great wonder and not think of Powell, whose story of exploration is one of the most fascinating books of the government archives. The thrilling adventures related there are a priceless contribution to the scientific and geographical knowledge of the world.

We had lunch on the plateau, and how trivial and insignificant we felt with our egg shells scattered on the great rocks, where the egg shells left by former visitors showed that we were not the first party to lunch on this romantic spot, where it seemed almost desecration even to eat. We could have sat there for hours and let our fancies play around the wonderful scenes about us.

From the bottom of the canyon you can look up and see the stars at noonday as plain as though it were midnight. Well, I had to get on Midnight and return—what comes down must go up,— to reverse the natural law. I had already begun to walk bowlegged, due to my efforts to keep my precarious seat astride my steed. The return was the climax of the day. Before us was constantly presented what seemed like impassable heights, and it set me to moralizing on the precipitous difficulties of life — how impassable the steep places seem—and yet when one approaches firmly and believingly and looks close enough, there is always a way up for those who search long and earnestly. Up and up we climbed to those apparently impassable places, though it seemed to me that Midnight just zig-zagged aimlessly up a kind of "Jacob's Ladder." Yet we had occasion to dismount only in one place and then it was out of consideration for the poor, hard-breathing animals to whom the Grand Canyon is no pleasure trip, bearing their burdens day by day, carrying people fat and lean, tall and short, up and down these precipitous places.

There were a few exciting moments when Midnight, meeting pedestrians, declined to pass them and insisted on turning around in a circle in less than two feet of space, and then dashing down the hill. Yes, I hung on, and finally the animal found a place to turn back again where there was a little more room for the maneuver than at first.

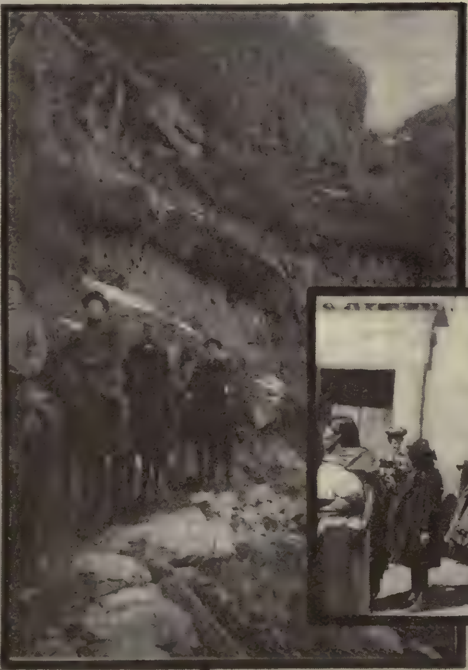
Toward evening we approached the

OUR JEHU, HELEN MUIR
PETRIFIED FOREST

TYPICAL MEXICAN FATHER AND SON.

WEEPING TREE, MEXICO CITY

EN ROUTE TO CHOLULU WITH
PIGEON DONKEYS.



DESCENDING THE
GRAND CANYON

JOHN MUIR,
GEOLOGIST,
IN PETRIFIED
FOREST.

crest, and again it seemed as though some great silence was bidding us farewell. I felt that we were at the vesper service of the submerged mountains, and the mysterious requiem of past ages was being chanted in inaudible sounds. All was silent—not even the jangling of a bell. To realize that it was thirteen miles across that great chasm, from rim to rim, seemed impossible, and it was almost like reaching some far-off port when we were greeted with the cheery smiles of the party, and the proofs of photographs taken by the photographer before we started on our cruise—having left the pictures behind in case we failed to return from the depths.

o o o

What a contrast all this solitary grandeur was to the cheery gaiety of the hotel! Mr. C. A. Brant, the manager of the hotel, has not only the reputation of being one of the best hotel men of the world, but has experience reaching from Montevideo, in South America, to Peoria, and the Union League, in Chicago and New York City. In addition to all this he is a man thoroughly in love with the Grand Canyon and all its beauties, and never can the hospitality of Mine Host Brant and his good wife be forgotten.

The famous El Tovar hotel is named after a Spanish Captain, who is said to have been the first to visit the Canyon, centuries ago. Constructed of logs, with a Navajo hogan, or loggia, it is altogether picturesque and cheery. All through the chandeliers are made of rough-hewn wood, and the electric light globes in the form of bells suggest the chimes of an old mission.

We were surprised to learn that, although there is water in that canyon—on account of certain private mining claims — it is impossible to have it brought where it is needed, to the hotel, and it now costs the proprietor eighty-seven dollars a day to bring water from a place 150 miles away, although close at hand there is the purest of spring water in abundance.

It is difficult to understand the spirit which finds amusement in blowing up a mass of rock gathered on the rim of the Grand Canyon — yet this was recently done, endangering life below. If there is any congressman or government official who does not realize the crying necessity of taking care of this matter at once, let him take a trip to the Grand Canyon, and he will come back and start on the proper legislation without delay.

No one can visit this marvelous place without wondering why congress does not immediately and without fail provide funds for making this a great reserve and caring for it as they do for the Yellowstone Park. It is said that vandalism has already begun its work, and that every part of this great natural treasure house needs the protection of Uncle Sam.

Not far from the hotel is the village of the Hopi Indians, and here the tourist has an opportunity to see just how these people live. They are at work on the blankets for which they find ready sale, one blanket sometimes bringing quite a high price. Of course our 115 soon became the possessors of a large number of these curios. In these blankets the Swastika cross prevails as an ornament, an emblem that even antedates the sacred cross of Calvary. It is singular that an emblem formed originally from the "gamma" or the third letter of the Greek alphabet should be a common sign among these Indians, among whom it evidently has special significance.

The Hopi Indians are known by some as the Snake Indians. Their villages are very curious, the homes being entered at the top by means of ladder. They believe in the under world and are content in the bottom of the canyons. The Hopis are convinced that all their troubles have come upon them since they came to live in the light. Their idea of heaven is the reverse of ours, as they hope to find their happy hunting grounds in the under world rather than in the sky.

I made diligent inquiry about the various stories of the origin of the Grand Canyon, and one version was given me as coming direct from Sir John Murray of the Royal Geographical Society of England. He believes that at one time there was a great salt sea covering this land, of which the Salt Lake of Utah is a remnant. Then came the subsidence of the earth's surface, causing it to crack open along the Colorado canyons, when the waters contained here rushed down to join the sea. This is indicated by the sandstone formation in the canyon, which shows where the top rim of the canyons was once an ocean bed. Then the rim of the canyons formed so much higher than the rest of the ground that it was not possible for any water to rush back into these places, with the exception of the Colorado river, which is fed by the rainfall and the mountain springs. This tremendous crack in the earth's surface was doubtless occasioned by volcanic heat, which may be seen on a very small scale in the baking of bread; when the crust cracks open, the steam rushes forth, and as the cooling process goes on the sides of the crack are found to remain much higher than the rest of the loaf. On a gigantic scale, it is believed this same process took place in the Grand and other canyons.

The night before leaving, I wandered out to see the sunset, and stood where I had viewed the sunrise on the canyon. Across the abyss were the vivid colors of the god of day. As I looked it seemed for a minute as though I could see the unfurled folds of the Stars and Stripes in alternating stripes of blue and red, but this thought passed as I saw the tokens of the great Power that holds the earth "in the hollow of His hand" and speaks to the weary world at the sunset hour the sweet word "Rest."

At El Tovar, on the rim of the Grand Canyon, we had the desire to remain indefinitely, though we had been more than four weeks away from home. That last evening we had a meeting in the music room, at which Charles D. Clarke, of Peoria, was chairman, and a number of addresses were given by various members of the party, telling of what had appealed most to them during the tour. It was a most delightful interchange of impressions and revealed how widely varied were the views of each member of the party. I think if there was anything not observed by that 115 when in Mexico, it was not visible to the naked eye or tourist field glass.

Then there was a tribute to Larry, and his response; the solemn conclave concerning "drawn work" and souvenirs. What a variety there was—the man with a penchant for canes was carrying back all sorts and sizes, not omitting a "big stick" for President Roosevelt. In like manner each one had catered to his own particular tastes, and all remembered the dear ones at home. What memories of Mexico were recalled,—from the stately cathedrals to the natives who find their happiness in eating a joint of sugar cane.

The good cheer of that meeting was a fitting close to the tour, for on the morrow we were to part, as about half of the party were to leave for California.

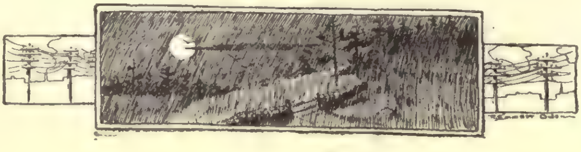
A snake dance had been witnessed before, and the party was sent off amid wild orgies which might have done justice to the Hopi Indians themselves. There were staid business men dancing with whoops and war cries to the clanging of the locomotive bell, as the California party moved away amid shouts of good cheer, and a feeling of sadness that was almost akin to the breaking of home ties.

On the trip the baggage car had been filled with trophies of every sort and size, which gradually diminished as the party dropped off one by one along the road. At Albuquerque we took up other members of the party who had been revelling in the curio establishments of the famous Fred Harvey while we were off exploring the Grand Canyon.

We left some of the friends in Kansas and some in Missouri. That journey home seemed too swift, but promptly on time. The train often ran seventy and eighty miles an hour across the plains of Kansas. After breakfasting for the last time together, came the time for fervent hand shakings. We all felt that each one had 114 more friends than when we started out.

It was calculated that there were 17,455 exposures taken with our amateur cameras, which did not include the pictures taken in the Grand Canyon, to say nothing of the posing of the mule "Midnight."

Well, we parted at the gate where we had met five weeks before as strangers, feeling that now we were friends for all time. All hail to General Gates, the man who met us at that gate which swung open to admit lifelong friendships and memories of unforgetable days spent in Mexico and among the world-wonders of Arizona. Laden with trophies and blankets, we greeted the folks at home—and now will always date everything from —that month in Mexico.



# THE SONORA NEWS COMPANY

PUT it down in your notebook and see if I am not right — among the places you will remember most distinctly when you visit Mexico are the shops of The Sonora News Company. There you will purchase curios and reminders which will grace your home and proclaim to everyone who looks upon them with admiring eye, that you have "been to Mexico."

Adjoining the old Hotel Iturbide are the justly celebrated art rooms of the Sonora News Company in Mexico City, and when I say it is a real treat to visit this museum of rare treasures, I only make a statement which a visit to Mexico will promptly verify. There is here a collection of beautiful and genuine antiquities, many of which were brought to the continent by the redoubtable Castilians to grace their homes in the New World. I can never forget the morning I first visited this establishment. On every side were suggestions of ages past, of such unimpeachable merit that visitors quickly realize their exceptional value, their confidence further being assured by the accorded privilege of returning any purchase not in every way satisfactory.

In this establishment is a collection which delights the connoisseur. It is amazing to learn that such treasures have been secured in comparatively so short a time, for often years and even centuries have been consumed in bringing together an assortment that so completely tells the history of the world in ages past.

Approaching the stairway to the second floor, a fine collection of the armaments of earlier days is seen in formidable array, and nothing more clearly shows the progress of Mexico, for whereas in years past all these pistols, swords and other instruments of warfare would have been in active use, they hang here as home ornaments, no longer necessary for the welfare of the inhabitants, who now have a stronger guarantee of peace and safety than the might of an individual right arm, or "a sword hand."

Here may be seen the vase presented by Louis Phillippe of France to Santa Anna, the Mexican dictator — in fact, every article has its own complete story and works of art of the superb collection of all kinds makes the store a means of obtaining a glimpse into the historic past of Mexico.

The Sonora News Company possess one of Reubens' original famous trio of Bacchante pictures, the second being in the Dresden gallery and the third in the Hermitage, St. Petersburg. It will certainly not be long before this rare and genuine painting finds a place in the art gallery of some collector who visits Mexico.

To my mind one of the most fascinating objects in the store was an ancient, inlaid ivory desk brought from Spain centuries ago to find its place in the palacio of some wealthy Spaniard. The present price is $12,000 Mexican money. It is of rare and curious workmanship, and in the molding and inlay are buttons, mysteriously concealed, which on being pressed reveal hidden drawers or tiny recesses, for in those old days there were few safe banks or vaults; desks were very carefully made and were cherished almost as sacredly as a shirne.

The gold idol recently unearthed in the state of Guerrero is here shown. Upon it are exquisitely wrought designs which speak of the skilled workmanship of an almost forgotten race, for this was made in the pre-Aztec period. On it the floor of a temple is represented. The idol itself was made to commemorate the achievements of the "king of the wounded foot." To the eye of the expert the story is told as plainly as on the printed page, and it has a strange interest for the wayfaring tourist. This idol is one of the rarest relics ever discovered of the lost Toltec tribes. It dates from the thirteenth century, yet the workmanship could not be excelled today.

The antique carved wood furniture indicates the skill and art of the craftsmen of early days following the Spanish conquest. The equable climate of Mexico has kept all these wooden articles in an admirable state of preservation, and it is wonderful how the objects collected here have withstood the ravages of time.

A heavily gilded candlestick was there that had been recently purchased from one of the churches. It is richly carved, and I was told that these are usually found in pairs and are decorated, as this one was, in exquisite taste. There was also a fine assortment of mantillas, Spanish lace, tapestries and zarapes, and it was wonderful how so varied a collection could be arranged to harmonize as it did.

DRESDEN PORCELAIN FIGURES
CHURCH VESTMENTS
GOLD IDOL
CARVED WOOD FIREPLACE
[illegible] FROM THE MAXIMILIAN
SECTION OF ART ROOM
SOLID GOLD AZTEC IDOL 15TH CENTURY
[illegible]
CHURCH CHAIR
SACRIFICIAL COLLAR OR YOKE

# LET'S TALK IT OVER

AT least once every Winter it is entertaining and inspiring for me to attend some notable dinner held in Washington. One of the most memorable banquets of the season at the capital was that given by Uncle Joe Cannon, speaker of the house, in honor of the Gridiron Club.

It was one of the most comprehensive gatherings ever held at a banquet board — there were the president, vice-president, members of the cabinet, members of the supreme court, prominent members of the various diplomatic corps, His Eminence Cardinal Gibbons, Bishop Fowler and other prominent divines.

There were congressmen without stint; there were railway presidents; in fact almost every phase of American life was represented—including the publishers. The hum of the reception at eight o'clock indicated how naturally all the different representatives affiliated.

The gathering was a supreme test of the social qualities, for there was no distinction as to any position held by an individual, but each guest stood purely on his own personal qualities.

There was President Roosevelt in one corner, quite equal to the sociabilities of the occasion; there was the stately form of Vice President Fairbanks, looking down and beaming upon Editor Sleicher of Leslie's Weekly. Dignified senators walked about, bestowing a handshake here and there that had all the fervor of a church social.

Here I met the venerable Honorable Levi P. Morton, ex-vice president of the United States, as bright and entertaining as when he presided over the senate in the days of the Harrison administration. There was Justice Harlan telling his favorite story, with Senators Allison and Kean as attentive listeners. Here was Robert G. Cousins, one of the most eloquent congressmen. Close by him was Judge Walter I. Smith, philosopher and sage, of Iowa. Then there was the towering form of Charles Littlefield of Maine, who was trying to convince John Sharp Williams that he was really a Yankee after all. College presidents and professors were there, talking in rich, measured phrase and using grammar that is parsable—according to diagram.

* * *

The Gridiron Club was formed about twenty-five years ago, and was composed of about forty correspondents of the various newspapers throughout the country. Their first dinners were very modest affairs at Walker's; then they began to invite a few friends, until in later years these festive occasions have become without doubt the most notable dinners given in the country, for, as the boys say, "they have the real material to work upon" for keen wit and satire. The guests are pointed out at the table and named, and there is no escape from the shafts that are flying.

For twenty-five years Uncle Joe has been a victim of the Gridiron Club, and in those conflicts honorable scars were won in the exchange of timely compliment.

The "three bells" declaring a "call of the house," sounded at eight, and the massive curtains were drawn aside; Speaker Cannon escorted President Roosevelt, while Mr. Fearn, president of the club, escorted Vice President Fairbanks. The tables were in the form of a gridiron, in honor of the club, and Uncle Joe, as the host, held aloft the gavel in his left hand. The banquet room looked like a miniature botanical

# A SILVER PLATED MEASURING SPOON

FOR PANTRY AND MEDICINE CLOSET

## FREE

TO USERS OF

## Armour's
## EXTRACT of BEEF

*The Best Extract of the Best Beef*

### DON'T SEND US ANY MONEY

Ask your druggist or grocer for one.

*The Spoon offer expires August 1st, 1906.*

Each buyer of Armour's Extract of Beef may secure one of our Spoons free by asking their dealer for one. If he cannot supply it, send us the metal cap on the jar and one will be sent postpaid to any address in the U. S.

### WHAT THE MEASURING SPOON IS FOR

This Spoon is intended for the pantry or medicine closet. It may be hung on a nail in a convenient place, and is always handy. It accurately measures fluids, solids, and powders, and insures against using too large quantities.

ARMOUR & COMPANY, CHICAGO

garden; on the stage at one end the capitol building was reproduced, illuminated with electric lights representing a night scene. This was the work of Elliott Woods. One could almost imagine a night sitting actively at work during the closing days of the session. In the balcony the Marine Band played, and everywhere were masses of smilax and Spring flowers.

* * *

Each guest found an imitation of a house admission card at his plate, admitting the bearer to the Speaker's gallery of the Gridiron; each card bore the Speaker's autograph.

MINIATURE REPRODUCTION OF THE CAPITOL AT NIGHT AT SPEAKER CANNON'S DINNER TO THE GRIDIRON CLUB

The menu cards contained clever sketches and photographs. The dinner was hardly under way before the fun commenced with the rousing chorus by the jolly singers of the club

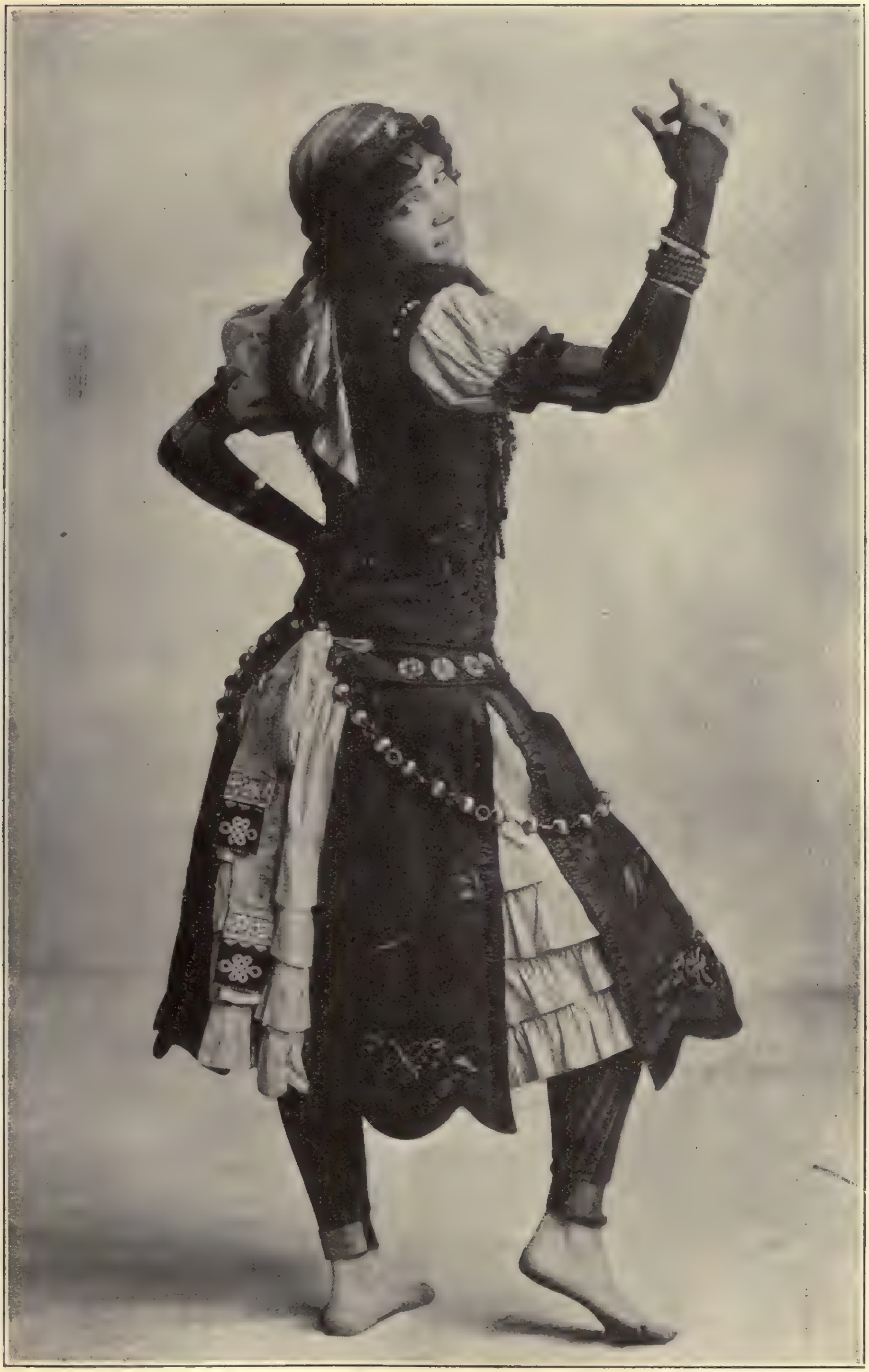
"Mister Speaker, Mister Speaker,
You're a la la in the chair.
Not quite the Czarina,
But they know that you are there.
Mister Speaker, Mister Speaker,
Oh, please to catch my eye,
Please let me have the floor just once,
Mister Speaker, ere I die."

This was specially written for the occasion by Mr. Hay, with music by Mr. Xander. The soloist carried out the characteristic gestures of the Speaker, with the inevitable cigar between the first and second fingers.

The dinners of the Gridiron Club are conducted on the theory that "ladies are always present," though reporters are excluded. Of course no one is attacked or satirized unless he is there to defend himself, so the witty sallies and darts are all hurled at "present company."

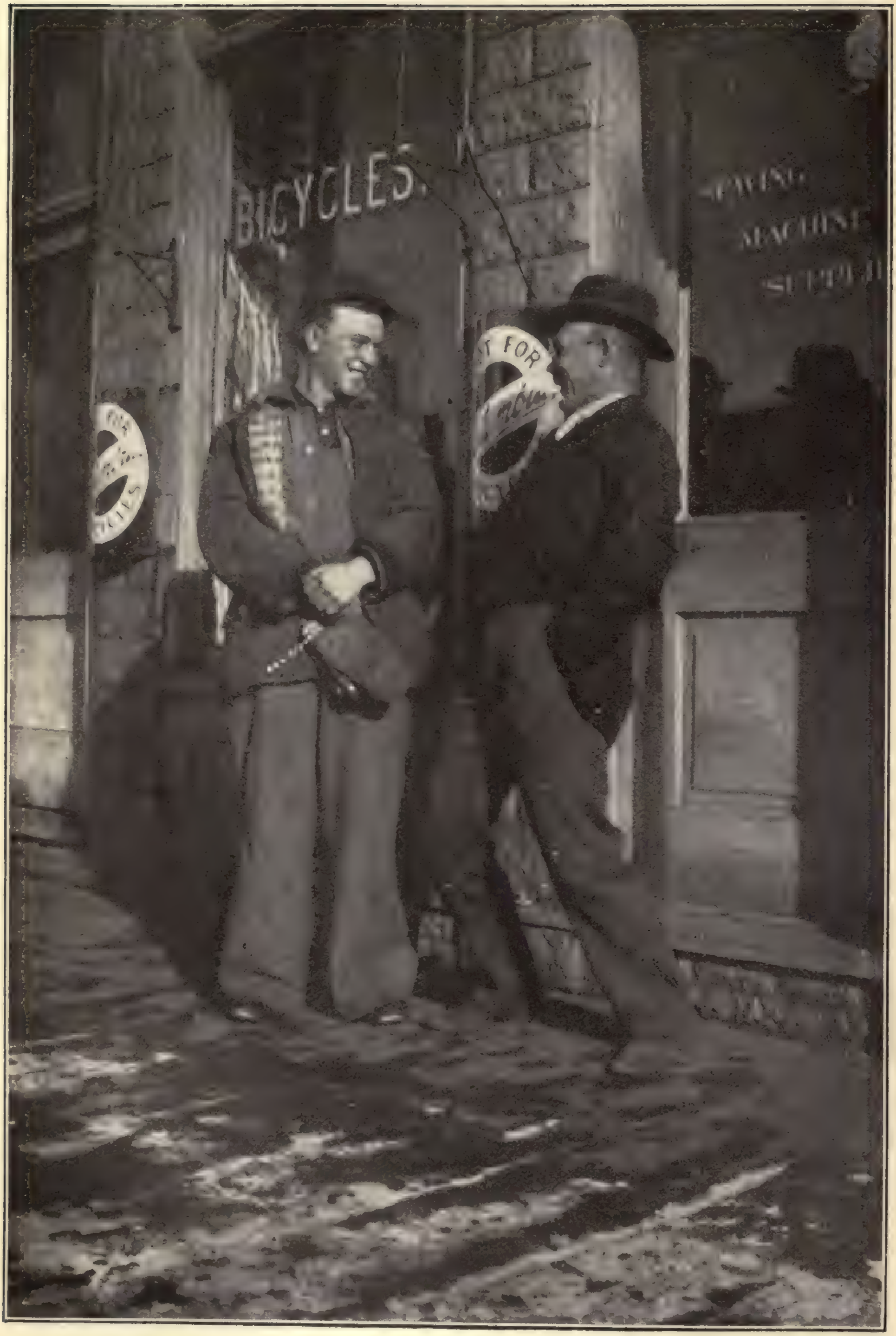
* * *

In the early evening hours the diners were astonished by a group of characters "just arrived from Danville." They were members of the Gridiron Club rep-



PUBLIC DANCING-GIRL IN THE PHILIPPINES

(See "Adventures of a Special Correspondent", page 292)



"THE POINT OF THE JOKE"

Snapshot Photograph by C. F. Smisor, Muskegon, Michigan

NATIONAL MAGAZINE

VOLUME XXIV JUNE, 1906 NUMBER THREE

# Affairs at Washington

## *By* Joe Mitchell Chapple

"WHAT is so rare as a day in June?" — you've heard the rhyme. The atmosphere is balmy and the buds are bursting everywhere. Many of the trees have already come into full leafage in the beautiful parks, and here and there a statue gleams through the leaves. All the seats are occupied, the people seem to be enjoying themselves and no one apparently has anything else to do excepting the capitol guides. Baby-carriages, of course, and policemen not far away. The Washington police are very active in their care of baby-

SPEAKER CANNON INTRODUCING PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT AT THE LAYING OF THE CORNERSTONE OF THE CONGRESSIONAL OFFICE BUILDING

Photograph copyright 1906 by the National Press Association carriages, especially if the child is in charge of a good-looking nurse.

Every seat in the "Seeing America" automobiles is taken. Each month in Washington seems to have its especial character, and the month of June has a mood all its own. Picture Washington in June! Picture everywhere bright and happy faces—the bride and groom: the middle-aged father and mother, who have left their family at home or the old couple whose birds have all left the family nest—they come to enjoy a second honeymoon this beautiful June weather: the school-boys, with wide open eyes and attentive ears, all eager to "see the sights," for it is here that lessons of American history may be learned, never to be forgotten; and here is a group of merry teachers, out for a holiday.

At the White House we saw a group of bright-eyed seminary girls, who had come with their teacher to "see the president." They were compelled to wait some time in the anteroom; this was the hour when the secret service men held their reception. A secret service man is no such fierce and terrible person as one might suppose, with drooping black moustache, shark eyes and eagle glance—he is just as likely to be a stylish young man who looks as if he might serve on a reception committee at a pink tea.

On this day it rained, and instead of the last contingent of hand-shakers passing out from the open door, they circled around through the anterooms and back again to the entrance, and it was refreshing to hear the young ladies' admiring comments on the president.

It was a veteran journalist with a red necktie who sat beside me that day and called my attention to this conclusion:

"If you really want to know why it is that America possesses the prominence it enjoys today, just observe the vision passing now."

He alluded to a group of young girls, as they went by, heads erect, eyes observant, nothing escaping their notice—not meek and lowly—not clinging vines—but conscious of the power and inspiration they impart to their brothers, fathers and sweethearts. As it was a rainy day outside, we unconsciously got our eyes fixed on the stack of umbrellas that those girls had piled up outside, not exactly in military precision. If any man had placed his umbrella among so many others, he never would have dared remove his gaze from it a moment, for fear of forgetting what it looked like and failing to recognize it when the time came to take it again. But the young ladies sat on the edges of their chairs, leaning over to talk to each other or to their chaperon with the purple hat, and this was the time when the newspaper boys fixed their ties and talked to each other in tones that meant the conversation was not all about copy or news. When it was all over and the girls passed through this room on their way out, it was fascinating indeed to watch the deft way in which each one promptly and without hesitation picked out her own umbrella.

This was a serious lesson to me, for I had that morning started for the White House with an umbrella possessing holes in the roof and two broken ribs. On visiting the press-room, I carefully placed it in the waste-basket, the umbrella receiver, and when I came away I took the only umbrella visible. Upon reaching my destination I found that—for the first time in my life—I had secured a really sound umbrella instead of the disabled awning I had started with. Then the discovery, the endeavor to stifle the admonitions of conscience to walk back and place that umbrella where I found it to await the return of its owner—the telephone rang. It was a secret service man, who asked if I was sure I had taken the right umbrella. I knew it was no use then, so I made a merit of necessity and marched back and placed the good umbrella once more in the waste basket.

EVEN the old-time newspaper men and residents of the national capital, who are wont to awake to enthusiasm in relating the reminiscences of stirring days gone by, concede there never has been a time in the history of the United States senate when more ability in debate has been displayed on the floor than during the past session. If every reader of the National Magazine could have heard these debates, there would be little significance for them in the unjust attacks made upon the senate. Any man who knows what he is talking about, or understands the sort of men who constitute the senate, could never doubt the loyalty, and could never even harbor a suspicion of treason among the members of that body. There is a higher average of strength, mental, moral and physical, in the senate today than ever before. The variety of talent here has been conspicuous for some years past, and the individual strength of the members today is evidenced in the fact that they have risen above party lines. This conclusion was fixed firmly and conclusively in my mind by every newspaper man I met who had a personal knowledge of the senators.

SENORA DE PORTELA, WIFE OF THE ARGENTINE MINISTER AT WASHINGTON

Those who have not come into close contact with this body may not fully realize the splendid ability, earnest conviction and unimpeachable integrity of the United States senate as it stands today. There may be black sheep, as there are in most institutions, but the promiscuous assaults made on the senate are as unreasonable as they are illogical and untrue. It is little understood that many of these men are serving in congress at personal sacrifice—so far as money is concerned. I consider it a special honor and privilege to have made the personal acquaintance of these men who have distinguished themselves in the service of the nation.

SENOR DON GORGE MUNOZ, GUATEMALAN MINISTER AT WASHINGTON

THE average person little realizes the vital importance of the work transacted in the committee rooms at the national capitol. With frequent meetings during the session of the senate, the committee on interoceanic canals has accumulated a mass of information which it would be impossible for any large deliberative body to assimilate. Day by day that committee has sat there, analyzing and probing, getting at the facts and figures which will save this country millions of dollars, as well as make the completion of the canal possible.

SENATOR HEYBURN OF IDAHO, THE AUTHOR OF THE PURE FOOD LAW

The other day I had the pleasure of seeing Senator Dryden of New Jersey, who has served so faithfully on this committee; he was selected at the suggestion of Senator Hanna—who was the soul of this committee at its inception.

Senator Dryden is also chairman of another committee on which Senator Hanna did important work, that of enrolled bills, and it is doubtful whether the simple, democratic, straightforward way in which Senator Dryden has served his nation is fully understood. Indeed, the insignia of the great insurance company which he has made one of the chief business institutions of the world is well chosen, for if there ever was a Gibraltar of strength and power to those who know him, it is the senator from New Jersey. I found him one evening at his home in Washington, with a mass of documents before him, studying them as intently as a judge going over his case. There were amendments and bills on every side; the evening spent with him was indeed an inspiration. After this talk with him I could understand why it was that men like Senator Dryden have achieved results in every undertaking. New Jersey has reason to be proud of his work.

REPRESENTATIVE LILLY, PENNSYLVANIA

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IF anyone will read the debates in the senate on the railroad rate question, I think all will agree that the speeches of Senator Spooner, La Follette and Dolliver, Tillman, Bailey, Kean and Foraker, reveal strong minds and earnest convictions. Senator John Kean of New Jersey, in a few concise remarks one afternoon, called attention to the fact that the senate was assembled under the Constitution of the United States, and that anything done or said outside of that was without effect, because the senate was the creature of the constitution. He laid particular stress upon the legislative powers possessed by the congress of the United States, contending that these powers cannot be delegated to a commission or to the courts. Senator Kean is a man who does not appear frequently in the Congressional Record, but has long been recognized as one of those forceful members who have had much to do with legislative measures which really legislate. He maintains that equilibrium to which every citizen of the United States aspires, and strives for perfection in all that he undertakes, whether it be much or little.

I was in the senate chamber the afternoon that Senator Foraker made his speech on the railway rate bill, with an alternate scowl and smile, emphasizing his ability as a lawyer as well as law-maker. Senators Tillman, Bailey and Bacon and all the opposition were here with interrogations and confusing questions on the proposition, bringing out all manner of fine legal points. It was most interesting and instructive to watch the play of the human mind flashing here and there—and how the most delicate suggestion, even the lifting of an eyebrow, sometimes changes the whole tenor of a discussion. The test at one time hinged on the words "just compensation." Senator Bailey said he used this phrase because it was a common term in condemning land for a right-of-way.

Senator Foraker related how the peach orchards of South Carolina and Georgia had been made possible because of adjustment of rates. While the Delaware rate into New York must not be too high, yet never was there much complaint from the growers of the South that their rate was too low. All this, he contended, had resulted in the generally diffused development of the country, bringing out at long range all the possible resources of the nation.

Senator Tillman was ever ready with rich, interesting and forceful comment to push forward the rate bill of which he had charge.

It is fitting that the Allison amendment should be the one which has finally united the different factions in the prospective passage of the rate bill.

GENERAL FRANKLIN BELL, THE NEW CHIEF OF THE GENERAL STAFF OF THE ARMY

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THE young member from Iowa, Representative Dawson, made a hit the other day in his great defence of and tribute to the American hen, when he proved conclusively from statistics that the poultry products of the nation were greater in value than any crop of cotton, and larger than the gold coinage of Great Britain. He showed that the American hen produces wealth equal to all the capital stock of the banks of the New York Clearing House, and that the hens can do this in three months and have a week to spare. In sixty days the product of these wonderful birds equals the annual production of all the gold mines in the United States, and they create more wealth in six months than all the pig iron mined in this country for twice that period. The height of eloquence was reached by the speaker when he announced that if the American hen were given one year and ten months, she would pay off all the interest-bearing debt of the United States. This statement was received amid bursts of applause, and the doughty American eagle will have to look well to his laurels as the national emblematic bird.

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A VERY small proportion of the work of a representative in congress is known to his constituents. Much of the time and energy of legislators is devoted to national measures, over which they toil in their committee rooms in the interest of projects that concern the nation at large, and for which the hardest worker receives scant credit in the general summing up of congressional achievement among his constituents.

There is Congressman Minor, with his shipping bill, who has visited nearly every lake port and seaport in the United States to get facts at first hand and collect information which as an old, experienced sea dog he knows to be absolutely reliable, for he is well fitted to judge of such matters.

There is another busy man in one of the wide window alcoves in the room of the committee on naval affairs. Here, at an alcove desk littered with correspondence, Representative Vreeland was hammering away to clear up the regular routine of accumulated business which piles up during the hours of working time in a committee-room and on the floor. There has never been a time in which the demand for work on strictly national measures has been so exacting.

A new arrangement has been provided at the capitol by the doorkeeper, F. P. Lyons, to prevent the unwary congressman from being annoyed by the solicitations of book agents and peddlers—a change effected by the appeal of certain members. Now it requires correct answers to a somewhat rigid catechism to get at a congressman during working hours.

Another new departure is the quarters in Statuary Hall, reserved exclusively for ladies, which proved a great convenience during the recent session. Among the heroic and classic figures representing the various states, the congressmen are now consulted by the ladies, doing away with blocking the corridors and filling up the deep window recesses.

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AN interesting incident is told of the grace and chivalry of the delegate from Hawaii, Jonah K. Kalanianaole. Can you conceive of a more curious combination of vowels and consonants than appears in this name? However it may read, the delegate from Hawaii now hears his full name properly pronounced by his fellow members as clearly as the three Smiths in congress. During the early days of the session he drew a seat and it chanced to be that formerly held by Congressman Dalzell, who was one of the last to have a choice, and who was, therefore, obliged to "go away back and sit down." The delegate from Hawaii offered his seat to the gentleman from Pennsylvania, a courtesy graciously appreciated by the republican leader. Mr. Kalanianaole made a speech in congress in which he said that the more he saw of Washington, the more he believes that his native land registered the greatest day of its history when it became a part of the United States.

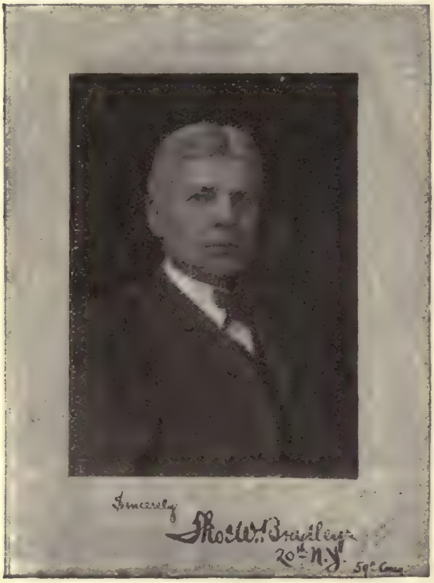
GOVERNOR CHARLES MAGOON OF THE PANAMA CANAL STRIP

COMING down Pennsylvania avenue on a street car, I met the gallant Admiral Schley and saluted him.

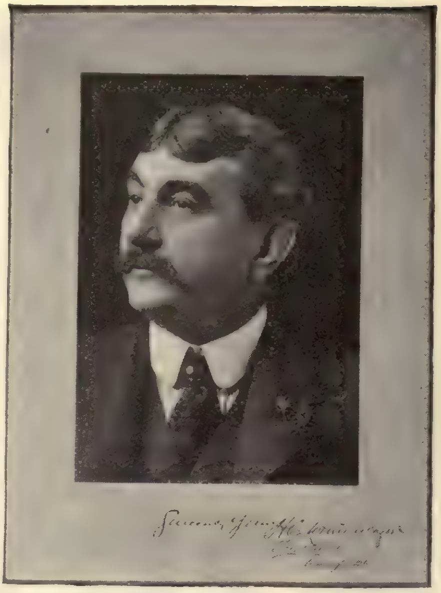
The doughty hero of Santiago was attired in civilian clothes and had just returned from Harrisburg, where he had made a notable after-dinner speech on the evolution of the navy — a rather ponderous subject, but the admiral is a happy speaker on such occasions, saying much in few words.

The sight of the admiral called to

mind our meeting a few months ago at the banquet in Peoria, where Thomas W. Lawson was the chief attraction, but when he was called upon at ten minutes past twelve to deliver his 9,000 carefully prepared words, he refused. This banquet was a superb affair given by the noted Creve Coeur Club, which has taken its name from the expression of La Salle, the voyageur, who settled at Peoria, living in a hut which he called "the bleeding heart," or "Creve Coeur," in the lonely hours of penning his chronicle.



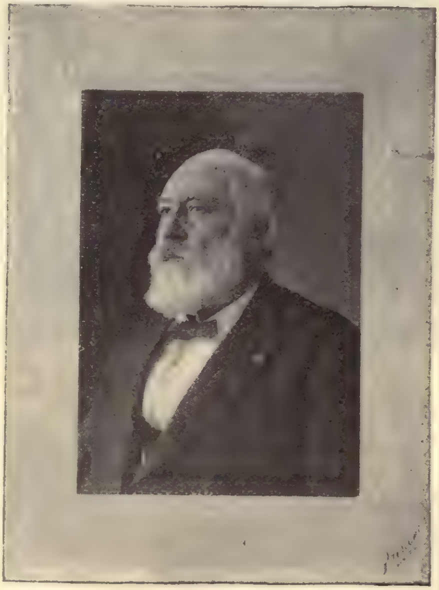
REPRESENTATIVE BRADLEY OF NEW YORK



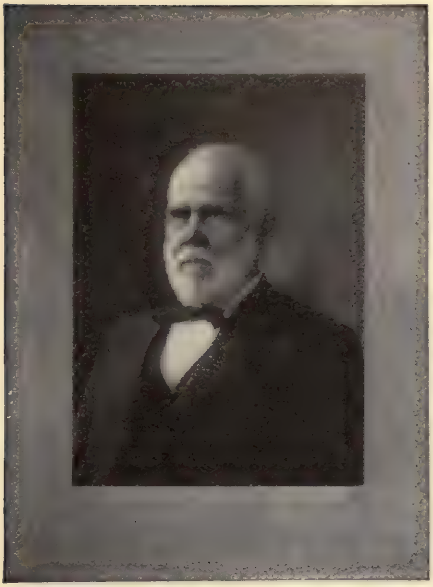
REPRESENTATIVE LOUDENSLAGER, NEW JERSEY

The banquet was on Washington's birthday and the scene was one never to be forgotten, for the decorations consisted of a handsome reproduction of Mount Vernon on the spacious stage. There were Congressman J. Adam Bede, President A. B. Stickney of the Chicago Great Western railway, Congressman C. A. Towne, and a galaxy of other notable speakers, but among them all Admiral Schley maintained his purpose, and, though respecting the admonition to consume no more than his allotted twelve or fifteen minutes, he gave the people an inimitable and never-to-be-forgotten talk — a glimpse of a real naval officer in oratorical action.

As we reached our destination on the street car and alighted, the admiral re-



REPRESENTATIVE KIEFER OF OHIO, A FORMER SPEAKER



REPRESENTATIVE DAVIS OF WEST VIRGINIA

sponded to the salute in the same graceful way in which he is pictured on the bridge at Santiago—with the same gestures that make his after-dinner talks so delightful.

REPRESENTATIVE CLAYTON OF ALABAMA

THERE is a modest little legation on Hillyer Place, not exactly a Swiss chalet, but a very pleasant quarter, and it is here that Mr. Leo Vogel, the Swiss minister, watches over the welfare of his government in American affairs.

Mr. Vogel has been in Washington as minister only since last November, but was previously in the diplomatic service, and has a wide experience of American affairs. He paid a splendid tribute to the present president of the Swiss republic, Mr. Forrer. The members of the Swiss federal assembly, who are elected by

REPRESENTATIVE WANGER OF PENNSYLVANIA

direct vote of the people, choose seven counsellors or cabinet members, and these seven men elect one of their number to act as their chairman and president of the republic. Each of the seven counsellors has charge of one of the federal departments, as do the members of the cabinet of an American president. The difference is that here the president chooses the cabinet, while in Switzerland the cabinet chooses the president.

It is a curious fact that although there are three languages spoken in Switzer-

LEO VOGEL, SWISS MINISTER AT WASHINGTON

land—French, German and Italian—very little difficulty is found in transacting business, because the cantons or states attend to their own legislation rather than centralize it in the federal government.

The trade of Switzerland with the United States is growing very rapidly. A large number of fine cattle have been exported to this country during the past year, and Swiss cheese and butter and condensed milk are finding a steady sale in our markets. In talking about Swiss manufactures, I was interested to learn that Peters' chocolate is as popular there as it is here. The little cakes sold on the trains have helped to pass away tedious hours for many a traveler, and Mr. Vogel quite agreed with me that it was a very valuable manufacture, its nourishing properties making it far more than a mere sweetmeat.

The chief source of income in Switzerland, the playground of the whole world, is the hotel business. There are many Americans who can recall visits to the quaint, picturesque chalets of the Alps, and there are few homes in this country into which a Swiss clock of some kind has not been brought.

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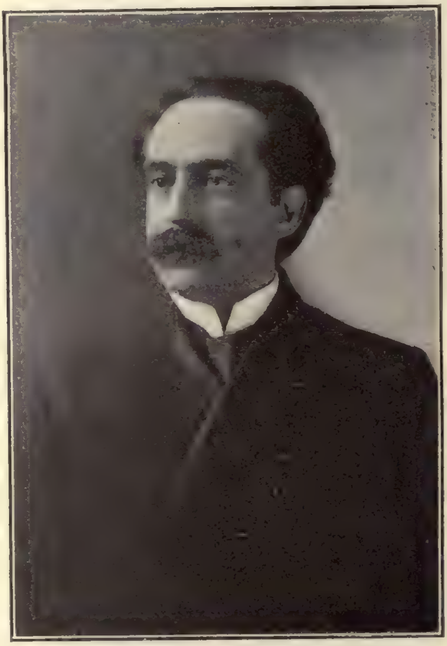
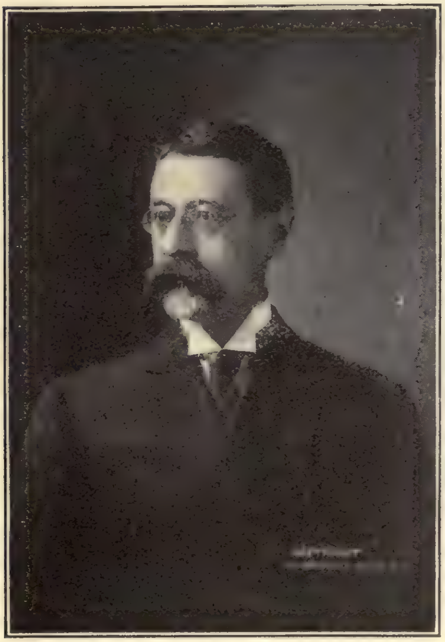
AMONG the democratic members of congress who have returned this year with laurels fresh upon their brows is Representative Henry C. Garber, who is chairman of the Democratic State Executive Committee of Ohio, and whose well-planned campaign resulted in the election of a democratic governor. Mr. Garber is still a young man and seems especially qualified for political management. He began life as a telegraph operator, but soon won his way to the top and through his familiarity with that work he seems to have caught the flash of rapid communication between human kind, and has become somewhat a political prophet. At the age of twenty-eight he entered the Ohio



SENOR DON GONZALO DE QUESADA, CUBAN MINISTER AT WASHINGTON legislature and became chairman of the democratic state committee.

There is always a promise of lively reading in the Congressional Record when Representative William Sulzer of New York begins to get busy. A ready debater and never lacking for a response, he made a most eloquent plea for the old frigate Constitution, paraphrasing the immortal phrase, "We won't give up the ship." His speech was of thrilling interest, and his recitation of the famous poem, "Old Ironsides," by Oliver W. Holmes, was an incident that will long be remembered by the members of the house; it brought back visions of happy days on the school rostrum "at home."



SENOR DON DIEGO MENDOZA, COLOMBIAN MINISTER AT WASHINGTON

Mr. Sulzer's terrific arraignment of the Russians and his plea for the Jews of that country was another incident indicating the versatility of the man. Although some men may regard him as erratic at times, no member from New York state is more warmly appreciated by his constituents for what he has achieved in congress.

A quiet, black-eyed man is Anthony Michalek, the first native of Bohemia, or of Slavonic blood, ever elected to the American congress. It will be remembered that the Slavic family includes Russians, Bohemians, Poles, Croatians, Lithuanians, Moravians and other groups. It was entertaining to chat with this young man who has made his way, with only a grammar school education, to the position he now holds, and it is certainly an inspiration to realize the possibilities that our country affords to all adopted citizens.

Mr. Michalek was born in Prague, Bohemia, in January, 1878, and was brought by his parents to this country at the age of three months. At the present time he is the youngest member of the house.

THE FAMILY OF DON JOAQUIN CASASUS, THE MEXICAN AMBASSADOR AT WASHINGTON

A. S. Bennett of New York, thirty-six years of age, is another fine type of young congressman. He was once a newspaper man and served as justice of the municipal court, and although he represents a close district, he enjoys the full confidence and esteem of his constituents. There are more young men in congress this year than ever before.

With a majority of one hundred and twelve members, the republicans realize that fifty-seven districts will have to be transferred before they lose control; but the congressional committee, under the leadership of Mr. Sherman, is alert, and fence-building has already been begun.

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John Emery Andrus of Yonkers, New York, is a congressman who keeps in close touch with current affairs, and is a trustee of the Wesleyan university. He never neglects an opportunity of forwarding the interests of education. The fact is, every congressman has his special work in hand, looking to the general welfare, for which he sometimes fails to receive full credit at home.

REPRESENTATIVE SULZER OF NEW YORK

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The name of William McKinley remains on the roll-call of the House of Representatives. It is now William B. McKinley, of Illinois, a wealthy farmer and banker residing at Petersburg. He has already established his reputation as one of the quiet, unassuming but influential members. He pays close attention to debates and the work of his committee and has justified the confidence which has been placed in him by the 11,000 majority that sent him to congress. Mr. McKinley has lately been chosen treasurer of the republican congressional campaign committee.

The tribute of a young boy, on hearing the name, was sweet to hear: "William McKinley was the *kindest* man who ever was president."

THE distinction between a conference and a caucus in the house of representatives is not often clearly understood. In a conference held by the members of a political party, the members are not bound by the result of the meeting, but in caucus the decisions are always presumed to be binding. Mr. Hepburn is chairman of the republican house conference and H. D. Loudenslager is secretary, and the conferences during the present session have been more largely attended than the caucuses. Out of the one hundred and twelve republican majority, forty-two or forty-three members are known as "insurgents," whose protests are supposed to be aimed at the rules of the house, which place so much power in the hands of the speaker. On the direct vote on bills of vital importance the insurgents had thirty-five votes. In the conferences, which are not public, some of the most vigorous and graphic speeches are made.

AT the national meeting of the lumbermen in Washington, one of the services to be rendered by the department of agriculture was exploited in the suggestion of a plan for protection against forest fires. The immense losses sustained by these fires can scarcely be computed, and especially is protection necessary when experiments are being made to re-forest the land and protect the new growth.

In the West an elaborate service has been put into use by a private owner, acting on the advice of the forestry bureau under Commissioner Pinchot. Fire lines of two or three hundred feet in width are used as a basis from which to check the ravages of possible fires. During last year this organization was so successful that the same plan is now being considered with a view to expanding and perfecting patrol service over 400,000 acres. It was interesting to find a typical old lumberman who used to dwell in the wilds of Maine or Wisconsin discussing with keen, practical knowledge the scientific suggestions for preserving the nation' forests and for cultivating the second growth where the primeval forest has been destroyed.

REPRESENTATIVE LOUD OF MICHIGAN

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DURING the month the cornerstone of the handsome congressional office building was laid by the Masonic body of which the president is a member. The new building will provide amply for committee-rooms. In the meantime it requires an experienced guide to pilot the visitor into the winding labyrinths on a voyage of discovery to find some isolated office. Far down beneath the stately steps of the capitol, I found Representative C. E. Littlefield. Over the door of his room was a sign, "Expenditures of the Agriculture Department."

"This is where I shall get the nub of the free seed proposition," I said to myself as I turned the knob.

Seated at a desk in a corner of the room was the stately and stalwart representative, with a mass of letters about him, turning off dictation at the rate of about two hundred and twenty-five words per minute. He was dictating to two stenographers, one at his right and one at his left, and I really think it would be possible for him to keep four employed instead of two. I did not interrupt the rapid fire of words, but knew when the work was completed by the way in which the dictator's fist came down on the table as he said:

"There! Now for lunch."

We managed to find our way back to the house restaurant, and while munching a turkey sandwich it was a treat to hear the vigor with which the Maine man expressed his views. There is never any uncertainty or equivocation in a proposition laid down by Charles E. Littlefield, and the Pine Tree state can certainly be proud of him.

Mr. Littlefield's recent speech on the railroad question was one of the most significant in the discussion of the bill in the house, and his startling comparison of the interest in the rate legislation, as compared to the mining, manufacturing and mercantile industries, showed that the railroads are of minor importance. Our industries furnish the vital life blood of the country, whereas the railroads are simply the veins and the arteries through which it circulates. He said:

"I do not propose to put into the hands of seven men, however illustrious, so much power. There are too many millions involved, and the welfare of too many people is at stake."

ASHER HINDS, CLERK AT THE SPEAKER'S DESK, AND A CELEBRATED AUTHORITY ON PARLIAMENTARY PROCEDURE

The speaker threw upon the screen an unusual and rarely considered phase of the issues, when he said he must refuse to imperil the great industries of New England by voting to place them at the mercy of the edict of a federal commission. There are conditions that must of necessity be considered before a radical and sweeping demand is made to change the industrial map of the country.

At a table near by was a jolly crowd—"Jim" Sherman, "Joe" Sibley, "Jim" Watson of Indiana, and others. Joe and Jim seem to be popular names in public life. The temptation could not be resisted to have a bit of playful sport at the expense of Mr. Vreeland's shining head, which was speedily converted into a target for cracker-throwing, and the fight continued until the stern-faced Jehoshaphat, the colored waiter, arrived on the scene.

It being St. Patrick's day the group at that table had all ordered "Irish stew." At the lunch tables there was, or course, the irrepressible "Cubey" full-cream cheese, which has long since won a secure place in the affections of the lunchers at the capitol.

In another corner was Representative Charles Landis of Indiana.

There is genuine regret among all the congressmen of political shades of every color at the retirement of Sibley of Pennsylvania. He insists upon it, and when he insists on retirement it means quite as much as when he insists on election. His genial disposition, the vigorous work he has done and fine speeches he has made have been appreciated and he leaves behind him a splendid record in the lower house.

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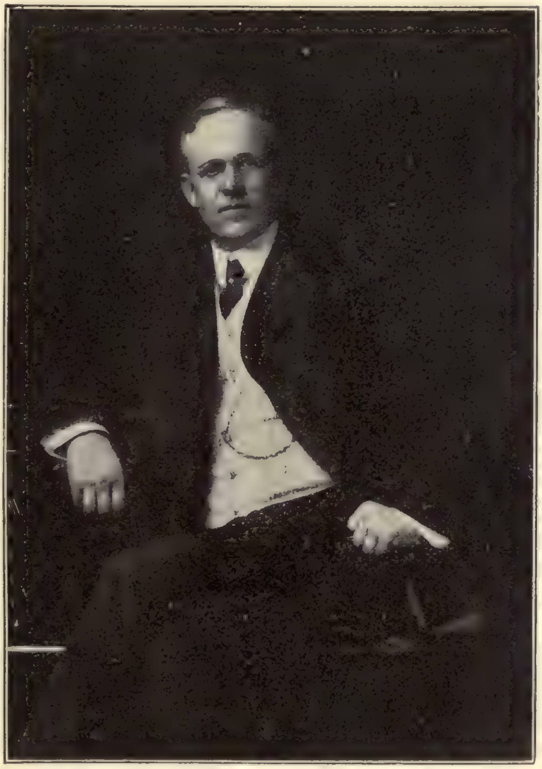
DURING one of the early Spring storms, I decided that I ought to visit the government printing office, the finest in the world, and starting out, I trudged through snow across excavations for the railroad station, which are creating several new hills in Washington that will bring up the total to match the seven hills of Rome.

Passing through the handsome marble

entrance, I found my way to the office of the public printer, Charles A. Stillings, whose quiet, executive air suggests that he is getting right to the bottom of the work in that office and placing it on the same basis on which a private enterprise would be managed. He was evidently keeping close watch on the "cost of production" account—just as any printer in private business would do. On one floor was a long array of Monotype setting machines, clattering away like Gatling guns; in another corner were their rivals, the Mergenthalers, keeping up a buzz which reminded me of the composing-room of a great daily newspaper. The Congressional Record, whose circulation figures are never given out, and whose advertising pages have never been boosted for "pulling qualities," is produced with the regularity of the congressional clock. Everywhere was the all-pervading evidence of system, and of perfect equipment of the latest kind. Every printer would promptly and keenly appreciate the conveniences which the new printing office offers. There were slug cases and cabinets, labor-saving devices such as the country printer dreams of but never hopes to possess. No placing of jobs on boards and "pulling for sorts" for the different letters which may be exhausted in the regular supply—the outfit is as complete as Uncle Sam's currency can make it.


H. M. ROSE, ASSISTANT SECRETARY OF THE SENATE

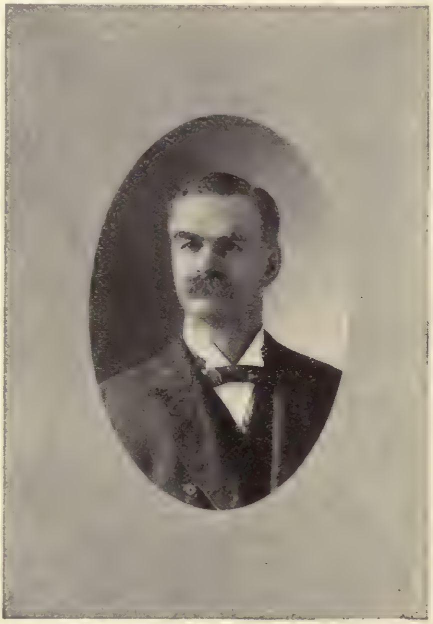
On tables are a large array of senate and H. R. bills in type, pasted to cardboard "shoes" tied up ready for "further consideration." A number of these were awaiting the insertion of amendments, changes and "strike-outs," always in vogue at the capitol, especially during the baseball season. There is no terror of "rings" or "alterations" in the government printing office bill department "take."

I was much interested in the new bindery, and found there an indexing and cutting machine which cuts down the side of the book and arranges the letters for indexing. With a simple contrivance, which is worked by hand, the letters or numbers are placed upon the index by rolling it down, as a printer's roll is operated. As I looked upon the elderly gentleman, Mr. Osborne, who invented this machine, I thought, "There is another evidence of the general business progress of the time in systematizing all accumulated data, so that no time is lost in finding or selecting what is needed at any moment in the multifarious reports and data that serve as official information."

In this great printing office is the

throbbing intelligence of the nation, although it must be confessed that many books have been printed here that have found their way into the musty storerooms of the capitol and other public buildings. Yet there will come a time when all these details will be of greater value than can now be estimated. It seems to me that a large part of the product of this great printery should be distributed over the country, so that the nation might have access to these records. It is the work done by the government printing office that enables congress to keep in close touch with the precedents of the past, and it is frequently the case that some member of congress will spend days and weeks in looking up and tracing through printed records important points which have great weight in the disposition of affairs, not only in legislative but in judicial proceedings. To my mind there is no more important department of the government than the printing office, although it has been the butt of ridicule because of the excessive cost of production, compared with that at at which printing can be done in a private institution. This office is the preserver of the real archives of the nation. Whereas in ancient times government records were preserved on paper and parchment, in hieroglyphics and mysterious signs, now we have the printed documents which the poorest in the land can read.

It was like a taste of home to see the great array of Miehle presses, like those we have in the National Magazine shop, pouring out the story of the nation. Here also maps were being printed, as well as books, pamphlets, bills, stationery — embossed and plain headings — and everywhere were ideal conditions for employes. No wonder that when a position has been obtained here the worker is loth to leave. Even the roving disposition of the old-time journeyman printer is conquered when he gets into the government printing office.


REPRESENTATIVE LITTLEFIELD OF MAINE

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STANDING beside Speaker Cannon is a smooth-faced man who has more to do with the legislation of the country than might be realized at first glance. This gentleman is Asher C. Hinds, who was appointed clerk at the speaker's table by Speaker Reed in 1895 and has remained in this position ever since. In 1899 Mr. Hinds published "Parliamentary Precedents of the House of Representatives," which is constantly used as a book of reference in the house. He edits the "Manual and Digest of the House," published yearly, which is an edition of the rules of the house with reference to the decisions of the speaker.

Mr. Hinds is expected to relieve the speaker of certain duties which the rules place on him, such as referring public bills to the appropriate committees. The office of speaker necessarily brings with it a mass of detail and it has been found necessary to relieve him of a great deal of this. Many minor questions that come up regarding the law of the house are attended to by Mr. Hinds. When hard questions arise the speaker looks to his clerk for instant information as to precedents and rules on which to base his decision. It is remarkable how accurate these rulings are, though often apparently made in haste. Sometimes the questions are simple, but often a query arises in the house which has not been heard for ten or fifteen years and is not familiar even to the oldest member, the usual fountain-head of information. Mr. Hinds soon discovered that it was desirable to have information at hand to give the speaker so that he might make prompt decisions and allow the ordinary business of the house to go on without delay; for where no precedent is available a debate and division of opinion will arise, which may consume days and yet leave the members dissatisfied. With this difficulty in view Mr. Hinds began to collect and classify precedents of the house, a work which had hitherto been done only in fragmentary form. This information was hidden in hundreds of volumes and scattered over thousands of pages collected since the year 1789. After three years of research, and having gone over every document, Mr. Hinds embodied all this information in "Parliamentary Precedents." When members have in mind the raising of any point of order, they often decide not to push their claims after precedent has been shown by the clerk. When a vital question is brought to the chair, the precedent is looked up and the speaker is enabled to make a decision after but a short delay.

REPORTERS OF DEBATES IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES
Beginning at the left: Ireland, Small, Gray, Cochrane, Welsh, Cameron and Lafferty

Mr. Hinds was born in Benton, Maine, in 1863, and graduated at Colby college, which has since conferred upon him the degree of LL. D. He entered the newspaper business in Portland before his appointment as clerk to the speaker's table.

IT is almost as interesting as watching a baseball game to see the official reporters of debates in the house of representatives at work. From the first Monday in December, 1905, to the end of March of 1906, between two and three million words spoken on the floor of the house were transcribed by these six busy men. Compared with preceding sessions there has been nearly three times as much debate reported as during any other similar period. The first session of the fifty-first congress has held the record for the amount of reporting up to this time.

This Niagara of oratory has been promptly transcribed, ready for the Record, within forty-five minutes after the house adjourned, but with three or four corrections made from the floor in all this number of words, and the errors pointed out were not stenographic. The reporters' system has been evolved from the experience of years, and the use of Graphophones has much to do with the high state of development in this line. This utility, combined with the use of the fountain pen and the system of relays employed in reporting and transcribing, has made the reporting in the house the most efficient and expeditious of any method used in any parliamentary body throughout the world.

MESSRS. IRLAND AND GREY DICTATING THEIR NOTES TO GRAPHOPHONES
Photograph by Frances B. Johnston

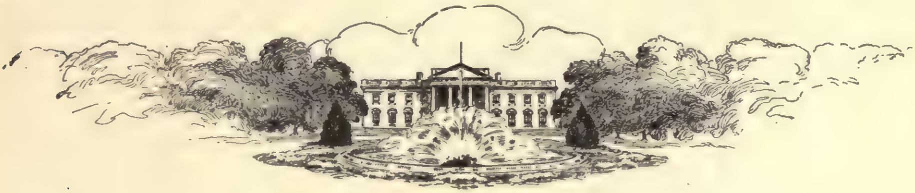
To report verbatim a parliamentary gathering of three hundred and eighty-six members requires an intimate knowledge of shorthand, combined with great swiftness of pen. The chamber is very large and the acoustics very poor, which obliges the reporter to stand almost the whole time and follow the speakers around. The moment a member rises to speak, the reporter must instantly write down his name, and to do this he must recall it at a single glance. As the stenographer stands in the maelstrom, the house in an uproar not unlike that of the stock exchange, he must remain cool and collected and be able to write at his topmost limit of shorthand speed. It requires long experience for a man to become accustomed to these peculiar conditions, and men possessing high speed in court and other difficult positions have been known to "fall down" completely on the floor of the house, because they could not accustom themselves to conditions surrounding them, independent of the stenographic part of the work. This work is a "specialized" form of stenography, and once a reporter has mastered it, he can remain in the house for as many years as his mental and physical condition will permit.

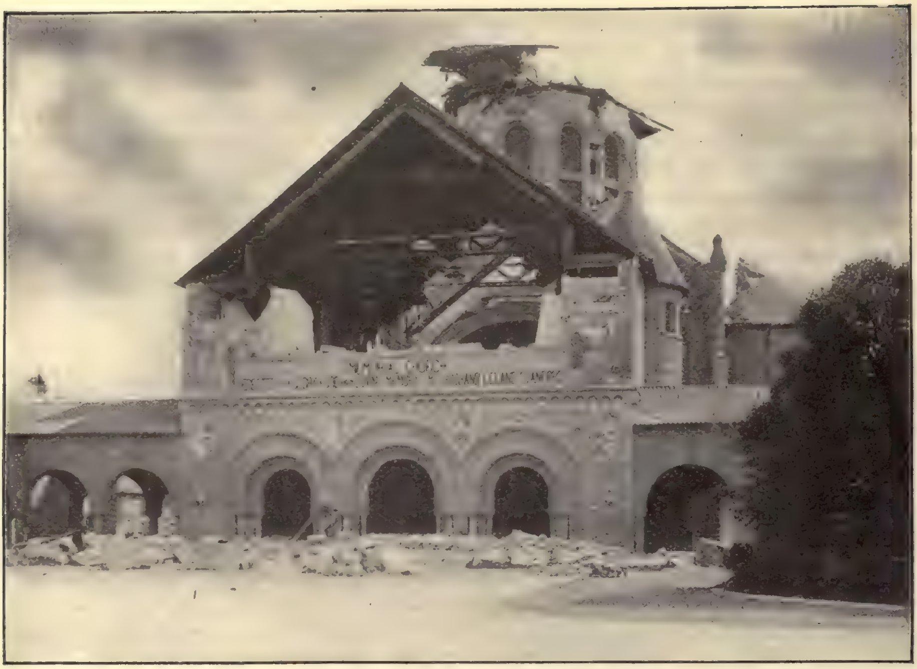
The speaker makes the appointments, and every member who has been any length of time in the house understands the excessive demand made upon the reporters and keenly appreciates the work of this effective coterie of six men of the pen.

The congressional reporting is done by relays, working in regular order. Number one comes in for his first "take." He covers a certain number of leaves in his notebook with shorthand characters, sufficient when transcribed to make a column of the Congressional Record, then he nods to number two, who proceeds for the same length of time, being followed by number three and so on, until number six, who is an assistant reporter, is reached. In this way each reporter takes the same amount of debate, and as soon as he is relieved he goes to the office and begins dictating to a graphophone until he has covered about one-third of a cylinder. This he gives to an operator, who places it on another machine, adjusting the speed to his own work on his typewriter. By the time the reporter has finished his dictation this first cylinder is written out ready for his inspection, and it often happens that he can revise his entire "take" before he is called to the house for his next turn.

It is a busy scene in the reporters' room with four men dictating and the typewriters clicking at a high rate of speed all at one time. But underneath this apparent confusion is the utmost system and order, and copy is accurately prepared for that unique publication, the Congressional Record. Every bit of copy—debate, parliamentary procedure and all—is handled by this corps of reporters. There are some rapid speakers on the floor, but at the present time Charles E. Littlefield of Maine maintains the greatest speed for a long speech. At one time he spoke for four and one-half hours at an average speed of 196 words per minute. Then there is Lacey of Iowa, Russell of Texas, Lamar of Florida, Stephens of Texas and many others who are rapid speakers.

Walking up and down and writing the words at the same time is a task which tries the reporters; but, once they become accustomed to it, they are able to accomplish what was formerly regarded as impossible, and seems now little short of a miracle. But the present corps are thoroughly competent and their performance of the work makes this particular task the superlative feat of parliamentary reporting in the world.





ALL THAT REMAINS OF THE MOST BEAUTIFUL CHURCH IN AMERICA

# THE RUINS OF STANFORD

By Myrtle Garrison

PALO ALTO, CALIFORNIA

ON the broad, low plain sloping up from the Bay of San Francisco to the foothills of the Sierra Moreno in the beautiful Santa Clara valley, are the ruins of the celebrated university erected by the late Senator and Mrs. Jane L. Stanford to the memory of their only son, Leland Stanford, Jr.

This great university was noted the world over for its grandeur, beauty and graceful setting, and was the richest school in the world, having an endowment of thirty million dollars. The buildings were all of the old mission architecture, with wide colonnades and open courts, an outgrowth of the Moorish and Romanesque. The university was founded in 1885. The work of twenty years was demolished and laid to the earth in three minutes by the great earthquake which rocked the whole west coast on the morning of April 18, 1906.

The buildings formed an outer and an inner quadrangle, connected by continuous arcades and arches. To enter the inner quadrangle, one passed through the massive Memorial Arch, the largest in America and second largest in the world, the Arc de Triomphe in Paris being of a greater height. Passing through the Memorial Arch from the outer quadrangle to the inner one, one entered Memorial Court, a beautiful, paved enclosure of five hundred and twenty-eight feet by two hundred and forty-six. Memorial Court is now a mass of broken stone, in the center of which, standing like sentinels viewing the wreck around them, remains still the massive iron statues of Senator and Mrs. Stanford and their son Leland.

On the other side of Memorial Court and directly facing the Arch stood the Stanford Memorial Church. This church has been pronounced the most beautiful church building in America, and from an artistic viewpoint was considered superior to many of the noted cathedrals of Europe. The church was built in the shape of a cross, the entrance being the stem. The twelve-sided Gothic tower, the spire of which rose one hundred and ninety feet in the air, held high the Latin cross. Under the great dome were scenes from the life of Christ and from the church life of all ages. The tower was flanked upon the four corners by turrets containing twenty-four pictorial windows. The facade was finished in Venetian mosaics, a large picture being shown on either side in beautiful landscape of rich coloring. In the rear of the church is the choir loft, and the manificent pipe organ still stands in solitary state amidst the ruins.

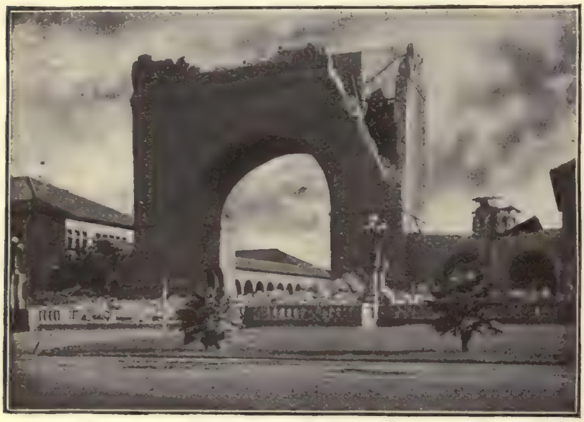
Standing beneath the dome, one hundred and six feet above the pavement, one faced the lectern, and behind this the white marble altar and candelabra. The great allegorical windows are crushed to the earth, and nothing remains to tell of their beauty. Directly over the altar remains a few broken remnants of the famous picture in mosaics of "The Last Supper", taken from the original done by Cosino Roselli in the fifteenth century, the only copy ever permitted to be made of the famous work. The lower windows illustrated the life of Christ by modern painters. The "Rose Window" in the nave, from Holman Hunt's "Christ Child", was one of the most beautiful windows in Memorial Church. It was made of glass gathered from all parts of the world by Mrs. Stanford during her years of foreign travel.

A CORNER OF THE MILLION-DOLLAR GYMNASIUM

The Stanford Library was still unfinished when the great crash came which completely wrecked it. The structure was one of the most distinctive buildings on the campus and cost nearly a million dollars. It was the aim of Mrs. Stanford to make it the most complete and extensive library in the West. The exterior, like that of the other buildings, was of buff sandstone, while the interior was to have been principally of white marble.

The huge dome is all that now remains.

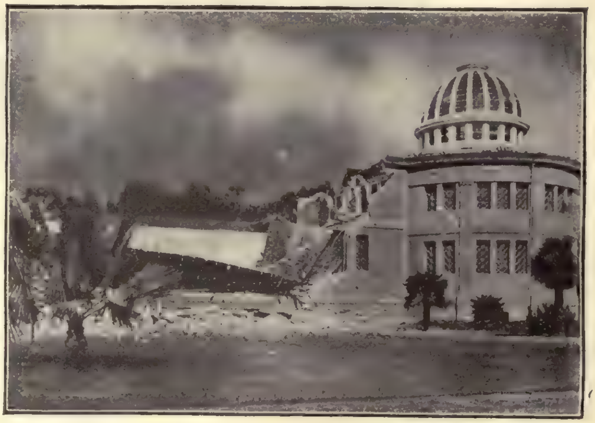
None of the university buildings attracted more general attention than the Stanford Museum. Mrs. Stanford always took a particular interest in it, and during her extensive travels abroad made many beautiful and valuable collections for it. This building was as yet unfinished at the time of its destruction.



RUINS OF THE STANFORD MEMORIAL ARCH

The original building being found too small, a large number of spacious rooms were being added to it, making it the largest museum in the world. The Cenola collection was one of the most beautiful collections in the museum; it contained five thousand pieces of Greek and Roman pottery and glass. The Egyptian antiquities were another interesting collection, also the Chinese and Japanese ware, the Japanese collection being considered the finest and most valuable in America. There was also a valuable collection of carved wood, embroideries and laces. The art gallery contined five hundred beautiful paintings from both the old and modern painters, also some fine statuary and mosaics. The Memorial room, which contained the personal effects of Mrs. Stanford and mementoes of Senator Stanford, is intact, not the slightest injury being done them, as is also the room containing the collections of Leland Stanford, Jr., made by him during his foreign travels when he was eleven years old. The only paintings which were not demolished are the life-size portraits of Senator Stanford, Mrs. Stanford and Leland Stanford, Jr.; these remain unharmed among the ruins of the other paintings.

The Stanford Gymnasium, which was completed but a few weeks before the earthquake destroyed it, and which had never been open to the students for use, was one of the most perfectly equipped gymnasiums in the world. It was an imposing structure of stone and marble. Around it grouped the broad and spacious athletic fields for football and baseball.



ALL THAT REMAINS OF THE STANFORD MUSEUM

To the right of the "Quad" stood Encina Hall, the large dormitory for boys, and at the time of the earthquake it was sheltering three hundred students. It was one of the most completely demolished buildings on the campus, and here several lives were lost. Roble Hall, the dormitory for girls, was sheltering one hundred students. It was the least injured of the dormitories.

The financial loss of the university, not only in its buildings and their contents, but also in other California properties from which much of its revenues were derived, amounts to many millions of dollars—perhaps not less than ten millions in all; but President David Starr Jordan and the men who cooperate with him in carrying on the affairs of the school have not lost courage. The damage will be repaired and the work will be renewed as rapidly as possible.

# SAN FRANCISCO ❧ By Sam Davis

[From the New York American]

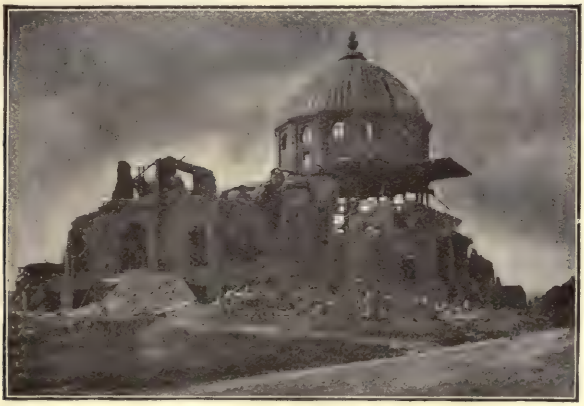
THEY have shattered his lair with the earthquake,
They have blistered his hide with flame,
They have pierced his vitals with famine,
But the grizzly still is game!

❧

# AN EARTHQUAKE INCIDENT

[From the St. Louis Mirror]

IN a letter from a San Francisco refugee in Los Angeles occurs this passage: "A woman rushed out of the Palace Hotel with nothing on but her night-robe, and that was torn from her in her mad rush through the crowd. A number of men formed a circle around her, with their backs turned toward her, while others went and secured her covering." Such an incident is alone enough to show that it takes more than an earthquake to shake the American from his stand four-square on the principles of gentle manliness. Such men make a city that can never be destroyed.



THE DESOLATE WRECK OF STANFORD UNIVERSITY'S MAGNIFICENT NEW LIBRARY

# SAN FRANCISCO FALLEN

## By William Marion Reedy

Editor of the St. Louis Mirror

*William Marion Reedy*

Photo by T. Kajiwara, St. Louis

HERE is the portrait of the most brilliant American editor in our day. Not the most original thinker, nor, perhaps, the ablest single-handed fighter—Elbert Hubbard or Arthur Brisbane or Horace Traubel might match or beat him both ways — but the most perfect master of written eloquence, whether of wit or humor or pathos or bare-fisted battle, among all the shackled servants of the press. Charles Warren Stoddard's enchanted prose is, at its best, most beautiful and most certainly classic of all the occasional contributors to even the monthly magazines — but Stoddard writes from sheltered nooks—a monastery—or a Brattle street mansion — soothed with silken silence and comforted with fragrant flagons the while — and he knows not hurry.

I meant sometime to write an estimate of Reedy — but his story of San Francisco fallen is far and away better, more illuminative as to the man himself, than anything I could ever have done, so I offer it here by way of introducing him to any our readers who may not already know and buy his admirable weekly journal, The Mirror, published in St. Louis. *Frank Putnam*

'Frisco it was called in that affection which prompts expression in diminutives.

Shaken to shards in the dawn, gulped in part by a mad sea, swept by flame. Ruin covering agony, crowned by hunger, thirst, fever, pest. Death over all.

Beautiful, soft 'Frisco, luscious as a great pear or a cluster of grapes. City of romance, splendor, strife, where the strange odors of the East come in to sweeten the winds of the West. 'Frisco, sleeky fair and, like the Pacific, as treacherous as fair.

Town of wild, strange, tumultuous memories to one who never saw its streets or sensed its paradisal bay or felt the subtle, passionate stirring of its more than Italian, curiously blent *quattrocento* and ultra modern atmosphere.

There gathered the seekers of the Golden Fleece to scatter their shearings, to gamble, carouse, steal, murder and build a mighty town. The village a hell and then—the Vigilantes. Judge Lynch was its first law-giver — more rigorous than Draco.

Navvies turned Croesus came in and builded banks, their palaces rising in uncouth ostentation, setting up insane speculation, developing rivalries that flowered into duels and into remorseless combines to drive one man, thinking himself broken, into the sea. Names were heralded from there that meant gold in mountains. Flood, O'Brien, Mackay, Fair, Sharon—and a score more. They leagued with or fought one another. They plundered one another and the public. They died—most of them with a plenteousness of wives equal almost to that of their money.

Business, politics, the law, all life was picturesque and blood color. Then out of the aureate din and dust came the constructives—Stanford, Crocker, Huntington, Sutro, taking mighty chances on building railroads across the continent, dazzling the world with their daring, buccaneering the plains, piercing the mountains and grabbing subsidies tthat made imperial domains look like kitchen gardens. Out of 'Frisco came the gambler Keene to teach lessons to Gould and Fisk and Daniel Drew, to break and be broken, to win and fail, and win and finally hold his own and much more against the most frenzied of frenzied financiers of a third of a century later.

The daughters of rough-and-tumble bar-keepers and wrangling washerwomen married the sons of princes whose lines ran back to the time of Michael Angelo and beyond. The woman of the camp queened it in London, and offered to buy the Arc de Triomphe in Paris because it obstructed her view of a parade. The grub-stake prospectors built palaces filled with the spoil of Italy on Fifth avenue. Their daughters set the pace for the Four Hundred. The contests over their wills by wives they forgot to mention clogged the courts. Supreme justices of the nation were assaulted by the champions of these wives, and the United States marshal slew Sara Althea Hill Terry's attorney husband to save a justice who had decided against her.

There came from the sand lots the cry that "the Chinese must go." It stirred the country fiercely, was forgotten only to revive again thirty years and more later as a result of the war with Spain. Out of golden 'Frisco came the raucous voice of Denis Kearney, an agitator to live in history with Wat Tyler and Jack Cade, to inspire the thinking of statesmen who would not have wiped their feet upon him. Denis Kearney's mad, snarling, obscene mouthings are translated today into profound, statesmanlike argument against the Yellow Peril.

Stormy men and sudden wealth and growing cosmopolitanism with all the colorful low life of a great port, the poetry of ships from strange seas, the babel of all earth's tongues, made the world forget the old mission times "before the Gringos came."

Burst from 'Frisco the tender-tough singer of the "Heathen Chinee," the historian of "The Luck of Roaring Camp," the wildly luxuriant genius of Bret Harte. He gave us the West fixed forever, as Scott and Burns gave us Scotland; Dumas, France; Cervantes, Spain.

With the romance that headquarters in 'Frisco, Mark Twain savored his message of fun to the world and developed his talent until he is today not perhaps, but undoubtedly, our chiefest man of letters, his gift immortalizing "Tom Sawyer" and "Huck Finn," classicizing "The Jumping Frog," vindicating "Ariel" Shelley and interpreting for us the sanctity of Joan of Arc.

In 'Frisco Richard Realfe sang a few songs unforgettable, and, harrassed by misfortune, slunk away to die to the music of "De Mortuis Nil Nisi Bonum," a poem ranking surely with "Thanatopsis."

And then a little man, poor, unknown, a printer, almost starving, meditating in this city of the Golden Gate on the problem of the House of Have and the House of Need. This printer wrote a book. It set the economists by the ears. It challenged the theologians. It shook Mammon in his temple, the Pope on the throne of Peter. It made men realize the sense of brotherhood. It created a religion of the here and now, with a remedy for want, a curb on human greed. The book was "Progress and Poverty." The man was Henry George—the greatest social scientist since Buckle, the profoundest economist since Adam Smith, the ultimate perfection of antithesis to Nicolo Machiavelli.

In 'Frisco uprose the Argonaut, the country's greatest weekly newspaper. Its editor was another Voltaire—Frank Pixley. His cry was "crush the infamy"—the Catholic Church — and so splendid and multifariously expressive was his hatred that even the Catholics read it for its style.

For 'Frisco had the æsthetic atmosphere. It was another Florence. The urge to poetry was in its air. Today the author who came from 'Frisco is omnipresent. Markham of "The Man With the Hoe" is claimed by Frisco. Frank Norris of "The Pit" flourished in that town of horrors and magnificences. Gertrude Atherton first moralized there or thereabouts. Gelett Burgess here conceived "The Purple Cow," and then an odd little man named Doxey issued "The Lark," *sui generis,* an epoch-making publication that will live in history with Frazer's Magazine, with the Anti-Jacobin, with the Yellow Book. Ambrose Bierce, the most vitriolic of American writers, there wrote tales that for terror in artistic imagination challenged the supremacy of Poe. The Overland Monthly was a 'Frisco enterprise that lives today. Joaquin Miller went red-shirted to London and told them in his "Songs of the Sierras" of what would come to be in the city that, "serene, indifferent to fate," as Harte said, "sitteth at the Western Gate."

In 'Frisco the greatest modern romanticist, Robert Louis Stevenson, hungered and wrote one line immortal—"it was a clear, cold night of stars"—in "The Silverado Squatters." In 'Frisco they erected the first monument to the creator of Prince Florizel of Bohemia, John Silver, and the reincarnation of Francois Villon.

Hundreds of our later stage's best actors come from Frisco, where the theater rose early and flourished exotically. Lotta came from 'Frisco and became our first *ingenu*. Its early stock companies vitalized our stage.

In 'Frisco Kipling's manuscripts were turned down by editors, and he avenged himself somewhat on the town, though before he closed his depreciation he had to be little less than just to the place, if for no other reason than that had there been no Bret Harte and "The Luck of Roaring Camp" and "M'liss" and "Tennessee's Pardner," there had been no "Soldiers Three," perhaps no "Kim" and eke no "Recessional."

In 'Frisco William Kieth had his studio — Kieth, who has something of the mastery of dark color of Diaz—Kieth, undoubtedly one of the greatest of American artists. Artists, poets, novelists, scientists, teachers lent the population a tone of devil-may-care.

This town of less than half our population had more and better daily papers than St. Louis. It sent a boy to New York to challenge the supremacy of Pulitzer journalism with *les taches jaunes,* and to frighten Wall street with a red flag having just a touch of yellow, and to compel by sheer audacity attention to his intention to be president—Mr. William Randolph Hearst.

'Frisco was world-wide known next to New York and Chicago, and now it has won the world's interest by a calamity rivaling that which was Chicago's first claim on fame. A 'Frisco-built battleship, the Oregon, made a world-wondering run around the Horn to Santiago and into the fight that broke Spain's power on this hemisphere forever.

Frisco was loved by its citizens as no city is loved in this land, save, possibly, New York. It was a city that cared for the beautiful, that took to ideas. It had the only Bohemian Club in the world in which Bohemianism was fumigated of its disreputability, and stood for the true as distinct from the perverted tawdriness of Murger's "Vie de Boheme." It supported at least four excellent weekly papers, the Argonaut, the News-Letter, Town Talk, James H. Barry's Star—periodicals individual, high-class, cosmopolitan. George Stirling wrote there the best book of verse of the last four years, "The Testimony of the Suns," and from 'Frisco Jack London, with his gospel of beauty in brutality, captured men's imaginations and awoke in their hearts echoes of "The Call of the Wild" and the snarlings of "The Sea Wolf." The literary center of 'Frisco boasted of the finest book store in the country west of New York, and the output of Paul Elder & Company, publishers, was almost a new revelation in some aspects of the art preservative.

Life was lived in 'Frisco. It was a little of Paris, of Rome, of Florence, of Pekin. It was a town of temperament in which lightsomeness blent with a native beauty sense. Winds of the sea came in and met with winds of the desert. The fog, mostly pearl-gray, but often sun-tinged to opaline, hung over the town and gave it rare values to the esuriently artistic eye. Naval officers brought there as wives the daughters of Ah Fong, Hawaii's Chinese millionaire. Sport flourished in all its forms, square and vertiginous. The climate made for love-making. The wines and fruits and flowers and the mysterious sea mists and the wonderful sunsets and the blend of odors of East and West made life a picture, a poem. The world turned to 'Frisco and California as it turned in earlier ages to Rome and Florence and Italy. There the singer, the sculptor, the painter, the novelist, sought the sky and air that freshened heart and fecundated mind. It chained the sensitive of soul, and it invited the merely sensual lovers of luxury. Always and ever about one was the conjugating of the verb "enjoy"—not always conjugally.

It was opulent and of a mighty oriency of brightness, but with darkness to heighten the picture. Its slums were the most impenetrable "in all the lands of Christendie." Its crimes surpassed in quality of shudder the crimes of other places. Its citizens gave to the city more gracefully than other citizens of other towns gave to them. An ignorant miner, Lick, gave the city a great miners' hotel, and to the state the world's finest observatory. It was gladdened with many fountains and parks. It was a city which the rich decorated and loved and inconceivably disgraced in the early orgies, but never wholly ruled. Its king was the head of a seamen's union, Andrew Furuseth, and union labor controlled its activities and elected a fiddler mayor twice in the face of all the interests and wealth of the community.

A strong sense of beauty somehow clung to the mental image of the town, even to one who, as I, had never seen the place. Its glamour always had a sort of hidden foreboding in it. There was ever the same suggestion of lethal malefic genius behind all the story that was told of its curiously *morbidezza* amorousness of the day, and its childlike desire to forget the night. It was too fair, as it sometimes seemed, and in the glory in which it lay, and in which it lingered in thought, there seemed something of a light that held pale tone of bale back of all its bliss. Its people loved it with that intensity with which we love what we are like to lose.

There were a great gap in the history of American life, letters and character and achievement with 'Frisco's story omitted.

There ran through and beneath the town many a little tremor that the town personified might have superstitiously interpreted as does the individual the slight shudder as he talks with a friend—someone walks or dances over my grave. But the gongs and mad fiddles kept going in Chinatown, and the orchestras in the multitudinous, gorgeous, *risque* restaurants never ceased a strain, and the women walked with an added lure in their motions and a deeper softness in their eyes, and, as in the old fable, Love and Soul blent to make the climax of Pleasure, and the town was rapt in a voluptous, semi-oriental autolatry, and—

Then the earthquake came. And flood. And fire. And death in his most fantastic disguise burst in on the dream that came through the ivory gate of dawn. The passional city learned to pray. Suffering paid in a flash for each pulse of joy.

But the men of the city met in their ruined forum and said: "The city shall rise again more beautiful than before." The hungry, the tatterdemalion crowd, shelterless, wan, haggard, smoke-grimed, joked the soldiers over their dole of bread and water. The women rallied each other on their bizarre, bisexual garniture. Life had been pleasure. Ruin was fun. Death — well to have died in the fall of 'Frisco was something like coming home from battle on the Spartan shield.

Will 'Frisco stay fallen? No. A new Frisco shall uprear itself and laugh at the sea, and when old Atlas again shifts the globe a little on his shoulders it will laugh and dance and fight and drink and make love as before, and be proud that among its other claims to greatness is that of having met and conquered a calamity that stilled and chilled the whole world's heart for a day.

Before the crash and flame 'Frisco was

beginning to protest at being called anything but San Francisco. Yet 'Frisco clung; it held some winking, sly hint of frisky. Even the great black headlines over the evil news used the diminutive abbreviation—like a touch of light in the cloud, a sort of fresh, smiling rose on the pall, speaking of resurrection. The foundations of the city went wobbling at the end of the Easter feast almost. 'Twas and 'tis an omen.

'Frisco fallen shall flower again from disaster and desolation and death, and it shall realize the dreams not only of those who have vowed their dreams shall not be defeated, but the unfulfilled ambitions of those lovers of the city who went down in the ruin to the realm where is not light, nor laughter nor song nor weeping nor dreaming more.

It will be a great city, for it is a great city even today, though never rose again one stone of it upon another. It has given, it still gives us the joy of life, the throb of passionate story, the sense of love of beauty in all forms, the thrill of an unparalleled catastrophe, the inspiration of indomitable cheerfulness before the most implacable fate. There's something in it of the spacious older world, and yet something, too, that is unforgettably American in its people's recovery to a mood of readiness, as the poet said, "to match with Destiny for beers."

*Vale et Ave* 'Frisco the beautiful, the glad, the strong, the stricken, the invincible. Down with her went our hearts. Up with her will go our souls. The country's hope and faith and love are more fixed than the shuddering earth, and all these are in the tear-brightened eyes of 'Frisco looking out from the wreck over the Pacific where lies the future big with mighty fates for her beyond all prophecy.

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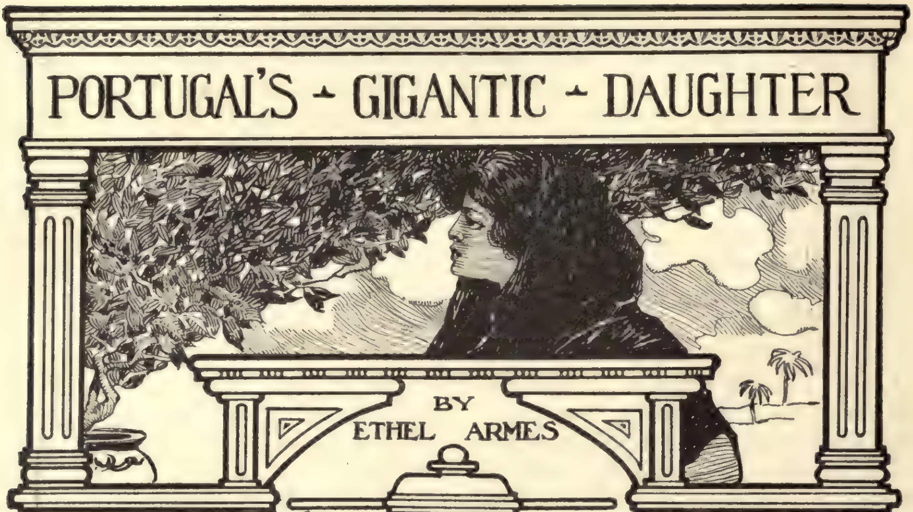
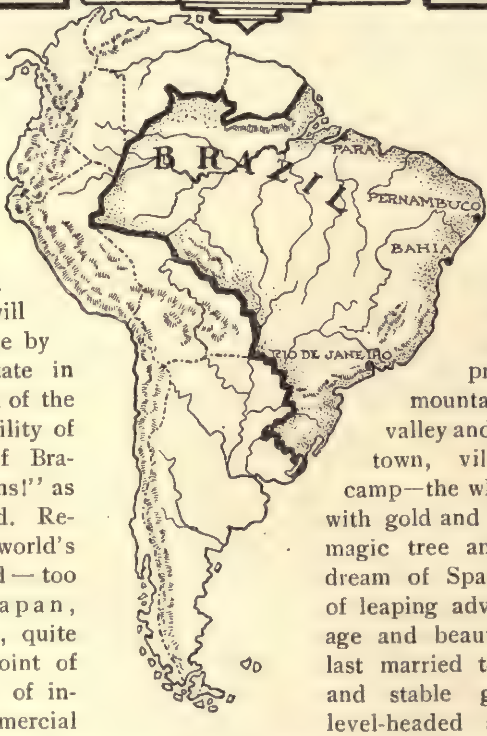
## "A LEVANTINE LOG-BOOK," AN ATTRACTIVE NEW VOLUME OF TRAVEL-SKETCHES, BY JEROME HART, THE BRILLIANT EDITOR OF THE SAN FRANCISCO ARGONAUT

HERE in this empty page-end let me call attention to a notable, a desirable, new book by an eminent San Franciscan — "*A Levantine Log-Book*," by Jerome Hart, editor of the Argonaut. Pictorial, political, historical — everywhere and always humanly appealing, with a lively play of brisk American humor — the volume realizes the ideal of a good book of travel by both entertaining and instructing. Anyone who knows the Argonaut knows that if Mr. Hart *could* write a dull page he could *not* be the editor of San Francisco's celebrated periodical. The only occasions when I have ever had occasion to doubt his omniscience were those on which he failed to agree with me concerning the merits of certain little privately printed verse pamphlets submitted for his critical consideration. But let us return to his book: if you wish to make the tour of the strange lands lying around the Mediterranean (sitting on a shady verandah the while) never shall you have opportunity to do the trip in pleasanter company than that which you can find in "*A Levantine Log-Book*." Like Mr. Hart's earlier books of travel, "*Argonaut Letters*" and "*Two Argonauts in Spain*," this volume is published by Longmans, Green & Co., New York and London. *F. P.*



# PORTUGAL'S GIGANTIC DAUGHTER

BY ETHEL ARMES



THE Pan-American Conference will take place in the city of Rio de Janeiro during this coming month of July, and the United States will be represented there by the secretary of state in especial recognition of the progress and stability of the republic of Brazil; a "Present arms!" as it were, — accorded. Recently, with all the world's vision concentrated — too exclusively — on Japan, this other country, quite phenomenal in point of political progress, of industrial and commercial development; next neighbor to us; allied in peoples, languages, customs and religion, has been swimming into ken, all but overlooked; Brazil,—Estados Unidos do Brazil,—the new republic of South America seventeen years old November next.

No longer to us solely a stupendous physical fact on the face of the globe, stretching through many zones, almost half a portion of a continent; a far, vast reach of lowland and forest, plateau, plain and prairie; highland and mountain chain and peak; valley and wonder-river; city, town, village and mining camp—the whole rich and mystic with gold and heavy tropic sense, magic tree and flower and bird, dream of Spanish romance, laugh of leaping adventure! — faery savage and beautiful, — all this is at last married to a staid, practical and stable government; sober level-headed and wise; the very sort to breed out of her the best and guide her to worthy and honorable place among the nations.

From abaft that mighty and majestic line of seaboard, no more dormant, sleeping, feverish with revolutions ever impending, she has at length fully awakened, armed, entered the race with spirit and hand to maintain her status—third among the world's great powers, in something more than mere size and rich embryo.

### *A Blend of Many Peoples*

As in this country, so there is in Brazil the same fusion of races and of nationalities; Italians, Portuguese, Spanish, Germans, Austrians, Scandinavians, Poles, Russians, English and French, of whom the predominating race, insofar as numbers are concerned, is the Italian. There are nearly four times as many Italians as Portuguese in Brazil, notwithstanding the fact that the country was for so many centuries a Portuguese colony, then a Brazilian empire, and now a Brazilian republic with the Portuguese tongue the official language, and manners and customs, and leading families today harking back to the mother land of Portugal, as America to England.

The African, and particularly the native Indian element, once so in the ascendant in certain portions of the country,—a veritable flood devastating the colonies — is, at ebb now, the native

DELEGATES FROM THE UNITED STATES TO THE PAN-AMERICAN CONFERENCE TO BE HELD IN RIO JANEIRO NEXT MONTH

Left to Right, Seated: Dr. Edmond T. James, President of the University of Illinois; Wm. J. Buchanan, director-general of the Pan-American Exposition, chairman; Frederico Degatau, Porto Rican delegate to the American congress.

Left to Right, Standing: Charles R. Dean, state department; James S. Harlan of Chicago and Dr. L. Rowe of the University of Pennsylvania.

scarcely surviving indeed, being cleared out by the ever-freshening current of the new and stronger racial waters that sweep across the land. Latin and Anglo-Saxon and Slav and Teuton and Norse,—they have met and commingled there as here. In a few generations the term "Brazilian" will mean as heterogeneous a quantity as the word "American," with the one difference: significance of Portugal, not England, attached at root.

The matter of this tremendous foreign influx and influence; the state of Brazil's modern government; a summary of that accomplished during the administration of ex-President Campos-Salles and President Alves today; the personnel of the Brazilian cabinet; the leading statesmen; the advance in education, literature and fine arts; immigration, colonization and commerce; the predominating industries of Brazil; her industrial, labor and financial conditions; all matters of essential and growing interest to the world and especially to this country, were set forth concisely and vividly in several recent interviews for the National Magazine with the Brazilian ambassador, Mr. Joaquim Nabuco, the first fully accredited ambassador of the United States of Brazil to this country.

MR. JOAQUIM NABUCO, BRAZILIAN AMBASSADOR TO THE UNITED STATES

### *Her Distinguished Ambassador*

First, a word concerning Mr. Nabuco himself and the members of the embassy: Mr. Sylvino do Amaral, first secretary; Mr. E. L. Chermont and Mr. A. de Velloso, second secretaries; Lieutenant-Colonel Achilles de Pederneiras, military attache.

Mr. Nabuco is one of the leading public men of Brazil. As a brilliant diplomat, as writer and historian, he is recognized everywhere, while in his own country he takes high rank as statesman, patriot and orator. He is now in his fifty-sixth year, in appearance distinguished, tall, erect, commanding. His hair and moustache are white, his eyes a piercing dark, his forehead broad and high, his nose aquiline, an eagle-like sense about his face, keen, rather splendid. He has a gracious courtesy of manner and a kindly, democratic way about him that make him much beloved by his intimate associates. He is a devout Catholic and devoted to his home and family.

He has had a most active and interesting career and just now is in the very prime of his usefulness to his country. He comes out of Pernambuco, that ancient province of Brazil to whose troops are given in all Brazilian history the name of "Lions of the North;" that today most important state of the northern country and celebrated for centuries as the seat of culture, enlightenment, sound government and progressive movement; the stronghold of patriotism, being indeed head and heart to old Brazil, and, it appears, supplying the young republic with men of mettle, as Virginia and Massachusetts in our early days. Beside Joaquim Nabuco, the former vice-president of Brazil, Rosa E. Silva, two other members of the federal cabinet and the acting minister of justice, Epitacio Pessoa, all hail from Pernambuco. Mr. Nabuco was graduated in law from the college of Dom Pedro II and at once entered political life as deputy from Pernambuco, soon after going into the diplomatic service, his first appointment being as an attaché to the Brazilian legation in Washington in 1875. Upon his return to Brazil, he took up actively the cause of abolition of slavery, becoming leader of that movement. It was then that he made his reputation in the Brazilian parliament as a great orator, the greatest under the empire. He gained a strong position, became known as one of intense, unswerving loyalty to his government, a man of sound, just views and brilliant attainments in scholarship, statesmanship and literary work. He was, above all, conservative, no advocate for change of government, or revolution.

At the fall of the empire in 1889, Mr. Nabuco retired from public life. For a few years he devoted himself to writing, completed his constitutional history of Brazil during the second Brazilian empire, three volumes, "*Um Estadista do Imperio,*" and a history of the political struggles of the president of Chili who committed suicide, "*Balmaceda.*" A few of his other books — there are some eighteen or twenty in all—are "*Camoes,*" a literary study of the great Portuguese poet; "*Minha Formacao,*" a form of autobiography, and many other literary, historical and descriptive studies. While the republic was passing through its inaugural struggle, this "lion of the north" remained withdrawn and apart.

It was not easy for Nabuco to change his political nature, to wheel around from his royalist and conservative views, especially when there was daily portent of coming earthquake.

At length, however, with the election of Campos-Salles as president, in 1898, the outlook for the republic became free from whirlwind. The government was placed on a stable and permanent foundation. Appeal after appeal was made to Joaquim Nabuco to return once more to the service of Brazil. He responded and his entrance again into the official life of the nation was hailed by Campos-Salles as one of the signal achievements of his administration, one of the greatest triumphs of the republic, and everywhere Nabuco received greeting warm and glad and proud. He was at once delegated upon the important mission of settling the boundary question between British Guiana and Brazil, which was arbitrated by the king of Italy. Mr. Nabuco then remained in England as Brazilian minister to the court of St. James, until the exchange of embassies took place between Brazil and the United States, when he was appointed ambassador, the highest diplomatic position to be conferred by Brazil.

The first secretary of this embassy, Mr. Sylvino do Amaral, has also had a most active diplomatic career in the service of Brazil. His first appointment was as second secretary to the Brazilian legation in Russia in 1895. Since then he has served successively in Spain, Uruguay and England in the same capacity; was promoted first secretary of the legation to the Argentine Republic and last Fall advanced to the embassy in Washington, D. C. He has written a book on the life and diplomatic career of Hugo de Groot, the founder of international law. It was published in Paris in 1903. His native town is Fortaleza, the capital of the state of Ceara. His father held a high position for many years as deputy from Ceara and as a political writer. Mr. do Amaral studied in Rio de Janeiro, and it was direct from academy that he entered the diplomatic service. He is a young man of striking personality, very much of a student, a connoisseur in art, music and letters, an indefatigable worker, patriotic, capable, enthusiastic, ambitious, a thoroughly charming man, gifted, clever, poetic, interesting, quick grace and flashing spark of the Latin there. And he is genuinely devoted to Mr. Nabuco.

Taken altogether, the diplomatic service of Brazil is a most efficient arm of the government, its chief representatives being men of the highest culture and mental equipment and members of the best families. The service was organized in 1852 on European lines, and there are now twenty-four legations permanently established throughout the South American countries, Europe, Asia, Japan, United States and Mexico.

There have been many changes and improvements in recent years and the embassy in Washington is far superior to any of the Brazilian legations in former times.

Madame Nabuco is a woman of great dignity of character and of bearing. Very hospitable, cordial and interesting, she has become one of the most popular ladies of the diplomatic corps in Washington. Madame do Amaral, the wife of the first secretary of the embassy, is also very popular socially, and is one of the beauties of the circle of these gracious southern women. She is tall, graceful, vivacious and very pretty and charming. In fact all of the ladies of the Brazilian embassy, by reason of their culture, beauty and grace, add much to the eclat and the social success of the republic abroad.

### *Builders of the Republic*

"There never has been such an era of development and improvement in every line as there is today in Brazil," said the first secretary. "The progress is even extraordinary. It was, to begin with, the excellent and firm foundation laid by the former presidency that has made this possible. Brazil was placed upon a solid financial basis, her national credit was restored, her national industries were fostered and her friendly relations with all foreign nations greatly augumented by President Campos-Salles and his efficient administration.

"The president, Mr. Rodrigues Alves, whose time will expire on the fifteenth of November, has accomplished a great deal during the three years of his administration, particularly in the department of public works. He has improved Rio Janeiro immensely, having now throughout the city a vast boulevard 1,800 meters long, tree-lined and bordered with palaces, where formerly scrawled hundreds of miserable huts. It is now called the Avenida Central. Furthermore, he has inaugurated the construction of the immense docks not only in the harbor of Rio Janeiro but of Bahia, Pernambuco, Para and Rio Grande do Sul. He has fostered the construction of railroads, adopted wireless telegraphy and has started in to reorganize the lines of navigation. He has in his cabinet, as minister of public works, Dr. Lauro Müller, a lieutenant-colonel of engineers, a most energetic and enthusiastic worker for Brazil though of foreign birth, his father being a Prussian. Dr. Müller, before becoming minister, was a senator from the state of Santa Catharina. With the backing of the administration, Dr. Müller has effected much. The various state asylums, schools, libraries, municipal departments, fire, police,— everything has been reorganized and improved.

"President Alves himself was formerly minister of finance under the third presidential period of the republic. He had been a leading politician under the empire. Just before his election as president he was governor of his state, Sao Paulo.

"The minister of the interior is Dr. Seabra, a prominent lawyer of Brazil. He was formerly professor in the University of Law at Pernambuco, entered politics and served many times as deputy from Bahia. He was the leader of the government party in the chamber of deputies during the administration of President Campos-Salles."

The minister of marine is Vice-Admiral J. C. de Noronha. Work is going forward under his hand, a great project for a larger and stronger navy being entertained, it having been decided that there shall be an increase, twenty-eight ships in all, counting battleships, cruisers and gunboats. At present there are under construction one first-class battleship of 13,000 tons, two first-class armored cruisers, 9,000 tons, and several torpedo boats. The entire reorganization of the naval service has taken place, and there is great and constant activity in naval circles.

The minister of war is General F. P. Argollo of the artillery branch of the army. The reorganization of the army has taken place and the coast defences, chiefly at the entrance of Rio Janeiro, have been greatly strengthened. The Brazilian army is made up of volunteers who enlist for a period of from three to five years. One hundred and eighty-nine acres of land in the government colonies is conceded to each volunteer at the end of his period of enlistment. No foreigners are admitted either to the army or the navy. In accordance with the views of the minister of war, the infantry has recently been reorganized into twenty regiments of two battalions each, with three companies to each battalion. There have also been established under his direction since 1902, throughout the country, one regimental school for each district; seven preparatory schools, two war schools, two tactic schools, one military college and high school.

### *Brazil's Financial Problems*

The present minister of finance is Dr. L. de Bulhoes, former deputy from the state of Goyaz. This, needless to say, is a position of the greatest importance, involving the most difficult of all the problems with which Brazil has to deal.

The social and economic conditions of the country have undergone a complete transformation, quite naturally, when it is considered that the abolition of slavery took place only in 1888 and with the organization of the federal government in 1890 everything underwent a change, startling, abrupt. It was at a most tremendous cost that immigration to replace slavery on the plantations was brought into the country. Then almost immediate over-production ensued. This brought on such a deluge it devastated all the former prices.

In 1895 the revolutionary movements wrought a terrible upheaval of the government finances, and the long series, a mountain chain, of debts that encircled the government, seemed almost impassable.

But Brazil has come safely through, owing mainly to the wise policy of President Campos - Salles and his associates. The new tariff laws going into effect this year will make the greatest changes in the financial and economic conditions of the country. This tariff is highly protective in its character, aiming to shut out from Brazil as much of the foodstuffs, flour and wheat especially, and harvesting machinery as it can by means of high duties, so as to encourage the production of these articles and commodities in Brazil. In a few years it will be seen how much this will redound to Brazilian wealth and stability.

One of the chief aims of the present administration is to seek to improve those laws designed to benefit the farmer and increase the land values of our country.

The tendency of the modern legislation is, as I have repeatedly pointed out, in favor of modern reform and reorganization. No law remains long on the statute books unless it proves a distinct and national advantage.

The new president-elect who was chosen on March 1, by the republican party, Dr. Affonso Penna, (the present vice-president) is a progressive man and will continue to follow out the lines seen to be of such great benefit to Brazil, when he comes into office in November next.

### *Branco's Remarkable Career*

Perhaps the most important statesman in Brazil at present is Baron Rio Branco. He is one of the ablest men in the country and his services for Brazil have been of untold value. He is the son of Viscount do Rio Branco, the great statesman under the empire. He is at present minister of foreign affairs. He was in Washington during the Cleveland administration, appointed minister plenipotentiary in special commissions to settle the boundary controversy between the Argentine Republic and Brazil, which was arbitrated by Mr. Cleveland. The result was favorable for Brazil. He was then sent also as minister plenipotentiary to Switzerland on another special mission: that of settling the boundary question between French Guiana and Brazil, in which also he obtained a favorable result for Brazil. He also settled, favorbly for Brazil, the questions of Bolivia and Peru, and, in 1899, the Acre boundary question. This contested territory supplied, if you may remember, the most valuable rubber of the Amazon trade, and its ownership was disputed between Bolivia and Brazil. The inhabitants of Acre finally rose in rebellion and established a republic of their own. It was but short-lived, the insurgents being at once put down by the two governments combined, and Brazil settled the question at once and for all by buying outright the disputed territory.

So great have been the services of Rio Branco that the Brazilian government has conferred upon him the highest honors, given him liberal gifts and bestowed upon him a large annuity for life and advanced him to the rank of envoy extraordinary and minister plenipotentiary to Germany, and now made him minister of foreign affairs. Baron Rio Branco is the author of a military history of Brazil.

### *Regarding Immigration*

Regarding the question of foreign immigration there is much to say. This matter is given very especial attention today under the department of industry and public works. At present the immigration that comes to Brazil is voluntary. Those from northern Europe settle in southern Brazil and those from southern Europe settle in the northern portion of our states. The immigrants are chiefly Italians, Germans, Portuguese, Spaniards and Poles. Very rich colonies which have developed into important centers of industries and population have been founded by them in every state. It was not until the beginning of the nineteenth century that Portugal permitted foreign immigration, although foreigners, Swiss and Germans did secure foothold. In 1860 there were forty-five German settlements, and these Germans are now Brazilian citizens. With the Italians they form the largest foreign population.

There is a bureau of immigration established. An immigrant station under government control is built on Tlha das Flores in the harbor of Rio, and here immigrants are given board and lodging until they are ready to be conveyed to their chosen colony at the government's expense. Millions of dollars have been spent in the last six or seven years to increase the facilities and give encouragement for the reception of foreigners. A sanitary convention was recently called and agreements to avoid too severe quarantine regulations signed between Brazil, the Argentine Republic, Uruguay and Paraguay. Since 1855 the number of colonists recorded as entering different ports in Brazil is nearly three millions. There are today three hundred and fifty thousand Brazilians of German parentage.

On the social life of Brazil, particularly in Rio de Janeiro, the French modes and fashions are grafted.

It can be said indeed that the future of Brazil depends upon foreign immigration. Every state in the Brazilian Union is now taking up methods of encouraging its steady movement, and is making wonderful concessions to the immigrant, even furnishing agricultural implements, tools, seeds and whatever he might need.

### *The Great Industries*

The various giant industries around which the towns and cities revolve are cotton-spinning and weaving, sugar-refining, brewing, match, paper, and hat-manufacturing. The production of cotton goods takes the foremost place in the state of Rio de Janeiro. There are very many cotton mills, the facility afforded for water power in many states is so excellent. Yes, mining forms a world to itself. There is no one who does not know of the mines of Brazil! That the land is veined with gold! Our most abundant metal,perhaps, after gold, is copper, and there are silver, coal and iron and rich mines of diamonds and quarries of marble. With mining, agriculture takes the lead. Plantations of coffee, sugar-cane, cotton, tobacco and rubber spread their wealth over the country, and the riches of the Brazilian forest woods are as famous as diamonds!

The regulations of all these industries and the labor pertaining to factories, railways, mines, navigation and plantation work is fairly well organized. There are never any 'strikes'. Brazil has developed no labor organizations. The working classes are well housed and rents and living are reasonable. The cooperative societies, what few there are, consist of credit and banking institutions and agricultural organizations.

### *Art, Letters and Education*

The greatest advance in modern Brazil is, however, in education. There are public primary schools in every city and town and education is made compulsory in many of the states. The government is devoting every energy to encourage the education of the masses. Under the colonial rule no steps were taken in the direction of general education for the people; there were no schools except the Jesuit colleges and no libraries to speak of. The sons of the wealthy families were sent to Portugal to study law, medicine, divinity, art or engineering. The conditions changed somewhat when the Portuguese court was established at Rio Janeiro. Private schools were started and in 1827 a law passed for the establishment of public schools, but none was in fair working condition until 1854. The girls are educated in convents when they reach a certain age. Besides the public schools now in Brazil there are several universities, medical schools,polytechnic schools, mining schools and the quite recent School of Fine Arts in Rio de Janeiro. There is also the National Institute of Music, and there is a public library in every leading city in Brazil. The Brazilian Academy of Letters has also been founded. This is composed of forty members and fosters the national language and literature.

Speaking of the literature of Brazil, it has a distinctive character of its own. It is very rich, very romantic and poetic. All the poets in Brazil cannot be named! It is true that in the early colonial days the Portuguese character with hardly a touch of Brazilian coloring was revealed: but in later times the Portuguese traces became dimmed. The first writers to develop the pure Brazilian character were the poets of the 'Arcadia Ultra Marine', a literary society founded in the last part of the eighteenth century at Rio de

Janeiro. This group of poets includes names celebrated in Brazilian history and among them were those who shared in the first strike for independence. It was from this minor school the first purely national and patriotic poetry of Brazil came forth full armed. There is in this poetic work much charm of imagery, harmony of diction, and beauty of versification. They were the forerunners of the school of romanticism. Brazil has today historians, scientists, novelists and poets of remarkable distinction. Silvio Romero is one of the greatest scholars. He is the author of the 'History of Brazilian Literature.' Jose Verissimo is one of the best literary critics, and Aluisio de Azevedo, the Brazilian Zola, as he is called, the most popular novelist. Other novelists of great power who must be mentioned are Machado de Assis, the president of the Brazilian Academy, and Graca Aranha.

Equally with poetry, music is also a passion of the nation. There is a particular leaning towards the Italian school. The creator of the Brazilian opera, Gomes, ranks with Rossini, Verdi and Donizetti.

Rio de Janeiro has a magnificent theater now in course of erection, modeled after the Theater Francaise. It is built of many colored marbles, is rich in design and material, very graceful and superb. It will be the most beautiful theater in Latin-America when it is finished.

# ATTAINMENT

## By Jessie M. Whittaker

DENTON, TEXAS

MY little boat has come at last
Upon a quiet sea,
And all the perils of the past
Are like a dream to me:
The blinding rain, the driving gale,
The teeth of cruel shores,
The famine and the tattered sail,
The broken, blood-stained oars.

Yet with those tranquil isles in sight
What mean these listless eyes?
On boundless seas, like molten light,
Whence come these doubting sighs?
Why in these bruised and weary hands
Still beats this lust of strife?
*O placid deeps, submerge those lands;*
*Arise, dead winds, to life!*

# A FIN DE SIECLE FRIAR

### By Charles Warren Stoddard

Author of "South Sea Idyls," "Islands of Tranquil Delight," etc.
MONTEREY, CALIFORNIA

AT one of the famous shrines in the south of Europe, I once fell in with a Friar of Orders Gray and chummed with him; it happened thus:—I alighted from the train at evening in the ancient seaport of Ancona. Sometimes antiquity lends a haggard look to those old Italian citadels. One might almost imagine that the Flood had flowed over them in its day; but when the waters had evaporated, lo and behold! there were the castellated walls and the tall, square towers, and the narrow passages they call streets — where the sun never shines and the population increases in the most astonishing manner, like mushrooms in the moist night, for example — and all as good as new.

I was glad when I alighted at Ancona, for I was very tired, and now I had nothing to do but to sup well and sit upon the borders of the sea, the adorable sea of song and story, and admire the maidens and mothers of Ancona, who are justly celebrated for their beauty; and then sleep a well-earned sleep until the dawn, when life was to begin all over again—quite a new phase of it.

The truth is, I was hastening to one of the most celebrated shrines in Italy—indeed, I think I may say in all Europe —the Holy House of Loreto—and I wished to arrive there very early in the morning. I wished to leave Ancona for the village of Loreto at daybreak and for three reasons: First, as a matter of course; second as a matter of business, that is, to write of it as a traveling correspondent naturally would and should; third, as a matter of profit both spiritual and temporal.

Well. At daybreak I entered a very queer old vehicle drawn by the skin and bones of a beast that may have been a young and promising colt long years before. The S. P. C. A., if it exists in Italy, must work over hours and accomplish nothing, for nowhere is unmerciful man less merciful to his beast—outside of civilized communities. I entered with a light heart and a lighter stomach, being breakfastless, and soon we were on our way through the blue dawn toward Loreto, not many miles away. I was quitting the wicked world and slowly toiling up the steep and thorny way toward the little heaven that crowned the hilltop at sunrise and looked like a reduced copy of the City Beautiful, sharply outlined against the immaculate, silvery sky. It was a long pull—though the miles were not many; a strong pull—for the driver and I were laboring with the poor animal that was sometimes on its knees, though not through any spirit of devotion; and a pull all together, for driver and I had sometimes to help—not by pulling exactly, though he did pull the horse while I pushed the chariot. Thus we entered the gate of the little walled town and were welcomed by the first beams of the sun as they gilded the azure ripples of the Adrian Sea.

Having deposited my traveling-sack and bespoken a room at the inn—the driver had already set out on his return to Ancona, where his breakfast awaited him—I made my way as best I could toward the great Basilica beneath whose dome was sheltered the veritable Holy House of Nazareth; I could not miss it. Its lofty walls overshadowed the whole town of Loreto—which, after all, is only a village and its streets a camping-ground. These streets — there was really only one worthy of the name—were narrow and roughly paved and swarming with pilgrims from almost every part of Italy; they were peasants chiefly who had arrived on foot in slender caravans, each clad in the costume of its district and easily to be identified by it; each bearing its banner embroidered with a sacred symbol, or a crucifix or a statuette of the Madonna in its shrine, borne as reverently on the brawny shoulders of young mountaineers as if it were the Ark of the Covenant. Each chanting its chant in chorus, from grandparents to grandchildren—even to the fourth generation in some cases, though harmonies do not always proceed out of the mouths of babes and sucklings.

Many of these had slept in the streets the night before, rolled in homespun blankets, and slept well; for they were footsore and weary and wellnigh exhausted after their pilgrimage. Some had been nine days on the way; a few of the aged fell fainting upon the threshold of the Basilica, their hungry eyes having caught a momentary glimpse of the Holy House under the dome, all radiant in the glow of a myriad votive-tapers. It was enough: on the morrow they would feast their souls; tonight black bread, a lump of goat's cheese and a cup of wine and then to the pavement to sleep the sleep of the just.

I was alone. It would seem that I always am alone when anything of importance happens, and then when I tell of it, none of the listeners having been an eye-witness, they doubt their ears. Slowly and with some difficulty, I picked my way through the crowded street where the pilgrims were breaking bread like so many Holy Families — though in some cases they were multiplied by six—and, having arrived at the portal of the Basilica, I flattered myself that I would have no difficulty in approaching the confessional. Alas! all is vanity. When I entered the vast edifice, a miracle in marble, the pavement was packed with people. Of course there were no pews, nor even chairs or camp-stools—unless you chanced to bring one of the latter under your arm for your own convenience. My heart sank within me, but with what moderate haste I could I went the rounds of the confessionals, seeking a confessor who might shrive me in mine own familiar tongue.

Here, along the walls, were ranged the "boxes" properly labelled; the eye could at a glance learn the language spoken by the confessor within each. There was every conceivable avenue of escape from the toils of sin, from Volapuk to Choctaw, and I thought how true it is that no man can excuse himself from duty and continue to skip in the primrose path of dalliance, when the gate of deliverance is open right before him, with the sign thereof hanging above it. I went from confessional to confessional — Italian, French, German, Spanish, Flemish and ever so many more, and English! I found it at last. One can sin in any language under the sun, but it is not so easy to tell of it, unless you are a phenomenal linguist. By this time there was a column of penitents kneeling on the two sides of the English confessional a quarter of a mile in length.

Naturally enough my place was at the foot of that column of patient penitents that was every moment being added to by fresh arrivals; I should have gone there to bide my time and wait my turn, like the rest of them; that I had as yet had no breakfast, and could have none, nor so much as a drop of water, till after I had performed my religious duties, counted nothing in my favor; that I was hungry as a bear and that there was every prospect of my getting as cross as one before my turn came, was of no consequence whatever. I fear I must have doubled the sin on my soul inside of the next two or three hours, if a bright thought had not struck me just like a flash of lightning.

These penitents were pilgrims, chiefly peasants, meek and lowly and as poor as the Order of St. Francis. I said, "They are used to hardship and privation; they can hunger yet a little while and stand it better than I can; I will buy one of them off; he shall remain a little longer in his sin, but I will reward him for his sacrifice and later on he and his shall feast as they have not feasted for many a day." I approached the confessional and begged a fellow sinner to allow me to take his place. It was not a vicarious sacrifice on my part; it was merely a generous postponement on the part of a stalwart young shepherd in sandals with his calves lashed with thongs; he was clad in a jacket of sheepskin with the wool on the outside; and his head was the head of a faun crowned with glossy black curls.

I bought him off with a bit of silver—surely you will not compare it with one of the "thirty pieces?"—and down he went to the end of the line, two or three hours behind me. Thus did I plunge a penitent soul back into a state of sin just as it was going to be lifted out of it—but he looked the picture of health, this pastoral penitent, with the soft eyes of an ox and the flush of a ripe peach in his cheek, still guiltless of the virginal down of manhood; surely he was better able to bear the burden he had brought with him than I mine, and that is why I ventured to do what I did without so much as a compunction of conscience. In a few minutes my knees were bent on that well-worn stool of repentance, a crucifix was at my lips, my forehead was pressed against the wire screen that separated me from the inner chamber where he sat, of whom it is said: "Whose soever sins ye remit, they are remitted unto them; and whose soever sins ye retain they are retained." And there I awaited my deliverance in an ecstasy such as is unknown to those who have not shared with me the selfsame round of experiences.

Well, I listened in a silence that was intense and holy, in a curtained twilight that shielded me like a protecting wing; there was a stir and a rustling of garments close beside me; a little wooden slide was withdrawn from within the screen—the shutter had just been closed on the opposite side of the confessional; I saw dimly the outline of a face that looked familiar only because it was not foreign. I began in the almost breathless whisper of one who knows that he will arise from his knees free, forgiven, whiter than snow!

I said: "Father, forgive me, for I have sinned. Since my last confession I confess—" but never mind what else I said. I had hardly begun to unburden my soul when the voice from within the screen interrupted me with a word of welcome and the hope that I had not long been detained by the pilgrims, who were not English-speaking people, but were permitted to frequent his confessional when there were no foreign—English or American — penitents present. When I passed from the confessional to the altar-rail, he begged me to return for a few words which he would whisper from the door of his sanctuary—words that savored less of sacred than profane love. In due season I returned. In a few words he told me where to get the cosiest breakfast in town, with wine that maketh the heart glad and a salad with oil that maketh the face to shine. I had, also, peremptory orders to return after breakfast, at a given hour, and repair to the Episcopal Palace that glorifies two sides of the great square in front of the Basilica, and is a sight to behold. I was there to ask for Father John! Father John, with the smooth face like a girl's, the coal-black eyes that sparkled like jet, and as jaunty a tonsure as ever wreathed monkish poll.

He was quite unnecessarily good-looking; he had more shape than he knew what to do with, a fact he found it impossible to disguise; he had wit and wisdom beyond his years; in short, he was a clerical trump and a Friar of Orders Gray. All this I discovered when he stepped out of the confessional and came to light for the first time. He found me fagged out; a traveling correspondent written down to the bone; a thousand years old if I was a minute; and the joke of it was that this ghostly father who had shrived me was a youngster of six and twenty, or thereabouts. I ate. I drank. I listened to the chanting pilgrims as they passed to and fro through the one long street of the village. I puzzled over Father Jack — I mean Father John—and began to get interested in this highly decorative friar.

Never had I broken fast in happier mood. Not only was the breakfast a good breakfast and my appetite one of the best in the world, but I was feasting my eyes and ears as well as palate. The devout demeanor of the pilgrims that thronged the little street before the inn; their fantastic and sometimes brilliant costumes; their songs, their chants, their litanies, swelling softly night and day, from one end of the village to the other; the muffled patter of their sandaled feet as the processions entered or left the village on their long tramp homeward—what could be more diverting, more pleasant to mind and heart? It was therefore with gladness I went forth in search of my new-found friend at the Basilica.

When I sought Father John in the confessional I found he had departed. It was getting on toward noon. The crowd was thinning out within the walls of the building, where the air had become dense and poisonous. I crossed the piazza and entered the colonade of the Episcopal Palace opposite. Following the remembered directions of my friend, I made my way into an upper gallery, where there was a huge door locked against me. Here I pulled a bell-chain and waited a reply; my suspense was curiously droll. I was alone in the long and lofty marble gallery of a marble palace that flanked two sides of a great paved square with an elaborate marble fountain in the center of it. Pope Sixtus V was the creator of the Basilica, as we see it today, and his statue is enthroned before it, facing the facade. This same pontiff, finding that the accumulating treasure of votive-offerings—many of them of great value—was beginning to excite the cupidity of the Saracen pirates that scoured the Adriatic coast in their winged barques in 1586, surrounded the town of Loreto with fortified walls and made of it a miniature city that for many years was the capital of the papal state of Macinta.

I was lost in revery when a voice cried: "Who is there?" The question was demanded in very choice Italian, by a voice in the air and uttered by invisible lips. It startled me, for no one was anywhere visible. I cried, "A friend," as is the custom of the country, when I had been a second time accosted, apparently from the ceiling; on looking up, I spied two monkish eyes peering down upon me through a small trap door in the roof. Asking for Father John, the great entrance door was speedily unbolted by the pulling of a chain from within, and I ascended to a corridor out of which the several cells of the community opened, one after another, up and down its whole length—thirty or forty of them in a row. To one of these I was directed, and, on knocking, bidden to enter. I entered and there, in his brown robe, the knotted rope girding him, the rosary at his side, his sandals upon his bare feet, stood Father John, ready to greet me without reserve.

It was a cosy cell, the one where Father John received me; rather narrow, perhaps, but deep enough to make up for that; with one small window opening upon the typical and enticing Italian landscape and a glorious breadth of sea. On the deep window-seat stood pots of flowering plants; over these hung a wicker cage with an imprisoned lark that from time to time lifted its voice in ecstasy, as if it also had taken the vow of celibacy and sweet solitude—having willingly forsworn the world and was glorying in it all.

On the walls of the cell were bookshelves laden with volumes that I have reason to believe are not much sought after by others of his order. But let me explain: There were Mark Twain's "Roughing It" and "The Innocents Abroad", "Artemus Ward" complete in one volume, "The Lady of the Camelias" in the original, a few of the ancient classics, and a choice collection of the modern poets, excellent English and American editions. The modern Italian poets were there, also, and to hear him read them in that mellifluous bastard-Latin was music most musical, most melancholy. Of course Dante was there, and Tasso — for Tasso was one of the countless pilgrims who visited the Holy House in his day and celebrated its miraculous history in verse.

The walls of the cell were decorated with engravings from the London Graphic and other illustrated journals. Foils, masks, boxing-gloves and fishing-rods and tackle were artistically grouped among the pictures. On the huge writing table, among a litter of manuscripts and letters in and out of their envelopes, as well as cigars, pipes, a breviary and tobacco jar—this last a terra cotta monk with a movable cowl and a belly-full of "Lone Jack" — a brace of silver-mounted revolvers caught my eye. "These," said Father John, noticing my interested glance at the weapons—"These are the gifts of friends who have found their way into my life here and have left a souvenir in memory thereof. Do you shoot?" I acknowledged that I had once shot something by accident,—a barn door, I believe—but that I was no shot, my bullets usually taking their own course, and I was always gratified and grateful when I returned from the chase with no guiltless blood upon my head.

We smoked in that monastic cell, under the shadow of the Episcopal Palace, until the blue clouds poured out of the small window and drugged the lark in his cage. We discussed Mark Twain and Bret Harte and A. Ward and the luckless Henry Ward Beecher, and the poets from first to last, until our throats were parched; and then mine host summoned a lay-brother and called for the conventual wine, than which none is finer, for it is warranted the pure juice of the grape. The wine arrived speedily; the lay-brother betrayed no shadow of suspicion or surprise when he found us waxing jovial over a stray volume of London "Punch" addressed to Father John with the affectionate regards of some English admirer; the brother was evidently used to that sort of thing, and being an Italian, probably thought that all Yankee monks praised God after this fashion.

Father John was a fig gathered of Puritan thistles. Such miracles are not infrequent nowadays. As a youth he went to Rome and ripened there. Those who know anything of the American College in Rome must know something of its student life; something of the ancient palace that houses the students who hail from every quarter of the United States—from almost every state in the Union; something of the cloister trodden for so many studious years by the thousands of feet that were learning to tread the straight and narrow path that leads so often to a bishopric or an archbishopric or in some rare cases to a cardinalate. Such an one cannot forget the beautiful chapel of rarest marbles where, when a student is ordained, perhaps the mass, composed for the occasion by one of the students, is rendered by a quartette and chorus of his fellows; nor will he fail to remember the lovely inner garden with the broad basin of the fountain there; nor the tradition—one of the many—of the wrestling match beteen two students of the same class; begun in sport, the struggle grew more and more strenuous, until at last one seized the other and cast him bodily into the depths of the pool and won the plaudits of the enthusiastic witnesses of this combat of the church militant. The student who swam out of the fountain, a wiser and a wetter man, was the late Archbishop Corrigan of the archdiocese of New York; the victor was the sometime friend and abettor of Henry George, the celebrated Reverend Doctor McGlynn. Nor will he forget the sweet, long Summer vacations at the villa in the Alban Hills, or the games of good old American baseball, or the wonderful tramps through that storied land, from the topmost Alban peak to the shore of the Mediterranean, every inch of which is classic, be it sacred or profane.

When the American college days in Rome were over, Father John returned to his native land, and, metaphorically rolling up his sleeves, began to make things lively in the town where he was stationed. His youthful energy had been corked up through all those Roman years; there is little use for energy in Italy save in the drawing of a bargain to a bloodless conclusion. He would brush the scales from the eyes of his slumbrous hearers and regenerate a race that had for many a year been taking life as they found it and trying to make the best of it.

He would no more of this. He came not to bring peace, but a sword. His battle cry was, "Awake, arise, or be forever fallen!" He succeeded in troubling the waters and roiling them. He was not laying any dust in his vicinity.

Those who were not for him were against him. They rushed into print. He was not slow to follow. It was not very long before wars and rumors of wars were disturbing the quietude of of other parishes miles and miles away.

He was telling me this in graphic, narrative style, and I was listening while my glance wandered from the window where I sat, over all that glorious landscape and back again to rest on the twinkling eyes of the speaker. I was wondering how the story of his life was like to end. Of course I knew where it had ended, but not exactly how or why it came to end there. Had I stopped to think, I might have known without waiting for his revelation.

He had evidently stirred up the community in that town of his, in the conservative Middle states. He was getting the better of his opponents in the columns of the local press. The dear public began to look upon him as the clerical lion of that part of the country and to be very proud of him and his prowess, or to fear him for his fearlessness, or perhaps to hate him for downing his opponents with such apparent ease.

A change came o'er the spirit of his dream. He was in the prime of life, in perfect health and happier than he had ever been before. He had the muscles of an athlete; an infallible digestion; he was rejoicing as a strong man to run a race. In the height of his success, when it seemed that he must sweep all before him, he received a peremptory summons to repair at once to Rome.

A faint smile played over the features of Father John as he held his cigar, with an inch-long ash at the end of it, poised in air while he seemed to be lost in a revery. He asked me if I believed in premonitions, if I credited them. Of course I do—after they have been verified and I see how true they were and how easily evident to the devout believer. He said when he received his message from Rome he felt that the hour of his triumph had come. Of course his superiors at home and abroad had learned of the great awakening in the religious and social circles of his town. He believed he had settled the question of mixed marriages at once and forever. Superiors always know what is going on among the shepherds of their flock. Nothing ever escapes their vigilance or is suffered to pass unheeded. Long before wireless telegraphy was dreamed of, all that was worth knowing was known by the superiors almost as soon as it happened, even though it happened to happen at the very ends of the earth. Of course they knew all about him there in Rome!

Could it be, asked he of Fate in the privacy of his chamber—could it be that they had sent for him to place him where he could do greater good, on a larger scale? Was it to be his mission to quicken the blood in the veins of New Italy? — of course Mother Church must keep abreast of the times. In a certain sense it might be like putting new wine into old bottles; but the old bottles of Italy were of goat-skin and more or less flexible, and after all was said it was, probably, the new wine they were most in need of to prepare them for the great awakening. Or it might be some office near the throne that needed rejuvenating. He liked the atmosphere of the Vatican; it becomes more or less familiar to every student of every ecclesiastical college in Rome during the years of study enjoyed there. Well, whatever it was, he was ready for it, and with a right loyal heart he bade farewell to all who were near and dear to him and set bravely forth to meet his fate.

He was still smiling when he paused to relight his cigar. His smile was mildly infectious. We both surveyed the landscape for a moment. There is nothing more enchanting to the eye than a wide sweep of the Adriatic at its bluest, beyond a foreground of luscious green, with clusters of cypress and stone pines to emphasize its beauty.

"Well," said Father John, tossing his match out of the window, "arriving in Rome, I was ordered to repair at once to Loreto and take my place in the English confessional. That was some years ago." Then, after a pause, "I have been here ever since!" We were both silent now, but such a song came from the throat of that lark as might almost wing a tired soul to the gate of Heaven.

He was a very busy friar and the time could not hang heavily on his hands. So many hours a day in the confessional. It was not often that he saw an Englishman or a fellow countryman. Loreto is off the main line of travel. It appeals chiefly, of course, to Catholics, and very strongly to them. Were it not so, two millions of weary souls would not visit the shrine of the Holy House annually.

The tradition of the *Casa Santa,* the Holy House, is so extraordinary, with its miraculous flights through space, borne by a legion of angels, that though the testimony of eye-witnesses and whole volumes of evidence vouch for the truth of it, one can but sit in awe and wonderment, crying from the depths of his soul, "Lord, I believe. Help thou mine unbelief!" When the Basilica was closed at night, and the numberless throngs were sleeping upon the pavements of all the bye-ways in the place, I was led alone by my friend to enter the very house itself, and to see at my leisure what no one can see when he is swallowed up in the emotional multitude.

The *Casa Santa* is the little house of

Nazareth where the Holy Family dwelt during the childhood of our Lord. The story of its transportation must be read in full, together with all the testimony bearing witness to its authenticity, to be at all appreciated—or even for a moment to be accepted seriously by the naturally skeptical. It found its last and final resting place in Loreto in the year 1295.

Father John's hours were numbered; it was only in those allotted to recreation that I found it possible to approach him, even with a smile. He was in dead earnest when on duty; he slighted no one, not even the humblest, for they were all one to him, and of one fold. Nor in his hours of recreation was his gaiety of spirit unworthy of one in his high office as guardian of souls, doctor and director of hearts, pastor and good comrade.

He brooked no nonsense when abroad in the streets or the highways. When an insolent fellow, on one occasion, insulted him in the presence of a mob of boors, Father John felled him like an ox with one sledge-hammer blow that had more weight with the paralyzed spectators than would forty tons of tracts.

When we grew tired of sitting and chatting in his cell, we wandered into the garden of the monastery. Here, at the far end of it, out of sight and almost out of hearing, we had pistol practice, and he struck the bull's-eye every shot. We drove to many neighboring shrines—where can you turn in Italy without finding one of more or less interest? He knew all the legends of the land, and told them with considerable effect during these delightful drives. Need I add that he was a capital whip?—the peasantry halted by the roadside in open-mouthed admiration as we went our way rejoicing. He kept me by him for several days, and I, nothing loth, might have tarried on and on indefinitely but for the notes in my notebook that were running short and the call for copy in the editorial rooms of the San Francisco Chronicle that even at that distance was forever dinning in my ears. Oh! that was an outing and an inning to remember. When I was not sharing his homely meal at the monastery, he would join me at mine inn, and with his aid in the way of suggestion, we fared sumptuously.

Oh! my friend; you may prate of wasted lives, and idleness, and the parasites of the church, and all that sort of thing, but I fear it is little you know about the vital forces that are feeding and sustaining and strengthening it every hour of the four and twenty. If I could show you the letters that came to me from that friar in the south of Europe, letters bubbling over with health and happiness and the sweetest resignation; and then show you a photograph of a young man in tonsure and cowl, with the calmest, clearest eyes that ever looked out from under a placid brow; if you could have felt of his knotted biceps and known the grasp of his small but powerful hand; and heard the peal of his hearty laughter—for his spirit was bubbling over even there in his serene solitude—you would perhaps begin to understand why the monastic life, in spite of its tranquility, never stagnates; and why the more you contend against the spirit of the religious orders, the more they live and thrive.

I might, in proof of this, give you the name and address of Father John. You who have done Europe as most people do it nowadays have doubtless passed almost within the influence of his magnetic orbit—I wish you might have realized it at the time. But it is too late now. Father John is no longer in the flesh. His dust now mingles with the hallowed dust of his Brotherhood in some echoless cloister. "May his soul, and the souls of all the faithful departed, through the mercy of God, rest in peace."

# UNCLE RUBE

## By Miriam Sheffey

MARION, VIRGINIA

MR. MICHAEL SYLVESTER DODSON is the proprietor of the only mercantile establishment in Laurel Fork. His store, which stands at the junction of two much-traveled mountain roads, is the gathering place for all the politicians, news-vendors and weather prophets of the settlement.

Occasionally the company is augmented by the presence of a traveling-man, who never fails to derive a large amount of enjoyment from the sage observations which fall upon his ears.

Mr. Jonathan Reuben Snead, or "Uncle Rube," as he is popularly called, is a conversational expert. His acquaintances, from the storekeeper down, defer with one consent to his opinion, and allow him to keep the floor until he exhausts himself. His conversation is of so unique and amusing a character that he never bores or exhausts his listeners. Even the traveling-man looks upon the quaint old farmer with respect and shows marked appreciation of his ability as an entertainer.

Uncle Rube confesses to three hundred pounds, but it is believed generally that he tips the scales at a much higher figure. With his tremendous frame, on which the vast folds of flesh quiver with every movement, his great fat legs so bowed as to form an oblong spheroid beneath his body, his monstrous arms which stand out from his sides in semicircles, his bald pate with its fringe of stiff gray hair, and his large, ruddy, smiling, moon-shaped countenance, he is "enough to make a hute-owl laugh, is what he is,'' so he himself declares.

"*Uncle Rube confesses to three hundred pounds*"

"Howdy, Bud?" said Uncle Rube the other afternoon to the traveling-man, as the latter entered the store and took his accustomed place among the enchanted listeners. "When'd you git in? Come acrost the mountain this mornin', hey? Wal, I bet you feel like you'd been drug thoo a thrashin' machine. The last time I crossed Laurel Mountain taught me a lesson I hain't likely to fergit. I got so shuck up that I like to never got straightened out ag'in. 'Way back yander when my son Billy and the gals was little things, I hired Eunice Danders to stay over to my house and holp Sary Sue with her housework and sich. She stayed with us nigh onto fifteen year, and I paid her seventy-five cents every week she worked and vittled her beside. Seventy-five cents a week, sir, and she didn't do nothin' but cook and wash and iron and churn and milk and keep up fires and split kindlin' and carry water and holp along with the children and houseclean-in'. Not nary a thing, sir! Sometimes she'd sew a little, but that was jist fer the sake of accommodation. She ought by rights to 'a' had a neat little sum laid by when the fifteen years come to a end, but Eunice never would take no advice about her money, is what she wouldn't. She didn't have but seventy-five dollars laid up out of all them seventy-five centses I'd paid her, and what should she do but take a fool notion to git married on that! The fust thing she done was to go up to Riverside to see the tooth-dentist thar, and th'ow away fifteen good dollars on a set of false teeth. Eunice had been a-gummin' it fer ten year, and she never would 'a' took the false tooth craze if she hadn't 'a' took the marryin' craze fust. The next thing she done was to spend three dollars on a hand-painted chiny moustache cup. What in the name of sense she wanted with a moustache cup gits by me. She didn't have no moustache herself, and Ananias Sands, he couldn't 'a' growed one to 'a' saved his neck. Ananias was the feller she was a-courtin' of. Then she paid out thirteen dollars fer one of these here trashy kitchen cabinets to put in her culinary department when her and Ananias was settled down to housekeepin', so she said. The next thing she done, she spent twelve dollars on weddin' finery, and handed the balance of her seventy-five over to Ananias fer to git hisself fixed up in style and pay fer the license and other necessary expense. One day not long arter she got home from Riverside whar she'd went to make her purchases, she boarded Ezry Dowell's waggin and rid acrost the mountain to Muggins's Station fer to meet Ananias and the preacher-man, which was comin' in on the log-train jist especially to perform the ceremony. When Ezry come a-drivin' back, he 'lowed as how Ananias wasn't on hand hisself, let alone the preacher-man, but Eunice said she'd wait fer um,—she'd ben a-waitin' fer a man all her life, anyways,—they'd be shore to come by-and-by. But, bless your life, the next day the mail carrier brung me word that Eunice said she was tired a-waitin', and would I please come over to Muggins's arter her with a beast? She'd love to git her old place ag'in, if me and Sary Sue was agreeable. Except fer her extravagance, Eunice is a right fair sort of female and a fust-class cook, so arter jue deliberation me and Sary Sue decided to fotch her back to our house. I didn't have but one beast, so I rid that un and borried another fer the accommodation of the jilted damsel. When I got to Muggins's thar was pore Eunice lookin' like—who was it, settin' on what smilin' at which? Wal, anyway, she looked like she'd been sont fer and couldn't come, and I felt that sorry fer her that I put her onto my beast, it bein' the likeliest one of the two, and I rid the borried one. And sich a time as I did have, to be shore! That beast was the wust balanced animule ever I run against. His forequarters was too heavy fer his hind-quarters, and pulled him down in front so bad that I had to set 'way behint the saddle to keep him from turnin' somersets right thar in the road. Every time we come to a steep place as we rid down the mountain, his hind quarters threatened to tumble right over his forequarters with me sorter sandswitched in between. I hain't crosssed Laurel Mountain sence, and I hain't gonter cross it, neither, 'specially on a borried beast. When I goes any place on a visit, I drives fifty mild up the valley and boards

*"Me and Sary Sue decided to fotch her back"*

the train at Riverside, druther than risk Laurel Mountain ag'in. Mose Nubbins driv you crost in his kivered waggin, hey? Wal, Bud, that's wuss than beast-back. I never hear tell of Mose that I don't think about the time he come to my yard to git acquainted with my honey bees. I was out a-takin' honey when he come along. Me and my bees has allers been on the friendliest sort of terms, and don't never have no disagreements. Wal, sir, when that little wall-eyed kid seed me handlin' them critters just as keerless as if they didn't carry no concealed weepins about their persons, he looked as if he didn't know whether to git er not to git. But he stood his ground. Bye-and-bye here he come sneakin' thoo the gate an' up to whar I stood. The bees was fairly roarin' around me, and so thick on my hands and face that you couldn't 'a' put down a pin-p'int. Didn't I never git stung, hey? I never was stung by a bee but wunst, Bud, and then that was when I sot down on a hornet. Gosh! I jumped three feet into the air that time, and roused up the whole neighborhood. I wasn't nothin' but a six-year-old, but I kin feel the force of the old feller's argiments to this very day. But to go back to Mose. 'I'd like to git accquainted with them bees,' he says. 'You would, hey?' says I. 'All right, Bud. Jist step over to that thar bee-gum ferninst the 'tater-house, rale easy, now, and thump on the side, and say three times, 'O little bees, little buzzin' bees, come out of your houses, if you please!' Then shut your eyes and turn around twicet, and if you and them bees hain't warmly accquainted by that time, I'm a dad-burned Dutchman,' I says. Wal, sir, that young ejit marched plump up to that thar bee-gum, and commenced a-thumpin' and a-speechifyin' to beat the band. It was enough to make a wildcat bust its sides a-laughin'. The next thing I knowed Mose was a-splittin' the air behint him. Them bees hain't never come back yit, is what they hain't. As for Mose,— wal, I reckon he'd ruther be blowed up by a cyclone than to step inside of my gate agin. Gosh! I do love a joke! I'd ruther play a joke than to have the finest smoke, that's what I'd ruther do.

"You say you're sellin' now for a house in Lynchburg, hey? I was down to Lynchburg wunst. It's a right big sort of a place, too. Me and my son Billy travelled down that-a-way together, that's what me and Billy done. Billy, he had to stop over in Roanoke on a little matter of horse-beast tradin', so I went on down to Lynchburg by my lonesome. Billy didn't like much to lemme go, bein's I wasn't used to tourin' around, but I told him if things didn't move out o' my way they'd git run over. Arter I 'd loafed around in Lynchburg fer a day er so, I took such a honin' fer a sight of a familiar face, that I sont a telegraph to Billy to meet me at the depot, and I piled onto the fust train what come along and struck out fer Roanoke. When the conductor come around fer tickets, I gave him mine, and he ast me how I expected to get to Petersburg on a ticket to Roanoke. 'I don't expect to, sir,' I says. 'I expect to git to Roanoke. My son Billy he sent a telegraph over to Lynchburg to the ticket-agent to send a Roanoke ticket up to my hotel, so's I could git right back onto the train and go to Roanoke whenever the notion struck me. The clerk up to the hotel gimme this ticket this mornin', sir, and I 'm jist a-goin' back to Roanoke on it,' I says. 'But this here train's goin to Petersburg,' he says. 'How'd you happen to git onto the wrong train?' he says. 'Why,' says I, 'I jest toured around ontel I come to the gittin'-on place, and I seed a train er two standin' around kinder aimless-like and I clomb onto the fust one that come handy,' I says. 'It costs more to git to Petersburg,' he says then, sorter significant-like. That dumfoundered me at fust, but when I come to myself I retch down into my pants-pocket and got out my wallet like money wasn't no object with yourn truly, and I opuned up my rolls of bills and paid him the diffunce. Then I ast him what he thought he'd do if he was in my boots. 'Have you got ary friend in Petersburg?' he says. Then I suddenly ricollected that Sary Sue had a cousin livin' thar, and I gave him the address which I jist happened to remember, and he said he'd wire ahead and ast her to meet me at the depot. Then I told him about pore old Billy a-waitin' fer me 'way back yander in Roanoke, and how the fool boy'd take sixteen duck-fits if he didn't find out whar I was a-journeyin' to, and the conductor said he'd wire him that I was all hunky-madory, as the sailor says. He shore did act the gentleman, that conductor did. He done fer me what the lowest-down man in all of Laurel Fork wouldn't 'a' done. When I finally got home I sont him a bar'l of dressed poultry and a box of Virginny Beauty apples, that's jest what I done. And he writ me a fine letter, too, and said the things was great, and I was the hot stuff, and that I must stop over in Farmville — that's whar he lives when he hain't travellin' — to see him and his old woman when I was' a roundabout. I got that letter put away in my bible, too. Wal, sir, arter I got straightened out with the conductor, I rid on to Petersburg with my mind easy. When I got down from the cyars, a fop-appearin' young feller in a high,tall silk hat and a citified suit of clothes come a-rushin' up to me like I was his long-lost brother, and grabbed my hand with one soft paw and my cyarpet-bag with the tother, and says, 'Why, howdy do, Cousin Rube! I'm *so* glad to see ye!' Then he made out like he was Sary Sue's cousin's son and that they had got my telegraph, and how his maw had sont

*" 'Hands off, er I'll call the police,' I says then. ' 'Gwon back to your gambler's den and stay there.' "*

him down to the depot to look out fer me. But I drawed back and 'lowed that Sary Sue's cousin Mary didn't have no son, and he needn't think he could come any of his bunco-steerin' tricks on me. 'I've read all about these here confidence folks in the papers,' I says. 'Why, you've made a huge mistake, Cousin Rube!' laughed the feller. 'No, I hain't made no mistake,' I says, 'and I'll let you know you hain't gonter git one red copper out of me! I hain't as hayseedy as I looks,' I says. 'Thar's a dern sight of woods back of whar I come from,' I says. 'But I'm your cousin Mary's *stepson,'* he says. 'She married my paw jist one month ago today,' he says, and he grabbed again at my cyarpet-bag whar the biggest part of my valuabels was. 'Hands off, er I'll call the police!' says I then. 'Gwon back to your gambler's den and stay thar!' I says. 'Don't run around any more tryin' to rob innocent citizens and old Confederates what's come a-visitin'!' With that I jerked away from his holt and busted thoo the crowd, with him a-tearin' full tilt behint me. I hollered 'Stop thief!' but he didn't stop wuth a cent. I bounced into the fust train what come my way, and arter journeyin' around in Richmond and Washington and Baltimore and New York for three weeks er sich a matter,I managed to get back to Roanoke whar I found Billy fairly standin' on his head about me, and wastin' good money on telegraphs and dee-tectives and advertisements tryin' to find out whuther I'd lit er not. I told him if I wasn't big enough to take keer of myself,I'd like to know who was. 'I hain't no baby!' I says. 'I don't need no guardeen! And if I hain't had a picnic — whew!' Still, Billy's face looked mighty good to me, and I was powerful glad to git clost to him agin. I hain't seed that fop-appearin' young feller since, is what I hain't, and I don't want to see him, neither. Not long arter we got back to Laurel Fork a letter come from Sary Sue's cousin Mary sayin' how disappointed they was not to see me. She said she'd sont her stepson to meet me, but I had took him for a confidence man, and nothin' he could say er do'd convince me that he was harmless and law-abidin'. She said as how it was the biggest joke in Petersburg, and that I must come ag'in soon, as she wanted to lionize me at one of her receptions. Me and Sary Sue decided that we'd jist as soon be took in by bunco-steerers as to be lionized. We hain't been thar yit, as we don't want to run no risks. That fop-appearin' young feller may have been Sary Sue's cousin Mary's stepson, but he shore did have the right slope fer a confidence man. And that was the onliest time I ever was to Lynchburg!

"When me and Billy was comin' home, we stopped over in Cloverton to see my niece, Mary Ann Biddle, her that was Mary Ann Snead. We shore was treated like fightin' chickens up to Cloverton. They jist toted me and Billy around on a silver waiter, and they gimme the best of what was goin' jist like they give him. And *eat!* My sakes! We don't know nothin' 'bout eatin' out here in Laurel Fork. Looked like folks didn't live fer no other purpis but to shovel in ice-cream and cake and waffles and strawberry preserves and fish and pie and hot rolls and gravy and chicken and ham and sich as these and sech as those. I jist wish you all could 'a' seed the room Mary Ann put me into. It was all white and gold, dainty and sweet enough fer a bride, with little jimcrack cheers and tables and a little jimcrack bed that a baby wouldn't 'a' been safe inside of. I slep' on the floor and sot on the radiator which looked tol'able substantial. The bath-room opened right off of my bedroom, but I never tooken but one bath, and if I ever git fergiveness fer that I'll never take another. I turnt on both of them forceps, hot as well as cold, and clomb into the tub without thinkin' of takin' its dimensions. And the first thing I knowed I was wedged in so tight that I couldn't move hand ner foot, and thar was them hot and cold streams comin' out of them forceps in a perfect solution. I yelled till I mighty near busted out my lights,but I couldn't make myself heerd above the roarin' of them mighty waters. Finally the hired man happened to come to my room to see if my toothbresh was in order, er some sich foolishness, is what he done. He heerd me a-hollerin' and a-splutterin' in the bath-room, so he busted right in thar and fished me out afore I was plum drownded. I thought he'd kill his ugly self a-laughin', and I paid him a whole quarter not to tell the folks on me. When I want to git washed I'll git washed in the river, that's what I'll git washed in. I like plenty of room to splash about, and I don't enjoy bein' hampered by no new-fangled bath-tub. Me and Billy stayed over Sunday in Cloverton, and Mary Ann taken us to meetin' in one of them high-toned city meetin'-houses. And everybody was dressed so fine that it was a plum sight. Pretty soon arter we sat down, the big music-box commenced a tweedle-dee-in' and a toodle-doo-in', and then a feller got up to sing. Whew! Looked like I wanted to thump my stick on the floor, and th'ow my hat out of the window, and shout, 'Glory Hallelujah!' Looked like I could see the pearly gates and the golden streets and the cherrybims and the serryphims with their harps and viols around the gre't white th'one. Looked like I could hear the robins and the bluebirds ag'in like I used to hear um when I was a little feller trottin' thoo the Springtime woods with paw. Looked like I was back on the banks of the old creek to home with my willer switch and fishin'-line, watchin' fer specklers and listenin' to the wind in the bushes and the murmurin' of the stream. Looked like I was settin' with maw on the old porch in the twilight while she sung that song, 'Rock of Ages!' Fer that's what the feller sung, sir. Not to no high-fa-lutin' chune, neither, but the same old 'Rock of Ages that our grandmothers and mothers and sweethearts used to sing. Wal, they had more music out of the music-box, and more singin' and more prayin' and more readin' of the scripter, and then the preacher commenced to preach. Gosh! Sich a sarmon as that was to be shore! It knocked me all to flinders, and sot my heart to thumpin' same like a churn-dasher. As that young preacher-man stood up thar afore all them sports with his voice ringin' out like a silver bell, makin' the sweet old bible truths so simple and plain that a wayfarin' man though a fool couldn't be dumfoundered — whew! I jist kain't talk about it. Mike Dodson, politicts is the next thing in order. The floor's yourn, sir. I'm thoo!"

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MAN has felt that there was nothing inanimate, from the beginning of time. His intuition has always been in advance of his reason. His poetry has led his science everywhere. The oneness of things is being demonstrated in these days; that is all. Matter and spirit are but manifestations of force. Some philosophies have pushed this oneness of things to the end of maintaining that all matter is illusion and that our thoughts themselves are illusions and we ourselves but a dream within a mighty dream, * * Life is but force. Matter holds together by force. Matter, therefore, has life. This is a logic irrefutable, to a mind in touch with the progress of study in all the sciences in this time."—*From "The Law of Love," by William Marion Reedy: The Roycrofters, East Aurora, New York: two dollars buys it.* (A delightful volume of swift and beautiful essays by a master of American prose. The themes are: "The Law of Love," "The Greatest Woman Poet," "Ginx's Baby," "The Two Eaglets," "A Gypsy Genius," "Brichanteau, Actor" and "A Golden Book.")

# POETRY FROM THE PLAINS

## BALLADE OF PRAIRIE GRASS

I

WHITHER, billowy wonder, have you fled?
Loving the softness of the moccasin,
And him that wore it — decked in warrior's red —
Ah, love more fond the earth has never seen!
Foll'wing so close that naught might go between,
Violet you left to keep Spring's calendar —
Sweet flower that on your bosom loved to lean —
*And answer for you to the Evening Star.*

II

Could not the wings that over you were spread,
Brushing your waves to sweep their music in,
Waken again the heart so famish-ed
And hold you where for ages you had been?
Nor maidens, passing grace of dusky sheen,
With hands so fair, could not your beauty mar,
Charm you to battle grass whose lusty green
*For you, now answers to the Evening Star?*

III

O fleeing Grass, if on our knees we pled —
Trailing the hunter to his dark demesne,
You might not stay — to lonely spirit wed,—
Nor leave a fading color on the screen,
Nor seed to burst again to life serene —
Yet on those dreamy levels, dim and far,
Our hearts behold again your ancient scene —
*But here for you, answer to Evening Star!*

ENVOY

Prince of the region, ruling well I ween,
We know not where, nor haply what you are;
Hearken, we pray, and though our love be mean —
*For love we answer to the Evening Star.*

Baldwin, Kansas

*A. A. B. Cavaness*

## WYOMING PRAIRIES

IN majesty of wide, uncumbered space
Unroll the mighty meadows of the West
That Nature, by a touch of subtle grace,
With marquetry of matchless bloom has blest.

All things that pulse and thrill with vital sap,
Wind-brought from forest-belt and mountain-height
Afar, they gather in their ample lap
And weave them in a rainbow of delight.

Warm golden chromes and mellow crimsons glow
Through shadowings of olive and maroon,
And high, the thistle-poppy's cup of snow
Out-glimmers like a lambent harvest moon.

Above, the changeless turquoise-blue is spread,
Until the painter, Sunset, shifts the scene
And rims the plain with bales of flaring red,
Their inter-spaces washed with beryl-green.

But Darkness, with inexorable march,
Treads down the carmine into dun and seal,
And from the heavens' murky-velvet arch
Great stars strike sharply forth like points of steel.

Ah, then, let him whose boast is human might,
To sound all magnitude man may possess,
Stand in that sweep of unknown space and night —
An atom in the wide, black loneliness!

**Cheyenne, Wyoming**

*Harriet Whitney Durbin*

# A SAG TO LEEWARD

## By William Forster Brown

BOSTON, MASSACHUSETTS

GRIPPING his poised oar tensely, alert and ready, Captain Stubbs watched the methodical movement of the boat-steerer's tobacco-stained jaws and the unswerving stare of his squinting eyes. From over his shoulder came the dank, nerve-tingling sea-smell of the whale close aboard, and he bowed his back expectantly as he heard the quick grunt of the Kanaka, in the bow behind him, as he hurled the harpoon. Instinctively, at the first gleam of the boat-steerer's yellow teeth, Captain Amos dipped his oar with a mighty heave, and with "Starn'll — starn'll—lively now!" beating on his ears, felt the bending ash crack and give way under his straining muscles — with a yell of dismay he shot head-first over the whaleboat's gunwale—and awoke, sprawled on the white floor of his own kitchen.

"Great Jehosophat!" muttered the old captain, clambering back stiffly to the hubbly surface of the battered haircloth lounge from which he had rolled, and rubbing his bewildered eyes; "thought I was back in the old Dreadnaught's boat, fast to a whale; darned if I hadn't ruther a-gone overboard than stove my shoulder on that floor! The blame rheumatiz had just got easy — now I s'pose I'll hev' to set up half the night rubbin' in ile."

Captain Stubbs got on his feet with a groan, that changed swiftly into an exclamation of wonder as his gaze fell on the round face of the loudly ticking ship's clock screwed to the kitchen wall.

"It's arter 'leven!" he said aloud; "where in thunder's Lem? I never knowed him to stay out as late as this afore since we've been keepin' house together—the store's been shut up more'n an hour'n a half. Mebbe he's mad 'cause I told him if he was fool enough to give up smokin', an' go spend his evenin's goin' to revival meetin's jest to please Ca'line Taylor, 'twan't no sign I'd got to, an' I didn't want to hear no more hints 'bout my gittin' converted an' jinin' the church — but that ain't no reason why he shouldn't hev been home afore this. I'm a good mind to put on my ile-skins an' go over to Mis' Taylor's!"

The old man clumped over to the window and pulling aside the curtain peered into the blackness outside the drenched and rattling glass.

"Rainin' an' blowin'!" he said to himself, dropping the curtain, "I cal'lated this arternoon when we got that thunderstorm there was a no'theaster behind it; hope none o' them Summer boarders over to the Wessagusset House has got ketched out in the Horse Race in gasleeners! They'll get wet an' some scairt, if they ain't wuss off!

"Darned if I can make out what Lem sees in Ca'line Taylor," the captain commented, wriggling painfully into his rubber boots. "She's 'bout as good lookin' as a dried-up sculpin an' sourer'n a crate o' lemons, yet Lem's crackin' on sail arter her like all possessed, but I'll bet when she gits a towline on him he'll wish he'd sheered off."

A muffled pounding on the kitchen

# BILLY STEVENS'S CONVERSION

## By L. H. Hammond

NASHVILLE, TENNESSEE

MRS. STEVENS sat on the low step at her kitchen door, shelling beans. The gay September sunshine came boldly through the thinning leaves of the great elm in the back-yard and danced about her in delight. A saucy breeze stirred the leaves with mock tenderness, laughing to itself as the poor,aging things scraped against one another in a vain endeavor to reproduce the gentle murmurs of their youth; then it pounced upon Beersheba Stevens, loosening curly tendrils from her black hair, and fanning the color in her cheeks to a more vivid brightness. She lifted one little roughened hand to tuck back the refractory locks.

"I shouldn't wonder if we had frost soon," she said aloud; "I'll have to cover up the chrysanthemums before many nights. The Summer is gone, sure enough."

She shivered and her brilliant coloring paled a little. That was what the preacher said last night. She gave up the pretense of work, setting the pan on the steps beside her with a quick, decided motion. She put her elbows on her knees and propped her chin upon her hands.

A protracted meeting was in progress at the crossroads church, and the country folk were greatly stirred by the new preacher's zeal and eloquence. The meeting was now drawing to a close and last night he had endeavored to reach the few who yet remained obdurate.

" 'The harvest is past, the Summer is ended, and we are not saved!' " he had cried, the ring of genuine earnestness in his voice, his hands stretched out imploringly. His eyes, misty with longing, had for one moment caught and held Beersheba's; then his glance had passed on to her husband, sitting beside her, big and stolid.

"Not saved!" he cried again; "and the Summer is ended! Oh, careless daughters, why sit ye at ease in Zion, content with earthly love and peace, while the shadow of eternal death hangs over your nearest and dearest?"

Beersheba heard no more. She turned upon her husband, looking in terror lest the shadow should have already fallen on that beloved head. A sudden realization of his danger and her own sin overwhelmed her.

She had married him six years before, when she was eighteen and he twenty-five—married him with many misgivings, which he had hardly overcome by an artful resort to scripture authority.

"It says the 'unbelieving husband' is sanctified by the wife, Bee," he had urged; "you can see it for yourself, as plain as plain. Are you goin' to cut me out o' my one chance o' salvation and go to heaven all by yourself?"

To this argument Bee had yielded. Billy was evidently searching the scriptures already. She never knew that his old mother, then on her death-bed, and passing away in the odor of sanctity, had coached her son for the occasion.

"She'll make you a good wife, Billy," the old lady had declared. "She's mighty sperited an' high-strung, an' she's got a heap o' fool notions from that ole foot-washin' Baptist pa o' hern— he like to 'a' bit my head off when I got her to join the Methodists — but she's a lovin' little thing, an' fore-handed an' clean as a pin an' her pa left her a mighty nice farm. I ain't objectin' to her good looks, neither, though I don't set as much store by 'em as you do. An' then she's a real good Christian, an' I'm willin' to die an' leave you to her an' the Lord."

They were married at the old mother's bedside, and Bee had tended her gently in the last weeks of her life. They talked often of Billy's conversion as Bee sat beside her in those last days. It was the one cloud which, to the mother's eyes, lay on their bright horizon.

"Don't you never fret him about it, daughter," she urged. "Billy's a mighty mild-spoken boy, but he's got his pa's own temper when he gits stirred up. Folks used to say I managed Billy's pa, he gave me my own way so much, an' he was so easy-goin' an' peaceful. I'd get so mad when they said it! But Billy's pa, he'd just laugh. "Long's you know how 'tis, I ain't carin' what they think,' he'd say; 'I'd be ashamed to have sich a fool fer a wife I couldn't let her run her end o' things,' he says; 'an' a woman that's got sense enough fer that has got sense enough to let her husband's end alone, an' that you've allus done, Polly', an' he'd kiss me an' go on. But land! if I'd 'a' meddled where I hadn't ought to 'a' meddled, there'd 'a' been a tale to tell! An' Billy's just like him. His pa never joined the church, neither, till the year afore he died; but I allus did believe he was converted when he was too little to remember it, an' I sorter think it's the same way with Billy. An' I think the Lord sets more store by right livin', anyways, than He does by a big perfession."

This was comforting doctrine, though it contradicted the teaching of her childhood; and in the strength of it she and Billy had lived six happy years. Their affection was a by-word among the neighbors, who regarded their prolonged love affair with the amused tolerance of grown people for the play of children. The men laughed at him, with a secret envy of a fellow whose wife was as pretty, and as dainty in her dress, as when a girl; the women regarded Billy as a model husband, and opined that they too might be able to dress up and make love to their spouses if they had no children to work over, morning, noon and night. In her own heart Bee had felt herself superior to the other women, old and tired-looking, whose husbands had forgotten their courting ways. But today her sins had found her out.

"I've been in league with Satan," she thought. "I've been helpin' Billy on the broad road to hell, blindin' his eyes an' makin' him think he was as good as he ought to be. Lord, don't punish Billy for it! It ain't his fault near as much as mine! Help me to bring his lost condition home to him, an' I'll be willin' to give up my sinful earthly happiness. If Billy can just get converted, I'll be willin' to be his servant the rest o' my life; I'll be willin' to die right off; I'll be willin' to give him up any way You say if You'll just save his precious soul!"

Two tears stole down her cheeks, wrung from her past happiness; but she had covenanted with heaven, and she meant to keep her word. When Billy came from the barn that evening and filled the wash-basin on the shelf outside the kitchen door, the customary appetizing odors floated out to greet him and he saw Bee's trim little figure moving about the stove, but she did not come to meet him as usual.

"Why, what's up, little woman?" he called, cheerfully splashing the water over his head and neck. "Got anything so partic'lar for supper it'll spile if you come to tell a fellow howdy?"

Bee came slowly to the door.

"We've got to do different from what we've been doin', William," she said impressively.

"William!" gasped Billy, lifting his round, blonde face from the basin, his mild blue eyes stretched to their utmost limit, while small streams trickled from his ears and chin. "Whatever is the matter, honey? Are you sick?"

"It's you that's sick, William. Your soul is sick unto death, an' I'm responsible for it; I've been so taken up with you I've forgot God -- an' you goin' straight to hell! But I see my duty at last, and I've set out to save you. I'm goin' to mortify my earthly affections an' start in to lovin' your soul. I'm goin' to stay here an' tend to your poor perishin' body — I can't see as you'd get religion any better from not havin' decent cookin'—but I'm goin' to stay as your spiritual sister, an' not as your wife. I've moved my things into the spare room, an' I mean to stay there."

Billy's jaw had dropped from pure amazement at the beginning of this speech, but he recovered himself sufficiently to dry his face with his usual calm deliberation. Bee's brave words died in her throat: they had cost her so much, and Billy heard them so unmoved! Had he sinned past his day of grace? Had her repentance come too late?

He hung the towel in its place and stepped into the kitchen.

"You're clean wore out, little girl," he said, kindly. "Set down and let me put supper on the table. Moon's full tonight," he went on, as she walked silently back to the stove in front of him, "an' we'll take a ride, 'stead o' goin' to meeting. We'll just take a night off an' rest."

"Oh, William, it's the chariot o' salvation I want to see you ridin' in! You must come to church an' let Brother Barclay pray for your poor lost soul. I'm never goin' ridin' with you again. I've been livin' in sin for six years, an' now I've quit."

"Well, you are the beatin'est little woman," said Billy, indulgently; "you're standin' there talkin' like a plumb fool, an' so pretty an' sweet that the sensiblest woman in Mizzouri ain't to be thought of beside you. Do you know you ain't kissed me since I come in?"

He started to put his arm around her, but she sprang away.

"Don't you ever try to kiss me again, or I'll have to go!" she exclaimed. "I tell you we ain't man and wife any more till you come and get forgiven!"

"But, honey, it ain't the way to make a man want to be forgiven, this ain't; if you just went on like you been a-doin' I'd be a heap more apt to join the church."

"I've been listenin' to that lie o' Satan's for six years, William Stevens, an' I've most lost you your soul. Now I've set out to save you, an' by the Lord's help I mean to break your stubborn will."

"Well, you'll need all the help you can get," said Billy, calmly; "you've cut out a thunderin' big job."

He turned and went out. Bee thought he had forgotten something at the barn, and hurried to put supper on the table against his return. She was greatly troubled; but her faith in prayer, as well as her knowledge of Billy's placid nature, assured her that he could not long resist the means of grace, now that she herself had returned to the path of duty. She waited for him a few moments, and then saw him in the buggy, driving down to the house.

"Supper's ready, William!" she called.

"I'm goin' into town," he answered, driving on without stopping. "I want to see a fellow there about a new seedin' machine. I'll get supper at the hotel. I'll be back time you get home from meetin'," and he was gone.

Beersheba sank on the doorstep and burst into tears. Supper at the hotel! Billy, her Billy, plunging into open dissipation! She rose mechanically at last to put away the untasted supper, and then fell upon her knees. When the service opened she was in her accustomed place, without Billy for the first time since her marriage. She found an opportunity to implore the minister to pray for her husband; but to the neighbors she only said that Billy had gone to town on business. She declined all friendly offers to "go home and set up with her till Mr. Stevens come;" and indeed when she returned his light was already burning in their bedroom. She shut herself into her appointed exile and passed a sorrowful night. In the morning she again laid siege to Billy's soul.

"Now look here, little woman," said her husband, "I ain't goin' to be pestered to death about my soul. If you want to carry on like a plumb fool I reckon you'll have to do it; but I ain't goin' to be preached at nor called names; nor I ain't goin' to church another single time till you quit this blamed foolishness an' find out who's the head o' this house. The first word you say to me about religion I'll go down to old man Martin's to board as sure as my name is Billy Stevens."

There was a look in his blue eyes and a set to his square jaw which were new to Beersheba. Her heart died within her, and as he strode out the door her tears bedewed the towel with which she wiped her dishes. She did not dare to approach the subject again. Sally Martin had angled openly for him in his unmarried days, and she was the only girl in the neighborhood who was not a professor of religion. She told herself that for his son's sake he must not go to old man Martin's.

But though she dared not speak to Billy, the longing of her poor little heart to save him could not be suppressed. Whenever he came about the house she betook herself to prayer. Her voice was clear and penetrating, and her words winged with the earnestness of a full heart, found their way into every cranny of the little house, as she confessed Billy's sins to heaven and prayed for his forgiveness. Billy replied to these petitions by going out to the barn, slamming the door behind him. She looked to the cold weather to drive him within reach of the means of grace, but when it finally arrived without doing so she became alarmed for his health. One afternoon she went to the barn determined to promise to pray henceforth in secret if he would return to the house. She found him comfortably ensconsed in the harness-room, where a bright wood fire crackled in a new stove. He received her politely, but coldly, and she hardened her heart against him; or, as she expressed it when she went back to the house and once more betook herself to prayer, she found strength to persevere when she had almost yielded before the enemy.

The long strain was telling upon her. It had been impossible to hide the breach between them from the neighbors' curious eyes. That they were no longer seen together at church was of itself enough to rouse the gossips of the surrounding country; and for some time after the meeting closed Bee had been tormented by visits from nearly all the women of the church. She had sent them about their business with a vigor which freed her from their presence for some time to come, while she herself, after each repulse of the invaders, had flown to her room in an outburst of tears and repentance. No good resolutions, however, could make her proof against the next temptation. She would atone in private, in sackcloth and ashes, for the angry declaration to old Sister Jones that Billy was an angel and that they were never so happy in their lives; but when Sister Hay followed in Sister Jones' wake the assertion was sure to be repeated. Not that those good ladies were deceived.

"My land!" said Sister Jones at the missionary festival, "ain't I got two eyes in my head?"

As those organs were somewhat bulbous, and decidedly crossed as well, their existence was a self-evident fact which no one ventured to dispute.

"Ain't I seen her gettin' puny an' peaked all Fall?" went on Sister Jones, in her usual belligerent tone. "She never misses church and Sabbath school any more'n she used to when he went with her; but you don't catch her at social gatherin's like this any more. Looks like she runs from all of us. It's my opinion Billy Stevens has took to drink."

"Well, it's that or worse," said old Sister Biggett. "I'll tell you what I heard last time I was there." Her voice fell to a whisper, and her auditors drew their chairs closer. "You all know I been knowin' Beersheby Walker ever since she war knee-high to a duck. *I* never feel no call to go 'round to Beersheby's front door an' knock if I don't want to; an' I thought if I went into the kitchen without warnin', real friendly like, I might sorter surprise her into confessin' the trouble that's on her heart. When I went in she warnt there, so I passed on into the hall, an' I heard Beersheby a-prayin' fit to break your heart. She war confessin' to the Lord that she'd been coverin' up Billy's sin, an' prayin' for him to be forgiven for what he was doin'."

She paused and sighed. Her hearers looked disappointed.

"What was it he was doin'?" they inquired eagerly; "didn't she say?"

"I do think she was just about to say," admitted Mrs. Biggett in some embarrassment, as the scene rose vividly before her mind's eye, "but that dratted cat o' hern run right between my feet as I was standin' sorter leanin' forward like —I was just about to call to make sure she knowed I was there—an' I was most upset, an' scairt to death, an' I hollered, an' Beersheby come runnin' out, lookin' like a ghost, an' I says, 'Beersheby,' I says, '*what* has Billy Stevens been a-doin?' He's just killin' you someways,' I says, 'an' you can't hide it, so 'taint no use to try, an' you'd better set down an' tell old Sister Biggett all about it,' I says."

"What did she say?"

"Say! She didn't say nothin'. She just took hold o' my arm an' marched me to the door an' locked it right in my face! I believe Billy were drunk in that house that minute! I sorter cut my eye in at a window as I went by, an' she was watchin' from the inside an' pulled all her shades down all 'round the house. I stopped by an' told Martha Perry about it, an' she went up there that very afternoon, but she couldn't even get in the house; it was locked an' bolted — doors, winders, an' all."

The men held aloof from the gossip. Martha Perry's brother, as Billy's old chum, was supposed to know a deal more than he told; but as he told absolutely nothing, his knowledge, real or supposed, gave little comfort to the neighborhood.

The new pastor, Brother Barclay, was the one person to whom poor Bee confided her troubles. He lived near the other church on the circuit, several miles away, and preached at the crossroads every other Sunday. He had seen Billy at church, and had noted his great size and somewhat ox-like appearance; but before he had come to the Stevenses in his round of visiting Billy had ceased to attend church; and when Bee had invited him to dinner her husband had so far violated the rules of hospitality as to remain in the barn until his departure. Still he could not reconcile Bee's tearful account of his wickedness with his recollection of Billy's placid countenance. He prayed for him fervently, but went away puzzled.

"She seems hysterical to me, my dear," he remarked to his wife when he went home. "The man didn't look like such an outbreaking sinner. As soon as you are well enough you must go to see her; you can manage her better than I can."

Mrs. Barclay was ailing for several weeks, and had not yet made the intended visit, when one morning a woman dismounted at the gate and knocked at the parsonage door. Mrs. Barclay opened it. The woman's face was covered by a heavy veil, but her voice had the low, thick utterance of one who has cried to the verge of exhaustion.

"Is Brother Barclay at home?" she asked.

"No, he won't be back before dinner. But can't I help you in some way? Come in and let me try."

Bee wavered a moment, and then yielded to the kindly touch on her arm. Preachers' wives are accustomed to receive the confessions of their husbands' flocks and to both women it was entirely natural that she should take his place. Bee sat down, refusing dully an invitation to remove her hat. She put up her hand mechanically and pushed back her veil; her features were swollen with crying.

"Why, you poor child!" exclaimed Mrs. Barclay; "what is it that distresses you so?" Something in the full, sympathetic voice touched Bee's pain-numbed heart. She gave a long, gasping sob, and looked up in her questioner's face.

"I'm goin' to town to see a lawyer," she said. "I've got to get a divorce."

"Has your husband been so unkind to you?" asked Mrs. Barclay.

Her lip quivered.

"He's the best husband anybody ever had," she said. "Oh, I couldn't call Billy unkind!"

"Then why do you want a divorce?"

"I don't want it! I don't! But I've got to. He's an awful sinner, an' I've got to leave him. I wish I'd died first."

Her tears overflowed.

"What is the trouble, dear?"

The color rose in Bee's face. Her eyes sought the ground.

"Tell me about it," urged Mrs. Barclay. "Perhaps I can help you."

She shook her head sadly. "He played cards, on Sunday," she said in an awed voice.

"Yes?" said the minister's wife sympathetically; "but what was it made you think you should get a divorce?"

"Why *that,*" said Bee, puzzled. "He played cards—on Sunday. I can't do one thing with Billy, Sister Barclay; he's gettin' worse and worse; it's my sin in not givin' him up. I've got to come out an' be separate an' not touch the unclean thing, or the Lord never can save him." Her voice died out in a sob.

Mrs. Barclay suddenly remembered her husband's account of the couple at the crossroads church. She rose to the occasion.

"Stop crying, child. Drink this water—slowly. Now sit up and tell me what you mean. Is your only ground for divorce from your husband the fact that he played cards on Sunday?"

"Isn't that enough?" asked Bee in surprise.

"It wasn't supposed to be enough when the New Testament was written," said Mrs. Barclay dryly; "but go on. Did he do it once, or does he do it every Sunday?"

"Oh, no! Just yesterday—never before!"

"Why did he do it yesterday."

"He—I—he was mad."

"What about?"

"He played cards Friday — Friday night in the house. He never played before in his life," she went on, eager to defend her fallen idol; "he didn't know one card from another till that very day."

"Why did he learn that day?"

"Well, he—Billy don't ever get mad, Sister Barclay; it ain't like him at all; but he did get mad Thursday night because I—I sang; out in the barn; and I—prayed out there."

"Why did you do that?"

"He won't come to the house any more, except for his meals and to sleep.

He stays up at the barn. I pray for him all day, and all night, too, pretty near, but he won't come nigh. An' last Thursday night whilst I was washin' the dishes I felt like my prayer was about to be answered, an' if I'd go up to the barn an' pray an' sing some of the hymns his good old ma loved, his hard heart would melt an' he'd get converted. I slipped up to the barn, an' he was here, him an' Jim Perry. I knew he'd run off soon as he heard me prayin', same as he did at the house—''

"Do you mean to say you prayed out loud?"

''Why, of course. How could Billy hear me if I didn't? He said he'd quit me if I ever talked religion to him again, an' I just had to pray where he could hear me."

''Well, go on. You went to the barn — "

"An' he was there with Jim Perry. I slipped up to the door an' locked it right easy—he keeps the key on the outside—an' I begun to pray an' sing. He tried the door once, an' then he kep' quiet so long I thought the blessed work was done, an' I unlocked the door an' went in—an' there warn't a soul there." The bitterness of the disappointment filled her eyes once more.

''Of course,'' said Mrs. Barclay; "they "got out at the window and went to the house.''

Bee stared.

''How did you know?'' she demanded; "did Billy—or Jim Perry—''

"No indeed; I just guessed it. Go on. You went back to the house and found them in the kitchen—"

"Yes, said Bee, still mystified; "an' oh, I never saw Billy look like that before! He got up an' says, 'If you're through with your c-cat c-concert at the b-barn—'''

"Stop crying," said Mrs. Barclay, sternly. "Drink some water. There. Now go on."

'''I'll go back up there,' he says, an' Jim Perry burst out laughin', an' Billy looked at me like he hated me, an' went out. He wouldn't speak to me next day, an' when I went home from class-meetin' that night there was a bright light in the sittin'-room, an' I went in, an' he was there — him an' Jim Perry an' two other men—sittin' up playin' cards in his own mother's house that he always said he loved—'' she paused, choking back the tears.

''What did you do?"

"There warn't but one thing I could do. I snatched the cards out o' Jim's hand—he was just about to deal 'em—an' I got 'em in the stove before anybody could move. Then I says to Billy, 'You'll never make your ma's house a den o' Satan whilst I'm alive'; an' I walked into my own room an' locked the door."

''What did Billy do?''

"I thought maybe he'd kill me, an' except for it's bein' a sin for him, I wished he would. But next day he just looked through me like I warn't there. He went to town an' didn't get back till late; an' Sunday, when I came home from church he an' those same men were locked up in the sittin'-room, an' the turkey I'd cooked Saturday for Sunday dinner, an' cake an' everything, an' they played cards till twelve o'clock at night."

"I should think they would!" exclaimed the minister's wife. ''You'd better be thankful he did nothing worse."

Bee stared.

"Why, child, do you suppose any man alive that *is* a man would be ordered around like that by a woman?—let alone by his own wife? He wouldn't be worth saving if he did. You ought to be ashamed of treating him so."

"I didn't want to do it," protested Bee, tearfully. "I was tryin' to bring him to repentance."

"Well, it's a mighty poor way to go about it. Bringing, indeed! I call it prodding, myself. You ought to learn manners from your Master; He doesn't nag people; His rain comes down on the just and the unjust alike. He loves them all, but He respects their wills, and leaves them free to choose. What we narrow, intolerant people need is to learn a little of the Lord's fine politeness!"

"Oh, I see! I see!" cried Beersheba. "I never thought about it that way before. And I don't need a divorce at all!"

"You'd need it if you were married to John Barclay," declared that gentleman's wife, candidly; "it wouldn't be safe to go home without it — and there isn't a better man in the Southern Methodist church. If I had shamed him like that before his friends I don't believe I'd go back, even with the divorce to protect me. But your Billy—if you go home and beg that man's pardon as hard as you ought to, I believe in my soul he'll forgive you!"

Bee had brightened visibly in the last few minutes, but now her face fell.

"I'm afraid he don't love me any more," she said tremulously; "he said I was a plumb fool." Her shamed voice sank to a whisper.

"He hit the nail on the head that time, don't you think?" inquired the minister's wife with a meditative and impartial air. "Don't spoil everything with foolishness, child; you know he loves you—the poor soul!" She broke into sudden laughter.

Bee looked at her dubiously for a moment, and then yielded to the wholesome contagion. It cleared her mind like a breath of the north wind. She rose to go. Mrs. Barclay went with her to the horse-block and patted her shoulder as she started to mount. Bee caught her hand and kissed it.

"I'll love you to my dying day," she said impulsively; "I'm goin' to bring Billy to see you real soon."

She galloped off through the crisp morning air. The earth lay flooded with sunshine. Field after field over the billowing hills was covered with the tender green of the young wheat, while others showed only the deep brown loam which told of rich harvests already gathered and of rich harvests yet to be. Great stacks of wheat straw lifted their tawny gold against the brilliant blue of the sky. The elms and maples, stripped of their gorgeous leafage, revealed the Winter beauty of branch and twig in all their delicate tracery. The whole great fruitful earth lay beneath the heavens, laden with the benediction of work well done, resting in blessed anticipation of work that was yet to come. Beersheba could not put it into words, but her heart sang with the earth. She felt, without understanding, the patience of nature's laws, their beauty, and their sure fruition. She was steeped in sunshine, through and through; the air went to her head like wine.

She tied her horse and tiptoed around to the barn, lest Billy should hear her coming and flee. She knocked softly at the door of the harness-room, and, receiving no answer, opened it timidly and peeped in. Billy was sitting there dejectedly, his face buried in his hands, too far gone in misery to heed the sounds about him. She drew her breath in sharply and sprang toward him.

"Billy, oh, Billy!" she cried. She fell on her knees beside him. "Will you ever forgive me, Billy? I'm so sorry—I'm so ashamed, and oh, I love you so!"

Billy had started at the sound of her voice, and now sat looking at her, too amazed for speech. Was he dreaming? He put out one great hand to touch her cheek, but she caught it in both her own and pressed her face against it, wetting it with her tears. There was no doubt in his mind about the reality of the touch. He bent down and lifted her to her old place on his knee.

"Did you come back to me, honey?" he asked softly. "There; don't cry, little woman, don't cry."

"Oh, I want to cry, Billy; I'm so happy—and so miserable! I'll never do it again! You're a thousand times better than I am. I'll never set up to teach you again. I ain't fit to be called a Christian."

"You're the best one ever I saw," said Billy, stoutly; "you just got some kind of a maggot in your little head here lately; I knowed you'd get over it."

They sat and comforted one another in a tenderness which scarcely admitted of speech. Then gradually they poured into one another's ears the wretchedness of the past few weeks. At last Billy pressed her head down on his shoulder again and laid his big hand gently against her cheek.

"There's something I oughter tell you, honey, that'll maybe make you think I'm mighty mean. I've been goin' along sorter easy-like all these years, puttin' off joinin' the church out o' pure slowness, I reckon. I didn't like to join in protracted meetin', because that looked like bein' pushed into it; and when 't warn't protracted meetin' one Sunday was as good as another. But that night Brother Barclay preached about the Summer bein' over, and you turned around and looked at me, I saw how mean I'd been, and how patient an' sweet you'd waited. You didn't know I was noticin', honey, but I kep' thinkin' about it all next day, an' when I come in that night I meant to tell you, soon as I went inside, that I warn't goin' to keep you waitin' any longer, an' I'd join the church that night.

"Billy!" gasped Bee, her arms around his neck; "Billy!"

"But, honey, when you took on that-a-way, I just couldn't. Looks like a man ought to go in free, an' not be drove like a steer. I 'lowed you'd get over your notion, an' when you did I'd join; an' I will, Wednesday night. It's Brother Barclay's week to be at our church for prayer-meetin', an' we won't be separated any more."

Bee clung to him in silence for a moment. Then she sat upright, holding herself away from him, one hand against his breast. Her face was clouded with trouble. She had "shamed him before his friends"—the words stuck in her memory; could she accept his generosity and leave him to bear that reproach? Billy watched her anxiously, wondering what was in her thoughts. Suddenly she turned to him again, resolve shining in her eyes.

"Billy," she said, "don't join the church Wednesday; wait till Sunday. There's somethin' I ought to do first, an' I want to do it Thursday—that's Thanksgivin' day. I want Jim Perry an' those other two men to come to Thanksgivin' dinner. I'll give you the best dinner you ever eat in all your life, Billy Stevens; an' after dinner you all must play just one game o' cards with me sittin' there lookin' on!"

Billy gaped in wonderment. Then a titanic chuckle shook his mighty frame. He caught her to his breast in delight.

"Well, if you ain't the beatin'est little woman!" he exclaimed.

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IT is not you alone who know what it is to be evil;
I am he who knew what it was to be evil;
I too knitted the old knot of contrariety,
Blabb'd, blush'd, lied, stole, grudg'd,
Had guile, anger, lust, hot wishes I dared not speak,
Was wayward, vain, greedy, shallow, sly, cowardly, malignant;
The wolf, the snake, the hog, not wanting in me,
The cheating look, the frivolous word, the adulterous wish, not wanting,
Refusals, hates, postponements, meanness, laziness, none of these wanting.

— *Walt Whitman: "Crossing Brooklyn Ferry."*

# GOVERNMENT BY INJUNCTION

THE LOGICAL NEXT STEP, NOW THAT CITIZENS ARE BOLDLY ENJOINED FROM FREE SPEECH WITH THEIR FELLOWS, IS TO ENJOIN THEM FROM VOTING, AND NO ONE NEED BE SURPRISED IF SUCH AN ORDER IS ISSUED ANY DAY BY ONE OF OUR MASTERLY JUDGES

By John McGovern

Author of "The Fireside University," "The Golden Censer," etc.

CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

## I

## THE LOGICAL NEXT STEP

THE American citizen could today, I believe, arguing by analogy, be legally enjoined from voting. If, thereupon, he voted, the judge could visit his wrath upon his victim by both fine and imprisonment.

In taking this action, the ordinary magistrate would exercise no more astonishing and royal power than he has already arrogated.

"Junius" said to the English nation: "Let me exhort and conjure you never to suffer an invasion of your political constitution, however minute the instance may appear, to pass by without a determined, persevering resistance. One precedent creates another. They soon accumulate and constitute law. What yesterday was fact, today is doctrine."

In Cook County, Illinois, where Chicago is located, I count in the present year-book nearly thirty absolute monarchs reigning concurrently.

It is the custom of "a brilliant array of eminent counsel" to prepare a writ of injunction, forbidding the citizen and taxpayer, for instance, to peaceably dissuade, or to voluntarily contribute funds for railway transportation. The magistrate affixes the order of the court to the writ. He may thereupon hale the citizen into court, try him without jury, and sentence him to immediate imprisonment without appeal. Further, if the citizen have contributed funds to an association, the magistrate may reach forth into that treasury and take out of it a thousand dollars, or more.

Nearly the same royal edicts have been published, I believe, at Boston, in West Virginia, in Colorado and elsewhere.

By royalty I mean such royalty as exists at Berlin and St. Petersburg—absolute and non-consitutional.

Where are we at? How came we there? Let us look backward, and see if we can form any opinion.

## II

## THE ORIGINAL COMPROMISE

This country was not easily gotten together. It was not easily kept together—

1861—and now that empire and bee-hive *motif* seem accomplished, it must be at the individual expense of the worker-bee.

In a short sketch of George Washington, printed in these pages, it has been stated that he saved his country twice. The first time he was a radical, that is, a rebel. The second time, like Ben Franklin and with him, he was an opportunist. Opportunism means, "After us the deluge."

The "Documentary History of the Constitution," published by the Bureau of Rolls of the State Department, though it cannot of course reveal the secrets of the constitutional conclave at Philadelphia in 1787, still does give to us the letters of Washington, Jefferson, Sam Adams, Patrick Henry, Madison, John Adams, Humphreys, George Mason, Monroe, Franklin and other Fathers. After reading a thousand pages of these letters it is easy to see that the United States (Colonies) was in a bad way in 1786, with plans for three republics, all to fight one another. It is plain as day that, in order to avert this anarchy—(that was Washington's own word)—each little state was given an equal voice in the making of a compact. Because nobody could make the agreement respectable save Washington, and because he was to be first president, an office was made to fit the big man, and much to his own regret. Because of the vivid jealousy of the little states, the senate was set up. Because of a general fear of the whole structure, the judiciary was set up on an untried (and thoroughly erroneous) plan. Rhode Island and New Hampshire did not sit in the conclave. Then the wobbling document that came forth from Philadelphia went to the nine states' conventions that must adopt it to make it organic law. I have never yet read of anybody who liked it, or thought it a square deal as applied to the population of the United States. But George Washington was tired of fighting for Quakers and peace-loving Dutchmen, and this compact was the best he could obtain. He was, in politics, a democratical-republican, exactly like Jefferson, as his letters clearly prove.

No sooner were copies of the proposed compact mailed to the radical Fathers, like Sam Adams, Patrick Henry, George Mason, Jefferson and others, than they expressed the bitterest disappointment. Patrick Henry declared the death of liberty on the day the constitution went into effect, and not even his deep admiration for the Father of his Country could allure him toward what he deemed to be an act of treachery to the rights of man. The books also tell how the aged Sam Adams was cunningly led to accede to the terms of the new scheme of government. Nothing but the vast prestige of George Washington carried things through, and we all got aboard the leaky transports of Secession and Government by Injunction. Even Jefferson became an Opportunist out of pure regard for Washington and Franklin.

It was human to hope for a free government — yet not with thirteen colonies jockeying for a start.

Franklin, Washington, Jefferson, Henry, Sam Adams and Monroe were well settled in the principles of the Declaration of Independence. James Madison was a protege of Jefferson and a marvelous student of human governments. Unfortunately for freedom, John Adams was the second president and appointed Marshall chief justice. John Adams gave our country a bad backset toward English caste. We never got over it, and never can, except by revolution, which no sane man, after reading French history, should encourage. In a word, despite Washington, Jefferson and Andrew Jackson, John Adams' ideas proved to be fittest for survival among English-speaking people. The rights of man, which we learned at Paris from Rousseau, faded before the rights of birth as expounded by the eminent counsel Blackstone at London. Though Andrew

Jackson might slay the dragon of Usury, the treasury is once more run in the interest of money-mongers, and it is indeed an unlucky ex-treasury official who is not today at the head of some colossal bank where the public money, sur-taxed from the people, is furnished free, to be lent back at interest to the tax-payer it was taken from. When the government sold the New York postoffice, it lent the purchaser [the Standard Oil's main bank] for nothing, enough money to pay for the property.

We never hear of a magistrate enjoining any such thing as that.

When De Tocqueville, the French lawyer, came to America and made his brilliant study of our democracy, he took special notice of the vast powers of our judiciary. He thought it worked toward liberty, because of the jury system. Injunction and Contempt had not then supplanted trial by jury.

The imperial toga was possibly at the tailor shop, ready to be fitted, in Grant's time, Summer of 1880. Nothing, in my opinion, but Jim Blaine's own ambition stayed it. Perhaps that is why, at Minneapolis, in 1892, I heard the second generation of Americans marching night and day, with the mystic and magnetic chant of "Blaine, Blaine, James G. Blaine!" Yet I always condemned Blaine, for he had been the first man to betray liberty in the house of representatives. The robustuous Reed was a mere understudy of the first czar, Blaine.

## III

## TEACHING WORKMEN TO RIOT

Secession brought war. In the war the prominent citizens who enlisted mostly got killed; the prominent citizens who stayed at home and called loudly for more war got vastly rich, The copperheads, who opposed the war to the end, I believe, lent all the money, at from 100 to 200 per cent. interest. The war set one of the littlest states, New Jersey, making corporations for general use, as a cobbler makes shoes — better yet, as Nobel made nitro-glycerine, for general explosion. These corporations, so far as the people knew or cared, were empowered to build railways. We had, in those days, heard of England's favorable experience, and viewed the idea with complacency.

In order to build a railway, say in southern Michigan, or from Chicago to Cairo, first a charter was obtained for six dollars and twenty-five cents. Then the state granted so many thousand acres of land as a bonus. Or, as in southern Michigan, agents secured, from the trustees of each township, bonds as an investment. I myself, a printer's apprentice, helped to set the type and print the bonds and coupons for several townships in St. Joseph County, Michigan, in aid of the Grand Rapids & Indiana railroad. At last, in the territories, west of the Mississippi, congress made grants of alternate sections for a score of miles on each side the right of way, and the public domain was sliced off to promoters, hundreds of millions of acres at a clip.

Next, men got to railroading as a business, not as a graft, and this is what I am coming at. Two corporations viewed each other with all the hatred of dog and cat. In Ida Tarbell's "History of Standard Oil" there are several accounts of what was doing, *vi et armis*, when one railroad tried to cross another or enter another's "territory". Now came, for the first time, "the brilliant array of eminent counsel." By their advice, track-layers and track-workers were drilled and armed. If one railroad were to cross another, an injunction was secured. The battle was fought always on the Lord's Day, while the brilliant array of eminent counsel, inspired by a spirit of devotion which we may impute to them, and by a timely policy which we know they possessed, sat placidly in the best pews of the most fashionable churches.

It was the brilliant array of eminent counsel that taught to the railroad section-man, or track-layer, the art of Sunday riot and other disorder that has come down to him with his laborious and dangerous calling.

The judges and the lawyers had about thirty years' practice in the application of injunctions before it came the workingman's turn to be enjoined.

Meanwhile, there arose upon the inchoate world of land grants, watered stock and injunctions, a promoter and speculator in law and practice such as the world never saw before—Jay Gould. His motto was: "First, catch your hare"—that is, a judge. He therefore chose one Judge Barnard. For an initial foray, Mr. Gould confiscated the Erie Railway, and the state of New Jersey gave him temporary shelter. But the McHenry stockholders (Englishmen) refusing to be otherwise comforted, and having reserved a ticket to Sing Sing prison for Mr. Gould, he partly regretted his act—that is, he returned to the McHenrys a covered carriage filled with currency and securities to the extent of six million dollars. This, I believe, was his last act of restitution to any of his victims. He was able to take over the Atlantic & Great Western, the Wabash, the Missouri Pacific, the Western Union Telegraph, without giving them back — or any part of them. In combination with Tom Scott and A. J. Cassatt, Mr. Gould fomented the greatest strike that America or the world had seen. This was in 1877.

The railroad workmen, so carefully educated in Sunday riot by the brilliant array of eminent counsel, set to work on their own initiative and destroyed "millions" in well-worn property, for which the tax-payers long afterward paid Scott, Cassatt and Gould, with interest at six per cent.

Up to this time, the eminent counsel had kept the Injunction as a sacred pipe to be used only in the wars of corporations. The state militia and the Federal troops were believed to be amply efficient in power to overthrow strikers, reduce wages, and lengthen hours of labor. And this condition lasted until 1894, in the reign of Grover Cleveland.

## IV

## RISE OF THE INDUSTRIALS

Gradually, through the logical union of production with transportation, as in coal and oil, the industries also began to incorporate. The "industrials" were listed on the Stock Exchanges, and today nearly every green-grocer is a corporation. "Henry Jones, (inc.) Clothes Repaired"— is not at all an impossible business sign.

In its essence, a corporation is a wicked device whereby three or more men dare do as corporate personalities what three unincorporated men would be sent to jail for doing.

Before I come to 1894, there is another thread of discourse to be taken hold of—the protective tariff. I believe Henry Clay's idea of his pet high tariff was about fifteen per cent. ad valorem. The Civil war necessitated a war tariff. Thus we may join the two ills—Secession and Injunction — that were dodged by the Fathers.

The buyers of the United States bore taxes that raised the price of a spool of common cotton thread to forty cents in northern Indiana in 1865. Not only a war tariff but an income tax that fell entirely on the fortunate was established, and the supreme court of the United States found this income tax to be constitutional. War taxes being no longer necessary, the income tax was one of the first to be repealed—in 1868 or 1869.

Then Mr. Pig Iron Kelley and Sam Randall, of opposite political parties, so as to fully represent the Pennsylvania industrial corporations, revealed the dogma of "infant industries," like Mr. Carnegie's, Mr. Rockefeller's and those of the three anthracite basins. During the year that Mr. Carnegie saved his infant industry at Homestead by the aid of Pinkerton's full company of warriors, I believe Mr. Frick, then the overseer or taskmaster, afterward testified that the suffering Mr. Carnegie's corporation cleared $21,000,000 after paying Captain Pinkerton and burying all the dead.

## V

## "ASSISTING" IMMIGRATION

As soon as nearly every three property-owning democrats had been turned into a soulless corporation all over the land, the corporations began to think of a population on which to operate. First the railroads and thereafter the "industrials" began to drill agents to operate in Europe, with the stereopticon, and more vividly still, with their incorporated imaginations, to allure the workingman of the Old World into the New World. While armies of the unemployed were marching through Ohio and Pennsylvania, after the Chicago Fair, steamships were disembarking thousands of Greeks, Italians, Magyars,—yes, even Huns and Circassians. As I write, one ship brings at one voyage 1,000 young Hungarian men. The president is nettled and every corporate employer is angry that he cannot tear down the bars that Sand-Lot Kearney put up, so that Canton might empty its millions of diseased and degenerate Chinamen upon a market wherein the once free American working parent, with ever increasing apprehension, is striving, with his decreasing wages, to protect and educate his family on the standard of 1860. The war tariff, once a military necessity, has been doubled. It has probably accelerated the tide of our immigration four-fold.

When Mr. Cleveland pretended to reduce the tariff, he failed to veto a bill that increased it. And he was the greatest vetoer who ever lived. When Morgan gave his coal miners twenty-five cents a ton more wages, he raised the price of coal at Chicago one dollar and seventy-five cents a ton.

When the democratic party, as a strategic move, reenacted the income tax, the supreme court of the United States, in spite of history, in spite of its own *amour prope,* promptly found the tax unconstitutional. It was a most glorious day for corporations, protective tariff and immigration.

## VI

## A KING IN A DRESS-COAT

Many years ago, in a magazine named "The Forum," Moncure D. Conway, one of the greatest of living philosophers, published an exhaustive article entitled "A King in a Dress-Coat." This meant, the president of the United States. His executive, judicial and legislative functions were named. His commandership of both army and navy; his power to initiate treaty-making at will; his consequential power to implicate the nation in war; his awful legislative potential—he alone equal to two-thirds of all the congressmen and all the senators — all this Dr. Conway made plain. And that was decades before the president became King of the Philippines, Prince of Porto Rico, Count of Panama, and Marquis of Guam, with reigning pro-counsels in those unhappy provinces. It is necessary to speak of the King in a Dress-Coat, because the federal judges are also his pro-consuls, and because government by injunction—now learned by the smallest of country judges, was precipitated by Mr. Cleveland through orders to his eminent counsel, Olney, in 1894.

## VII

## PULLMAN - GROSSCUP - DEBS

Mr. Pullman, (inc.), was at industrial war in the alleged American city (inc.) of Pullman, afterward decreed to be illegal. Mr. Debs, of Terre Haute, Indiana, and the Railway Union of workingmen of which he was president, asked Mr. Pullman to arbitrate. Mr. Cleveland asked Mr. Pullman to abitrate; Mr. Pullman refused, and got to the seashore. Mr. Debs boycotted the Pullman sleeping-cars. Mr. Cleveland, Mr. Olney and Judge Grosscup, through Mr. Pullman's other friends, attached mail-cars to the rear end of trains of Pullman cars and Judge Grosscup (the same magistrate whose Chicago ninety-nine-year lease decision was reversed in March, 1906, by the United States supreme court) enjoined Debs, Burns and others from uncoupling Pullman sleepers if they were ahead of mail cars. As everyone knows — even the slow and ponderous Mr. Cleveland—the customary place for mail cars was and is up in front, where, in case of collision, they may be ground to splinters between Pullmans and locomotive.

The writ having been issued, Mr. Cleveland and Mr. Olney employed and paid a brilliant array of eminent counsel to come to Chicago and accuse Mr. Debs et al. of having uncoupled the cars. Mr. Debs was arrested for contempt, denied the charge, asked for a jury, was tried partly, then was finally tried by his accuser and judge, Mr. Grosscup. This accuser, judge and finder of verdict found Mr. Debs guilty and immured him for a protracted term in the county jail at Wheaton, Illinois.

Thus was evolved out of the wars and wickedness of corporations, by brilliant arrays of eminent counsel, the government by injunction not only of soulless corporations, but the government as well of men themselves.

Thus a citizen, Debs, of spotless reputation, beloved by a host of friends, was siezed as a criminal, was accused by a magistrate, and despite his protestations that he had not disobeyed the magistrate, was tried by the magistrate alone, and sentenced by the magistrate alone, to protracted incarceration in a county jail. I reiterate these statements the more to shock all my fellow men who are not yet incorporated and soulless.

I do not understand that Judge Grosscup or any federal magistrate reached, or has yet reached, into the treasury of an association and confiscated or abstracted its surplus fund. That action has been a very recent exploit of imitatory and arrogant state judges.

## VII

## CONTEMPT OF COURT

The union slugger and the non-union strike-breaking slugger must of course be tried by jury, and, if convicted, they must be put in jail. I believe an army of jeering pickets to be seditious, and consequentially criminal. I am not a Socialist. But if the power of judicial government by injunction is not at once to be sharply curbed, I sincerely believe we may say, as Patrick Henry cried out on the day our federal Constitution became organic law, "Farewell to liberty!"

A judge should have no power of contempt outside his own court-room. A just and calm judge, having been treated with contempt within his own court-room, could still entrust his case to a small jury of citizens, impanelled there and then, who had heard and knew the circumstances.

Honorable citizens, like the president and the organizer of Typographical Union No. 16, at Chicago, have been publicly disgraced and mulcted because the magistrate charged and found that they had counseled union and non-union men to go back to cities from which Chicago employers had allured them, while the Chicago union had paid the railroad fares. If a Chicago printer earns eighteen dollars a week, he contributes one dollar and eighty cents for the support of his striking fellows. This the magistrate reaches in and takes. I am not able to learn that when the federal court enjoined the packers from breaking clearly written law and when they openly disobeyed the injunction—I say I am not able to learn that any of them went to the jail that yawned so certainly for Mr. Debs.

Government by injunction is therefore intolerable. It is oftentimes as unjust, partial, wicked, as anything the colonial governors at Boston or Williamsburg ever did. It seems incredible that there is a Gilbert bill before congress giving courts still greater, in fact absolute, power in equity regarding strikes.

Are there not some senators and congressmen left, or to be elected, who believe in trial by jury?

In this article I hope I have shown that Washington had to start with an undemocratic system; that John Adams and Marshall made it still more monarchical; that war in 1861 made the tariff and income tax; that the income tax was annulled to save and double the war tariff; that the tariff inflamed immigration and incubated corporations; that corporations multiplied wicked lawyers, who invented writs of injunction for one another's corporations; that finally the brilliant array of eminent counsel learned and demonstrated that they could govern the corporation's workmen, could lower wages, and could lengthen hours of labor by writs of injunction, prepared for hire within the walls of their own offices and signed by friendly and compliant magistrates.

# QUARREL

I HAVE a friend;
Often I tell him hard truths,
And he answers me sharply.

But just before we come to blows
I perceive that he is myself.

Columbia University,
New York City

*Curtis Hidden Page*

# AFTER ALL THE GREAT

AFTER all the great of the earth had passed and passed again while everybody saw and hurrahed,
Then came the greatest of the earth and passed and passed again unseen and unsaluted:
Will you always be blind? Will you always be deaf and dumb?

"The Conservator,"
Philadelphia

*Horace Traubel*

# ADVENTURES of a SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT

## by GILSON WILLETS

FROM the zip! walk-a-mile, toboggan-life of the snow-land in the top of Canada, to the sun-land of the Pacific, where dance-girls danced barefoot so gracefully and where a native bride reeled through the wedding dance so awkwardly; from the vast silence aloft on the snow-roof of Switzerland down to the compressed silence of dungeons in the Castle of Chillon immortalized by Byron—where the prettiest girl I knew in Switzerland led me through the vaulted room of the gibbet, where was the window out of which lifeless bodies were dropped into Geneva Lake 300 feet deep under the window—and where Bonivard, "Prisoner of Chillon," was four years chained to a pillar without losing his reason (his chains still hanging from the pillar, and a groove in the stone floor where he walked and walked and walked); from an interview in London with the most gorgeous Indian rajah, Sir Pertab Singh, head of the native military forces in India, on a visit to King Edward, to an interview with the man who is now king of Denmark, but who was then crown prince—such is the life of a special correspondent, who writes for a living, who goes forth into all the world as a free lance, a journalistic vagabond in search of adventure and of copy, and gets both.

### I

### DENMARK'S KING

To come to particulars, it's about that Danish crown prince — now Frederick

VIII, successor to his father, the late King Christian—that I want to tell you now. My chat with him took place in the palace in Copenhagen, and his wife, the crown princess, was present. If I had not known that he was a very great royal personage and that she was the richest princess and the most competent stateswoman in Europe, I would have imagined I was talking to about the most democratic Danes in Denmark.

This Frederick, brother of Queen Alexandra of England, brother of the king of Greece, father of the new king of Norway, began his education in the common school of the town, was trained in utmost simplicity, is now aged sixty-two and is beloved by all his people, though they number less than the inhabitants of New York City. His wife, Louisa, is the tallest — oh, she is a giant!—as well as the richest queen in Europe, is mother of eight children, is still handsome, and—this is what she told me that day when she was just a crown princess, this is what she she told me of Frederick, now monarch of all he surveys in old Jutland:

*The King and Queen of Denmark*

"*The most gorgeous Indian Rajah, Sir Pertab Singh, head of the native military forces of India and a visitor of King Edward VII*"

"They showed you through the ball-room, did they not? It's so slippery. My husband once had an accident in in that room. It made us all laugh, though it might have had serious consequences. At a ball one evening, after supper, my husband danced the cotillion, choosing for his partner Miss Estrup, daughter of the prime minister. The floor had been waxed and polished just as it is now, and was as slippery as ice. Suddenly my husband's foot slipped, and His Highness fell, with an awful crash, on his back. He brought Miss Estrup down with him, and her arm was slightly cut with his decorations. The music stopped playing, but His Highness jumped to his feet, tied his hand-

"*Insurgent guerillas waiting to swoop down on one of the Spanish forts in Cuba*"

kerchief around Miss Estrup's arm to hide the scratch, then signed to the musicians to resume playing. Then we all laughed to see how carefully His Highness stepped to avoid falling again, but the cotillon came to an end without further accident."

## II

## A TRAGEDY IN CUBA

And now, after this comedy in the life of a royal being who is now a new king, let me tell of tragedy—of tragedy in old Cuba, the Cuba that was, before the Spanish-American war. A mule carried me into that old town—Guadaloupe, in the interior—at the hour of the siesta. I had come from the coast, many miles away, over the hills. The mule picked his way among human shapes that looked like mounds of rags. They were the homeless Cubans that have since become familiar to us through the name reconcentrados. The whole aspect of the place was so wretched that to myself I called it "The Last Place in the World."

*The house of the Spanish commandante at Guadaloupe, Cuba, showing the balcony where the dinner party was fired on*

*The Spanish senorita who was shot by Cuban guerillas at Guadaloupe is the fourth from the left, second row, standing*

To the commandante, a Spaniard of course, I presented my credentials. He was genial, he talked a while, then, saying it was the siesta hour, he excused himself to rest a little. His house stood in the center of the town. All about were the houses of the towns-people, and beyond, the homes of those who worked in the tobacco fields. Beyond the latter was a circle of hills, and on top of these all-surrounding hills were little forts with Spanish sentries in each. Beyond the forts were heaven knows how many insurgent guerillas, all Cubans, waiting always for a chance to swoop down on one of the forts, slay the sentries and dash back into the bush.

This scene I surveyed from the balcony of the commandante's house. As I looked, there came over one of the hills a man. In the middle of the white road he stopped and lowered a burden from his shoulders, to rest. My host's field-glasses lay on a table on the balcony, and through them I made out that the man of the burden was a soldier, a Spanish soldier. I went into the house, found the commandante and said to him: "Senor, a soldier is coming into town bringing a dead man."

The commandante came out on the balcony and together we waited. The soldier approached the house. Yes, on his back was a corpse. He laid his burden down in the road and saluted my host, who by now had buckled on his sword and was acting the part of military commander. The dead thing in the road was once a Cuban—that was easy to see. And soon we learned that the Cuban had been killed by the soldier, who now stood over the body. A scrap of paper was produced. It had been found on the body. The commandante read the paper, and his brow contracted sternly. By this time a crowd of soldiers and civilians had gathered in front of the house. Said the commandante: "Bring hither the man Jose Manuel, and bring also the son of Jose Manuel."

Those two, father and son, had written what was on the paper found on the body. There was a court-martial on the post, and the two were condemned to be shot at sunrise the next morning. The father and the son merely spat upon the ground, lighted cigarettes—and were led away.

When we were alone again, the commandante and myself, I heard the remarkable story. "You are the witness of the end of a tragedy," said my host. "It had its beginning on this very balcony a month ago. I had sent word to a rich lady in Havana that the people here were sorely in need of help—of food. In a week's time she arrived, bringing many carts of food. With her also came her daughter, a charming senorita. Their charity was distributed from this very balcony and my people, the Cuban people that is, were saved. On the night before she was to leave us, I gave a dinner in her honor, on this balcony, inviting the leading Spanish people of the place to be present.

*Mr. Willets interviewing a non-union coal-miner in Pennsylvania*

"I draped the house in Spanish colors and hung out all available lamps. That illumination was our ruin. Thirty-four sat down to dinner—only twenty lived through the first course. Of a sudden a hail of bullets poured into our midst. A bottle of wine in front of me flew into bits. Not a whole plate or a whole glass was left. We sprang up and fled into the house—no, only twenty of us—the remaining fourteen dropped from their chairs dead or dying. We carried the dying indoors, among them—Oh, God—!"

The commandante could not continue.

*Where Mr. Willets went for stories of the great religious revivals in Wales*

He made a gesture that I was to step into the house. In his room he opened a wardrobe and took out a tiny jacket, a tiny coat, such as might be worn by a soldier boy. The sleeves were decorated with gold lace and the golden stars of a Spanish colonel. On the upper left side was a jagged hole. "This," said my host, "was the coat she wore—the daughter of the lady who had come to our relief. The bullet entered here, piercing her lung. The mother carried her body back to Havana. That is all—except that her sweetheart, a colonel of infantry, is now at the head of a Spanish regiment in pursuit of the Cuban murderers."

I understood. A fatal volley had been poured into that dinner party by a band of Cuban guerillas on the hilltops. The lamps had rendered the balcony the best of targets. And fourteen persons had been murdered, including that innocent senorita. And for this tragedy the father and son now about to be shot were guilty—guilty the father of writing the note, guilty the son of carrying the note—the note to the Cuban guerillas on the hilltops telling that the feast was to take place; guilty of betraying and inciting the murder of those who had just fed them and had saved their people from perishing of starvation. The incriminating note had been found on one of the Cubans killed by the pursuing Spaniards, led by the betrothed of the senorita who was not more.

At sunrise a squad of eight soldiers marched forth to the edge of the town; in front of them trudged the condemned father and son, both smoking cigarettes. And presently—the eight shots sounded as one.

### III

### THE COAL-DUST TWINS

The scene changes now, first to the

coal mining region of Pennsylvania, and then to the coal mining region of Wales. In the valley of the Susquehanna there was a great strike. I interviewed there the Coal-Dust Twins, Messrs. Striker and Scab. I talked to Striker; I talked to Scab. And one day I met a man who had nothing at all to do with either Striker or Scab. "I own I am going to get rich," he said, "right here in my own dooryard." His house stood in the middle of an acre of ground, and I remarked that certainly a man couldn't do much with one acre. "No! A million acres — clean through to China," he said. "I've struck it rich. No! Not a gold mine—but a coal mine."

This happened in Scranton, the heart of the strike district. "I was digging in my garden," continued my hero, "when I struck coal. I got my pick and found that the vein runs down—perhaps to China. I have offered coal in the town at the regular non-strike price. I've already got orders enough to justify my chucking my job and digging coal for a living." And by the time the strike was over I heard that my hero had made a hole of his entire acre, all but his cottage. And he had made thousands of dollars, had this man who found a mine in his dooryard.

And now I'll tell you of a coal-mine drama in which there is a dearth of humor, albeit plenty of romance. This was in Wales. The mines in some places in Wales are in the midst of the loveliest scenery one can hope to see. I was in the region in quest of stories of the religious revival among the miners. That religious mania has somewhat to do with this story. There was a mine accident. That's nothing unusual in such a region. But the romance connected with a certain accident makes that certain accident noteworthy.

There was a girl, Maggie Something-or-other in Welsh. (I simply give up

*Serving grog to the sailors on a British ship*

"*We stop first at Bombay where * * * officers of Indian Tommy Atkinses do a heap of tent-pegging*" the pronunciation of Welsh names — so will speak simply of Maggie.) She was pretty, she was terribly religious. And she was primitive. And because she was such, she is now married to a bearded miner, all soot and grime, who is old enough to be her father. And the way of that romance was this.

One morning Maggie woke up to find that there had been an explosion in a mine, that many men were down there in the ruin, her father among them. She rushed to a shaft, where the wailing crowd had gathered, crowd of mothers, wives, daughters. "Pray!" commanded Maggie. "Perhaps our prayers may save them yet. My father is among them. Pray, I say."

Maggie prayed. Everybody prayed. Then up rose Maggie and called for volunteers—there were men in the crowd—to go down into the mine. "Come, now," she seemed to act upon inspiration—"I will marry the first comer, the first man who will volunteer to go down into that mine."

Not one of the younger men volunteered. Finally a grizzly six-footer stepped forward, saying: "I'll go—little gal."

I stood by—I walked close by Maggie to hear all. The volunteer, I heard them say, was one Ben Howells. "Bless his Welsh heart!" said the weeping wives. "He deserves the gal, anyway. He's helped her father in many a tight hole."

"Your old man and me has been mates these many years, little gal," he said to Maggie. "So you needn't think as how I'm doing this job just to become his son-in-law. I'm too far gone in life for you, little gal. Why, I held you on my knee when you was a kid." And down into the mine went Ben Howells.

The hours dragged. At three o'clock sixteen men were brought up; some of them were still alive but badly wounded. At six o'clock up came just one wounded man—it was Maggie's father. They laid the mangled miner down at Maggie's feet, and there, not perceiving that Ben Howells stood over her, Maggie prayed: "O Lord, help me to keep my vow, my vow to old Ben Howells."

The grizzly miner himself then told me the story of how he had rescued the men, ending with: "And that's about all, mister. But I'm not marryin' that little gal, that's gospel."

I walked with Ben Howells over to where Maggie lived—where doctors had assured Maggie that her father would live. The girl thereupon knelt and prayed a long time. When she arose she turned to old Ben and said: "Ben Howells, did you ever hear me say that it is a sin to break a promise, and a worse sin to break a vow?"

Old Ben said that he did, but that he released her from her vow. "I won't be released," cried Maggie. "You'll marry me, and you'll marry me right now, this minute."

An hour later the queerest wedding ceremony I have ever witnessed took place in the lovely valley where were those Welsh coal mines. The groom, as he said "I will," had not even washed the grime from his face or hands or arms, nor combed it out of the grizzled beard nor brushed it out of his clothes. Thus attired, just as he had come out of the mine, with his petroleum lamp still in his cap, he became the husband of the prettiest, the most primitive and the most religious girl in all the mining world of scenic Wales.

## IV

## THE FAKIRS OF BURMAH

Jump now over the seas to the East, on our way to Burmah, the Land of The Great Pagodas. We stop first at Bombay, where in the harbor we are entertained on a British ship on the day when British tars are consuming much grog; and on shore we spend some time at the garrison-field where officers of regiments of Indian Tommy Atkinses do a heap of tent-pegging; then push we on by

*"Peasants earn four cents a day carrying wood for their richer neighbors at Rajapur, Burmah, northern India"*

steamer to the Rangoon river—and here we are in Burmah.

My duty in Burmah was to visit the mission stations. Some of these stations were many leagues from the railroad. It was while upon a journey to one such remote mission-station that I had a never-to-be-forgotten experience. I passed through strange towns where the sacred white cow helped herself freely of vegetables in the bazaar; past great "Public Works" where government employed thousands upon thousands of natives in building great reservoirs against famines; and so, with more interesting adventures till I reached the village where I went down with the fever.

I suppose I ought now to thank my lucky stars for that fever; else never would I have come into close contact with the Holy Men, or fakirs, or, as we spell, fakers, of this Country of the Bullock Cart. The villagers received me with surprising kindness, the headman of the place inviting me to supper and offering me a clean bundle of straw to sleep on. His house was the usual straw-thatched affair, common to the region. But, somehow, that headman seemed to me different from the usual run of brown men. I did not then suspect that he was a Holy Man, or fakir, for he had a habitation of his own, and that was a circumstance unusual among Indian fakirs.

In the night I awoke terribly thirsty. I remembered seeing a jar of water at the door. To that jar I now went and drank my fill. Though I knew it not, I had the fever before I drank that water. Yet the drinking of the water was really the cause of the very serious illness that was to follow. I slept, but soon awoke, in raging fever. I understood then that I was in the same condition as that in which I had left a friend, a missionary, some leagues back. If only I were near a railroad, I thought, that I might get back to civilization in time for proper treatment. But here I was twenty miles

*"Great public works in Burmah, where government employed thousands of natives building a great reservoir"*

from the rail, among strangers. Nothing to do but let the fever run its course.

In the morning I told my host, the headman, of my condition. "You keep still, sahib," was all he said. And presently he came to me in company with the most disreputable-looking brown man I had ever seen. He was very old, crafty, hoary, forbidding. Yet my host deferred to him with utmost respect.

The horrible old man squatted down by me, grunting and making peculiar motions over me with his hands. I was then suffering tortures, racked by pain and maddened by the thought that I was so far from that which would give me relief, namely, ice. Then the old man and my host went away and did not appear again that day.

I shouted, commanded, in vain. I think I became delirious. In the night, however, I had a few minutes of consciousness. I stretched out a hand in the darkness, involuntarily, and it came in contact with something which I knew had not been there during the day. I closed my fingers upon the object. It crumbled in my grasp, like an egg-shell —heavens!—it was a complete egg. At daylight I was again conscious, and there by the crushed egg, lay a hodgepodge of senseless things—a heap of rags, a number of green feathers, evidently from a parrot, a little heap of earth, some nails, and, lastly, a cup of liquid red which—yes—unmistakably—was blood. What could these things mean? Why were they placed by my side?

I heard voices outside. I shouted to the persons out there to come and tell me what I was to do with the smashed egg, and the feathers — and the other things. I implored them. Still no answer. About noon-time, to my joy and amazement, I beheld the familiar face of a British newspaper man whom I had met upon arrival on the Rangoon. "Hello, there we are," he said cheerily. "I heard of you at the station farther down, heard you were down with what we all get down with in this no-man's country."

All this time he was feeling my pulse, taking my temperature with a real doctor's tube, and preparing a dose of something from a pocket medicine-case. "We all have to be doctors here, you know," he said. "Take this—and in a week we'll travel on together."

After a while I asked my God-sent friend kindly to tell what was the meaning of all that tomfoolery on the floor. He looked closely at the objects, his face grew serious a moment, then he laughed.

*Two Hindu fakirs passing through a village in Burmah—the kind of fakirs who "cured" Mr. Willets of the fever*

"Why, you've been honored with the attention of the fakir — the Holy One, — kind of medicine-man, you know. He's a kind of quack doctor — has something to do with their religious superstition. He practices a sort of witchcraft. In America you would call it a kind of religious graft. This is the house of the village headman, who is also a fakir, and is in league with this crafty male-witch. We must be careful — pretend you are grateful for his attentions and give him — no! give both the grafters a rupee — thirty-three cents — each night.

"You see, that old heathen is supposed by the superstitious to practice magic art—any old cheat can do the trick if he happens to be able to impose on the ignorant. In the West Indies they call this sort of thing Voodooism — in San Domingo they call it Obeahism. Here in Burmah it's some sort of holy-ism, and the ancient quack is reverenced as a little tin god of magic. I must admit, however, that the old fakir seems to have practiced on you with good intentions.

"He told me outside that he really hoped his medicines would cure you, and that you would in gratitude leave him much silver. These things on the floor all have a meaning — but most for evil rather than good. The earth is taken from a grave, the nails from a British coffin, the blood is that of a child. Now, when the fakirs agree, for a certain sum to work harm upon some patient's enemy, he places all these things on the ground in front of the hut of the enemy upon whom the 'patient' wishes to be revenged. When the victim in the morning sees these things, he knows he is in the hands of the magic-worker, and believes his end has come. Henceforth he deems himself the slave of some sort of horrible and invisible agency.

"The victim can no longer sleep, appetite forsakes him, he succumbs to utter despondency. Gradually he sinks into his grave, — yields up his spirit without resistance.

"In your case, however, the old quack meant good. He meant nothing worse than to frighten money out of you. But I must tell you that all this practice of magic — worked by fakirs in the evil sense of preying upon the natives, is forbidden by British law and is a punishable offence. But, mark you! not a word of all I've told you—make believe you are grateful and pay your rupees in silence."

Before leaving that village, I gave the headman and the wicked old fakir all the silver I could spare, but who can say what would have happened after that had my friend, the newspaper man, not appeared on the scene? For assuredly I should have told my experience at the very next station—and the authorities would have put that Holy Man and the headman both in jail — and then some other member of that secret fraternity of magic, that has members everywhere in Burmah, would have disposed of me in a way which it is not comfortable to think about.

Thanks to the timely warning of my friend—I failed utterly to speak of parrots' feathers, or crushed eggs, or child's blood, when I sat as the guest of the British officials at the next up-station over against the Great Pagoda that is in Burmah.

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# LOSS AND GAIN AT SAN FRANCISCO

## By Frank Putnam

IF you can imagine the feelings of the inhabitants of a populous ant-heap, when their tiny city is wrecked and leveled by the boot of a careless or cruel human creature, you will have a pretty accurate idea of the feelings of the inhabitants of the populous city of San Francisco, in California, when, on April 18, 1906, that city was first wrecked by earthquakes and immediately afterward swept by fire.

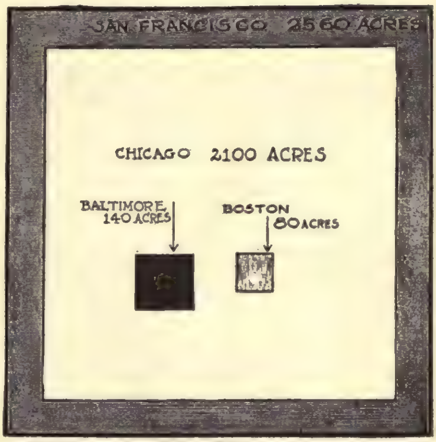


*Diagram showing (approximately) the comparative areas covered by the great fires in San Francisco, Chicago, Baltimore and Boston*

Man is in many ways very like the ant. John McGovern describes the ant as the only creature in nature which is fitted to be, and is, a philosophical anarchist. I am not sure that I know just what John means by that term, yet it seems to me that man follows the ant closely in this respect. Despite all his forms and customs, however solidified into laws, he requires but slight provocation to revert to the primitive individualism that charaterized him in the first years when as a two-legged animal he walked upright upon the crust of this little whirling globe.

Like the ant, his grip on life is tenacious, his courage practically unbreakable, his building instinct second only to his instinct of self-preservation. The minute the ant-heap falls beneath the passer's foot, the ants, or as many of them as survive, rush out and begin rebuilding. Some of them rush frantically around, apparently stricken insane with fear; but most of them, and presently all of them, turn to and with amazing energy remove the ruins, grain by grain, and reconstruct their home.

This is precisely what men will do in San Francisco — what they are already doing. Stick by stick, and stone by stone, with tireless labor, they will clear away the debris of the wrecked city, and in its place they will set up a city larger, stronger, fairer, more spacious and more beautiful, than the old. The old filthy slums will have no place in the new city. The narrow, crooked streets will be widened and given air and sunlight. Buildings will be constructed better able to withstand earthshocks than those which have fallen. For two years Daniel H. Burnham, foremost among American architects, has been working out plans for beautifying San Francisco. The field is now made ready to his hand. The city by the Golden Gate will call to her aid the ablest builders of the nation—has already called many of them and set them at work. With a hundred millions or more of insurance money to start on, and the unlimited credit which her honor and her energy command, she will astonish the world with the rapidity and the magnificence of her recovery.

There is, as all men know, no great loss without some small gain—often a very great gain. We have grieved for our fellows plunged suddenly into terrible misery, for hundreds, perhaps thousands, (no one will ever know just how many) blotted out utterly in the twinkling of an eye; but we have been consoled by the sight of all their brothers and sisters throughout the land, and throughout the world, giving lavishly to succor the sufferers. Even in the midst of the horrors that beset the city during the first few days after her destruction, the good that men did, there amid scenes that invited to lawlessness, vastly outweighed the evil they attempted. Society is mainly sound and sweet and kind. Better in every day that passes. Feels constantly stronger the ties that bind its members in brotherhood. Witness the little child, lips quivering with tender pity, "Father, I know you have given all you can—but *I* want something to give, *myself.*" Aye, even the little child feels himself to be his brother's keeper in the day of his great sorrow.

We may well be proud of their swift courage, their fortitude, their generosity, their stubborn determination to pluck victory out of defeat—these our brothers and our sisters of the West—Americans of the best sort.

It has been predicted that the task of rebuilding the city would be hindered and made difficult by labor union restrictions. It has been remarked as unfortunate that organized labor now has control of the city's government. Emphatically I dissent from these pessimistic opinions. I regard it as in the highest degree fortunate, for the masses of the toilers who must supply the labor that will rebuild San Francicso, that their representatives will have something to say about how the work is to be done. I look to them to prevent the duplication of many miseries inflicted upon the poor of the city—as upon the poor of all great cities—through huddled and unsanitary housing, in narrow, dark, neglected back streets. There is a dawning general consciousness in this world that a city belongs, not to the few who take its revenues, but to the many who build and inhabit it. That, at any rate, the few who take the revenues are not *solely* to be considered. That the many have *some* rights which must be regarded. And I have no fear that the labor union men of San Francisco will be found less patriotic, or more grasping, than any other group or class of the people there. Eugene Schmitz, the labor union mayor, has proven himself a first-class executive in a great emergency—the greatest that ever confronted his city. I have no doubt he will meet whatever duties now confront him with equal courage and ability. I have no doubt his brothers in the unions will do their part like good men and good Americans.

# The K·K·K

By C. W. Tyler

CLARKSVILLE, TENNESSEE

## XIV. — *(continued)*

"Yes, sir, and to think, sir that I put him in the very best bed; and put you, sir, in the room that we keep, so to speak, for every-day people."

"No odds about that," replied Mr. Templeton, and he flung on his waistcoat and topcoat and began searching about the room for his hat.

"It's very kind of you to say so, sir. There it is, sir, hanging on the chair-round over in the corner. And I hope, sir, Miss Marie and the major will take the same view of the matter as you do, sir. And I hope, sir, as Mrs. Habersham, being quite nervous in her disposition, won't find it out at all."

"That's all right," responded Mr. Bob Lee Templeton. "The blaze-face horse, and my horse, too, did you say?"

"Both of them, sir, as sure as the world," said Matilda.

"Well, damn the luck!" cried Mr. Bob Lee Templeton again, as he hastened down the steps.

"Yes indeed, sir," replied Matilda, following, "that's what I say."

When the young gentleman reached the stable-lot he found nearly all the negroes on the place gathered there. The padlock that secured the door had been picked with a rusty nail, which was found close beside it on the ground. The two horses mentioned had been selected from several other animals that stood within, and two saddles for male riders had been taken to go with the steeds. The inquiry that Templeton at once set on foot did not elicit much information that was of service to him. The stable door had been locked as usual the night before, and the next morning it was found open and the two horses missing. That the old book-peddler was connected with the transaction there could be no doubt; but he must have had a confederate, for surely no thief would be bold enough to endeavor to escape from a community riding one stolen horse and leading another. A strange negro had been seen loafing about the neighborhood for the past day or two, and many were ready to jump to the conclusion that he and the old bookman were partners in the nefarious business of horse-stealing, though there was no direct evidence on which to base such a theory. The notion, however, once hatched, throve apace, and soon there was positive conviction in the minds of those present that the suspicious African had a hand in the robbery that had just been perpetrated. At the gate that led from the stable lot a large human track was found, which it was confidently asserted could not have been made by anyone residing on the premises.

"Dis here's a nigger track!" exclaimed one self-constituted detective, scrutinizing closely the fresh impression in the earth. "Dey ain't no white man gwy tote such a foot as dis."

"Lemme tell you, lemme tell you," cried the old man Uncle Davy, who had favored the sheriff with his views on the occasion of that officer's last visit to the place, "all dis comes of givin' a furriner de company room of de house, an' makin' Marse Bob Lee Templeton here put up wid what he could get. And all dat comes of fotchin' a mularter gal out'n town to run things on dis place her own fashion when de white folks is away."

Matilda up to this moment had been a conspicuous member of the assembly, but finding herself thus pointedly alluded to she turned indignantly and made her way trippingly toward the house. The old man did not fail to observe her retreat and was encouraged thereby to continue his strictures.

"Never mind, nev-er mind. Lightfoot was de horse dat sot Miss Polly off so, and now he done gone wid dat low-down furriner and you'll have to take de road wid um. You been cuttin' some mighty tall shines 'bout here, gal, but dis here job will do you up."

"She's all right, Uncle Davy," said Templeton kindly. "That old thief would have fooled anybody. He fooled me, and he would have fooled you if he had got a chance at you.'

"Dat he wouldn't, Marse Bob," replied the old man, somewhat disconcerted at finding Matilda's cause espoused by the young gentleman. "He mout a fooled you, and he mout a fooled dat yander mularter gal, but de man dat's to fool Uncle Davy ain't born yit."

"Maybe so, Uncle Davy, but tell 'em to bring out the best horse that's left on the place and I'll see if I can't get on the track of the scoundrels." Saying which the young gentleman returned to the house to swallow a hasty breakfast and to make ready for the ride he proposed to take.

Templeton had not attended a single meeting of the K. K. K. since the night of his initiation, but he was resolved now to hunt up his friend, Teddy McIntosh, and through him to arouse at once certain other active members of the order. By prompt pursuit he hoped to overtake the thieves before they were entirely out of the country. The horses they had stolen were easily described, and by diligent inquiry the direction they had taken could be easily learned. Once on their trail with two or three zealous comrades he did not propose to give over the chase until the scoundrels were apprehended and the stolen animals recovered. As he was about to set out, old Uncle Davy, who was a privileged character on the place, gave him some useful advice.

"Don't ride round dese parts atter dark, Marse Bob; ef you do de Ku Klux will sholy git you. Don't you set your head to'ds no place dat you can't reach afo' candlelight. Dar's all kinds of devils and ghosteses in dem Marrowbone Hills, and dey walks mostly in de night time. Soon as de sun go down ef you ain't in some house er a'nother, you watch out fur de Ku Klux, and ef you meets one un 'em you put de lash to your hoss and make tracks from dar as fas' as you kin."

"How will I know one of them if I see him, Uncle Davy?" inquired Templeton.

"You'll know 'um wharever you see 'um. Dey ain't no common lot, I tells you. Some un 'um is dressed in black and some in white. Some is on foot, but mostly dey rides hosses dat look zackly like sho-nuf hosses, but dey ain't. Some is all scrooched up, and t'others is long 'n' slim as a fence rail. Dey was in dis country 'bout de time freedom come, and one night dey run me twell my tongue drap out'n my mouth. Ef I hadn't broke for de creek, and crossed dat, dey'd a got me, sho."

"How did that save you?"

"Why hi, mun; don't you know a witch can't cross runnin' water? When dey got to de creek dey stopped and jabbered dar awhile, and den all turn back. Dat what make me know for sartin dey wa'n't no humans."

"Did you ever meet any of them again?"

"Did I? You takes me for a fool, does you, Marse Bob? Dat one time done me, lemme tell you. Atter dat I done my travelin' by daylight, bekase one footrace wid de Ku Klux crowd behind me was sufficient."

"What went with the Ku Klux that were in the country then?"

"Dat's a question, Marse Bob, dat de smartest man in de world can't answer. Dey all speerited deyselves away, and folks was in hopes dey was gone for good; but now here dey done come ag'in."

"I'll look out for 'em, Uncle Davy," replied Templeton, as he rode away.

"You git in de house by candlelight, you do dat," said the old man. "Dat de onliest way to keep de Ku Klux from ketchin' you. As for dat nigger what helped de ole white man to take dem hosses, if ever you gits him, Marse Bob, you fetch him back here for me to look at. Niggers has been stealin' chickens a long time, but when dey git to stealin' hosses dey've riz."

Templeton rode off at a gallop, and before the day was through had gathered at least a dozen members of his secret order to aid him in pursuit of the horse-thieves. They went out in different directions, made diligent inquiry, and patroled the principal roads at night, but received little information that could profit them in their search. Telegrams of course were sent off and rewards offered, and they hoped after a while to get some return from these efforts to arrest the outlaws; but the strange thing was that they could not be traced out of the neighborhood in which the crime had been committed. Horses cannot be easily hidden so as to escape observation, and if they travel the highway by day or night they will be seen or heard. Only one clue did Templeton and his friends get as to the direction the thieves had taken, and that clue was lost almost as soon as found. A country doctor, riding in a narrow lane on the night of the robbery, met two men on horseback. One of these was a negro and the other a white man. It was after midnight and neither accosted him as they brushed close beside him in the road. He regarded them as suspicious characters, but being alone did not deem it prudent to interrupt them. This seemed to make it reasonably certain that the thieves, as suspected, were a negro and a white man, but where they went after the robbery and how they managed to get out of the country with the stolen property was for a long time a mystery.

Miss Marie—alias Polly—Habersham did not recover her blaze-faced horse called Lightfoot, and Mr. Robert Lee Templeton for some time bemoaned the loss of his roadster that traveled so smoothly under the saddle. Miss Polly, they said, rode to church several times that Fall on a pacing mule, though it is an undeniable fact that she might have gone to the place of worship in a buggy if she had been so minded. Major Habersham for some weeks withdrew his mind from the state of the country at large, and began forming plans in his head for the right ordering of things in his own immediate locality. There was some wonderment and much grumbling in the community, and folks generally agreed that matters had come to a dickens of a pass in the Marrowbone Hills and the region thereabout. Horses were stolen, houses burned, women murdered, and the community seemed powerless to protect itself from such depredations. Most of the outlaws got away unmolested, and if they caught one now and then he was turned over to the law, which most people regarded as a sort of house of refuge for scoundrels.

Teddy McIntosh more than once moved in secret councils of his order that when the clan caught a scoundrel, the clan should deal with that scoundrel, and not permit the dilatory courts to screen him from punishment. This resolution was, however, always voted down, and the prudent members of the clan still persevered in the determination to aid the law in the apprehension of criminals, and to labor thereafter for the punishment of such offenders through the courts. Which conclusion on their part was undoubtedly wise and commendable.

## XV

## SOME JOLLY GOOD FELLOWS MEET AT THE TAVERN; AND THE CASE OF THE STATE VERSUS ANKERSTROM IS AGAIN CALLED IN COURT

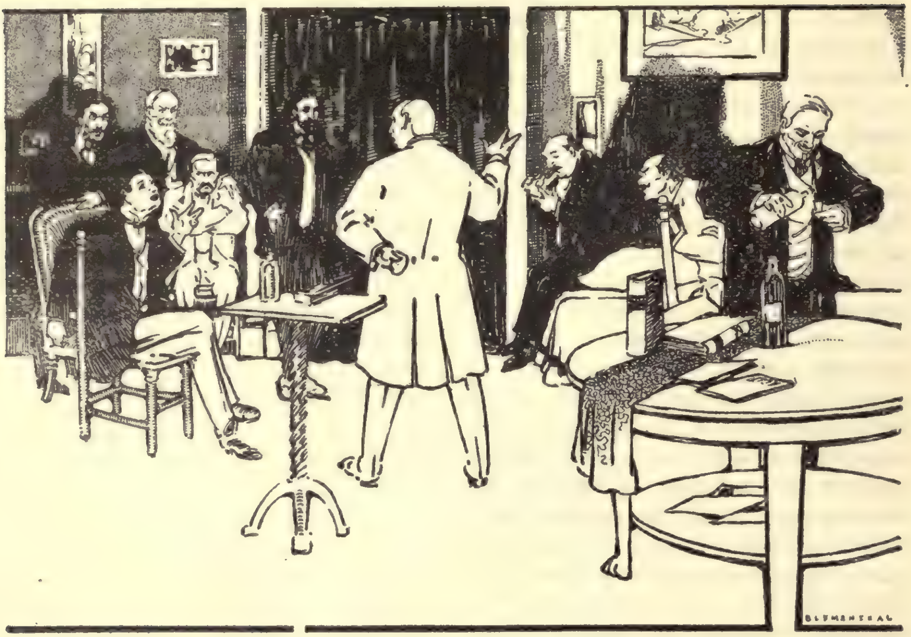
IT was several weeks later, that is, in the month of January of the following year, that Attorney Palaver mounted a good nag, hired from a livery stable, and set his face toward the hill country lying along the upper Cumberland. As a general thing it was he who looked after such business as fell to the lot of the firm in the outside counties of the judicial circuit, while the more sedate Slowboy remained at home to mind the office. Palaver himself did not—as some starvelings in his profession were compelled to do—make the round regularly with the judge and attorney-general to pick up stray crumbs; but when a fee was offered in another county he went hither to earn it, and such occasional outings were in every way agreeable to him. He enjoyed the ride if the weather was good and the country roads in tolerable condition. He enjoyed the scenery and the various objects of interest along the route, for he was a close observer, and there was a good deal of sentiment in his composition. He enjoyed the quips and jokes of his brother lawyers, if, as was usually the case, there were others in the company. And lastly he enjoyed the good whiskey that was invariably taken along by some prudent member of the party to have in readiness in case of snake-bite.

The fact is, Lawyer Palaver enjoyed life, and like a true philosopher made the most of it day by day. In the practice of his profession he relished all the little exciting incidents that arose from time to time to put him on his mettle and bring out his talent before the world. So much did he delight in everything connected with his chosen profession, that it was a settled rule of his never to turn a lawsuit loose as long as he could hold on to it. In criminal cases, where he nearly always appeared on the side of the defense, he pursued the well-known Fabian policy, and usually exhausted not only the opposing counsel, but judge, jury, witnesses, and a long-suffering public, before ever he would permit himself to be drawn into a decisive engagment. It required, of course, great adroitness and skill to be able to conduct his campaigns on this plan, but these were precisely the qualities which Palaver abundantly possessed, and which it was his chief pleasure to display. He was intimately acquainted with all the maneuvers whereby the progress of justice may be hindered in the courts, and was especially skilled in the use of that formidable legal weapon known as the affidavit. Sancho Panza, the knight of La Mancha thought, was born with a bellyful of proverbs, and there were not wanting those among Palaver's legal acquaintances who insisted that he had been born with a bellyful of affidavits. However this might be, he certainly had one ready for all occasions, and it was a cold day indeed when — however hopeless might seem to be his chance to effect a further postponement of the issue—he did not turn up with an affidavit to fit the case.

On this particular Winter morning, then, behold our friend Palaver astraddle of a well-gaited nag pursuing his way toward the village of Ashton, where the case of the State versus Ankerstrom had been set for trial next day. He was in fine feather, and everything indicated that he was cocked and primed for the important trial that was ahead of him. Two or three brother lawyers were along, and the prisoner, Cross-eyed Jack, was along, and altogether they made a goodly company of gentlemen traveling to court. With friendly discourse they put the miles speedily enough behind them, and about nightfall reached in good trim the place for which they were bound. Here Sanderson and Johan Ankerstrom put up at the county jail, while the others, making their way to the tavern, sought more agreeable quarters for the night.

Mr. Bob Lee Templeton, traveling from a different direction, had reached the town some hours ahead of this party, and, being young and upheaded, had engaged for himself the very best room in the hostelry. During the evening meal, of which they all partook as became hungry travelers, Mr. Templeton conversed freely with the attorneys at table, and found them quite companionable and gracious in their manners. The younger members of the profession were somewhat disposed to air their learning and too much inclined to be disputatious, but all were good-natured and courteous, as became those whose daily task it was to take and give hard knocks. Templeton, who was a gentleman, was pleased with this characteristic, and it elevated the legal fraternity in his opinion.

After supper, as his apartment was roomy, and he had a good log fire blazing on the hearth, first one and then another of the lawyers dropped into Templeton's room, and soon, without previous agreement, the entire number was assembled there. In all there were about a dozen, come from different quarters to attend court, and, chairs having been brought, a free and easy offhand conversation began that was exciting to the actual participants and highly entertaining to all others. Somebody reported that it was drizzling rain on the outside, and somebody else remarked that if such was the case there was nothing left for those under shelter to do but take a drink. From that moment the bottle was pushed briskly about, and the little gathering before many more golden moments had



*"The entire number was assembled in Templeton's room"*

sped was in high spirits. Mr. Templeton was a believer in the old maxim that when in Rome you should do as the Romans do, and so he imbibed rather freely with those about him, and presently was the loudest laugher in the crowd. A man may drink, however, and not be drunk, and Mr. Templeton on this occasion, while a little thick-tongued toward the close of the evening, and somewhat glassy about the eyes, never, I am proud to relate, lost for a moment the use of his legs.

Palaver, while the ranking member in point of age, was the choicest spirit of the festive throng, and shortly before midnight took the floor with the manifest purpose of retaining it till the break-up of the entertainment. He spraddled his legs rather widely apart, lifted his right hand in argumentative fashion, and began a running discourse on matters and things in general. Interruptions were frequent and many remarks hurled at him were of a personal nature, but nothing could disconcert him. He not only gave in every instance a Roland for an Oliver, but usually retorted so successfully upon his unmannerly questioners that he presently put all his adversaries to silence. Then he rambled on, with none to molest him or make him afraid, till half his auditors feigned to be asleep and the other half were really so. The night being now far spent, the gathering dispersed to snatch as much sleep as could be obtained before the court-house bell rang next morning.

The following day to a late breakfast came Mr. Bob Lee Templeton and two or three of the younger lawyers, the rest being tardy. When the meal had been finished one of the attorneys took Mr. Templeton aside, saying he wished to have words with him. When they had retired a sufficient distance to avoid being overheard, he advised the young man to employ counsel to assist the attorney-general in the Ankerstrom case.

"It is nothing to me, you understand,"

said the attorney, "but I just thought I'd mention the matter to you and let you consider it. It seems to me the public interest demands that Whackemall have help in this Ankerstrom case. Palaver, I notice, represents the defendant, and you may not know it, but he's the most dangerous man in our profession. Didn't you observe how he downed every fellow who tackled him last night?"

Mr. Templeton's memory was not very clear as to the transactions of the preceding evening, but he retained a vague impression that Palaver was the hero of the hour, and that he himself had given him unstinted applause.

"I thought I'd mention the matter to you," said the attorney. "No harm in that?"

"None in the world," replied Mr. Bob Lee Templeton, cheerfully. "Whackemall, as you say, seems to be an uncertain sort of a man. I understood from him that there would be no trouble about getting the case up at the last term, and there must be no slip this time."

"He did his best," replied the attorney, who was very gentlemanly sort of fellow. "Whackemall is a good man. A little crusty now and then, but honest and forcible. Palaver, though, can walk all over him in a criminal case. From all I can learn, this man Ankerstrom deserves hanging as richly as ever a scoundrel did on earth. As to whether he'll get his dues or not depends, though, you undertand, altogether on the way his case is handled."

The result of the confab was that Mr. Templeton concluded to employ assistant counsel for the prosecution in the Ankerstrom case and to pay the fee himself. He was a whole-souled young gentleman, and his energies now were thoroughly enlisted on the side of what he deemed to be law and justice in the case. He struck a bargain, and a fair one, with the young attorney who had given him the disinterested advice and found him afterward to be a valuable ally, as well as a congenial companion.

The day was foggy, cold and disagreeable. It had rained hard during the night, the roads were muddy and slippery, and the water-courses swollen and difficult to ford. Still all the witnesses in the Ankerstrom case were on hand before nine o'clock, the hour at which court would open. Templeton and Youngblood, the new attorney, got them all together in the lower story of the court-house and a roll-call developed the fact that not one was missing. Mrs. Hopson, the poor lady whose pantry had been robbed, was present and had brought her little daughter along for the reason, as she said, that the little girl had kept one eye on the marauder during the whole time he was in the house, while each of the boys had his head under the cover. Templeton could not see how her evidence would be material, but Youngblood explained that flight was indicative of guilt, and this woman and child would prove that the defendant came half-famished to their house in the night-time, with his head matted with leaves, showing he was in hiding somewhere near. For the same reason the testimony of Pete, who also anwered to his name, would be relevant, as he saw the defendant creep from his lair in the briar patch. Jineral Beauregard would perhaps be excluded from the witness stand, upon the double ground that he would find difficulty in making himself understood and that there was nothing to show he entertained a belief in a Supreme Being. The good lady who informed Mrs. Bascombe of the hanging of Sandy was among the witnesses, dripping but cheerful, and longing for the opportunity to go over the whole narration again for the edification of the court and bystanders. Many others were present, white, black, male, female, young, old, and Mr. Youngblood checked off the names of all on his paper as they answered to his call. Miss Sue Bascombe rode up while the roll-call was proceeding, mounted on a strong horse, the tail of which had been compactly clubbed to keep that ornament from being bespattered with mud. Templeton went out and helped her down. Then he escorted her into the court-house and introduced her to Youngblood, who seemed to be much pleased to meet her.

Mr. Randolph Pearson arrived early, and he and Templeton rented a vacant store for the accommodation of the numerous witnesses during the three or four days for which the trial was expected to last. They also rented a barn close at hand, in which all the horses of the company could be stabled. Provender in abundance was bought and placed here, and Uncle Davy, from the Habersham place, was, upon recommendation of Templeton, put in charge of the improvised livery stable. These arrangements complete, the two gentlemen felt themselves ready to enter into a protracted engagement when the court-house bell rang at nine o'clock.

Sheriff Sanderson had summoned a great array of jurors for the occasion. The accused at the trial would be entitled to twenty-four challenges without assigning any cause therefor, and the state to ten upon the same excellent grounds: there must be twelve jurors in the box, and so it required forty-six good and lawful men to constitute a panel. This was the least number that would suffice in any case where the indictment was for murder, but here the whole community was familiar with the shocking tragedy at the Bascombe place, and the exciting incidents attending the pursuit and capture of the prisoner, Ankerstrom, and many of those summoned would be disqualified, as it was difficult to find a citizen who had not formed an opinion as to the guilt of the accused. In Tennessee to be a competent juror one's mind at the outset of the investigation must be like a sheet of blank paper, upon which lawyers, witnesses and the court will inscribe matter for subsequent consideration. The best juror in the world, one would think, would be an intelligent, fair-minded man who had formed perhaps an offhand opinion from newspaper reading and promiscuous talk, but who stood ready to discard such opinion and give the accused a fair hearing on the law and the evidence. Such a one with us, however, would be challenged for cause, as he would not be able to approach the investigation with an unbiased mind, while an ignoramus, incapable of reaching a sound conclusion on any subject, would be accepted as a competent juror. This rule not only operates to make the execution of the criminal law weakest in those cases where it should be strongest, but it not infrequently balks entirely the administration of justice. News nowadays travels fast and far, and when a shocking crime is committed rumor and the daily papers carry the details into the most remote neighborhoods. Prudent and thoughtful people form opinions that might be changed upon the hearing of more trustworthy evidence, and the weak and excitable jump to conclusions and form prejudices from rumor that cannot be afterward shaken at all. The consequence is that the entire community is thus sometimes disbarred from sitting as triers of the cause, and in a whole county not twelve men can be found who are competent jurors. This was practically the situation Sheriff Sanderson had to face when he went forth to obtain a panel in the Ankerstrom case. Instead of forty-six men he summoned a hundred, many of whom were so ignorant that, to use his own expression, they hardly knew General Jackson was dead. These men were put down on the list in the hope that they might not have heard at all of the Bascombe murder. Yet as soon as they had gathered at the court-house Sanderson found they nearly all knew something of the case and were ready to return a verdict of guilty against the prisoner before a single witness was called to testify.

Court opened at the usual hour and the apartment in which the trial was to proceed was so packed with human beings that there was hardly standing room behind the bar. Within the railing the contracted space was nearly filled with lawyers, favored guests and female witnesses, who were given seats here till the time came for them to be sworn and sent beyond the hearing of the evidence. After some delay the prisoner was brought in, handcuffed and under charge of six or eight officers. This was not from apprehension that he might escape, but for fear the excited and angry crowd would seize him as soon as they laid eyes on him and do him to death in the very hall of justice. Nothing but the well-known firmness of Sanderson prevented an outbreak as the officers edged their way through the throng; and as it was, the expression of animosity that rested on every countenance boded ill for the prisoner, for from this hostile assemblage were to be selected the twelve jurors who would decide his fate.

"Is the state ready?" inquired the judge, when the clerk had called the Ankerstrom case.

The attorney-general sat by a table and at his side was the young gentleman who had been employed as assistant counsel. This latter had a notebook and a well-sharpened pencil to take down the testimony of the various witnesses, there being no regular stenographer at hand.

"The state is ready," answered the attorney-general promptly, in response to the inquiry of the court.

"Is the defendant ready?" inquired the judge, looking now in the direction of the prisoner.

Palaver up to this moment had been engaged in friendly conversation with a brother attorney upon a subject wholly foreign to the matter in hand. When in the midst of this he found himself accosted by the judge, he rose and asked for a little time in which to confer with his client. Having retired to a back room he remained for some while, and then returned into court with the statement that he found it would be necessary to prepare an affidavit, and that he hoped the honorable court would indulge him or a reasonable length of time while he devoted himself to this task. He was absent now for fully three-quarters of an hour; indeed, remained away so long that first the bystanders, and then the judge, grew impatient.

The sheriff was sent into the back room to notify the attorney that the court was waiting on him. He found Palaver leaning back in a chair, with his heels cocked up on the window sill, puffing away comfortably at a cigar. The sheriff imparted to him the information that business in the front room was being delayed in consequence of his absence.

"You don't say so?" exclaimed Palaver, as if astonished at the intelligence. "Why, Sanderson, you should have notified me sooner. I supposed, of course, that some other matter was engaging the attention of the court."

The fact is, it was a favorite trick of the attorney's, and one by which he often won, to occupy so much time with preliminaries that the impatient judge would call another case, the consideration of which might consume the entire day. The next morning fresh cases would have precedence over those which had been set for the day before, and thus his case would go over to the succeeding term without his ever having applied for continuance.

Now he came hustling into the courtroom immediately in the rear of the sheriff, and apologized for the length of time he had consumed in preparing his paper, assuring the court that he had no wish whatever to delay proceedings. He then read aloud a document which had been previously sworn to by his client, stating that owing to the unreasonable excitement and prejudice which had been formed in the public mind, and still existed against the accused, he could not safely go to trial at that term and place; and—the affidavit went on to say—as it was impossible to obtain an impartial jury in the county where the homicide had been committed, and as there was no likelihood that the unreasonable prejudice against the defendant would soon abate, he prayed the honorable court to grant him a change of venue to an adjoining county, where the citizens were free from bias against him.

This application evidently was not unexpected to the attorney-general and the young lawyer associated with him in the case, but it came as a complete surprise to Templeton and Pearson and the large number of witnesses whose attendance they had labored faithfully to secure. Palaver opened the argument with a persuasive talk in support of his application, and the attorney-general, when it came his turn to speak, combatted the motion vigorously. A large number of jurors, he said, had been summoned and brought to court, and it was a reflection on them to say that the prisoner could not get a fair trial among so many. Numerous witnesses, too, were present; all of whom had come over bad roads in mid-Winter at great inconvenience to themselves. Many of these witnesses were women, and it would be a hardship to require them to return to their several homes and travel at another time, three or four months hence, to a different county for the purpose of giving in their evidence. It was the third time most of these witnesses had been compelled to come to court. They had appeared and testified before the grand jury; they had attended a second time when the case was continued on affidavit of defendant's attorney at the last term, and now they were here again under summons from the state to give in their evidence against the prisoner. The case was one which had aroused widespread interest, and should be pushed to a conclusion, if for no other reason, because certain old and peaceable citizens in the locality of the crime had upheld the dignity of the law and had insisted that in the case of the prisoner justice should be administered by the proper authorities and not by mob violence. These good citizens had set a praiseworthy example, and it would be a bitter disappointment to them now if it was demonstrated that the law of the state was practically incapable of dealing with grave crimes like the one under consideration.

More matter of a weighty nature did the attorney-general deliver himself of in his address to the court. Palaver listened gravely to the whole, and upon its conclusion he complimented the state's officer privately upon his able argument, declaring it was the best he had heard in many years. When he came to reply publicly, however, he said he was surprised a man should want to take up the valuable time of the court with such idle talk as that to which he had just listened. The humblest human being charged with crime had the right to a fair trial before an impartial jury, and it was the duty of the courts of the country to protect him in this right. If the accused here had committed the monstrous crime laid at his door his life must and should pay the penalty; if he was not guilty all must agree he should go free. He was poor and a stranger within our gates, but life was sweet to him, as it was to us all. He stood here asking nothing more than that the issue upon which his existence hung should be decided by twelve impartial jurors, chosen from a community not inflamed by passion or prejudice against him. No one would insist, no one could pretend, that the threatening crowd now gathered in the court-house was not bitterly hostile to the prisoner. A jury impanelled from this assemblage, or from the citizens of their county, would be a jury impanelled to convict. The accused knew this to be a fact; the sheriff knew it, the court knew it, and the attorneys on both sides knew it. "Why, sir," cried Palaver, warming up to his work, "the strongest objection urged by the attorney-general to my application for change of venue is that to grant it would be discouraging to certain peaceable and law-abiding citizens, who, he says, have placed my client in custody of the law, and now look to the courts to have speedy justice done. As I understand the matter, sir, these peaceable and law-abiding citizens, whom he is so very desirous not to discourage, ran my client down with dogs, chased him round and round, sir, like a rabbit, through a briar patch and a broom-sedge field; popped away at him with their pistols as if it had been fine sport, and finally were about to murder him in cold blood, when the sheriff of the county luckily came along and rescued the poor fellow from their clutches. Yes, sir; yes, sir; and this is not the whole story by any means. That night, sir, that night, if the honorable court please, these same peaceable and law-abiding citizens followed my unfortunate client to the jail of their county and sought there to wrest him from the custody of the law and end his life by their own violent hands. Not satisfied with their first heroic exploit, they came, if the honorable court please, with a mob at midnight, three hundred men against one, with the laudable intention of breaking down the door of their own county prison and murdering a helpless human being whom they supposed to be confined therein. A second time they were foiled, for the sheriff of the county, anticipating their design, had removed the prisoner to another jail for safe-keeping. Were they through, sir? Were they through, if the honorable court please? No, indeed, sir. No, indeed, if the honorable court please. The hour for wreaking their vengeance was but postponed, for today, sir--today, if the honorable court please—this same murderous mob invades the sacred precincts of this temple of justice, regards my poor client with hungry eyes from behind the bar, and modestly asks that your honor shall now force upon him the mockery of a hearing with themselves as the triers of the cause. And who is it, sir, that heads this murderous mob and champions their cause here at the bar of justice? Who is it, sir, they have chosen for their spokesman, and who now stands urging that this helpless captive shall be delivered as a victim to their fury? Strange to relate, it is the attorney-general for the state———"

At this point Whackemall, whose temper was liable at any time to get the better of him, rose, and with a voice trembling from anger, informed the court that he did not propose to sit quiet and listen to such language as had just been uttered in his presence. "If the prisoner's counsel desires to become personal," said he to the judge, "it would be more becoming in him to reserve his scurrilous flings till such time as they can be properly resented, and not to indulge in them here where he knows he has the sheriff to protect him."

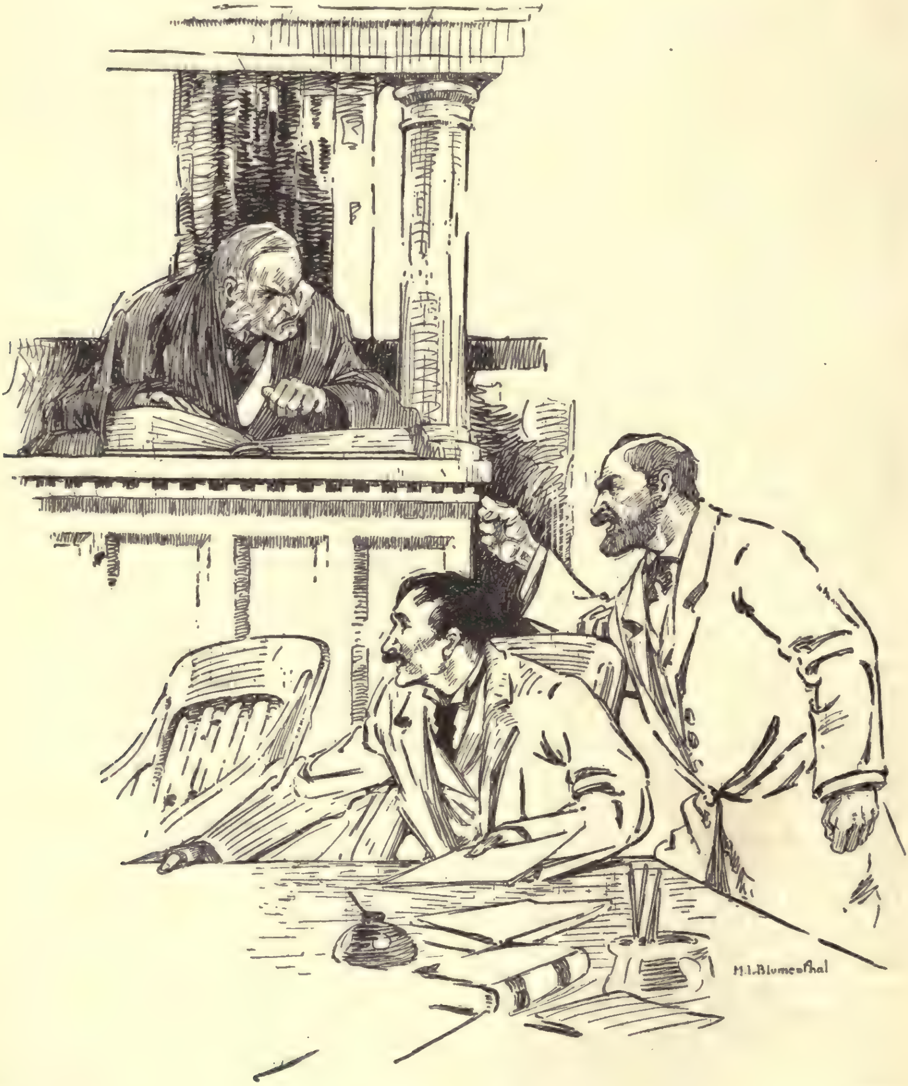
Palaver bowed low and smiled. "I'll have the gentleman understand," he retorted, "that I am here in the discharge of my duty, and that I do not propose to shrink from the discharge of that duty for fear my remarks may prove unpleasant even to so terrible an adversary as the attorney-general for the state."

"And I'll have you understand———" cried Whackemall, rising, and making fiercely toward him.

"Order, gentlemen, order," demanded the court, rapping vigorously on the judicial desk.

"Order, gentlemen, order," demanded the sheriff, advancing, and standing between the two angry disputants.

For a minute or two there was silence and the crowd held its breath, expecting to witness a very exciting performance within the bar. Then Palaver spread his hands to indicate that his intentions were peaceful, and in unruffled tones resumed his remarks. There really was no occasion, he said, for this disturbance. He had not said a word calculated to wound the feelings of his friend, the attorney-general. At least he had not uttered a sentence which was intended to reflect upon him in the slightest particular. In making use of the language objected to he was not thinking at all of the state's attorney, but designed his remarks to apply to a gang of unprincipled ruffians,—some of whom he now



*"'And I'll have you understand,' cried Whackemall"*

saw behind the bar,—whose conduct in hounding down the prisoner had been cowardly, and barbarous, and far more worthy of the savages that once trod the wilds of this country than of the civilized people who were supposed to inhabit it now.

As Palaver uttered these scathing remarks he turned and bent his gaze fixedly on the crowd in the rear of the court room. After a few moments he raised his hand slowly and pointed his forefinger toward a certain corner, thus indicating that there were individuals in that particular quarter to whom he had alluded in his previous remarks, and whom he now wished to hold up to public scorn.

"Don't p'int that finger at me, old man," cried a half-tipsy fellow from the proscribed corner. "Ef you do———"

At this an uproar arose in the court-room, which it required several minutes of diligent effort on the part of the sheriff and his deputies to suppress. The entire assemblage was evidently at fever heat, and the slightest disturbance among them was sufficient to provoke the whole mass into angry demonstration.

## XVI.

## THERE BEING UNDUE EXCITEMENT IN THE PUBLIC MIND A CHANGE OF VENUE IS GRANTED IN THE ANKERSTROM CASE —AN OLD FARMER RIDES OUT OF TOWN ON A YOUNG LADY'S HORSE, AND THEREBY ADDS TO THE EXCITEMENT IN THE PUBLIC MIND.

WHETHER Lawyer Palaver had intentionally provoked the disturbance that followed his heated remarks is a matter of some doubt. But certain it is that nothing could have been better calculated to further the purpose he had in view, which was to postpone the hearing of his cause, and have it certified to another county for trial. It had been demonstrated in an unmistakable way that the sentiment of the crowd behind the bar was hostile to the prisoner, and as this crowd was composed in great measure of those who had been summoned to court as jurors, it was evident that an impartial jury could not be selected from it. Judge Witherspoon was a just man, and one who was fearless in the discharge of his duty. As soon as quiet was restored in the court-room, without waiting to hear further argument on either side, he announced that in his opinion the accused could not, in the excited state of the public mind, obtain the fair and impartial trial which the law guaranteed to the humblest citizen charged with a grave offense. A foul murder had been committed in the county; this much there was no gainsaying. The entire community had been shocked by its perpetration, and the prejudice against the prisoner was strong, for, rightly or wrongfully, he was regarded as the author of the crime. Under the circumstances justice demanded that he should be sent elsewhere for trial. The affidavit filed by the prisoner's counsel contained sufficient matter to entitle him to a change of venue, and the case would be transferred to the neighboring county, in the jail of which the prisoner had been for some months confined and where it was hoped there was no feeling either in his behalf or against him.

Sheriff Sanderson after the decision had been announced, quietly withdrew with his prisoner from the court-house.

The judge was one whom they all knew would uphold at all hazards the majesty of the law; the sheriff was an officer not to be lightly interfered with when in the discharge of his duty and so no effort was made to molest Johan Ankerstrom as he was taken handcuffed from the court-room to the county jail. The excited crowd dispersed, at least left the building and found more room in the yard outside, as well as a more favorable position from which to vent its wrath and indignation. The more hot-headed among those gathered here openly advocated storming the jail and capturing the murderer of old Mrs. Bascombe at whatever cost. Some who indulged in this dangerous talk were duly sober, but the loudest had been rendered bold by intimate association with John Barleycorn. Pearson, calm and cool as usual, did what he could to allay the excitement and to suppress all attempt at violence. He and his trusted friends had resolved to appeal unto Caesar, and they were still determined to work and wait until a decree could be obtained from the tribunal whose aid they had sought. Templeton, younger and more hasty, was fast losing again his remnant of patience and had about reached the point where forbearance in his opinion was no longer a virtue.

"This is an outrage," he cried to the young attorney, whose acquaintance he had formed the night before, as the two wended their way to the tavern at the noon recess of the court. "It's nothing short of an outrage."

The young attorney shrugged his shoulders and laughed. He did not wish to take open issue with his client, but it was evident he did not regard the proceeding as an outrage.

"Eight months have passed away since the murder of that good old woman," continued Templeton, hotly, "and yet we have hardly advanced a step toward the conviction and punishment of the scoundrel who slew her."

"That's a fact," said the young attorney.

"And now we have to wait four months more, and the witnesses must all be dragged to another county to testify after they have made three trips to their county seat in the hope of being examined and dismissed."

"That's true," said the young attorney.

"It's an infernal outrage, that's what it is," cried Templeton.

The young attorney cleared his throat.

"Were you not astonished when the judge rendered his decision?"

"No," replied the young attorney, candidly. "I was not. The fact is Judge Witherspoon could hardly have done otherwise. The affidavit contained sufficient ground for continuance and change of venue and it was his duty to grant the application. He is a fearless and upright judge, and you will respect him highly when you know him as we do."

Templeton was a little softened at this. He saw his companion was minded to uphold the dignity of his profession, and he respected him the more highly for it.

"Well," he continued, "you lawyers have your own way of looking at things, but to me a proceeding of this sort seems wholly unjustifiable. Twelve just and intelligent men could certainly have been found in this county to try that scoundrel, and I cannot see why the effort was not made to get them. The men who were brought to court were for the most part ignorant and prejudiced, and I cannot say I think it would have been right to permit these to sit on the prisoner's case. But why not have summoned a number of the most intelligent men in the county, and leave the question of guilt or innocence to them?"

"Because all the intelligent men in this small county have formed opinions which would render them incompetent as jurors. The crime was a most shocking one, and the details are known to all your citizens."

"Good men," answered Templeton, "can discard opinions hastily formed, and being charged with the grave responsibility of trying a human being for his life they can render an honest verdict on the evidence brought before them. Such jurors might not be acceptable to guilty men brought to the bar of justice, but they would render verdicts that the community would respect."

"Maybe so," answered the lawyer, "but nevertheless under our system they would not be competent jurors, for no one who has formed or expressed an opinion can serve on a jury in Tennessee."

"Then it has been practically settled since the date of this fellow's arrest that he could not be tried in the county where he committed the murder. The crime being a monstrous one, you lawyers and the judge have known for months that he could not be made to answer for it here where all the facts had been freely discussed."

"I think it has been pretty generally understood that a jury could not be gotten in this county to try the prisoner."

"Why, then, did not the judge order the case transferred to another county as soon as the indictment was found?"

"Because the prisoner under our constitution is entitled to a fair trial before a jury of the county where the crime is alleged to have been committed. He can waive this right, but the judge cannot take it away from him without his consent."

"The judge cannot order a change of venue unless the accused asks for it?"

"That is so."

"Suppose he never does ask for it?"

"The judge would be tempted after a while to force him to trial before a prejudiced jury. It's a dangerous thing to press the court too far."

"He can sorely try the patience of the court and the community, but he must not exhaust it."

The young attorney laughed again, but made no reply.

"Well," said Templeton, musingly, "if the judge knew the prisoner could not get a legal jury in this county, and the judge knew he could not of his own motion transfer the case to another county, why did not the judge order a jury to be brought from another county to serve?"

"That would have been in violation of the prisoner's constitutional right to a trial before a jury of his own county."

"That would have effected a considerable saving in the matter of public expense. It would also have been a great favor to the witnesses, who have traveled to court three times now, and who are growing wearied of being dragged about in this way."

"Yes, it is so, but under our constitution the plan you suggest could not have been adopted."

"Hum, hum, hum," pursued Templeton, as they walked along. "Let me get this thing straight in my head. I'm but a farmer, you know, and don't understand the working of our system quite so well as you lawyers. If I commit a horrible murder in any county of this state and am apprehended for it, first all the witnesses against me must be made to travel to court to testify before the grand jury."

"First," said the attorney, "they would perhaps be required to appear and testify before a justice of the peace, who would bind you over to await the action of the grand jury."

"Oh, that's the beginning point, is it?" said Templeton. "Very well, now I have it. First, they go before a justice of the peace and tell their tale; then they wait possibly as much as four months, and go before the grand jury to tell their tale; but here I demand that they all be made to go home and return later on, because of a just prejudice existing against me in the public mind.

Four months later they come again, but now I demand that they all go home once more, and meet me still four months later in another county, because the just prejudice still exists against me among the people I have deeply wronged. There is no help for it, and judge, witnesses and all are compelled to do my bidding. After a while those summoned to testify grow weary see-sawing between their homes and the courts, and I stand an excellent chance to escape the penalty of my crime altogether."

"Under our system—" began the attorney."

"Oh, yes, I understand," interrupted Templeton. "Under our system the thing works out this way. Under our system, it seems, the good citizen is not entitled to any consideration at all, and the scoundrel is entitled to a great deal. And the bigger scoundrel a man is the more consideration he is entitled to. That's the way it looks to me under our system."

"You are exasperated," said the attorney, laughing. "I can't say I blame you much for feeling as you do, and yet the right of trial by jury, and by a fair jury, is an old one. It descended to us from our ancestors, and all the prerogatives extended to the accused, which seem to you so absurd, have been found in the past to be necessary safeguards to protect the weak and oppressed against the strong and tyrannical."

"All mighty fine," quoth Templeton, "but the danger now is not that the strong and tyrannical will oppress the weak, but that common scoundrels will go unwhipped of justice, and the community have no protection from their misdeeds. The law as now administered, Mr. Lawyer, is too tender toward villains, and it's no wonder honest folks are fast losing patience with it."

"To comprehend any system," replied the attorney, "you must go to the root of it. At one time in England there was a disposition on the part of the barons to grind the commoners—"

"Let me tell you a thing, sir," interrupted Mr. Bob Lee Templeton, "that perhaps will astonish you. The barons of whom you speak, and likewise the commoners, have been dead and buried these hundreds of years—these hundreds of years—I tell you, and you have no more right to weigh us down with the old rules and safeguards made to fit their case than you have to clap on us the heavy helmets and breastplates that must have made 'em stagger as they walked."

"I have a suggestion to make," replied the attorney, "which perhaps will induce you to modify your views on this subject."

"What is it?" cried Mr. Bob Lee Templeton.

"Let's take a drink."

Mr. R. L. Templeton smiled. "Well," he remarked to his companion, "you fellows took me up in a balloon last night, and I've been feeling all morning as if I'd like to come down on a parachute."

There was a place of business not far away that had in front latticed green doors swinging either way to suit the convenience of the customer. Taking the arm of Mr. Bob Lee Templeton, the young lawyer and he presently disappeared behind these green doors, and further this deponent saith not.

About the noon hour Sheriff Sanderson, having partaken of an early dinner, set out with his prisoner for the adjoining county, the jail of which was destined to be the residence of the latter at least until the following term of the circuit court, some four months off. None but these two took the road, as Sanderson was satisfied there would be no serious attempt to wrest Ankerstorm from his custody, and he did not fear his escape during the journey. It was not far from midnight when he reached his destination and bade goodby to his sullen captive, to whom he had shown every kindness in his power, for that was Sanderson's way. Having again taken a receipt for his man from the jailer, and washed his hands of all further responsibility as to his keeping, the sheriff sought a bed at a good boarding-house in the town, and almost as soon as he touched it dropped into a sound sleep.

Back at Ashton the court ground on all the afternoon, the lawyers dull and listless and playing, in theatrical parlance, to a slim house. A single deputy was sufficient to keep order in court and execute the mandates of the judge, and he did not find his duties very fatiguing. The quarrel between Palaver and Whackemall, which in the forenoon had looked alarming, was now healed without much effort. The two gentlemen laughed over the matter in a back room and shook hands cordially when the interview ended. Miss Sue Bascombe had to do a little shopping before she wended her way homeward, for country folk must avail themselves of every occasion that demands a visit to town, and it was growing late when she signified her willingness to depart. The horses of her party, and many others, had been stabled in a barn a little way off from the tavern, and left there in charge of the old negro, Uncle Davy, employed for the occasion. A considerable number still remained, though a majority of the animals had been taken away, when a servant was sent to the place to saddle and bring out Dandy Jim. Presently he returned with the surprising information that the horse had been already called for and carried off. Supposing there was some mistake on the part of the old man left in charge at the barn, Templeton went thither and made diligent personal search, but failed to find the stout and active animal that had borne Miss Sue to town that morning. When a report to this effect reached the tavern, the young lady herself visited the barn and joined her anxious inquiry to that of others in endeavoring to ascertain by what means her property had been disposed of without her consent. Dandy Jim was a horse far above the average both in looks and qualities, and the old negro remembered him distinctly.

"Yas'm," he said in response to Miss Bascombe's somewhat sharp demand for an explanation, "I 'members dat hoss mighty well. He ain't no common hoss, dat hoss ain't, and hit stands to reason dat a pusson wa'n't gwine to forgit him atter dey once seed him. Here comes a ole gen'lemun, do, treckly atter dinner, and say he 'bleeged to have dat hoss fur to go right away and fetch some witnesses what been leff behind at de trial. He gim me a dime fur to make me git a move on myself, and say he comin' back presen'ly, and he was sich a honest-lookin' ole gen'lemun dat, 'fo' God, I never s'picioned nothin' wrong about him."

"Where did he say he was going?" inquired Miss Sue.

"He say he gwine out atter a witness, I tell you, and comin' back presen'ly. Dat's what he say, and he gin me a paper — whar is dat paper?" And the old man began fumbling about in his pockets. When he searched there in vain he looked in his hat and found a crumpled note, which he handed the young lady. "Read dat," he said, triumphantly. "Dat will 'splain de whole business."

Miss Sue took the paper and read aloud the contents, written in a smooth, clerkly hand:

> "Let Mr. David Hammersmith have my horse and Mr. Lee Templeton's saddle, to be returned without delay.
>
> "SUSAN BASCOMBE.
>
> "January—, 18——."

The girl turned the paper over in her hand and looked around on those present in considerable surprise. "Well, did you ever?" she exclaimed. "Why, I never signed my name Susan Bascombe in my life. Everybody calls me Sue."

**(To be continued)**

## TWO ROOMS AND A HALF

By Emily H. Leland

ROCKWOOD, TENNESSEE

WE were five — the little twins, first and most important, the twins' father, my young sister and myself. In the hustling western city to which Rob's profession had called him, nothing better offered, after wearisome search, than "an apartment of three rooms" which proved to be two rooms and a half, for the smaller one was hardly more than a closet, though claiming to be a bed-room.

To board was out of the question, with our babies and small means, and yet how to keep house in such limited quarters seemed an unanswerable puzzle.

"We can never exist here!" exclaimed Rob despairingly.

"It would be perfectly dreadful to even *try* to exist," said sister Jen.

"But we'll live here, just the same," said the mother of the twins, resolutely. "No more house-to-house hunting for *me!*"

"If we *could* worry along until Spring no doubt something better will turn up," murmured Rob, a glimmer of hope in his tired eyes.

"Fortunately I am small, and I can make a two-months visit home, by-and-by," yielded Jen encouragingly.

"We can play that we are pioneers and that we haven't time to build a larger house before Winter sets in, and then — why, everything will seem all right. Or we can just call it the simple life."

"Don't!" said Rob, glancing grimly at the boxes and barrels and crated things which filled the front porch and overflowed into the parlor.

We paid the quarter's rent into the hands of the owner occupying the balance of the house, and set to work. Rob could spare from his work a half-day, and Jen could help —and help beautifully — by remaining with the twins at the hotel until nightfall.

The rooms looked and smelled immaculately clean and the business of getting settled went briskly on. The back room was charmingly spacious and had two east windows looking out upon a grassy back-yard. This should be our all-around room—kitchen, dining-room, library and family sitting-room.

Our parlor stove was an open fire-on-the hearth sort, with a screen to insure safety to the twins, and our cook-stove one of those two-story Mansard-roofed beauties which under its swing-top afforded room for kettles and sauce pans and in the oven below could bake a small turkey or a sheet of cake to perfection. Next to the twins and two or three other relatives I *loved* that natty and capable little stove.

While I busied myself unpacking bedding, crockery, lamps and pictures. Rob put up the window-shades and with the help of a passing wood-sawyer adjusted the stoves and their bothersome pipes.

At noon Rob made himself ready

for his dinner and the inevitable office. "Time's up! On with your fixin's and come to dinner," he called to me.

I was burrowing in a box of supplies. "Here's bread and cheese," I answered, "and here are glasses of raspberry jam, potted ham — home-made, please remember — four boiled eggs and a bottle of pickles. I'm going to make tea and stay home."

Off came Rob's overcoat in a hurry. "Heroic woman! do you think I am going to hie to the flesh-pots of the Grand Central and leave you to your tea and hard-tack? Never! What's sauce for the goose is — or ought to be — "

"Kindling, quick, then, and a bucket of water! No time for quotations — and *such* quotations!" But I was greatly pleased that Rob was to break first bread with me. Besides it is almost impossible to make a single cup of *good* tea, you know.

A part of a packing box boiled the water, and we spread our feast on clean newspapers and gave thanks that things were no worse.

"Now, bye-bye," said Rob, later. "Take things easy and remember that there are several more days to come. I'll straighten things around tonight," and he went away in the cheerful, manly mood which is so oblivious to the thousand details of "settling."

One needs to have the care of husband, babies and a house, for a while, in order to learn the full value of time. With five hours of solitude and a fair amount of hustle and muscle in my make-up, I felt very rich and powerful. "Take things easy," indeed!

Without a pantry or a clothes-closet what is life to an ambitious housekeeper? I hastened to supply these vacancies, after a fashion, with curtains and packing-boxes — curtains across a corner of the parlor (now family bed-room) and two packing-boxes, set one above the other in the kitchen quarter of the all-around room.

Thanks to Rob's persistence in moving all the odds and ends of three years housekeeping over seven hundred miles of United States, I had everything to draw from—from nails and screw-hooks to some absurd left-over rolls of wall paper — and there were yards and yards of old-gold silkalene bought at a bargain counter months before, for some vague purpose, which proved to be just the thing for draping the boxes, while the wall-paper—in plain tan—made a neat lining for them. A plate-rack, hung above, held our limited but choice china, and on the pretty side-board scarf below I arranged a nice little show of glass and silver.

The whole thing was bright and cosy in effect, and I flew to other work brimming with "the arrogance of success."

From the first I had resolved to hand over the miniature bed-room to Jen and use the parlor for the family room, trusting to the all-around room to receive in its library corner the people who should be kind enough to call upon us. Arranging both rooms as expeditiously as possible — leaving details to the coming days Rob had assured me of — I devoted the remainder of the flying hours to creating in the all around room a welcoming atmosphere for the family reunion at five o'clock. Rugs — blessed be rugs! — easy chairs, dining-table, hanging-lamp, pictures, book shelves and writing-desk were not long in getting into place—though I must confess to something of a struggle with the lamp. (But I filled all the holes I bored for it with moistened cracker, and they told no noticable tales.)

At nearly five o'clock the debris of unpacking was cleared away, the lamps were filled and burning, the tea-kettle singing and a gloriously tired woman was washed and dressed and yearning for the twins. Mingled with the yearning were some doubts as to the strictly good cheer of dry toast and more potted ham for supper. I might open a bottle of strawberries — and there was still a little cheese—and possibly Rob might think to bring ——

Just here something lovely happened. Answering a gentle ring at the door I found Mrs. Landlord with a winning smile on her face and a big covered tray in her hands.

"I know how it is — getting settled and preparing first meals—and I thought maybe you would like these things. Don't trouble to return the dishes until tomorrow. Good-night!" And she vanished away from my almost tearful thanks like what she was, "a phantom of delight."

Hot biscuits, fresh brown bread, neat slices of roast beef, baked potatoes, a pat of butter and a pitcher of rich, creamy milk. Such a shower of mercies! Such a lot of comforting things planned to go unerringly to the right spot!

I brewed some coffee, spread the festive board and watched the clock. Precisely on time a carriage drew up at the gate, and Rob descended with a carefully held bag of eggs, while Jen and the twins poured out into my glad arms. What an age the day had been to them and to Jen!

"Well, well, *well!*" was Rob's exclamation as we entered the all-around, "just regularly killed yourself, haven't you?" with an anxious glance at me. "That's a side-board for your life—it looks *fine* and *do* I smell hot biscuits and baked potatoes? Well, you're a magician —that's what!"

"But look at my bower, will you?" shouted Jen. "Matting down and curtains up, and even the pin-cushion and calendar in place! It's a wonder you didn't go out and gather violets and roses to strew before us — you blessed old girl!"

Of course I greedily absorbed these enthusiastic praises, mingled as they were with the resounding kisses of the twins, and felt that life was richly worth living — even in two rooms and a half.

⁂

## JUNE IN THE FLOWER-GARDEN

### By Eva Ryman-Gaillard

GIRARD, PENNSYLVANIA

WHEREVER a large weed is pulled out, drop in a few seeds of some flower. If you do not, other weeds will come to replace the ones pulled and one might better have patches of blooming flowers late in the season.

There are many of the free-flowering annuals that make a fine Fall display when sown before June fifteenth, among them being sweet alyssum and nasturtium—the latter being in the seed-producing stage just when the pods are wanted in the Fall pickling campaign.

Perennials like the hollyhock, candytuft, phlox, pansy and others sown during the month give well-established plants that endure the Winter well, and bloom early the following year.

—

Insects of all sorts will be living the "strenuous life" and we will need to wage a no less strenuous warfare in order to overcome them. If a plant fails to do well and no insects are visible on the tops, examine the soil and roots. In the garden where plants are grown in masses pull out one and examine the root very closely. Sometimes when no insect is found, evidence of their work is there and by doctoring the soil we can reach them.

Insecticides of all sorts (too numerous to be mentioned here) are to be had, but in useing any that is new, use caution with it, for in this work as elsewhere, "too much is as bad as none at all."

—

As the hot, dry season comes on begin to mulch those plants which do not have foliage sufficiently large or dense to shade the soil. The mulch may be lawn-clippings or any other substance that covers the soil and serves to keep it cool, and prevent evaporation.

The mulching system prevents the burning of the small feeding roots that are near the surface, smothers out a vast number of weeds and lessens the amount of cultivation and watering that would otherwise be required.

—

If the soil is very rich, or if care is taken to feed it as needed, low-growing plants like the trailing hollyhock, or thunbergia, may be grown among the taller sorts and will keep the soil covered with a mat of foliage, studded with beautiful flowers.

This plan is more ornamental in its effects than the other and permits growing more flowers on the same amount of land; but the soil *must* be kept up to a condition of fertility equal to sustaining both.

Potted plants as well as bedded ones are the better for being mulched, and for exactly the same reasons. The sphagnum moss which usually comes around plants received by mail makes an ideal mulch for the potted plants.

—

Do not let old blossoms remain on the lilac bushes, or other early flowering shrubs, but cut every one as soon as its beauty is gone— then do the yearly pruning very soon afterward.

This rule applies in a particularly strong degree to peonies, as well as shrubs. Cutting the blossom causes the plant to form new growth, which means an increased number of flowers the following year, while letting them remain and form seed keeps the plant practically dormant all Summer.

If the petals fall before the blossom is cut, *be sure* to cut away the seed shell.

—

Plants like sweet peas, nasturtiums and pansies, that produce a succession of flowers, should have the blossoms picked daily to stop the formation of seed pods and consequent decrease in number of blossoms; but in the case of such plants as have but a short period of bloom, and but one during the year, the formation of seed is prevented to increase growth of roots and branches on which the next years' blossoms depend.

The next blooming season is a year away, but the things you do now, or neglect to do, will show results then.

## THE FARMER'S TELEPHONE

By Cora A. Matson-Dolson

FLORIDAVILLE, NEW YORK

They've put the telephones all in,
With cases shining bright;
And we can call our neighbors up
At any time of night.

And those who didn't get them say
They wouldn't have them in;
With winds a-screeching through the wires
And raising such a din!

They say that not for half a farm
They'd hear their neighbors' ring
A-sounding through their houses, till
They couldn't think a thing!

But we who have them say: "Oh, my!
We couldn't do without!"
Since we can learn, at moment's call,
What people are about.

"Hello! What are you cooking? say,
Have you got yeast to spare?
"Will you be at the dance tonight?
And oh! what will you wear?"

"Say! Did you see that rig go by?
And is the baby well?"
And, "I could tell you something, if
I knew you wouldn't tell!"

Nay, not for thrice the cost will we
Who have them ever own
That we regret we now have got
A Farmer's Telephone!

## LITTLE HELPS FOR HOME-MAKERS

**For each little help found suited for use in this department, we award one year's subscription to the National Magazine. If you are already a subscriber, YOUR SUBSCRIPTION MUST BE PAID IN FULL TO DATE IN ORDER TO TAKE ADVANTAGE OF THIS OFFER. You can then either extend your own term or send the National to a friend. If your little help does not appear, it is probably because the same idea has been offered by someone else before you. Try again. We do not want cooking recipes, unless you have one for a new or uncommon dish. Enclose a stamped and addressed envelope if you wish us to return or acknowledge unavailable offerings.**

### A BUDGET OF HINTS

By NETTIE RAND MILLER
Barton, Vermont

When washing linen embroidered with white silk use cold water. Keep hot water away from white silk and it will retain its whiteness.

Rub hinges with a feather dipped in oil and they will not creak.

Linen embroidered with colored silks should be washed quickly in suds made with castile soap, rinsed thoroughly, rolled in sheets and ironed immediately.

Boil three or four onions in a pint of water, apply with a soft brush to gilt frames, and flies will keep off them.

A spoonful of vinegar put into the water in which meats or fowls are boiled makes them tender.

Melted parafine poured over the top of jelly will prevent molding.

To remove skins of cooked beets, let them lie a few minutes in cold water and the skins will slip off easily.

To prevent a bruise from turning purple, rub fresh lard upon it.

A little cream tartar or vinegar improves boiled frosting. It will not grain so readily and will be more creamy.

When crackers become soft from long standing, put them in a pan and bake them over. They will be as crisp as fresh ones.

Chestnuts and walnuts may be kept the year through by packing in sand.

If you wish to iron a starched or other garment quickly, sprinkle it with hot water instead of cold.

If boiled or roasted meat is to be eaten cold, wrap a piece of dampened cloth around it when it is put away after cooking. It will be more moist and tender after this treatment.

If potatoes for baking are placed on the back of the range or in the warming oven until they are heated through, they will bake in less than half the time when placed in the oven.

A dish of water in a hot oven will prevent food from burning.

A spoonful of sugar put in the water when boiling turnips will prevent their tasting bitter.

To restore a faded carpet, dip the carpet in strong salt and water.

To remove stains from the hands wash in the juice of a ripe tomato.

A teaspoonful of burnt sugar will give an amber color to soup made from white meats.

Half a lemon placed in the water in which dish towels and kitchen cloths are soaked is said to sweeten them wonderfully.

### SOMETHING ABOUT CORN MEAL

By MRS. AUGZETTA CONNOR
Baxter Springs, Kansas

To prevent corn cakes and bread from having a raw taste, I mix the meal with milk a few hours before baking the bread. When ready to bake it, add the salt, egg, a spoonful of flour and last of all the soda, or if sweet milk be used, add baking powder.

Mush, to be good, must be boiled a long time. Having neither time nor inclination to stand by the mush pot, I boil the mush thoroughly, being careful not to make it too thick, then place closely covered in the oven where it is kept at boiling heat for several hours. I never use iron kettles, as I prefer the white or blue ware.

## SAVING SAFETY-RAZOR BLADES

By H. L. WEBBER

Wenona, Illinois

If you own a safety razor (such as the Gillette) strop the blade very lightly on a soft strop before and after using and the blade will last three times as long.

## WASH YOUR COFFEE

By MRS. G. S. THOMAS

Cody, Virginia

How many of the National housewives see to it that the green coffee purchased from the grocer is carefully washed before being roasted? I have known many otherwise careful housekeepers to empty the coffee from the parcel in which it was bought, into the pan for roasting, never thinking that they are doing an unclean thing.

Coffee is often DYED to give it a better color, and aside from this, there is such a quantity of real dirt upon it that it really astonishes people who never washed it. Wash your coffee.

## A BEEF'S HEART AND TONGUE

By A. E. T.

Humboldt, Iowa

When meat of all kinds is high, as at the present time, it seems to me that the most economical meat to buy once or twice a month is the heart and tongue of a beef. In small towns in the middle West, the two will cost about forty cents. Wash the heart carefully to remove the blood. Use a vegetable scrubbing brush and rub the tongue until thoroughly clean. Put together in a granite iron kettle, cover with boiling water and cook three or four hours. Let both stand in the broth until cold, and slice one-half or two-thirds of each and you will have some of the most delicious of cold meats. Enough for two or three meals for an ordinary family. Carefully remove all the fat from the top of the broth and put in the doughnut kettle. Take about half of the broth for stock for a vegetable soup. Put the meat that is left through a meat chopper, add a cup of walnut meats (also put through the chopper), two cups of cracker crumbs, three well-beaten eggs and the unused half of the broth. Mix thoroughly, season to taste and if the mixture is not quite moist enough, add milk or water. Bake slowly in a well buttered, deep and narrow, cake tin for an hour and a half and you will have a delicious meat loaf that will last three or four meals. The loaf may be made without the nut meats but has a finer flavor and is more nutritious with them.

## HANDY HOME-MADE FUNNEL

By ELIZABETH JOHNSON

Jamestown, Pennsylvania

Half an egg-shell with a hole in the end, makes a handy little funnel for bottles. If the egg-shell is browned in the stove slightly it will be more durable.

## REMEMBER THIS ON JULY 4th.

By MRS. M. M. B.

Fairfax, South Carolina

If your boy gets his eyes burnt with powder while shooting firewcrks, relieve the pain while waiting for the doctor by pouring sweet oil in his eyes.

## FILLING A HOT-WATER BOTTLE

By K. T. B. I.

Brooklyn, New York

The following directions were given by a hospital nurse: Heat the water to near boiling, fill bottle about one-third full, and before putting in stopper, lay bag flat and double it over. This will prevent the accumulation of steam, which makes a bag hard and unyielding

## SWEEPING MATTING

By S. E. P.

Atkinson, New Hampshire

A carpet sweeper can be used successfully on straw mattings if moved across the breadths.

## HOT WATER AS A MEDICINE

By MRS. J. E. TURNER

Brewer, Maine

Hot water, if used along with common sense, might save many a doctor's bill, and many a course of drug treatment as well. For bruises, sprains and similar accidental hurts it should be applied as hot as can be borne, by means of a cloth dipped in the water and laid on the wounded part, or by immersion, if convenient, and the treatment kept up until relief is obtained. For pains resulting from indigestion, a cupful of hot water taken in sips will often relieve at once. A flannel folded in several thicknesses, wrung out of the hot water and laid over the seat of the pain, and renewed every ten minutes or oftener will aid the relief in severe cases. For insomnia, when "too tired to sleep," as we sometimes say — bathe the neck and temples the back of the neck particularly. This seems to relax the muscles and veins that supply the brain. The same treatment will refresh during the day, and a headache may often be relieved by it.

## HOW TO PREVENT COUGHING

By DR. A. P. REED

Naples, Maine

Coughing is the worst thing for a cough, and in most instances of cough, there is more coughing than is necessary to subserve the purpose of the cough, i.e., to remove offending material.

The following directions will help one avoid coughing in all instances, while in the more mild cases it may stop the cough altogether after a little perseverance: When tempted to cough take a deep breath, filling if possible every air cell, holding it until the warming, soothing effect comes or so long as is reasonable, and mark the mollifying result on the cough, which, even when the latter seems unavoidable, will often be found under control.

Repeat if necessary. The explanation of this is that there is a liberation of nitrogen in the air cells which has a quieting, sedative effect on the irritated mucous membrane.

## POWDERED CHARCOAL FOR BURNS

By MRS. CHESTER DUNCAN

Wellston, Oklahoma

For scalds or burns cover the burn with finely powdered charcoal; use dry and it will stop pain at once.

# Note and Comment

### By Frank Putnam

## BALLADE OF THE THIRD REVOLUTION

THINLY sown by the eastern sea
    Our forbears, challenging England's lord,
Declared that God made all men free
    And backed their creed with fire and sword.
    The tax of a tyrant they abhorred,
However he fixed it, low or high;
    For the Great Ideal their blood they poured:
*The Third Revolution now draws nigh.*

Three million black folk toiled in chains,
    Bred like brutes, like brutes oppress
By many who throve on their vast gains
    Attaint with hideous crimes half-guessed;
    Their yoke was bitter at the very best.
Our sires in pity of their sad cry
    Struck off their irons in war's grim test:
*The Third Revolution now draws nigh.*

Today we stand like him of old
    Aghast at the Genii he had freed;
Our Slaves of the Bottle, swol'n with gold,
    Sieze on City or State at need;
    Our children perish to glut their greed
In mine and factory; their long sigh
    Has nerved our hearts for a new great deed:
*The Third Revolution now draws nigh.*

ENVOY

Prince, we mean to redeem our own;
    And even as leaves in a whirlwind fly,
So shall our despots be o'erthrown:
    *The Third Revolution now draws nigh.*

# WHY AND HOW REPRESENTATIVE GOVERNMENT, TRIED FOR 120 YEARS IN THE UNITED STATES, HAS PROVED A FAILURE, AND NEVER CAN SUCCEED

## A DELUSION OF LEGISLATORS

*REPRESENTATIVE government, tried for one hundred and twenty years in the United States, has failed. We must go forward to genuine democracy.*

We must reduce our legislative bodies in city, state and nation each to one chamber, elected directly by the people, for a short term, and *governed by the people* through the Initiative and Referendum and the Recall. We must cure our legislators of their delusion that they are *rulers* and must implant in their brains the idea that they exist, officially, solely to *register the popular will*. Not to interpret it, nor to grant or deny it, but to *register* it. It is a common delusion of legislative bodies today—and has been for one hundred and twenty years past, in this country, that their business was to *rule* us. They have even had the amazing—and amusing—impudence to claim that they were "experts" in the science of government, and therefore understood better than their masters what would be good for their masters. They must be gently but firmly taught that they are not rulers but agents, with strictly limited powers; not sovereigns but servants.

Our federal constitution — a compromise half-way between monarchy and democracy, with its senatorial House of Lords and its absolute federal courts—stands for a flat denial that the common man has brains enough, justice enough, to govern himself honestly, fairly. It contradicts and ridicules the sublimest utterances of our noblest state papers—Jefferson's Declaration of Independence and Lincoln's Gettysburg Address. The **federal constitution is obsolete, and it** must go. In fact, it *has* gone, insofar as its power to control the greed of Organized Wealth is concerned. It is now effective, as judges "interpret it," only to curb the just and fair desires of the real producers of the nation's wealth.

## II

## 1860 AND 1906 — A PARALLEL

In 1860 this nation was ruled by an arrogant black-slave oligarchy. The people organized and effected a peaceful revolution. The slave oligarchs and their retainers and dependents took up arms to wreck the nation and defend their blood-stained loot. They were crushed by the power of the common man's belief in real democracy—in his right and his ability to govern himself justly, honestly. No sane man proposed that the slave-oligarchs should be paid for the plunder that was taken from them, just as no sane man proposes that the burglar shall be paid for the plunder that is taken from him when he is caught with the goods on.

In this day our nation is ruled by an oligarchy of organized wealth. Chauncey Depew in 1896 declared in a public address that there were in New York City fifty men who could, at a minute's notice, close the doors of every factory in the land, stop every car-wheel and bring productive labor everywhere, except upon the farms, to an instant standstill. He might have added that these fifty men could also reduce the six million farmers to the status of men working for their board and lodging—on their own properties—because this is precisely what the new oligarchy has been progressively doing every day since Depew delivered his extraordinary address.

**(The foregoing statement is likely to**

be regarded as visionary, by the several hundred thousand prosperous farmers of the middle West. They have had three or four very good years. Enormous crops. Tremendous home market. No competition in foreign markets — their surplus therefore sure of sale at high prices. Russia torn by foreign and civil war — producing no foodstuffs for the rest of the world. India swept by plague and famine, — out of the race during these three or four good American years. Australia shrunken with drought and shipping nothing to feed Europe. All our normal competition, or nearly all of it, removed. Not even the five hundred American trusts, to whom our misrepresentatives in congress have farmed out the taxing privilege [even as the headmen of China farm out the taxing privilege to viceroys, local governors and others "in the graft"] — not even these five hundred leeches could take ALL the American farmer's prosperity from him during these three or four years of abnormally advantageous conditions. My statement of the general conditions of his economic situation and their inevitable final result will seem to him less visionary within two years after the farmers of Russia, India and Australia get back into the race.

Today there are not fifty men but five, and any one of the five, who can do precisely what Depew said the fifty could do in 1896. The twenty million wage-workers and the six million farmers, though they may not realize it, are today practically powerless in the hands of our new oligarchy. Either they must presently submit to be stripped to the last farthing of what they produce, above the least limit of what will sustain their lives, surrendering the remainder to the money oligarchy through its five hundred banded trusts and its extortionate transportation charges, or they can at short notice be reduced to idleness and poverty.

This is an intolerable condition, not to be borne by a free people, and by the eternal it will not be borne much longer. The Third Revolution in American history is very near. Just as in 1860 the common people put Lincoln in the White House and cut out, root and branch, the arrogant thieves of human labor that had reigned there, so will the common people, at no remote day—perhaps at the very next presidential election—send to the White House and into the halls of congress men who will cut out, root and branch, the traitorous agents of the money oligarchy, and will restore to the people the wealth which they have produced and of which they have been robbed. And no sane man will propose that the oligarchs of money be repaid for the people's property that will so be taken from them. They have got it as the slave oligarchy got its wealth—by violating every sacred law of God and man, and they will be entitled to no mercy and will get none.

Governor Joe Folk of Missouri, who talks like a little boy quoting moral maxims out of a copy-book, tells us that "the elimination of special privileges is the great question before the people of this country." That is only a small part of the "great question before the people of this country." For we have not only to eliminate special privileges, but we must restore to its rightful owners, the whole people, the property of this country which has been stolen from them by the chartered plunderers. And if Joe Folk, or any other man, thinks we mean to mortgage our labor, and our children's labor, to *buy back from the chartered thieves the property which they have stolen from us*, he is due for a rude awakening. We shall never do anything so utterly foolish as that.

I was amazed when, recently, the young men of Harvard and Yale universities debated the advisability of municipal ownership of traction lines in New York City, not one speaker on either side—as far as reported in the public press — suggested the obvious necessity, and entire propriety, of the confiscation of every dollar's worth of *public value* in the privately-owned traction lines of New York City. Yale's young men argued that it would cost the city five hundred millions to buy the lines, and that the interest on that sum would forever prevent the city from making the undertaking pay expenses.

The city of New York will never pay five hundred millions, nor one hundred millions, for its traction lines. It will take them over bodily one day, and the alleged owners, who for generations have thriven on special privileges to which they had no moral and only a tainted legal right, will have to come into a court of claims and establish with clean hands their right to any compensation whatsoever. And they will get paid for only what they can show was morally as well as legally their own.

No indeed, we shall never vote to transfer our own slavery to the necks of our children and their children. Governor Folk has need to learn the latter and larger half of his "great question," if he is to retain an effective leadership in the great days so near at hand. And as for his little-boy suggestion that the situation offers the democratic party a chance to whip the republican party, it is pitifully beside the mark. We do not care a rap which party gets the thing done, whether republican, democratic or socialist—but we do insist that not only shall "special privileges" be eliminated, but also that the wealth stolen from the people by means of these special privileges in the past, shall be restored to its rightful owners, the whole American people. That is the "great question," in a nutshell.

## III

## THE SOCIAL DISEASE

I said that representative government, tried for one hundred and twenty years in the United States, has failed. I repeat it, and emphasize it. During all that time, in city councils, state legislatures and national congresses, the rights and the material interests of the whole people have been sold by traitorous representative legislators (usually a crafty minority bamboozling an honest but credulous majority) to one oligarchy after another. Witness our national railways—the public roads of commerce —built mainly with donations of land and money from nation, state, county, city and township; yet never for a minute have their directors considered themselves as public servants, but always as private businessmen, privileged to rob the people that set them up in business; to get by chicane and basest fraud and purchased treason sole and entire ownership, in their own names, of the public property that was committed to their charge as to quasi-public servants. Witness them extorting, today and every day, the last penny that the people's traffic will bear. Witness them watering the stocks of the corporations they control, to conceal the vast unjust "earnings" they extract from the people and to further line their own pockets with the people's money; witness them secretly and even openly violating every just law made to restrain their greed, and defiantly asking us what we purpose to do about it. Witness them in secret and even in open lawless partnership with bandit trusts, aiding and abetting these chartered pick-purses and enabling them with the more terrifying rapidity to amass in their coffers almost all of the new wealth created in fifty years by twenty-six millions of wealth-producers on the farms and in the mines and factories.

Witness the state legislatures, suborned by railways and banking trusts, framing laws to prevent cities from owning and operating their public-service utilities. Witness them electing to the federal senate and house the bought and paid-for agents of the railways and the trusts, there for no other purpose—the crafty minority of them that dominate national legislation—but to betray the millions of common men and women they have solemnly sworn faithfully to represent and protect.

Witness the city councils, bribed and bullied by street railway, gas and electric lighting and water companies, selling for a piece of dirty silver in their own private pockets the streets and other inalienable property of all the people; delivering the masses bound hand and foot into the clutches of the chartered cut-purses, to be plucked at leisure.

## IV

## THE CURE

The cure for it all is democracy—not the democracy of a political party but the true, the immortal democracy of a whole people, free and determined to remain free. We must get rid of the lingering elements of monarchy in our federal constitution—must abolish life terms on the federal bench; we must bring our judges closer to us, and make their tenure of office depend upon instant fidelity to the will of the common man, and not upon the favor of the chartered cut-purses. We must abolish the senatorial house of lords in city, state and nation — the "upper house" craftily designed to hold a veto power upon the "lower" direct representatives of the plain people. We must get our will executed through a single legislative body, living in fear of the wrath of its masters, the people, if it goes one step astray from the path of justice. We must and will despoil the chartered cut-purses, precisely as we now despoil the midnight burglar and the daylight confidence-man of humbler grade, when we have caught them. We must restore to the whole people the property that has been stolen from them. We must get rid soon and forever of a system under which any equal citizen has *need* to ask from any other equal citizen, as a favor, the privilege of working for bread for himself and his family. We must get into absolutely equal partnership in all the natural monopolies, as we are now in nominal partnership in our political government. *The safe limit of individual ownership, for many generations yet to come, will be found to be the HOME, which every citizen should own, unmortgaged and untaxed, and whatever business he can create and maintain with his own individual efforts.* We must abolish all corporations-for-gain except the public corporations in which we shall be equal partners — namely, the governments of city, county, state and nation. *We must do this because the individual cannot compete with the private corporation, but inevitably becomes its wage-slave; and because we are, by tradition and race-instinct, INDIVIDUALISTS, and only in this way can we preserve the free play of individual development without condemning the less efficient members of the partnership to poverty, ignorance and crime.*

Only by these means can we become really free, really civilized, really brothers. Inequality before the law — inequality of opportunity, breeds envy and hatred and every black and vicious passion. It breeds a sense of insecurity, so that no man can either live or die in the assurance that his dear ones are safe from bitterest want and degradation. And under this fear it drives men to commit crimes against their fellows that they would not commit if they dwelt under a fairer system.

## V

## CONFISCATION

Tell me not that the conditions of American life today constitute a true civilization: That they represent the highest reach of the human mind: That men cannot better their lot. Tell me not that we can any longer endure a system under which, in fifty years, one per cent. of the population has got control of ninety-nine per cent. of all the new wealth created during that time: *Under which, today, the average wage-earner produces annually new wealth valued at $2,000, and gets for his share of that wealth less than $500:* Under which John D. Rockefeller has amassed — by blood and bribery and every base treason of the human soul—a fortune that cannot be figured at less than two and one-half billion dollars. (His yearly income — stated by a New York financial expert in 1905 to be $72,000,000, is three per cent. on $2,400,000,000. No income tax (Roosevelt's new idea) short of confiscation, can lift off the people's back the burden of such estates as this one.

What have *you* got? Have you worked hard, and lived clean, and respected your neighbor's rights, and done the best you could all these years, or during ten or twenty or thirty of them, and do you now find yourself wondering by what means John D. Rockefeller and his immediate associates have got ten billions of the wealth that the whole people have created during that fifty years, while you have got a bare living and through stern self-denial—mostly done by your wife—have saved just enough to buy your coffin — or hers — in case of need?

These are facts — hard facts — terrible facts—for millions of Americans. Facts that menace the very life of the Anglo-Saxon race upon this continent, unless we speedily remove the conditions that have produced them. With a million of our little children stunting mind and body in premature service in stores, mines, mills and factories, doing the work of grown men and women for starvation wages — how can we hope to perpetuate a race of freemen here while these things exist and grow worse with every passing year?

## VI

## RESTITUTION

There is a remedy, and it will be applied, even as the common man applied in 1860 the one and only remedy for bond-slavery, when he put an end to it. There will be a peaceful revolution, followed by peaceful and entirely legal restitution to the whole people of the hundred billions of wealth that has been stolen from them during the fifty years last past.

IF THE MONEY OLIGARCHS DARE REBEL AGAINST THE NEW DISPENSATION, EVEN AS THE SLAVE OLIGARCHS REBELLED IN 1860, THEY WILL GET PRECISELY WHAT THE SLAVE OLIGARCHS GOT—WITH SOMETHING OF DESPERATE BITTERNESS ADDED, SINCE NOW THE NATION IS NOT FREEING, FOR SENTIMENTAL REASONS, THREE MILLION BLACK FOLK, BUT IS FREEING TWENTY MILLION WAGE-SLAVES, CONSCIOUS OF THEIR WRONGS AND STRIKING WITH SAVAGE ANGLO-CELTIC ARDOR FOR THEIR OWN LIBERATION FROM BONDS MORE GALLING TO WHITE MEN THAN BODY-SLAVERY EVER WAS TO TRANSPLANTED BLACK SAVAGES.

I do not believe the money oligarchs will dare to hazard an armed protest against the will of the people as it will be expressed in their Third Revolution. There are too few Americans who have any share in their hoards (less than 800,000 in all) and too few of us that have not felt and resented their illegal and extortionate taxing power. There *are* signs — the hurried efforts of the Roots and other corporation lawyers to enlarge the standing army and to bring the state militia under federal control — there *are* signs, I say, these and others not less significant, that the money oligarchy sees the writing on the wall, realizes that its day of power is nearly done, and means to try with the armed forces of the nation still in its control to extend its hour by cheating the will of the people as it shall be expressed at the polls in 1908—or, at the latest, in 1912.

## VII

## MIDDLE CLASS PASSING

Theodore Roosevelt, a president in revolt against his party machine, and as willing as Lincoln to serve the common man, but who, I fear, does not trust the common man's sense of justice as fully as Lincoln did, stands for the Middle Class — the small capitalists — when we no longer have any independent middle class. We have only a remnant of it—brave, optimistic men whom to know is to honor for their bulldog courage, yet men striving with blind eyes against forces that sweep them irremediably into the ranks of the wage-slaves. A few each year go up and become capitalists — but very few, comparatively. What we have known as our middle class, once dominant in our politics, once well-to-do, once feared by the predatory rich and followed with filial faith by the wage-workers, has been for ten years living from hand-to-mouth, fighting desperately to hold its footing, and bit by bit being swept into the growing group below. There we shall all go finally, and there we *should* all go. For there, and there only, can we realize industrial peace and plenty; there only shall we find human brotherhood. There we shall have no wage-slaves and no "captains of industry." No miserable fears for a job to sustain life on the one hand, and no power of life and death over an equal fellow citizen on the other hand. Our leaders shall be, not wolves, like those who have stolen our wealth, but MEN; better-brained than most of us their comrades, and bigger-brained and farther-sighted, but proud and glad to serve society without robbing it. You know such men, I know such men. Here, today. Born, though it seems a miracle, in the bloody welter of the wolfish and swinish daily battle-for-life that we now know as civilization. These men will be multiplied — they will become the rule and the average, — representing the noblest and not the meanest instincts of the race.

## VIII

## PLATFORM FOR A NEW PARTY

Restated briefly, the duty of the American people in this hour is —

1 — To advance from representative government to a genuinely democratic theory and practice in city, state and nation.

2 — To abolish all special privileges: every corporation chartered for gain is a special privilege, since the individual cannot compete with the corporation —and we are incurable individualists.

3 — To restore to the whole people, as equal partners in the Nation, the wealth that has been stolen from them by the holders of special privileges.

4— To withdraw from all fields of armed conquest in foreign lands.

5 — To pay the national debt, retire the interest-bearing bonds and make banking and insurance federal functions.

6 — To guarantee to every equal citizen, man or woman, a job wherein the worker shall receive the entire product of his labor, less its share of the cost of administration.

7 — To guarantee to every citizen the right to create his own individual business, if he shall choose not to take service in the national industries.

8 — To guarantee to every owner of a home—within reasonable limits of cost—that his home shall be safe from confiscation by the tax-gatherer.

In this way we shall become a nation of home-owners — of homes unmortgaged and untaxed.

And the happy home is, in my opinion, the highest possible achievement of human civilization.

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[For many of the facts and the ideas in the foregoing hasty and incomplete outline of my theme, I am indebted to pamphlets written and published by HENRY LAURENS, at 27 Thames Street, New York City. These pamphlets are entitled: "THE CONCENTRATION OF WEALTH," "THE TRUST SITUATION" and "THE PUBLIC HIGHWAYS." Mr. Laurens will mail them to any address for ten cents a copy. What I have here merely suggested, he proves with an array of fact and logic — and in an easy, simple style, too, that I am sure you will enjoy, if you are interested in what Judge Tyler gaily calls "The state of the country."]

# THE "COMMON PEOPLE" OF THESE DAYS NOT THE SAME SORT AS THE COMMON PEOPLE OF 1776 AND 1860, SAYS ERNEST McGAFFEY

## COMING, BUT NOT SOON

DEAR FRANK: Yours anent the Third Revolution at hand, and it makes snappy reading. I've been writing third revolution stuff these twenty years. But it is not coming in OUR time, my boy. When it comes it will have to include the entire country—cities, towns, villages and rural districts. A mere "sand-blast" in the cities will not amount to anything. When it comes, it will have to be ushered in by famine; and it will be no moral, but a physical revolution. I have seen it coming for a long time, and see it now, but far off as yet.

The people are still too sunk in ignorance, envy, superstition and love of ease to be roused. Church and state are still too strong for them. As for ballots, they do not know how to use them, and the shibboleth of party makes them vote blindly.

## II

## A CHICAGO INSTANCE

Jesse Holdom, Chicago's famous "injunction" judge, an Englishman born and raised, when up for reelection was made the target for special destruction by the Chicago labor unions. The voters were fully informed of Holdom's attitude toward labor. Thousands of speeches were made against him, taking his decisions and reading them to the meetings, and showing what a menace he was to liberty; a man who tossed aside constitutional rights as so much waste paper, and enjoined men from even talking to one another. The city was THOROUGHLY circularized as to Holdom's record, and tremendous efforts were made to bring the laboring people to a realization that they had a chance to do something for themselves. The result was Holdom was elected handsomely and the "respectable" element was not even needed, with its overwhelming strength, to carry him through. Even in wards where workingmen held the balance of power, and under all the protection of the Australian ballot, he won.

And now brother Holdom "puts the blocks" to these same workingmen, and serve them right. No, Frank, the most of the "common people" of these days, including millions of the so-called "respectable classes, are not worth the powder and shot to blow them to hell. In 1776, our so-called common people were mainly English, Scotch, Scotch-Irish (so-called), some few Dutch, French and Irish. They were mainly of good, solid yeoman ancestry, and had brains as well as determination. Our public men then were not millionaires mostly, nor errand-boys for the trusts.

### III

### IN THE COUNTRY

But nowadays, with the native stock so run down, with the vast admixture of German and Slav races, Scandinavian, Italian and Jewish blood, we are the most polyglot of all nations, and, except for some portions of the South and West, the old stock has died out. The Civil war cleaned up quite a bunch of it. In the country proper, out on the farms, the quality of patriotism has depreciated remarkably. The worship of the golden calf is not at all confined to the cities, and even the old qualities of neighborliness have died out to a large extent. In the country, too, party spirit still has men in leading-strings and they vote the party ticket, especially in presidential years, like sheep following a bell-wether. Particularly is this true of the central-western states. Occasionally Ohio or Massachusetts will wake up — like the election of Pattison or Douglas, but these examples are sporadic, and exceptional, and only demonstrate the rule of blind party fealty.

### IV

### RACE-GROUPS IN CITIES

In the cities, race prejudice causes the different peoples to herd mostly together, so that wards will be full of Swedes, Italians, Jews, Poles, etc., to the practical exclusion of other races. And each race has its spokesman, who is endeavoring to get power as A REPRESENTATIVE OF HIS PARTICULAR NATIONALITY, but not as an AMERICAN. Roughly speaking, the Irish control municipal politics all over the United States, because they are shrewder, quicker-witted, and better talkers, and, above all, because they make politics THEIR BUSINESS. And a very large majority of them make able and honest officials, WHATEVER MAY BE URGED TO THE CONTRARY. American businessmen, as a rule, pay little attention to politics, except as sporadic reformers, and, pity 'tis, but a goodly number of so-called "foreigners" make more patriotic and valuable citizens than the native stock.

### V

### VERY PLAIN SPEECH

This is a great, big country. To have a REAL revolution you must have deep-seated and universal evil to be eradicated. Granted that you have it in the shape of the corrupt abuse of wealth, that is not enough. Bread and the circus are both provided to the American people, and not until they begin to suffer all over the country for the bare necessaries of life will there be revolt. The people are tamed, Frank. Men of courage and high impulses, like yourself, should never mistake their own just indignation and burning resentment against wrong as an indication of the popular pulse. And real reformers, men of the noblest impulses, from Christ to Henry George, were crucified by the very people they sought to save.

You worked at your trade as cooper, didn't you? Well, I have worked since I was eleven years old. I sold papers, distributed circulars on the streets, lit street-lamps and worked at a factory bench. I believe I know the people called "common people" as well as most men. I sympathize with them from my heart, but who would be so foolish as to throw himself away for them when they are too ignorant and selfish to appreciate a white man when they see him. To plunge into a river and save, or attempt to save, a drowning man, is an act of highest heroism. To plunge into a river and endeavor to rescue a hog would rightly be termed an act of lunacy. I don't mean that the mass of mankind are hogs, but I do mean that the spirit of hoggishness has sunk deep into the national character, and that the curse of cynicism and greed has so marked our people now that if Christ came on earth again at this time he wouldn't have half the show that Pilate gave him.

Here is what Christ might have said on Calvary, on realizing the shameless ingratitude of mankind:

## BALLADE OF CHRIST ON CALVARY

I

LO! I have drunk the vinegar and gall
That bitter mingled draught which was to be;
A crown of thorns I wear as coronal,
The cross I bore as mine own gallows-tree;
My foes close in, my twelve disciples flee,
Hiding like foxes in a lowly den,
While I with gaze unwavering come to see
*This is the fate of those who die for men.*

II

For halt and blind, for captives held in thrall,
My voice was raised, for them I bent the knee,
For such I prayed beneath the midnight's pall
In vigil kept by lonely Galilee;
For all sad souls consumed by misery
I counseled hope, I gave my life and then,—
Here is the torture and the rabble's glee:
*This is the fate of those who die for men.*

III

Have I not heeded every dolorous call
However scorned or humble its degree?
The beggar waiting by the city wall,
The leper's woe, the erring harlot's plea?
Yea! I have conquered even death's decree
And shall I not in anguish say again,
Here in the shadow of the crosses three:
*This is the fate of those who die for men.*

ENVOY

Out of the depths of utter agony
My cry re-echoes with the strength of ten;
My God! My God! Thou hast forsaken me!
*This is the fate of those who die for men.*

Lewistown,
Illinois

*Ernest McGaffey*

# LOOK UP, BROTHER!

### By Joe Mitchell Chapple

POSSIBLY it is a matter of temperament, but the letters received and lying on my desk this beautiful May day—while the flowers are blooming and the grass growing greener, with the birds singing over it—are indeed gratifying. If there is one thing above all others that I try to do, it is to hold fast a tolerant, hopeful spirit, ever tenacious of a belief in the eternal goodness that rules the world. Here are letters that make me blush like a school boy at his first party—letters commendatory of the paragraphs in which I have endeavored to tell how we feel about the general happy spirit. Here are responses to these half expressed ideas, coming from thousands of people who have their little homes and possessions and are content to enjoy what they have honestly earned, without coveting what other people may have. One of these letters will suffice to show the character of them all:

> "Mr. Joe Mitchell Chapple.
>
> My dear sir,—Thanks, yes, a thousand times thanks, for your article on "Muck Rakes" in the National Magazine for May. It hits the nail squarely on the head and I myself, and I doubt not thousands of others who have read it, would shake you by the hand and bless you had we the chance.
>
> "It is high time that these vicious doctrines of the so-called socialists be shown up for what they are—a menace to the life and prosperity of our dear country. May God inspire you with wisdom and strength to wield your pen against these forms of socialism that only aim at distraction and ruin.
>
> * * * * "I came here from a foreign country thirty years ago—have prospered because of constant attention to business, and have saved a home and something beside, and propose to keep them. But unless these Muck Rakes and their cult are silenced, confidence in the business world will again be destroyed.
>
> "Do your best, and if possible lead other magazines to join you in a protest against all dangerous isms. *God bless you.*"

On the other side of my desk are a few other letters from earnest people, who, inoculated with the spirit of unrest, are indignant that even a humble editor should presume to indite a few pages expressing his convictions in a magazine which has been tolerant of all sorts and shades of opinion, because it desired to be truly worthy of the name "National" We are trying to be just and to give a fair hearing to all, and it is not difficult to discern on which side the good natured and hopeful people are ranged.

Now despite the advice of many well wishers, friends and subscribers to The National, we have published from time to time, in the spirit of toleration, articles which stirred up even my own indignation. I sometimes feel disappointed that sane men can write, much less believe, some of the statements which have been published. The whole proposition of the ultra socialists of today seems to be an eager desire to force a complete revolution in the existing laws governing personal and propertied rights, instead of allowing the necessary reforms to grow in the natural evolution which is taking place just as rapidly as the people can bear it, and be ready to do the best with it when it comes. As real intelligence increases, a greater degree of conservatism and toleration in the individual becomes manifest. My belief is that some day all these problems will work themselves out in the natural law of evolution; but never will it come about until the individual is equal to the responsibility which this forward step will bring with it. As has been said:

"In the last analysis the nation or the society can be no greater than the man at the center; and the man can never be anything but what he is at heart."

"As he thinketh in his heart, so is he—" is as true today as in the time of Solomon. Pretence is nothing; for what a man really believes will show in his conduct in spite of himself.

* * *

These letters lead me to the conviction that the great majority of the readers of The National are optimistic and hopeful. From time to time we have "taken soundings", as it were, to find out just what our readers were thinking about. For, after all, the readers of a magazine must be its real editors.

Now we will have to announce in a general way that the readers of The National must expect, at least from this corner of the magazine, persistent and continual advocacy of the "happy habit." Iniquity cannot lurk long where the light comes, and unhappiness and discontent vanish when the happy habit is cultivated. Every day as we look out upon the light of a new morning — whether it be sunlit or stormy — let it be the prayer of our hearts that until the evening shadows gather we may be able to maintain for ourselves, and inspire in others, faith toward God, hope for ourselves, helpfulness toward others,and charity and confidence in humankind. How is that for a universal creed?

If there is any reader who may take issue with me on this proposition, I think it is only fair to announce clearly and unequivocally, that the editor of The National stands every time for the optimistic life, the sunshine of goodness as it comes before us from day to day.

A street car is a good place to study the real nature of people. A friend of mine was obliged the other day to stand on the running board of a car next to a stone mason. He was tired and wanted a seat, but failed to get one, and the spring wind blew the smell of lime to him from the clothing of the mason, which was annoying; but after a while he observed that the lime had done worse by the mason than merely cling to his clothes. It had got into his eye, yet the man cheerfully turned his sound eye on my friend and explained the weeping condition of the other orb; he squinted up under the brim of his cap and joked about it; he made everyone near laugh, and long before my friend reached his destination he was on the best of terms with the stone mason and happier for having stood next to him.

He had the happy habit; that is how it works.

I took a street car not long ago at that hour in the evening when everyone is returning from work. The passengers were crowded in the seats and hanging on the straps—hot, tired, cross, for it was a muggy, warm May evening. I made a careful observation of every face visible in the car, and on all there was a certain moroseness that prevaded the car like a creeping mist and hung over us like a pall. Then the conductor came through. He was a little, blue-eyed Irishman, with a sparkle in his glance, a smile on his lips, and music in his voice as he said "fares please". That conductor, in passing through that crowded car, by the infection of his smile and the pleasant tone of his voice, changed the whole moral atmosphere from the time that he began collecting his fares. There was a little joke here and there as he wormed himself past the people swinging Simian-like on the straps, and narrowly escaped treading on the toes of those sitting down. The nerve-jarring creak of the straps seemed suddenly stilled; the stuffy atmosphere of the car appeared to freshen before six blocks had been passed. The man with brass buttons and leather-lined pockets, cheerfully attending to his onerous work, had done more good to my mind than half a dozen ranting reformers who storm on the rostrum, trying to sow the seeds of discontent and despair, in the hope of some time reaching the millenium. Why not look up and be cheerful and get hold of the crown of everlasting bliss right now?

The average American of today is not going to admit that the froth of agitation which is floating on the surface is any fair criterion of the solid sense of sober thought. The great trouble seems to be that we have in America a few people who forget they live in this enlightened land and not in Russia.

I lean back once more in the old rocking chair with the reflection that some day, some time, these same persons will realize that men of today are better and nobler than any who have gone before. The situation of this country today is unique. Never was there a nation where work was so honored, and where so many of the citizens worked—which is, after all, the condition that presages the ideal time

"When no one shall work for money
And no one shall work for fame,
But each for the joy of the working."

When everyone does his and her own work, there will be employment for all and not too much labor for anyone. And why keep your feelings boiling with suspicion that no one is quite right except yourself, for if it takes thief to catch thief, grafter to catch grafter, you cannot afford to join the ranks of the Disciples of Despair while God gives us so much of the Sunshine of Hope and Happiness.

# THE HOUSE THAT BAKER BUILT

## By Joe M. Chapple

AN inexplicable impulse came over me on a balmy afternoon in April—one of those first warm days of the season, when lessons and work become irksome and we desire to go away somewhere, perhaps to walk in the woods—but at anyrate to be unfettered and wander away at random. Who shall say that the same subtle force that releases the frozen waters and all hibernal nature may not be akin to my spirit of unrest?

Not far from the office of the National Magazine is Milton Lower Falls, "where Nature hangs her mantle green on every lawn and tree;" here Dorchester Mills are located. I remember to have often seen, in passing, the dam and the picturesque river rushing by to the sea. It was here that a friend and I bent our steps that fine spring afternoon; we paused above the dam to mirror in the cool, placid pool memories of boyhood days long gone by. We wandered down toward the dam and looked at the great buildings by the side of the stream, stopping to admire a bronze tablet in bas relief which portrayed a charming girl in quaint Rhenish costume, bearing on her tray a cup of tempting, steaming chocolate, the trade mark of the world-known Walter Baker products.

Chocolate grinding in the seventeenth century
*From an early engraving*

Entering the factory, we were greeted with a delicious aroma that reminded us of the lines in "Paradise Lost,"

> "Sabean odors from the spicy shore
> of Araby the blest."

I had previously telephoned the president of this great institution, that I was eager to make a visit to his mills, and he kindly replied from his Boston office giving the desired permission. We had not waited long in the circular office before he arrived, having courteously come out from town to show us the factory. Passing to a window, he raised the curtain and pointed out a scene which closely parallels the history of the American nation. The view was the present chapter of a wonderful industrial development—there was a handsome new power house nearly completed and a towering chimney, a monument in itself. They are located on the site of "the little wooden mill," where water power was first used in New England — probably in America.

Here, on the Neponset River, the first sawmill in the British provinces was erected, and it is probable that soon after a grist mill was added to grind the settlers' maize or Indian corn. At any rate, as early as 1765, we find that chocolate grinding was also undertaken at the instigation of John Hannan, an Irish immigrant who had learned his trade in England. As the business prospered several cocoa grinding firms were established, and another building for the manufacture of chocolate and cocoa was erected on the other side of this little dam. In those days it was arranged that these two mills, one on either side of the stream, should use the water power alternately, one twenty-four hours, and the other the next twenty-four, but with a proviso that should the flood water run over the flush boards for ten minutes consecutively, then both mills might run until the water was drawn off.

The Old Stone Mill which supplanted "The Little Wooden Mill," and itself now supplanted by the new mammoth power house of Walter Baker & Company

The cocoa experiment was a success; and when John Hannan died, in 1780, a company was organized and the firm name of Baker was used, which has been maintained ever since. Walter Baker, whose name the business now bears, was a grandson of the original Doctor James Baker; he died in 1852. Two years later, in 1854, a sturdy man appeared who is indissolubly associated with the development of the cocoa and chocolate trade of these mills. He was Henry L. Pierce, who, until his death in 1896, worked to make this business not only a great industrial and commerical success, but an institution looking after the welfare of its workers, and guarding the purity of its product. In fact, Mr. Pierce's business was family and home to him, for he lived and died a bachelor, devoted to his people and his work. He served two terms in Congress, and two terms as mayor of Boston; but his lasting monument is founded in the great institution of Walter Baker & Company, Limited, which he built up at Milton Lower Falls.

With the entrance of Mr. Pierce into the business came the rapid increase of cocoa and chocolate consumption in America. When Josiah Webb, president of the plant on the other side of the dam, was about to retire, instead of seeking the consolidation of business in the modern way, he simply turned it over to Henry Pierce, feeling

Once the private office of Mr. Henry L. Pierce; his desk at the right, has hardly been disturbed that he was equal to making out of the two establishments an institution that would soon be world-wide in its fame.

Associated with Josiah Webb was a young man of eighteen years of age from Sackville, New Brunswick, who soon, under the guidance of Mr. Webb, became a valuable employe. He passed to the service of Mr. Pierce when the business was taken over, and the new head of the concern doubtless felt that in securing the young clerk he had added to the rich heritage acquired in the transfer of the mill. This young man was Mr. H. C. Gallagher, now president of Walter Baker & Company.

During the ten years since Mr. Pierce's death the business has been greatly extended on the lines originally laid down — the maintenance of the highest standard in the quality of the goods manufactured, and their sale at the lowest price for which unadulterated articles of such quality can be put upon the market.

The private office of the company is in the Pierce Building or Mill No. 4, in a corner overlooking the winding stream with its rocky shores. In one corner of the office is a semi-circular table at which Mr. Pierce used to sit and write. Everything remains almost exactly as he left it—the old dictionary, the books he used to consult, his pen and inkstand, and even a piece of chocolate he had been testing, are all there as he laid them down on his last day at the office. Everywhere is apparent a spirit of veneration for the memory of the man who for many years used this office. There was also his Morris chair, with the improvised table at the side, which he used during the closing years of his life when he sat, serene and undisturbed, watching the splendid success he had achieved.

Walter Baker & Company's Cocoa and Chocolate Mills — whence comes a food used 'round the world.

In the whole personnel of the establishment, among the tried and true employes, there was the same spirit of affectionate remembrance which surpasses even the impulse that leads to the laying of flowers on a grave, for here is truly enshrined the memory of the great builder and organizer of one of the best known of all American business institutions.

The earliest campaign for educating people to the value of cocoa as a nourishing food was that instituted by Walter Baker & Company, who have done more, probably, along this line than all the other manufacturers put together, for the reason that their product is one of the very best obtainable, and has always maintained a steady and unimpugned reputation for purity and quality the best; until now their goods have become a household diet and their name a guaranty in itself for excellence.

* * *

Intermittent is the music as the river sweeps by, for this is at head tide water. These lower mills are run by water power only a portion of the day, as at other times the rising tide backs up and would stop the water wheels. So at high tide the powerful engines are put into full force and there is no delay in the ceaseless supply of our favorite chocolate and breakfast cocoa.

The grouping of the mills is picturesque in the extreme. I am sure if every user of Baker's Chocolate could have the privilege of seeing the plant as I saw it that beautiful afternoon, there would be even added zest for the cup of cocoa or chocolate, which goes to you in the neat package bearing the imprint of the charming little lady from Dresden.

Cocoa as it appears with pods when cut from tree trunk.

The story of this trade mark is interesting. It is said that Mr. Pierce was in Dresden at one time and saw the beautiful painting of which this trade mark is a reproduction. The picture hung in the Dresden gallery, and the story goes that it was painted for a young nobleman who, while traveling in Switzerland, fell in love with a beautiful waitress. He married her and took her to Paris, where he secured the services of a famous painter, who executed for him a portrait of his wife in the costume in which her husband first saw her. Mr. Pierce, it is said, cabled home to have a copy of this picture registered as the trade mark of Walter Baker & Company—the picture of "La Belle Chocolatiere" that is now well known throughout the whole world.

I recently heard of a man who wrote from Japan telling of how he was passing a garbage heap there, and on seeing one of Baker's cocoa tins could hardly restrain the impulse to stop and pick it up as a memento of his beloved native land, from which he was for the time compelled to absent himself.

I recall my own feelings at Scheveningen, after a three months' absence from America, when, strolling about the streets and inspecting the little stores of this seashore resort, I found on a grocer's shelf a small tin of Baker's Cocoa, Dresden lady and wrapper all complete. I felt inclined to throw up my hat and give a lusty "Hurrah" on seeing that Walter Baker's products had invaded the territory of even the thrifty Dutch cocoa merchants themselves. I doubt if anything, except the stars and stripes, would have awakened a more patriotic feeling.

* * *

I wish I could fully describe the process of making the cocoa and chocolate. I am sure there is no purchaser of either, if he or she could see the process by which these widely known products are prepared, who would not then prefer to supply his or her table from Walter Baker & Company's mills.

In the West Indian islands I have seen the cacao tree, with its few beans growing upon the very trunk, resembling parasites. But I was surprised to learn that out of a tree's yearly product only about two meager pounds of cocoa beans can be procured. The beans are hulled from their coarse pods and are then shipped in bags direct to the factory. These beans are all especially selected, and at the factory they are carefully cleansed from any dust which may have adhered. The machinery for doing this is singularly effective, leaving no smallest particle of foreign matter on the bean.

In some cases, however, two beans are grown together, but these are separated by hand that the roasting process—on which so much depends—may be absolutely even, and the beans all of uniform size.

Then comes the roasting, which must be done with the most accurate precision. Perhaps you have watched your mother roast coffee, long ago "when you were young," or have seen the modern process in some great coffee roasting factory. Then you may form some idea of what delicate intuition is required to have the roasting process for cocoa beans just right. A little too much makes them bitter, while underdone beans do not yield the best results. It is truly a case of

> "The little more, and how much it is,
> And the little less, and what worlds away."

All sorts of mechanism may be provided in the way of thermometers and contrivances to regulate the temperature, yet back of it all there must be the critical human eye and intelligence, the keen, trained worker, whose judgment amounts almost to intuition in regard to the right

One of the rooms where a phalanx of grinders sing their busy song of industry moment for completing the roasting process and creating exactly the right flavor, which establishes the reputation of such a product as Walter Baker & Company's chocolate and cocoa.

In the roasting room we saw nine large cylinders slowly revolving. The English ton of 2,240 pounds is handled by each one of these every three hours, the total daily output being twenty-seven tons. After roasting, the hulls are taken off by two rollers pressing together with nicely adjusted force, removing the inner hull which is as delicate as the shell of the peanut.

The beans are then put through seven processes of fanning, which take out the different sizes of hulls, from the tiny bits that have hardly any weight, to the very coarsest pieces. It was a sight worth seeing, and we enjoyed it. The hulls seemed in bulk to be of much larger proportion than the original beans. So careful is the manipulation, however, and so nicely graded are the draughts of air, that every morsel of the real nut of the cocoa is preserved, while the hull is entirely removed.

But even this is not sufficient; before the cocoa beans are sent to the crushers, they are all subjected to hand inspection by girls who stand with little rules of wood or bone in hand and as the steady stream of beans, carried on an endless belt, passes them, they quickly detect and throw out any imperfect beans or pebble stones. It was surprising to note how skillful these trained experts were in swiftly detecting an imperfect bean; and the quickness of the eye was equalled by the deftness of the hand.

When the beans have been crushed and the hulls blown away the product is know as "cocoa nibs" and is then ready for the grinding process. It is in the grinding rooms that a visitor gets the most lasting impressions, for, like John G. Saxe's description of "The Flattening Mill,"

> "They are passed between cylinders often
> And rolled by engines of utmost mechanical strength."

It is after this process of grinding and pulverizing that the pulp passes through another by which a portion of the oil is removed from such as is to be made into cocoa. This process soon makes a rich, brown paste or liquid, as the whirling steel grinders sing their busy song of industry. Within the center of the last grinding wheel is a sort of metal buoy which is used to exclude all dust or foreign substance while the grinding is going on. This ceaseless pulverizing has much to do with the blend of the product, although the basic proposition is in the choice of the cocoa beans from Caracas, Mexico, or other tropical climes. It was astonishing to see the difference in color of the beans from various parts of the world. Here was a bean of light color, there another of dark shade, yet all good in quality. It is the pride of this establishment that no coloring matter or adulterant of any kind has ever been used by them.

This process of oil extracting is necessary for breakfast cocoa, but for chocolate the oil is retained and the plastic mass is mixed with a certain proportion of the purest white sugar — if sweet chocolate is desired — which absorbs the oil, making the substance dry and flaky as it is scraped from the marble rollers in rich, brown flakes. These drop into pans and pass to be shaken into a liquid state by machinery. In a short time the shaken mass becomes moist, but the process goes on until the substance returns again to a solid state and all air has been eliminated. We were forcibly reminded of the industry in a New England kitchen, and I recalled peeps into mother's cookery book in boyhood days, where, on every page I read "beat well," but that was for making food light, and is another story.

The shaking process at the factory was most attractive, and we could have stood all day watching the chocolate as it was placed first in big pans then in smaller pans, down to the tiny ones which shape the little cakes ready for the "penny-in-the-slot" machines. The idea seems to be to shake the chocolate until not a single air bubble is visible, and it requires trained intelligence to know just when it is shaken enough.

Through every process there is the keenest and most rigid inspection, and when the chocolate passes through the last pair of hands in process of moulding it is stamped with the workman's number, so that if not up to the standard of quality, it can be traced directly back to the final inspector, who passed upon the product in the shaking-room.

The cooling room is of interest. During the winter it is not chilled artificially, but in summer brine is piped to cool the concrete floor of the room, which is deep underground between the mills.

Cheerful, bright faces . . . almost any one a model for the pretty girl of the trade mark

The wonderful increase in the consumption of cocoa has been especially marked during the last fifteen years, and the growth of this trade has been simply marvelous in this country within the past five years; the United States was then fifth in the world's consumption of cocoa and chocolate, whereas, at the present time it is first.

Now we can understand why the candy shops of New England are so flourishing, and why it is that the box of bonbons for the sweetheart, the mother or the wife is a regular remembrance in the masculine mind. So, too, we may understand why in the knapsack of the soldier there is always a supply of chocolate, for it is both food and drink. However, the figures of the present day consumption of the products of the cocoa bean are simply incomprehensible and cannot be adequately quoted.

In the wrapping room we saw a wonderful machine for doing up tiny packages. It puts two pieces of paper, including tinfoil, on each bit of chocolate, wrapping it also in the outside paper that greets the eye of a patron of the slot machine in return for his penny.

* * *

Now, do you want to know what was the thing that impressed me most in this visit to the Walter Baker Company's establishment? Well, it was the appearance of the people who prepare the product. They were fit representatives for the sunny, light, airy, neat rooms. Everywhere were cheerful, bright faces, and almost anyone of the girls could have stepped out and become a model for the pretty girl of the trade mark. It was here, in the welfare of his people, that Henry L. Pierce builded better than he knew. For years past the Walter Baker establishment has been regarded as a model in this respect.

From the tiny blocks that are made for slot machines to the larger cakes for family use, and the big ten or twenty pound cans for confectioners' use, the product of the entire establishment impresses the visitor as superlative to the last degree. This conviction is emphasized in every department.

In the boxing room we saw the "German Sweet Chocolate," which, however, is not German in nationality. Years ago a man named Samuel German made this chocolate for Mr. Pierce, and on the label was placed his name, which is still used, although of later years the trade mark of Walter Baker & Company has also been put upon the packages to insure against substitution. How little did this workman realize that the new manufacture commenced by him would increase year after year until it should become known the world over as a standard production of Walter Baker & Company!

And right here is where the public should discern the indirect benefits for humanity of such institutions as Walter Baker & Company. It is the door of opportunity--"Master of human destinies"— always held open where workmen with ideas shall not stultify but pass through and beyond to perhaps limitless fields of commerce. If all manufacturing institutions were similar to Walter Baker & Company in this respect, industrial strikes would be forgotten and the threatening shadows of socialism and anarchy would be exiled from the world.

Telephrage system for the conveyance of crude cocoa from the storehouses to the roasting rooms

I could but fancy what a story these morsels of chocolate would tell if they were able to describe themselves to the folks to whom they will finally be consigned, after they leave the dainty fingers of the mill operatives. Perhaps they will be munched by the white teeth of the school girl or devoured greedily by the school boy; or they may grace the table of my lady's boudoir; for there is no home in the country into which these delicious pieces of chocolate do not enter, either in the cake or as a covering for the best grade of bonbons. What would pastry and cake makers do without chocolate? What greater triumph is there for the young girl just learning to cook than to hear her "chocolate cake" pronounced just right?

So, from the tropical climes of the South comes the wonderful little bean to find its way into the lives of the civilized world, through the industry of this great factory. We were told that the workers on chocolate should be scrupulously clean, and very careful as to the condition of their hands, as a girl with even slightly damp hands cannot do good work on chocolate. Very little handling is done, however, but that little must be managed with a care that would satisfy even the most lynx-eyed housewife. Nowhere in the entire establishment whether in the great stock rooms where the sacks of cocoa beans are received and opened or in any other department, to the final boxing of the finished products did I see anything that was not strictly clean, healthy and wholesome. How much this means to those of my readers who are able to judge by contrast!

Everywhere is apparent the aggressive and progessive spirit of the institution. Nothing speaks more loudly of the advance of the company than does the large and handsome power house, with its spacious windows and vaulted roof that we were first shown from the office, and later led to inspect.

Here we looked upon the engine room, which can nowhere be surpassed. The story of this building, located on the very spot where stood the first wooden mill, and later the picturesque stone mill of years ago, is most interesting.

During the St. Louis Exposition a modest, quiet man might have been seen inspecting the machinery exhibit. Morning after morning he went early and returned late; and then and there was decided what machinery should be used for this peerless power plant, which is to supply electric power to all the mills, instead of having each one supplied by a separate and individual power plant as heretofore. Here 3,000 horse power is soon to be generated with a capacity for doubling, and every part of the mill machinery will be driven by electric motors. Beginning with twenty-five horse power, the electric current may be increased gradually to 3,000 horse power.

The stalwart walls of the power plant rise for nearly seventy feet, with no floors between the grounded concrete and the roof. The machinery is painted a rich, dark green, in perfect harmony with the brick walls of red, and the bright brass trimmings of the Allis & Chalmer engines, and the Bullock Electrical equipment.

This power plant is worthy of a story in itself. It is handsome; it is modern; it is concise and neat—in fact, one word describes it—it is terse. If any of the National readers are considering the question of power plants they can find no better place to study a modern equipment than this masterpiece at Walter Baker & Company's.

* * *

Up a winding staircase we went, and obtained another glimpse of the water below, flowing ceaselessly onward, bringing "smooth music from the roughest stone." From the roof we looked down upon the square where a noted speaker addressed the people at a flag raising years ago. He said the employes of Walter Baker & Company might well take pride in the fact that they were a part of an institution that had come into existence almost coincident with the old flag itself. For the American flag was adopted in 1777, and the name of Baker was formally adopted for this company in 1780, although the business really began many years previous to that date.

I think the thousands of tourists who visit Boston will need only a suggestion to insure their having a glimpse of the mills of Walter Baker & Company, nestling in the valley of Dorchester; for this establishment is certainly one of the sights of the age. There is something inspiring in even a glimpse of the exterior walls, covered with clinging vines. Inside the building every new angle presents a picturesque outlook. Here one can look upon the very inception of the great industrial triumph of New England, for here it was that the first water wheel was turned, and here today is still maintained one of the most widely known manufacturing establishments in the world.

In recent years the hygienic value of cocoa has become axiomatic, not only in this country but all over the world; and back of Walter Baker & Company is a strong record for purity, as shown by the array of medals which have been awarded wherever they have exhibited their products. These are not confined to America, but have been obtained in London, Belgium, Berlin, Paris and other places. And these awards have been well deserved, for no product is manufactured with a stricter attention to purity and excellence than the cocoa and chocolate bearing the trade mark of the dainty Dresden maiden in her quaint Swiss costume, "La Belle Chocolatiere."

In early days all the cocoa beans were brought in by sailing vessels to Salem, and carted from there to Boston and Dorchester. Now this is all changed, and while the business in Dorchester has advanced by leaps and bounds,

"Twice, daily, up to Salem's wharves, the patient tide slips in;
It lips the thrown-down granite, it lips the spiles worn thin
And, asking sadly at the flood, 'Are there no ships today?'
Returns, an idle current, into an idle bay."

This again emphasizes the fact that the development of this business touches all the important points of the history of the nation. It was only a few years after the Declaration of Independence was signed that the sign of Walter Baker & Company was displayed to the business world, and it looks now as though it would endure and stand as long as the good old Declaration itself.

# A PARADISE FOR SUMMER TOURISTS

THE late Charles Dudley Warner in that delightful book of travel, "Baddeck and That Sort of Thing," relates his trying experiences in his endeavor to reach the picturesque little town of Baddeck situated on the incomparable Bras d'Or Lakes, Cape Breton Island, in the Maritime Provinces. This lamented author found a steamer that would take him from Boston as far as St. John, New Brunswick, where he arrived on a Wednesday morning. From there he went to Digby Gut and Annapolis by boat; thence by rail to Halifax and Glasgow, and from the latter place by stage to the Gut of Canso. Having covered the entire length of Nova Scotia, he was ferried across the Gut of Canso to Cape Breton Island and then rode in a one-horse wagon a distance of sixty miles to reach his destination—on Saturday night!

That was over thirty years ago, and yet Mr. Warner and his fellow traveler were amply repaid for their long and tedious journey to what is now a veritable paradise for Summer tourists — the Bras d'Or Lakes.

No better description of the loveliness of these waters can be given than that penned by Mr. Warner: "The Bras d'Or is the most beautiful salt water lake I have ever seen, and more beautiful than we had imagined a body of salt water could be. If the reader will take the map, he will see that two narrow estuaries, the Great and the Little Bras d'Or, enter the island of Cape Breton on the ragged northeast coast, above the town of Sydney, and flow in, at length widening out and occupying the heart of the island. The water seeks out all the low places, and ramifies the interior, running away into lovely bays and lagoons, leaving slender tongues of land and picturesque islands, and bringing into the recesses of the land, to the remote country farms and settlements, the flavor of salt, and the fish and mollusks of the briny sea. There is very little tide at any time, so that the shores are clean and sightly for the most part, like those of fresh water lakes. It has all the pleasantness of a fresh water lake, with all the advantages of a salt one. In the streams which run into it are the speckled trout, the shad and the salmon; out of its depths are hooked the cod and the mackerel, and in its bays fattens the oyster. This irregular lake is about 100 miles long, if you measure it skillfully, and in some places ten miles broad; but so indented is it, that I am not sure but one would need, as we were informed, to ride a thousand miles to go around it, following all its incursions into the land."

To visit the famous Bras d'Or Lakes this season requires but two nights at sea on one of the staunchest and most commodious ocean-going steamships of the old-established Plant Line, instead of the four and a half days consumed by Mr. Warner; for in addition to its semiweekly service between Boston and Halifax, Nova Scotia; Hawkesbury, Cape Breton; and Charlottetown, Prince Edward Island, a third Plant Line boat will leave Boston every Thursday direct to Sydney (via Halifax) and thence through the Bras d'Or Lakes to Baddeck.

Whether you have a week or a month for your Summer vacation, no ocean trip to a foreign land can compare with the Plant Line excursions to the Maritime Provinces for variety, health-giving features, and economy. To visit Halifax alone is a delight to those who are not aware that a typical fortified English city lies but one night's journey from Boston, while those who continue the journey to Sidney and Baddeck, or to Hawkesbury and Charlottetown are not surprised that Plant Line trips are so popular.

# A CURIOUS NARRATIVE

THE following account comes to us from the region once known as Darkest Africa. It was written by a gentleman who has devoted his life to that profession for which there is little reward this side of the Jordan.

Addressing those in authority, he says:

"On account of my wife failing to endure the African climate, we go this time to Burmah."

The transition indicated in this pathetic note suggests a change of locality but little better than "from the frying pan into the fire."

The above, however, is associated with another letter which dwells upon some points of unusual interest; not only to those fond of adventure but to every enterprising American.

It points convincingly to the very suggestive fact that the products of Uncle Sam's industry penetrate to every quarter of the globe.

Omitting some instructions for the shipment of the provisions prepared by a well-known manufacturing firm, the Reverend C. B. Antisdel continues:

"We are compelled to go far inland by tedious journeys, under the most distressing climatic conditions.

"We missionaries have to depend largely upon provisions put up in tin cans. Sometimes we get chickens, occasionally an antelope.

"On one occasion, when we were fortunate enough to secure some tinned soups, I took a photograph of some ebon-black natives, each holding a can of the product.

"By this time these benighted creatures had accustomed themselves to the sight of my camera, and had even advanced so far as to be able to examine the results of my snapshots with a lessening degree of awe.

"On this occasion, therefore, I was not obliged to dissuade them from the belief that they were posing for execution, so was able to arrange the following group with comparative ease.

"The natives in this picture are from the Congo district.

"This vast stretch of territory was discovered by a Portuguese navigator, Diego Cam, eight years before Columbus crossed the Atlantic.

"But the condition of the inhabitants was not advanced by this invasion, since they were permitted to remain in their primitive ignorance until about one hundred years ago.

"Coincidently, then, with the exchange of the tri-color of France with the Stars and Stripes of the United States, which signalized the barter of Louisiana, traders from various countries began to speculate with these natives and provide them, at the same time, with habits which rendered the visits of missionaries imperative.

"However, it was not until 1877 that Stanley emerged from the Dark Continent. Since then travelers and governmental officials and traders have vied with each other in penetrating to the remotest interior. Years ago merchant vessels carried beads, trinkets, bright-tinted cloths, and, above all, intoxicants to the coast and bartered for palm kernels, oil, ebony and especially ivory.

"Stanley had hardly opened that country before a company of missionaries started for the Congo. No people in any clime have ever responded more rapidly to the influence of Christianity and civilization. Stanley predicted that England would have a trade of a million pounds sterling in a few years. The world has found a vast market for its products. At first only for wares, but of late for provisions as well. While the land is fertile, yet the native products are limited, and early the white man soon learned that he must import a large part of his food, flour, tea, coffee, sugar, butter, milk, meat and even soups. Nowhere is there such a demand for soups as in the tropics, where we must resort to light nourishment, as I found by experience. I went to the Congo in 1892 as a missionary of the American Baptist Missionary Union. In these thirteen years there has been a wonderful change in the natives about the mission station. Back in the interior, however, they are living their primitive lives. Their food is largely the root of the madioca or cassava, with palm nuts and kernels, beans and peanuts, some fish, and now and then an antelope. The women not only do the cooking and household work, but also do all of the agricultural work. The men hunt and fish and do all of the sewing. However, the savage is clothed usually in little else than sunshine and epidermis. Contact with

CAMPBELL'S SOUPS HAVE INVADED EVEN DARKEST AFRICA.

Christianity has caused him and her to clothe themselves decently. Millions of yards of cloth are now sent to Africa. The native is now beginning to accumulate a little property. In old days, if a man had more than his neighbor he was liable to be accused of being a witch and would have to undergo the poison ordeal. They do not think that death is natural, so when someone dies they attribute it to the influence of witches. Here are all of the people of the town, apparently human beings, but in reality one of them is no human being at all, he is a witch? Well, who is the witch? The witch doctor must determine, so one is called in. He goes through his dances and incantations and finally determines upon someone, and says:

"'There, that one is the witch.'

"'No, I am no witch' exclaims the accused. 'Very well, prove it.'

"Now the accused knows that he is no witch, but he believes in witchcraft and is ready to go through the ordeal of drinking the poision. The witch doctor fixes up the poisonous mixture and says: 'Come, drink this; it will soon determine whether or not you are a witch.'

"The condemned drinks it. If his stomach rejects it, he has cleared himself, has proven his innocence. If, however—as is often the case—the poison kills him, then it is conclusive evidence that he must have been a witch, and now he is put out of the way and will never kill another. Literally, hundreds of thousands have thus been killed through taking the poison. Even calamities they attribute to witchcraft. Once a canoe overturned on the Congo and six people were drowned. The witch doctor said: "This is something terrible; it must be that at least three witches were instrumental in the death of each of these victims." As a result eighteen persons had to drink the poison. Now that Christianity is doing away with witchcraft, the people are beginning to save and use their property in business. They have naturally a keen trading instinct. They enjoy spending their money, so the country is becoming a great market for clothing and provisions. With growth in civilization comes new wants, and hence these are an incentive to increased activity.

"Another custom that has been very marked is cannibalism. This has been practiced in vast sections. Tribe has raided upon tribe and killed and eaten the slain victims. Nor has cannibalism been confined to tribes at enmity. Slaves often furnished the feast. Christianity is teaching something better and the world is ready to supply them with other food.

"As a rule, even the wild heathen do not interfere with us. However, they are very superstitious and often think that we white people cause their death, and, in some mysterious way, spirit the deceased to a foreign country, where they become slaves of the white man; hence they frequently object to our visiting a town and especially to our spending a night there, for the spirits are supposed to be particularly active then.

"The native dwellings consist of poles put into the ground; bamboos are tied upon the sides and top, then the roof is covered with grass. They have next to no furniture and almost no tools. So it is seen that there is great need of the manufactured articles of the civilized world. There is scarcely a country that affords a better opportunity for trade. The country is rich in natural products. Coffee in some places grows wild; cocoa does well and rubber is very plentiful. To be sure, the government of the Congo Free State is such at present as to favor the exploiting of the resources of the country with little benefit to the natives. As soon as this is corrected, trade will be encouraged and the natives will have abundant resources with which to buy the products of civilization. The possibilities of this trade are very great. Indeed, already those who have been infused with a desire to be somebody are exerting themselves and manage to find that with which they can purchase the foreign products they so eagerly desire.

"It has been estimated that there are 30,000,000 people in the Congo Free State. How great the possibilities of trade may easily be imagined. Enterprising companies are introducing their goods, not alone to supply the great demand of the thousands of whites who have gone there, but also to supply the needs of the millions of natives. They cater not only to their demands, but are constantly displaying new things to awaken a desire for them. Nothing is manufactured there; thus the trade grows, and vast quantities of food stuffs are shipped into the country."

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# "SUMMER HOMES in NOVA SCOTIA"

"LYNDHURST FARM," Canning, N. S. A Typical Farmhouse in the Annapolis Valley, Nova Scotia.

THERE is a new, beautifully illustrated booklet issued by the Dominion Atlantic Railway Steamship Line having unexcelled daily Summer service from Boston to Yarmouth, Nova Scotia, thence by fast train to all points in the Maritime Provinces. It is a most complete list of first-class farm houses throughout the Annapolis Valley and the western part of Nova Scotia. Each place is briefly described, also rates of board and accommodation; the vacationist is offered the choice—the Bay of Fundy or Atlantic Ocean shore, with unexcelled boating, bathing and deep sea fishing, or a more inland location in the Annapolis Valley, the most fertile farming and apple growing country in the world. The excellent cooking of the Nova Scotia housewife is proverbial, and the Summer boarder is assured of good food well cooked; ripe, fresh vegetables and fruits; and clean, airy rooms.

For copies of this booklet, also new guide book entitled "Vacation Days in Nova Scotia," enclose ten cents in stamps, address J. F. Masters, N. E. Sup't, 228 Washington St., Boston, Mass.

COLLAR DISTRICT FROM RAILWAY BRIDGE
Photo. by Lloyd, Troy, N. Y.

# TROY, N. Y.
# THE COLLAR CITY

### By Samuel E. Hutton
Secretary Chamber of Commerce

NATURE and man have both been generous in their treatment of Troy, which is situated at the head of navigation of the noble Hudson river, in one of the most beautiful and fertile counties of New York state, Rensselaer.

The city has for many years occupied a prominent place in the galaxy of American cities largely on account of its famous laundry and collar and cuff industries, and of late years it has been making remarkable strides toward an even higher plane of industrial activity. Its magnificent public buildings and splendid modern business blocks have multiplied at such an astonishing rate that a stranger might well be pardoned for imagining himself in a city of four times the population.

RENSSELAR COUNTY COURT HOUSE
Lloyd photo, Troy, N. Y.

Many of its merchants who represent the old school of business methods maintain their time-honored conservatism, the younger generation now pushing vigorously to the front are determined that Troy shall be placed in the front rank of municipalities in every respect. Already manufacturing systems have been largely modernized; new factories, business blocks and bank buildings have been erected. A splendid electric car service has been introduced and various other improvements have been projected.

There is a spirit of enterprise and "get there" apparent in the very atmosphere of the place.

Troy's shipping facilities cannot be surpassed, being splendidly served in reaching points north, south and west by the New York Central & Hudson River Railway Company and the Delaware, Lackawanna & Western Railway Company, and the entire New England states by the Boston & Maine and the Boston & Albany Railway Companies. There is also a daily steamboat connection with New York via the Hudson river and likewise a line of boats running three days a week each way between Troy and New York and Troy and Philadelphia, and a line of steamboats making daily trips between Troy and Newberg and intermediate points.

FACTORY OF CORLISS, COON & CO., LOCATED AT TROY, N. Y. THE COLLAR CITY

In addition the above facilities for reaching the north and west are greatly augmented by the Erie & Champlain Canal, Troy being the starting point of each. The new 1,000 ton barge canal will when completed also start from Troy, which will greatly add to the present shipping advantages.

The present population of the city is over 77,000 by the last state census and steadily increasing. There are several other largely populated centers closely allied to Troy including Albany, Rensselaer, Watervliet, Green Island, Cohoes and Waterford. The last four cities connected by modern bridges provide for the crossing of steam and trolley cars reaching an extended outlying district. Within six miles there is a population of over 300,000. In addition to the seventy-seven miles of trackage, operated by the United Traction Company, the Hudson Valley Electric Railway Company connects the city with Mechanicville, Schuylerville, Glens Falls, Fort Edwards, Ballston, Saratoga, Greenwich, Lake George and Warrensberg, while the Schenectady Railway Company brings it in touch with Schenectady and intermediate points, all having their terminals in Troy and making fast express and freight deliveries, bringing together within a radius of thirty miles a population of over 500,000.

Troy may be called strictly a manufacturing city, having eighty-seven incorporated companies, numbering among them the largest factories of their respective productions in the world. Some of the principal ones being: shirts, collars and cuffs, valves and hydrants, horseshoes, surveying instruments, laundry machinery, knit goods, paper, ironware, boxes, electric apparatus, steel, bricks, beer, chemicals, stoves, bells, hosiery, belting, carriages, files, tinware, etc. The manufacture of car-trucks, fireproofing and litholite has lately been established.

The factory employes are probably the best paid in the country if not in the world, and that pre-supposes a very intelligent class of working people.

Troy has nine banks, two trust companies, four daily newspapers three Sunday papers and several weeklies; also sixty-seven churches, some of which are among types of the finest ecclesiastical architecture in the country, twenty-seven clubs and any number of social and fraternal organizations.

As stated above, the greater percentage of the business is collar and cuff manufacturing, yet the shirt industry is also large; ladies' shirt waists, undergarments, pajama night robes and other garments are made in the regular collar and cuff factories, as well as inexclusive plants. The skilled help on much of the finer work earn as high as twenty-five dollars per week.

Man little knows the many turns his collar must go through and the many busy fingers that must each in their turn apply their skill before he is even allowed to look at it. Division of labor is carried out to a minute degree in all the shops. In a large shop a collar goes through thirty-five to forty hands and from 130 to 140 different people assist in making a shirt before it reaches the salesroom. If any gentleman reading this article will take the trouble to examine the manufacturing mark on his laundry, he will find it found its origin in the well-lighted and ventilated modern factories of Troy.

The machinery used in the various processes of manufacture possesses much interest for the average onlooker. Two-needle sewing machines are used for making all double seams on cuffs and shirt bosoms. Others contain gangs of needles sufficient to sew a row of a dozen tucks at once. The latest style of buttonhole machine is a marvel, which cuts and sews a buttonhole in three seconds. Some of these carry three threads and make a buttonhole with a firmer edge than can be turned out by hand. The cutting knife is as much a part of the machine as the needle and does its work automatically at the proper moment. A button sewing machine is worth seeing. It thrusts the needle first through one hole and then the other, while the button is moving from side to side as if alive, and making as solid a job as can be done by hand. The holes in the buttons are, of course, bored to an exact scale corresponding with the distance the machine oscillates when in motion. A girl easily puts on five hundred dozen buttons in a day with this machine. All sewing machines make a lock stitch, and for collar work are set to sew twenty stitches to the inch.

Emma Willard school, founded in 1821 by Emma Willard, pioneer of higher education for women, as Troy Female Seminary, has three handsome memorial buildings— Russell Sage Hall, built by that New York capitalist, formerly a resident of Troy, at a cost of $150,000, as a dormitory; Gurley Memorial building, used for school rooms and assembly hall, and Plum Memorial, headquarters of the seminary conservatory of music and art.

This school is known and honored all over the country. Founded by one of the greatest educators of women, it gained a name and place among the educational institutions of the world that placed it among the firmest educational institutions for women.

THE EMMA WILLARD SCHOOL AND SAGE MEMORIAL HALL
Photo by Lloyd studio

The La Salle Institute, a Catholic school, is another of the well-known schools of Troy. This school prepares its pupils for a thorough business career, and from it have graduated some of the brightest minds of the legal, business and professional life in the city. It has a military department whereby the young men are given a thorough military training.

The Troy Business College is another of the well-known educational institutions of Greater Troy. This school has fitted young men and women with a complete business education which enables them to fill acceptably positions of trust and responsibility in the various occupations in the commercial world.

Greater Troy public buildings are a credit to the city. The government building is an imposing structure of stone and granite of pleasing design. The building cost $500,000. The Troy postoffice is one of the most important in the state. The city hall is a large building of brick and was built at a cost of $500,000. The county court house is one of the modern public buildings recently erected. It is a granite fireproof, building and cost $250,000. Greater Troy now has one of the finest and best hotels in the country. The Rensselaer, which has recently been completed through the public spiritedness of its citizens. The hotel is one of the most unique in the country, and it is the wonder and admiration of all. It cost about half a million dollars. It has accommodation for several hundreds of people.

ST. MARYS CHURCH
Photo by Lloyd studio

Troy has other good hotels, but not so extensive and elaborate. There is the Mansion House, which has been one of the landmarks of the city tor many years in Monument Square. The Fifth Avenue hotel is a first-class hostelry and is filled daily with the traveling public. The Windsor is a first-class hotel, modern in design and appointment. In addition to these there are a number of smaller hotels.

The growth of the city of Troy has not been phenomenal, but steady and gradual for many years. It extended its boundaries until it now comprises a wide area extending more than seven miles in length and over three miles in width. The population at the time of the last census includes the population of what was once the village of Lansingburgh, but which is now a portion of Greater Troy.

Troy has a fine system of public parks for a city of its size and facilities. Prospect Park contains seventy-two acres in the most picturesque portion of the city. It is located on Warren's hill in the eastern section of the city, and is easy of access from all sections, because the trolley cars run directly past and it is but short walk from the central section of the city. It is on a high elevation overlooking the entire city and from the western edge a view of the Hudson river can be had for many miles both up and down. From the park may be seen four cities and a number of villages and far down the river one sees the majestic Catskill mountains and the Helderberg mountains. Beman Park, in the Beman Park district, is a handsome little park and an exceedingly attractive place. While it is not so extensive as Prospect Park, yet it is a delightful spot and has for some years been the resort of the people in that section of the city, who visit the park by the hundreds on warm days. In this park there is a pagoda for band concerts, and on the eminence at the entrance there is a large fountain surmounted by the statue of a soldier. There are drinking fountains for horses, located along the sides of the park and

TROY HIGH SCHOOL
Lloyd photo, Troy, N. Y.

View of Troy from Prospect Park
Photo by Lloyd

through the grounds there are rows of fast-growing shade trees.

The northern section of the city has Powers Park. This is a favorite playground for the hundreds of school children and other children who have a little leisure, and daily in the Summer time it is thronged with laughing, happy-faced little ones. Its school system and educational institutions rank among the very best in the country. Graduates from the Troy high school are accepted in the higher colleges and universities without preliminary examinations. Greater Troy has twenty-five public schools and a high school. All branches are taught by a large corps of competent teachers. In the grammar schools the pupil is prepared for entrance to the high school, where a four-year course is prescribed for the student. Here the scholar is prepared for the higher branches of education taught in the large colleges and universities in the country. Troy sends to these higher educational schools many bright graduates from Troy's high school, and in the past many have been graduated who have taken high places among the learned men and women of the land.

Greater Troy boasts of the oldest and greatest school of civil engineering in the world, the Rensselaer Polytechnic Institute. This school was founded in 1824. From its portals have gone forth some of the greatest civil engineers the world has ever produced. This school is famous all over the world for its thoroughness, for its excellence and for its complete equipment in every department. Students come from all sections of the world to receive their education in this celebrated school.

CLUETT, PEABODY & CO., RIVER STREET, TROY, N. Y.

Ninth Street, looking west from Phillips Avenue, Sioux Falls, South Dakota

# SIOUX FALLS
# SOUTH DAKOTA'S METROPOLIS

## By W. B. Davenport

Commissioner of the Board of Trade

SIOUX FALLS, the growing metropolis of South Dakota, had its birth in May, 1857, that being the date when the first white people, consisting of Messrs. McClellan, Farwell, Oleson, Fiske and McBride, located at the present site of the city. The entire population at that time was made up of the five men mentioned. In July, 1857, the Sioux Indians rose in great numbers and threatened the extermination of the settements on the Big Sioux river, which flows through the present city of Sioux Falls. This resulted in the temporary abandonment of the Sioux Valley by the adventurous white men.

On August 17, 1857, a party, including some of those who had fled a few months previously, returned to the Sioux Falls settlement. They brought with them to the site of the new town machinery for a saw-mill, tools and implements for building and a large stock of provisions, which were transported from Sioux City, Iowa, by a team of horses and several ox teams. The nine members of the party at once set about erecting such structures as they required. They were undisturbed by Indians during the Summer except on one occasion, when a small party of Sioux warriors was discovered near the settlement. The Indians retreated without molesting the settlers.

On October 10, of the same year, another party of Indians appeared at the settlement, surrounded the pair of oxen and drove them off. Four of the whites followed the raiding party of Indians, but were unable to overhaul them and recover the stolen animals. At that time the Sioux Falls settlement was under the jurisdiction of the Territory of Minnesota.

In May, 1858, Minnesota was admitted to the Union, thus leaving all the country west of it in an unorganized condition. During the Spring of 1858 more settlers located at Sioux Falls. Among the arrivals at that time was the first white woman who came to the territory to settle. The white woman was Mrs. Goodwin, who arrived early in May with her husband. In the latter part of June, 1858, the Indians again rose and drove all the settlers from the upper portion of the Sioux Valley. They sent a message to the settlement at Sioux Falls, demanding the immediate evacuation of the whites. But by this time the population of the little settlement numbered thirty-five able-bodied men, who refused to desert their homes. A sod fort was hurriedly built and preparations were made for a vigorous defense should the Indians appear. The sod fort surrounded a number of the buildings, and here the population gathered each night, the men taking their turn at doing guard duty. When preparations for a defense had been completed, a delegation of Indians visited the settlement and advised the whites to leave, but they again refused and "held the fort" until the excitement was over. The uprising of the Sioux Indians in Minnesota in 1862 and the resulting massacre of hundreds of settlers in that region, set the entire border region aflame, and parties of warlike Indians soon were scattered over a wide extent of territory.

Big Sioux Falls, Sioux Falls, South Dakota

On August 25, 1862, Indians again appeared near Sioux Falls and killed Judge J. B. Amidon and his son while they were engaged in cutting hay, about a mile north of the settlement. The warriors later entered the village, destroyed everything they could find and set fire to the buildings. This was done after the whites had fled.

Two months later a number of white men, accompanied by a small force of soldiers, returned to the village for the purpose of recovering what they could from the ruins. By October all the settlements in the Sioux Valley had been abandoned. For a period of nearly three years the valley remained almost deserted.

A military post was established at Sioux Falls on May 1, 1865. The safety of the whites thus being secured, settlement again began and continued. But not until 1869 did the population of Sioux Falls become as large as it was in the Spring of 1862.

Minnehaha County Court House, Sioux Falls, South Dakota

When the last census was taken Sioux Falls had a population of 14,625. This is being steadily increased. The growth of the city is of a very substantial character, and there is every reason to believe that within the next ten years the population will double.

Sioux Falls is the trade center of the entire state of South Dakota, as well as southwestern Minnesota and northwestern Iowa, embracing a population of between 500,000 and 600,000. The region which forms the trade territory of Sioux Falls is of a rich character, and is rapidly increasing in population and wealth. New settlers are arriving on every train to occupy the government lands in central and western South Dakota, and the comparatively cheap deeded lands in the central and north central part of the state. Fully fifty thousand newcomers will find homes in South Dakota before the close of the present year.

As the state grows and increases in population, Sioux Falls also will grow and increase in importance as a wholesale and retail business center. The city is very metropolitan, and the character of its business blocks and residences will compare favorably with those of eastern cities of 30,000 and 40,000 population.

The three national banks which were doing business in Sioux Falls on May 7, 1896, had deposits aggregating $507,066.23. The six banks and depositories now in existence in the city in March, 1906, had deposits aggregating $2,741,200.77, being over five times as great as the deposits in the three national banks ten years ago. During the same period the assets of the banks also showed a remarkable increase.

The three national banks on May 7, 1896, had aggregate assets of $994,439.15. The six banking institutions now doing business in Sioux Falls have assets aggregating $3,384,299.45.

The bank clearings also have shown a wonderful increase during the past ten years, the annual clearings in that time increasing from $3,000,000 in round numbers to $15,679,285.93. In 1904 the clearings were $13,906,304.14, the clearings for 1905 thus showing a substantial increase over those of the year before. The increase during the next ten years without doubt will be as great as during the past ten.

Sioux Falls is rapidly becoming a manufacturing center of great importance. This is due to its location in the heart of a vast agricultural region of unsurpassing richness, which is known as the "Granary of the World." Cheap electric power, and fine water power along the Big Sioux river, which flows through the city, combine to make Sioux Falls an ideal place for the manufacture of all sorts of goods, for which there is already market in the territory through which the trade of Sioux Falls extends. Railroad lines branch out in every direction, affording first-class facilities to the wholesaler and the manufacturer. Manufacturers who are looking for a location would do well to investigate the facilities offered by Sioux Falls.

The wholesale houses of Sioux Falls annually send out goods aggregating many millions of dollars in value. Groceries, fruits, hardware, farm machinery, vehicles, drugs, candy, cigars and tobacco, furniture, lumber, liquors and paper, as well as other lines, are represented by the wholesale houses or manufactories. In addition to these, the city has two oil establishments, two creamery supply houses, a large butter and egg house and other institutions.

The farm machinery and vehicle business is typical of the manner in which all lines of business is growing in volume each year. Practically every important farm machinery and vehicle manufactory in the United States has in Sioux Falls a distributing warehouse. Many of the companies own their own warehouses, thus making Sioux Falls the permanent distributing point for their goods for a wide extent of territory.

The sales of binding twine during 1905 alone reached the enormous total of 8,000,000 pounds. If this vast quantity of twine was fastened end to end it would be of sufficient length to reach thirty times around the earth.

A fine new packing plant is now in successful operation, having been placed in operation early in the present year. It is modern in every respect and is one of the finest and most complete plants of its kind in the United States. The plant started with a force of thirty men. When it is operated to its full capacity it will require from fifty to sixty men. The capacity of the machinery of the establishment is 1,000 hogs per day. It is also equipped for the killing of cattle.

The opening of the packing plant will prove an important factor in the prosperity of the farmer and stockraisers of South Dakota and adjacent territory in Minnesota and Iowa, and furnishes them a convenient market for their stock.

Another comparatively new manufacturing institution is the Sioux Falls Plow company, which employs a large number of men. The plant is now actively engaged in the manufacture of plows, the intention being to have 1,500 of the implements on the market this year. Of this number 1,000 will be breakers, 350 stubble plows and the remaining 150 sulky plows.

The O. K. Shocker company also has recently commenced business, and is now manufacturing its machines and placing them upon the market.

The retail establishments of Sioux Falls are very fine. Larger and finer stocks are carried than in similar institutions in eastern cities with double or three times the population. The local business houses are today carrying greater quantities and a finer class of goods than ever before. Year by year the retail trade of Sioux Falls, as well as other business, is increasing by leaps and bounds.

The residence section of Sioux Falls

Business District of Sioux Falls from Eighth Street Bridge is noted far and wide for its fine and beautifully shaded thoroughfares and its elegant dwellings, ranging from palatial mansions costing from $15,000 to $20,000, to the more modest cottages costing $1,000 or less. All have an air of comfort and prosperity. Sioux Falls is proud of its residence section, which makes the city an ideal place in which to live.

Of churches and schools Sioux Falls has an abundance. Every leading church organization is represented. During 1906 in the neighborhood of $100,000 will be expended for new church edifices and for improvements to church buildings now in existence.

Queen Bee Mill and Big Sioux Falls, Sioux Falls, South Dakota

The schools of Sioux Falls are among the finest and most thorough in the West, and graduates from them are fully equipped, so far as an education is concerned, to assume the responsibilities of life.

A new high school building, to cost more than $50,000 is now in course of construction. In addition to the public schools, Sioux Falls has a splendid Catholic parochial school; All Saints', an Episcopal school for girls; a Lutheran Normal school, a Baptist college, the Sioux Falls Business college, a deaf mute school and other educatioanl institutions.

The Sioux Falls Board of Trade, incorporated to promote the material interests of the city and to secure the location of business enterprises, is an active agent in the city's prosperity. Through its instrumentality industries are established. Others already in existence are aided in their development.

As manufacturing advances westward, Sioux Falls cannot be overlooked in the onward march. Owing to the fertility of the soil and cheapness of land, Sioux Falls is surrounded by a prosperous and up-to-date farming community second to none in the West.

That the readers of the National Magazine may form an intelligent idea of the city, several views are herewith presented together with a view of the Big Sioux Falls.

Many of the handsome photographs with which our Mexican article in the May edition was illustrated, were furnished by Mr. Percy S. Cox, photographer, Mexico City, who kindly made special efforts in our behalf. It will be seen at a glance that the pictures are of a high order, showing that Mr. Cox thoroughly understands his art. In fact, he is recognized as one of the best photographers in America, and to those who understand to what perfection photography has been carried in this country, this means a great deal.

It was a great pleasure to know that we had secured the services of such an artist in connection with our story on Mexico, as we felt that such illustrations as he would supply would add immensely to the attractiveness of the matter published, and the result fully justified expectations.

We regret that credit for these photographs was omitted in publishing the Mexican article in our May issue.

EMPLOYES LEAVING GENERAL ELECTRIC WORKS

# SCHENECTADY—A MUNICIPAL RIP VAN WINKLE

TIME was when the second born of a family could use the discarded geography of the first born but of late years new and populous towns have sprung up on barren wastes and we read of cities that grew over night, of a metropolis created by the extension of a railway line, of broad streets and busy marts of trade where, a short year before had stood but the shacks of a few hopeful prospectors. These tales, which sound like fairy stories, come not only from Oklahoma, Washington and Oregon but from the frozen, golden north, from Alaska and the Northwest territory of the Canadians.

But the "boom" town, so far as this breezy phraseology of the West carries the idea of mushroom growth, has nothing to do with the sudden rise to prominence of a city which was founded over two centuries ago. They have been referred to simply to show that the effete East can produce something almost as remarkable in the sudden awakening and subsequent progress of an old Dutch town in the Mohawk valley of New York state that held its charter as a city when American independence had scarcely attained its majority, and that was a place of several thousand inhabitants when Chicago was an Indian camp.

Every business man knows the difficulty with which a long established and but moderately successful enterprise can be made to take precedence over later competitors in the same line. In this respect municipal affairs do not greatly

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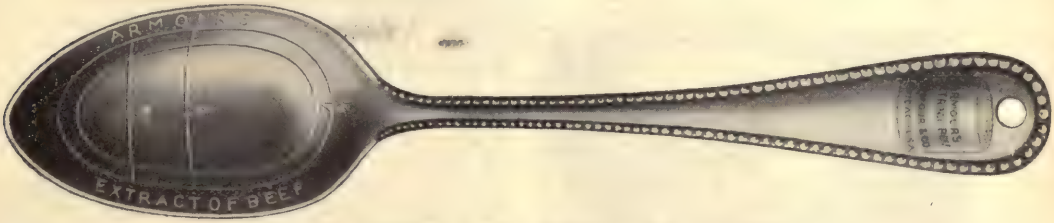

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differ from private concerns. How then has the old town of Schenectady thrown off the fetters of traditional Dutch slowness and become a city of progress noticeable among all the aspiring and rapidly developing cities of the nation? In a word, it has come about by the allying of the city with the industrial development which has shown the most remarkable progress of any within historical times. When we consider that at the Philadelphia centennial in 1876, electric arc lights were shown more as a commercial possibility than as a practical utility, and then view the widespread use of electricity today it is not remarkable that a city which threw in her fate with this science should have risen to world-wide prominence.

UNION COLLEGE

A generation ago Schenectady was known as the seat of Union college, founded in 1795, and the oldest college chartered under the state of New York, and to railroad men, more especially, as the place of manufacture of the Schenectady locomotive. Beyond those having a special interest in these institutions it was difficult to find a person who could pronounce the name of the place if he saw it written or who could spell it if he heard it pronounced. However rich in historic association a name of Indian origin may be, it is not always an unqualified advantage to a progressive city. Today Schenectady, through its industries, is known in every remote corner of the earth. On ships and trains everywhere the emissaries of its commercial interests are to be met, on the streets of the city are seen students, artisans and engineers from every nation, sent thither in the interests of their governments as inspectors of work in progress or as pupils of western methods. Wherever electrical power is used, wherever locomotives are the means of traction or the trolly has supplanted more primitive modes of transit, Schenectady is a familiar word. In the vast wheat fields of the Northwest the Schenectadv thresher is found at work, and even on the links of bonny Scotland, golf experts wrangle over the virtues of the Schenectady putter.

In 1690, when William of Orange had just become king of England and Louis XIV was revelling in the magnificance of Versailles, Schenectady, then the most Western outpost of civilization in the New York colony, was first brought to the attention of the world by being burned by the Canadian French and Indians. At this time the town was a stockade, with about four hundred inhabitants, and there is nothing to show any remarkable increase in population for the next hundred years. The town was intensely patriotic and furnished its quota in the Revolutionary war, as it has in every subsequent struggle in which the nation has engaged. Within the memory of living citizens it had outgrown, by but a few city blocks, the nucleus of the old stockade. In 1880 its placid citizens were content with the census showing but 13,655 souls. the passing of a canal boat on the Erie canal was an event that business men stopped to enjoy, and no forerunner of rapid transit marred the rugged inequalities of her cobble-stone streets. Open brooks meandered where moderate skyscrapers now stand, and children held picnics in groves which have been displaced by the

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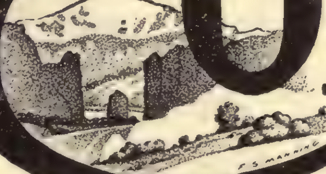
# To COLORADO



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dwellings of thousands and thousands of busy toilers.

The year of 1888 saw the beginning of the metamorphosis. In that year the Edison Machine Works, since become the principal plant of the General Electric Company, was moved from New York to Schenectady, attracted by the advantages of rail and water transportation. The census of 1890 showed a growth of nearly fifty per cent., but the city's progress had just begun. In 1900 the official figure was 31,682, a growth of nearly sixty per cent. in ten years. For sustained growth and prosperity even the fast growing cities of the West were being crowded. Then the Schenectady Locomotive Works became the chief plant of the American Locomotive Company, and the town received a fresh impetus. The state census of 1905 gave Schenectady 58,369 population, a growth of nearly eighty-five per cent. in five years and made it a city of the second class along with Albany, Troy, Utica, Syracuse and Rochester. And still houses are being erected at an average of more than one per day throughout the year to accomodate the swelling population.

Among the newcomers were thousands of New Englanders, who brought with them the civic ideas of their section to leaven the satisfaction with existing conditions characteristic of the descendants of the Dutch. With the growth of the city the police, fire and other departments have been thoroughly modernized and placed in competent hands. About fifty miles of asphalt and other improved pavements have replaced ancient cobbles, attention has been paid to the laying out of public parks, a model trolley system has been installed operating over one hundred miles of track and running its cars into Albany, Troy and Saratoga. Interurban trolly lines also reach westward to Amsterdam, Johnstown and Gloversville. The inevitable Carnegie library is to be found here and the latest public improvement is a strictly modern city hospital amid quiet surroundings in the outskirts of the city.

UNION PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH

STATE STREET

Since Schenectady in the past five years has welcomed so many home-seekers, it is of interest to regard the city as a place of residence. It is built on natural terraces made by the glacier of pre-historic times, and the residential districts are on the higher lands away from the sounds of business. The river makes a great sweep here, affording a large water front, and is dotted with beautiful islands. From the higher terraces there is a vista westward of water and wooded hills extending for ten miles or more. The streets are well shaded with century-old elms and the houses, for the most part, are set back from the well-paved streets, allowing attractive lawns. In some of the newer portions the roadways wind among the gigantic trees, preserving all the natural beauties of the place. There are many attractive drives about the city and all the surrounding country teems with historic interest and reminders of the powerful Iroquois and of the settlers who won the valley from the wilderness and held it from their foes. On the north of the Mohawk river the hills form the beginning of the Adirondack plateau stretching away to the mountains which are a resort for sportsmen and those in search of recreation from all

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over the Union. To the south and within sight of the city rise the Helderberg mountains, a spur of the Catskills.

The school system already referred to, has long been celebrated throughout the state and is kept up to the most modern standards. Union college, a venerable institution with over seven thousand alumni, has felt the stir of the city's new life and, in co-operation with the General Electric Company has established an electrical engineering course, for which extensive laboratories have been built. Charles Proteus Steinmetz, one of our foremost scientists and one of America's recognized "captains of industry," is at the head of this school. The engineering department of Union is the oldest connected with any college in America and the new School of Electrical Engineering, with its unusual advantages in the proximity of the big electrical plant is inaugurated with the brightest prospects.

HIGH SCHOOL

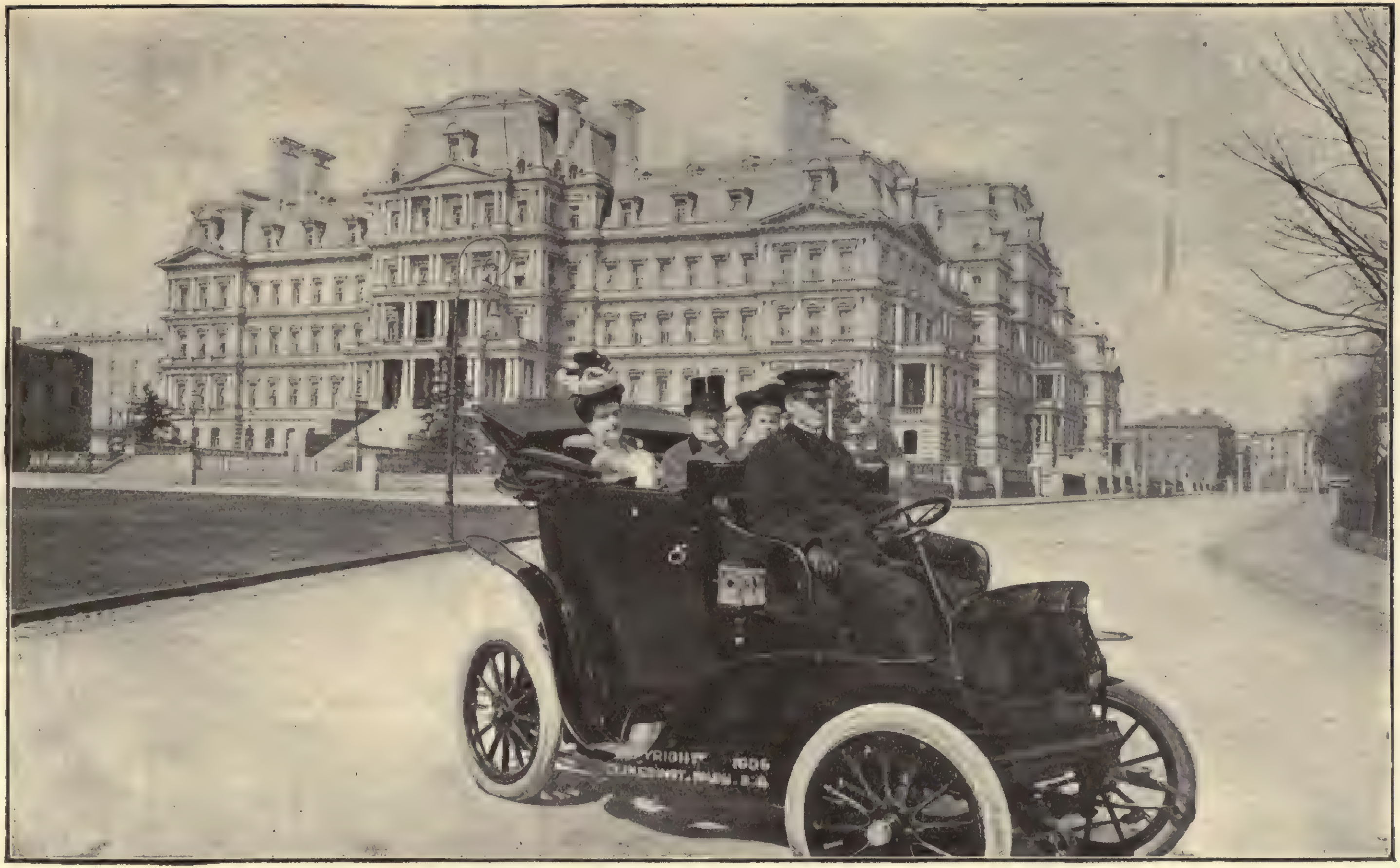
Of interest both to the home seeker and the business man is the city's water supply. This is obtained from huge wells located some three miles west of the city and the water is forced through the mains by electric pumps, one of the first plants of the kind ever installed. The water is of crystal purity and the volume is adequate for manufacturing and fire fighting purposes.

Schenectady is on the main line of the New York Central railroad, whose tracks run through the town on an elevated structure and has a branch running to Troy. The Delaware & Hudson also passes through the town and has a branch to Saratoga. The Boston & Maine and the West Shore railroads also have depots in the suburbs of the city. These roads, with the Erie canal, furnish ideal transportation facilities.

Within a few years Schenectady will be a port on the hundred-million-dollar barge canal, which at this point utilizes the bed of the Mohawk river. Nor will the barge canal injure the river for the pleasure seekers who now monopolize it, for the level of the river will be unchanged and there will be no tow path to mar the beauty of its banks.

Statistics are rarely interesting in themselves and fall on the average mind like water on the back of the traditional duck, but when we consider the sleepy little city of twenty-five years ago, there is a significance in the fact that Schenectady now has fifty-three churches, twenty-one public schools, a modern state armory housing two militia companies with full ranks; that the General Electric Company, with $60,000,000 capital stock, has a Schenectady plant, —is its principal place of business,— which employs 12,000 men and occupies 275 acres of land, of which sixty acres are covered with 150 buildings; that the American Locomotive Company, with a capital stock of $50,000,000, employs at its Schenectady works, also its headquarters, a force of 4,500 men and has forty-five acres of land, with 135 buildings covering thirty acres and is still erecting more shops. In addition to these mammoth industries there is also a host of smaller ones that are not negligible quantities when the city's growth is being considered, and Schenectady has an active Merchants' Association which is constantly on the look-out to add to the number. Cheap power and light is furnished by electricity conducted over long distance transmission lines from falls on the upper Hudson, and there are other sources of hyro-electric power, capable of development, within easy reach of the city. Incidentally, as a sign of prosperity, it is worthy of note that the bank deposits in the city aggregate nearly $9,000,000, and that the post-office receipts are $125,000 annually.

This in brief is the story of a municipal Rip Van Winkle which slept for two hundred years and was awakened to renewed youth by the harnessed lightning which has revolutionized the industries of the world and the possibilities of which no man is prophet enough to foretell.



THE AUSTRIAN AMBASSADOR LEAVING THE STATE DEPARTMENT

SENATOR TILLMAN AND MRS. TILLMAN LEAVING THE CAPITOL

NATIONAL MAGAZINE

VOLUME XXIV JULY, 1906 NUMBER FOUR

# Affairs at Washington

By Joe Mitchell Chapple

THIS is about the time when Washington begins to look toward the North, especially so far as the diplomatic corps is concerned, which centers about Lenox, Hamilton, Bar Harbor, Manchester-by-the-Sea and other New England resorts. The furniture at the embassies is covered and the houses will be closed while the Capital City has its hibernating season. The executive offices will be transferred to Oyster Bay, and the regular routine of business will flow on in the even tenor of its way over Moore's grocery store.

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One of the amusing events recently reported in diplomatic circles was the wager made by a prominent lady with some of the members of the corps. She was to saw a cord of wood and prove conclusively that the women of today—even the society women—are equal to the demands of utility—such as sawing wood, as well as playing golf. In fact, the experiment is an experiment no longer. The wood was all sawed a few days ago, the lady having taken a day and a half to do the job with an ordinary buck-saw. She may well be proud of her achievement, for it has, perhaps, a deeper significance than may be seen at first. It shows something of the physical development of the women of this country, with which the men do not seem to be keeping pace. It was pointed out to me the other day that while here and there one sees a fine, well-developed young man, yet in an ordinary crowd—coming out of church, for instance—the younger generation of girls are almost invariably taller than the boys, as well as better developed generally. Since my attention was drawn to this, I have been surprised to notice how often I meet young women who are taller than their escorts. So now, boys, it behooves you to find out the cause of this—make for the woodpile and saw your cord of wood, unless you want to usher in "The Coming Race" foretold by Lord Lytton in his delightful story where the young men stood coyly blushing and simpering, while their mothers and sisters "bossed the show" and their lady friends proposed to them, reversing the present order.

SENATOR BAILEY OF TEXAS

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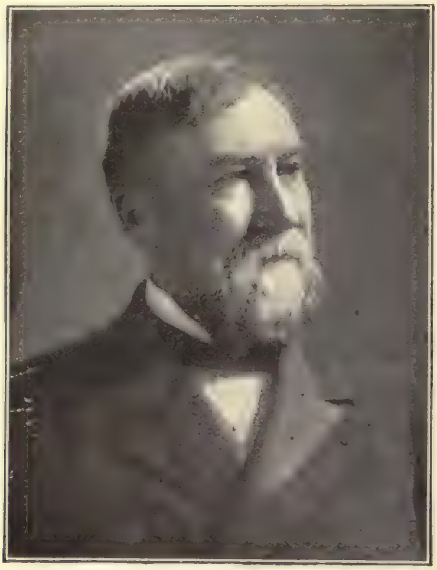
SITTING in the office of Secretary Loeb one day, I looked out of the window on the new tennis court.



SENATOR SCOTT OF WEST VIRGINIA

There was a green, perforated cloth, with numerous argus eyes staring in it, which reminded me of stage scenery. It is in this enclosure that the president bats the tennis ball with all the freedom of the open fields at Oyster Bay.

REPRESENTATIVE GAINES OF TENNESSEE

In the ante-room adjoining the president's office the walls are severely plain, covered with green burlap. About the only decoration is a lonesome whisk broom, hanging near the window, which gives the suggestion that it may be well to have a "brush up", physical and mental, before "meeting the president." It was one day in early Summer that I was there, and I sat looking about me at the hats strewn here and there, and the bouquets of flowers adorning the room. As the gentlemen returned, the silk hats left behind them were easily selected by personal intuition—for there are no checks given out.

o o o

While waiting I was observing casually, that never-failing source of interest—the visitors.

SENATOR OVERMAN OF NORTH CAROLINA

There was one portly gentleman who could not resist the impulse to take a nap—he nodded now and then, woke up with a start, and slowly wavered off again. Then there was a lady who was very much concerned with her dress and hair—the combs which kept it in place seemed to require constant rearrangement. And evidences of masculine vanity were not lacking either, for two young men close to me were constantly adjusting their trousers, first one leg and then the other—drawing them up, patting out creases, then adjusting their cuffs, their collars and neckties, then another yank to the trousers, until I could see the hosiery, which was of all the colors of the rainbow, decorated with the wildest wall-paper style and initials embroidered on either side

Near by was a young man who dusted his boots every few minutes with his handkerchief, inspecting them meantime for microscopic atoms of dust. It is curious how we each betray our peculiarities in these moments of waiting and relaxation. What did I do? Well, perhaps I was just as funny too, trying to keep a balky collar under the coat lapel.

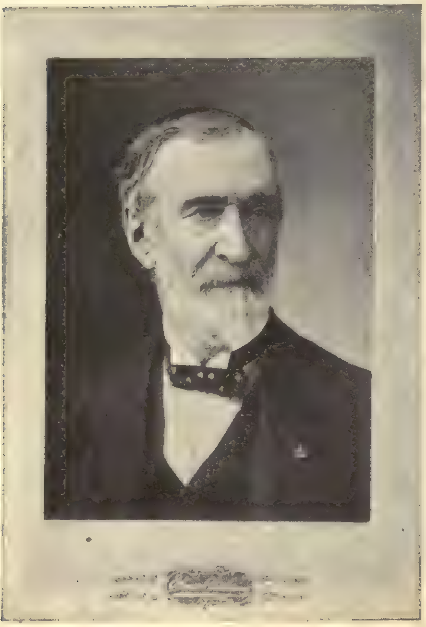
SENATOR WARNER OF MISSOURI

IN the terrace of the Capitol I met Senator John T. Morgan of Alabama, who is certainly the "grand old man" of the South. One cannot look at his blue eyes and classic face without feeling proud that such men are serving in the United States senate Long years of devotion to national interests, his keen and persistent investigation of the canal matters, his thorough and almost exhaustive analysis of all matters pertaining to the increase and specialization of power in the United States senate, make him a remarkable figure in public life.

SENATOR SUTHERLAND OF UTAH

It is easy to cry treason and find flaws in public men, but a man who has passed half a century in unsurpassing devotion to his country is a living refutation of any charge of corruption. If I have a special duty to

REPRESENTATIVE AMES MASSACHUSETTS



SENATOR PROCTOR OF VERMONT

SENATOR PATTERSON OF COLORADO

perform, and a special responsibility to the readers of the National, it is to bring before them scenes and characters in public life at Washington just as they look to the ordinary observer; and I feel that if we can study men in public life we shall see that they are in no way different from ourselves. I have known instances where prejudice has taken hold of my own mind concerning persons in public life, and in every case I have found that the application of my favorite panacea—a face to face interview and just a genial understanding—gave me quite a different impression from any that I had gained in seeing the man on the floor of the senate or house or on a public rostrum anywhere. To know the real man you have to see him when he is not on the public parade grounds.

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One prominent educator, who was mournfully scratching his head in regard to a rebuff he had received concerning some reforms or additions suggested, remarked:

"Even educational questions are now reduced to the one question, 'Will it pay?'"

It certainly looks as though general utility in every measure, and the increase of the material wealth of the country, seems to be almost a mania, and it may be that the aforesaid educator was right in fearing that we are neglecting too much to improve the greatest wealth we have—our people and the sterling character of our citizens. This gentleman was in rather a pessimistic mood, but somehow I cannot agree with his conclusions. While it may be apparent to some extent in the decade past, I firmly believe that today the mere possession of wealth and the power which comes through money is of less consequence than ever before. In fact the ownership of wealth is a detriment in gaining popular favor, and it is a handicap to any man who chances to possess it. He is looked upon, in these days, with more or less distrust, and the chances are he cannot impress upon his fellow men the fact that he is honest and sincere and earnest half as easily as can his brother who happens to be a poor man.

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I WELL remember the day I saw ex-Senator Chandler at the White House, carrying two ponderous, black-bound volumes. He said he was waiting to see the president, and jokingly remarked that he wanted to take this literature to the chief executive that he might see what the Spanish Claims Commission had been doing, as he was a member of that commission and wished it understood that he was trying to earn his salary.

Senator Chandler has been prominent in

public affairs for years past, and until his retirement from the senate was always a picturesque figure in the foreground of official life, but since that time he has slipped out of the current of Washington public affairs. The recent controversy, however, reminds one of old times, when he was in the senate. It is an instance of the curious irony of events that Senator Chandler, the "stirring stick" of the republican party, should have been allied with the democratic pitchfork in representing Senator Tillman in the consideration of the rate bill.

Without even hinting as to which side is right or wrong, this incident illustrates the old, old story that it almost always takes a third party to make trouble. Usually, where there are only two persons concerned, an amicable adjustment can be arranged. It is when the third party, be he friend or adviser, comes to the front, that misunderstanding really begins. If Senator Tillman and Theodore Roosevelt could have dealt personally and alone with each other, I believe there never would have been any "misconception of honesty." It is said that it takes two to make a quarrel, but, in my experience, it takes three; at any rate, that seems to be the rule in public life, so far as my observation goes.

In this controversy the wide range of human nature is illustrated, but with it all it will be difficult to disturb the confidence of the people in either the president, Senator Tillman, Senator Bailey or ex-Senator Chandler. The honesty of their intentions remains unchallenged by all unprejudiced people.

THE NEW ASSISTANT SECRETARY OF THE TREASURY, MR. EDWARDS, WHO WAS SECRETARY SHAW'S PRIVATE SECRETARY AND WHO SUCCEEDS MR. TAYLOR OF WISCONSIN

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I CLIMBED two hillside blocks from the car line in the Georgetown suburb of Washington to the Oak Hill cemetery. Terraced and shaded, it overlooks the "improvements" on the other side of Rock Creek. The raw, red banks of newly laid earth, the red and yellow-tiled rows of flats, the muddy level, where boys play noisy Sunday ball, are on one side of the little, buff stream. On the other, the cemetery, very near to being crowded. John Howard Payne's memorial is its feature, its show piece, but there is also the shabby, stuccoed tomb and memorial of Marcia Van Ness, a Washington celebrity who interests the visitor because of the dilapidation to which her home and her tomb have arrived since both of these structures were at some time the source of much and of evident pride.

Close to the main gate, the Payne bust, with its lofty Roman brow, and Edwin Forrest moustache and chin tuft, challenges sentimental musing. The tombstone brought from Tunis, though prone, is insistent on his masterpieces, the tragedy "Brutus," now of and with oblivion, and the ballad "Home, Sweet Home." But the grass is not so green about this memorial, the birds do not hover so lovingly about it as about a quiet grave plot on the terraced hillside.

There is a plain stone of creamy marble, simple, without severity. The warmth of its tone, the curved contour of the design set it out strikingly among the general mortuary grimness. The sod is very bright and green in the Winter - Spring in Washington, the vistas are beautiful. It is not difficult to fancy something more of warmth, kindliness and human interest at this spot than elsewhere in this austere and over-shaded burial ground. The inscription on the stone is simply—"James G. Blaine," and the dates of birth and death. James G. Blaine—the last of the great partisan personalities: — Jeferson, Hamilton, Burr, Jackson, Calhoun, Van Buren, Webster, Clay, Blaine.

Because he was the last of the old regime in politics, it is very quiet here by his grave. No new leader conjures with his name, no political party seeks to call that great spirit back from the misty ocean of the unknown. That which he effected of real good, has gone into the common, unidentified mass of good; what he was, his brilliance in oratory, his powers as a leader, his ability and his shortcomings as a statesman and a political general are of and for history.

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THROUGH Senator Hansbrough North Dakota has been prominently identified with many important pieces of legislation. Among the most recent measures is the joint resolution authorizing the appointment of three United States commissioners to meet commissioners of the Dominion of Canada, to investigate the Red River of the North and its tributaries. This resolution presents unique features. The Red river is one of the few streams which run from south to north, and for that reason the ice melts at the head first, so that there is usually a flood in the Spring-time covering many acres of land. In fact, for years past, a vast tract has been inundated annually, partly in consequence of the overflow and partly from the natural rainfall and melting snows. The senator has another bill diverting a million dollars of the irrigation fund to be used in the construction of drainage works in the Red river valley.

SENATOR WARREN OF WYOMING

Under the joint resolution, the commissioners are to meet the first week in December and begin a conference with the Canadian commissioners in reference to taking steps to prevent this great waste of arable land.

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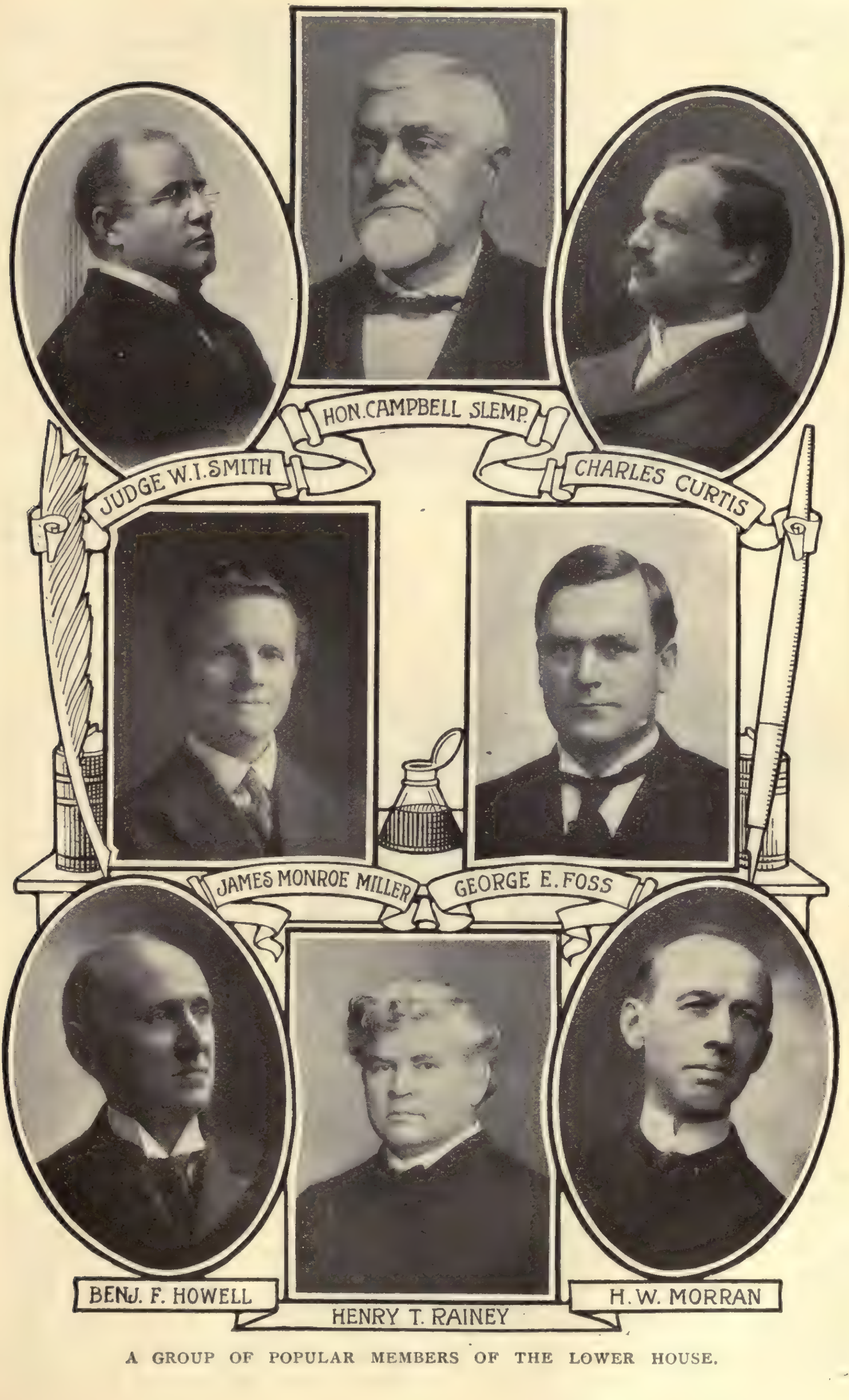
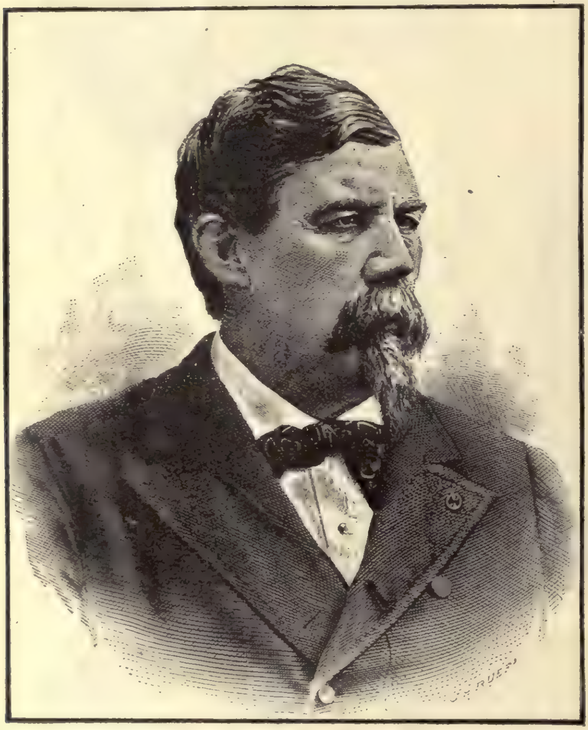
This brings to mind Congressman Steenerson's bill for utilization of public lands, which is attracting a great deal of attention. The same amount of money expended in making the waste places of the West tillable, if expended in draining the swamps of Arkansas, New Jersey, the Mississippi valley and many eastern states, would bring into use a large acreage of valuable land hitherto overlooked. Not only would this land be valuable in itself, but it would be in close proximity to the great markets. A movement is now on foot to use a portion of the proceeds from the sale of public lands, in states other than those mentioned in the irrigation law, for this purpose, providing funds in the same way as for irrigation. In ten years' time, conditions will force the American people to utilize the thousands of acres of swamp and other unused lands throughout the eastern, southern and middle states, which have heretofore been neglected as unfertile, as compared with the rolling prairies of the West.



A GROUP OF POPULAR MEMBERS OF THE LOWER HOUSE.

SEVERAL times in Washington during the past week I have met a gentleman from Germany, representing the newspapers, who is here for the purpose of studying American legislators and legislative methods at close range. This is especially suggestive in view of the fact that some comment has been recently made to the effect that the legislation of this country is not up to the standard. This gentleman remarked:

"It is generally conceded by close students of legislative affairs the world over that there is no nation that has a more aggressive, alert and accurate reflection of the people's wishes in their laws than the United States. The celerity with which radical and almost revolutionary measures are enacted simply takes away the breath of those older nations which have the sacred records of tradition and precedent to consider."



MR. MEREDITH, THE VETERAN SUPERINTENDENT OF THE BUREAU OF PRINTING AND ENGRAVING

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In this, however, there is a note of warning, for there is such a thing as overdoing this eager effort to represent every wave and occasional "squall" of public sentiment. At one time in Washington public opinion is focused and centered on some great project; not even one dissenting voice will be tolerated, and it has been truly said that a good deal of our enactment is emotional rather than legislational. When a wave of sentiment comes along the wires and mails are kept hot while the measure is pending before the house, pelting the congressmen and senators with "vox populi;" and every congressman has long since learned that to continue in public service he must keep an ear to the ground and listen attentively for the voice of the people, and carefully obey the mandates of the sovereign voters who put him into office. With our quick-lunch, rapid-transit service and all the other phases of American life looking toward swift dispatch in living as well as doing and dying, we have inoculated with the same spirit, to some extent, even the stately halls of legislation.

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THERE had been a turmoil of debate all day in the house over the Annapolis hazing bill. How an indifferent and careless assemblage will stop to listen to a man "who knows!" So there was grateful silence when Congressman Weeks rose in his seat and prefaced his remarks by saying:

"I have been at Annapolis —was there for four years as a naval cadet—and I want to tell you what I think about it."

Then in a modest, unassuming manner he told his story to attentive ears, for here was a man who "had been there." The boys always listen to the courier who returns to tell the tale of how he was "so near—he nearly 'teched' him," and the boy grown a man retains the habit of his youth in this respect.

Mr. Weeks' brief speech was in strong contrast to the hurly-burly in the session before he rose to speak. But the speaker modestly refrained from any attempt at eloquence or oratory, simply giving the facts as they appeared to him when a cadet at Annapolis.

SENATOR MONEY OF MISSISSIPPI

A GLANCE into the room of the appropriations committee of the senate at this time presents a busy scene. The *piece de resistance* on the calendar for this committee is H. R. (House of Representatives) 16,472, called the "legislative bill." This consumes a large part of the entire time of the committee. The sundry civil, diplomatic, consular and District of Columbia bills also take up a great deal of time. The budget this year is larger than it has ever been before, and it would seem that details multiply; it may not be generally known that the urgent deficiency act of 1906 carries with it a paragraph providing that the head of any executive department or other government establishment, having control of the expenditure thereof, shall not expend in any one fiscal year any sum in excess of appropriations made by congress for that fiscal year, or involve the government in any contract or other obligation for the future payment of money in excess of such appropriation, unless such contract or obligation is authorized by law, on pain of punishment by a fine of not less than $100 or imprisonment for not less than one month, beside being summarily removed from office. This is why the brain-racking work of the departments begins when the question of correct appropriations comes up in the appropriations committee—as it is "ask and get now" or forever hold your peace, or hold your peace for at least one year.

SENATOR NIXON OF NEVADA

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In consequence of this drastic provision, the deficiency bills ought to show a remarkable shrinkage. It is one thing to make a correct estimate and it is another to obtain the appropriation and not have a deficiency.

The first item on the legislative bill provides $450,000 for the compensation of all the senators of the United States; next comes the mileage for the senators, $45,000. The chaplain of the senate, Reverend Edward Everett Hale, is paid the munificent sum of $1,000.

At this time in the session, the table of the appropriations committee is piled high with documents, and if the people of the United States have any idea of how the members of the United States senate toil and drudge, they will feel that the indiscriminate and false accusations of those who attack this institution are little short of treason itself. With the same amount of executive work involved, and an equal amount of talent employed, ordinary business operations would cost perhaps many times the sum paid in cash to the senators. That is, if the same ability could be secured. Many corporations in remunerating their employes put to shame our government's apparently paltry appreciation of public services and earnest, conscientious work.

The appropriations committee is officered by Thomas S. Cleaves, of

Maine, chief clerk for many years; Mr. Lee McNeely, assistant, and J. B. McClure, assistant.

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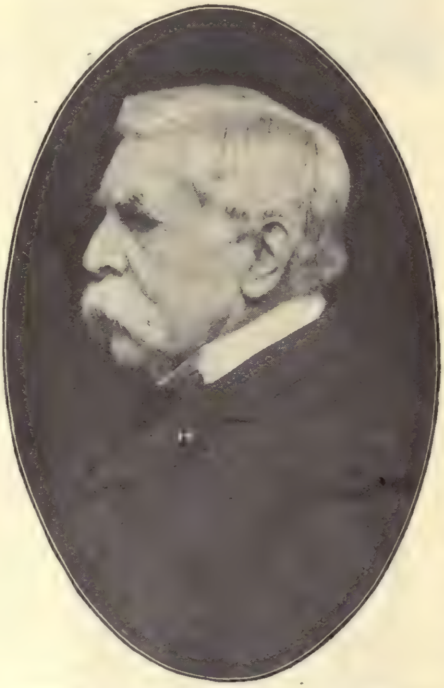
ONE of the unique characters in congress is the Honorable H. C. Adams, familiarly known as Cully Adams. It has been my good fortune to know him for several years, and the more I see of him the more convinced I become that a more level-headed, straightforward man never found his way to the floor of the house of representatives. This opinion is evidently shared by others, for he was elected to the fifty-eighth congress by a majority of 3,000, to the fifty-ninth by 7,500, and if the same proportion appears it is likely that he will be elected by ten thousand and to the sixtieth congress.



GENERAL GRENVILLE M. DODGE, PRESIDENT OF THE IOWA SOCIETY IN NEW YORK CITY

Before he became a congressman, Mr. Adams spent many years of his life upon a farm, and it is natural that he should be actively identified with the various agricultural organizations—the Wisconsin Dairymen's Association, the Wisconsin Agricultural Society, the Wisconsin Horticultural Society, the Farmers' Institute and other similar interests. He caused the enactment of pure food laws, which prevented the manufacture of counterfeit products, coming into actual force within six months. He has also been prominently identified with the national movement which secured the enactment of the pure flour law, the national filled cheese law and the oleomargarine act.

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The splendid service already rendered the country was indicated clearly by his vigorous work when he came to Washington. He introduced a bill for increasing annual appropriations to each of the forty-eight agricultural experiment stations, which were established under the provision of the Hatch act of 1887; he secured appropriations from the federal government of $240,000, on an increasing scale, which at the end of five years provided for a permanent annual appropriation of $720,000. This measure was only carried through, however, by a hand to hand conflict. The fact that this popular bill carried with it the expenditure of so much money caused it to be looked upon with some trepidation by the managers of the house.

The committee on rules was served with a petition, signed by 109 democrats and 141 republicans, to report a rule which would provide for the consideration of the bill; although upon the calendar with a favorable report, the consideration of the bill was delayed. Finally the matter was taken up with the farmers of the country, and an avalanche of public sentiment poured in from the grangers of New England, twenty allied agricultural organizations of Pennsylvania, the allied agricultural organizations of New York, the horticultural societies of the South, the cotton convention of the South, the live stock organizations of the West, the press and various agricultural colleges of the United States, and many other sources, which gave the bill a most strenuous backing.

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The mass of approving letters which poured in upon members has rarely been equalled, and the bill was passed by unanimous consent and signed by the president in March last. Mr. Adams richly deserved the congratulatory letters received from Secretary Wilson, secretary of agriculture, and from the presidents and directors of the colleges and experiment stations of forty states, commending his work as of immense value to the agricultural interests of the country. He has certainly come to his task with a sincere appreciation of the value of experiment stations, and it is singular that he should be the subject of several attacks in his own district, where it seems to have been feared that this general work would be injurious to the farmers of Wisconsin. This, however, is another evidence of the epidemic of thought which has spread over the land, carrying broadcast the idea that all men representing the people support bad measures because they are bad, and good measures because they have some unworthy motive in doing so.

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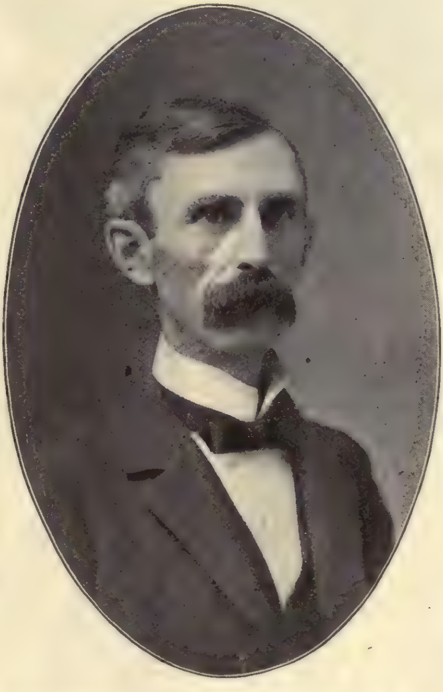
When I first met Cully Adams years ago, I found him assiduously reading the rules of the house, and I know of no man who entered congress more thoroughly equipped for work. I shall always remember his speech at the banquet of the Wisconsin Society in New York, during the Winter, when I gained a comprehensive idea of the splendid work which he has done as a member of congress. He is a fighter from fighter-land, but few members have more to their credit in actual achievement than has the slender, energetic gentleman who may always be found in the forefront of the battle, when the fight is for the betterment of his own district, or for the protection of the consumer generally. He is ever ready to protect the principles of true democracy.


REPRESENTATIVE ADAMS OF WISCONSIN, AN AUTHORITY ON AGRICULTURAL AFFAIRS

It would not seem quite right not to see Cully Adams in the corridors of the east wing of the Capitol, walking about, cane in hand, assiduously thinking out in his own incisive way, the propositions to which he has devoted himself so enthusiastically. The Madison, Wisconsin, district has certainly reason to be proud of the work achieved by the Honorable H. C. Adams.

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ONE of the distinctive phases of national social life of recent years has been the meetings of the different state societies in New York. Next to Washington, no other American city has so many cities and states represented in its citizenship as the metropolis of the nation.

As the recruits from these different sections lay aside the cares and worriments of life, and leave the rush of business for a few hours, there is an intense longing to meet the "old friends" from home. It is for this reason that a great many states have organized societies which meet at various times during the season to keep alive the memories of old home states.

The banquets of the various state societies have become notable occasions. No one can soon forget the meeting of the Ohio society at which Secretary John Hay made his famous address to a notable gathering of Ohio people, who have long since won their way to the front ranks in Gotham.

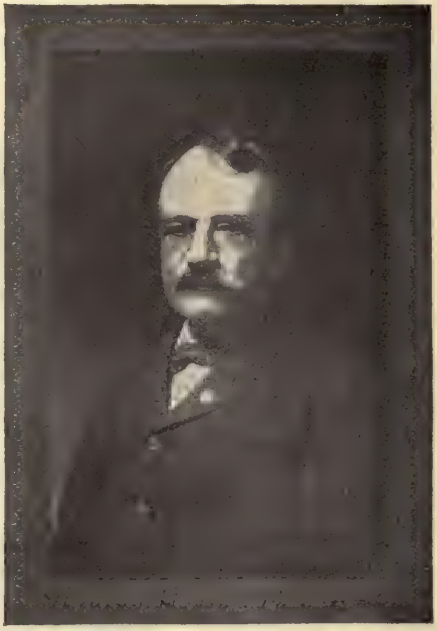
In the Missouri society the prominent talent of that state is revea'ed, and the meeting of the Indiana society was a function of remarkable interest. At the banquet of the Wisconsin society, W. L. Houser and distinguished

REPRESENTATIVE COOPER OF WISCONSIN, WHO BROUGHT ON A BITTER DEBATE BY CHARGING A PLOT TO OMIT FROM THE RAILWAY RATE BILL, IN CONFERENCE, THE CLAUSE INCLUDING EXPRESS COMPANIES UNDER ITS GENERAL PROVISIONS

Badger congressmen made addresses before a goodly number of former Wisconsin men who are now prominent in Gotham affairs.

The Iowa society had a notable gathering—the last of the season. The opening address was made by ex-Judge Dillon of the United States circuit court, and disclosed the fact that the Hawkeye state possesses traditions which might well furnish inspiration to the old commonwealths of colonial days. A beautiful tribute was paid to Chief Justices Miller of the United States supreme court and Mason of the Iowa supreme court, who made decisions that are notable landmarks in American jurisprudence. There was Colonel W. P. Hepburn, recalling vivid scenes of the days of the prairie schooners—a sharp contrast to the railroad of today, whose rates the famous Hepburn bill seeks to regulate. Congressman Elbert Hubbard—not from East Aurora; Congressman Dawson, W. I. Smith, Major Hull and Major Lacey, Reverend Newton Dwight Hillis, and many other well-known men were also there.

The charming climax of the occasion was the tribute paid to the sturdy devotion and sacrifice of the Iowa women in the cause of higher education for their sons and daughters, and the patriotic spirits at this banquet united in bestowing this tribute upon the mothers, wives, sisters and sweethearts of the state—to say nothing of the dear old aunts and cousins who are always an inspiration. General Grenville M. Dodge, a valiant veteran and one of the few corps commanders of the Civil war now living, presided, and under his command the Iowa society finds the same intrepid spirit that signalized the success of the army of Tennessee in the days of '63 under his leadership.



REPRESENTATIVE HEDGE OF IOWA

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SOME years ago I remember seeing the distinguished superintendent of the capitol, Mr. Elliott Woods, engaged in an interesting study of microbes. He was chasing them with all the ardor of a butterfly enthusiast, intent on putting the national halls of legislation in the most sanitary condition. Few men in public life are more thorough than Mr. Woods, and every nook, corner and cranny of the great national structure is as familiar to him as his own home. Every detail of construction, as well as reconstruction and renovation, comes under his attention.

The new building which will provide offices for the house of representatives and the senate, now under construction, is without doubt the most elaborate provision for strictly business operations ever made by any nation. These new buildings indicate the spirit of the age in demanding business-like efficiency and dispatch in the work at Washington. It becomes more apparent year by year that all our great questions seem to revolve entirely upon a commercial axis. The English have been called "a nation of shop-keepers," and it looks as though Americans would soon deserve the same designation, for legislation is becoming more and more a strictly business proposition. Even the great reforms of the republic center on the idea of having each individual get his or her share of the wealth of the country—and in America wealth means dollars and cents.

SENATOR PILES OF WASHINGTON

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An elderly gentleman who accompanied me to the office of Secretary Shaw was pleased to meet Mr. J. H. Edwards, who is soon to become assistant secretary of the treasury. The tribute which this friend of mine—who has long since passed his three score and tenth mile stone—paid to Mr. Edwards should indeed be an inspiration to all the young men of today. He shook him by the hand warmly and said:

"I am proud that you young men of today are so capable of taking up these great responsibilities early in life, and the virility and progressiveness of the nation is due to the unrelenting activity of young men in public life."

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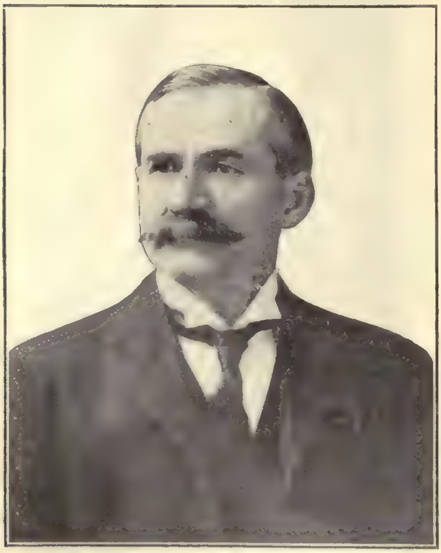
As I passed through the corridor of the capitol one day last week, I could not resist the impulse to look in upon the supreme court. No other body of men shows so conclusively the triumph of democratic institutions in the United States. While there may be some individuals who have the idea that into and unto themselves they are complete, the triumph of democracy, in the last analysis, depends upon men possessing the power to inspire confidence in fellow men sufficient to lead them to entrust them with the particular functions which belong to the offices they desire to fill. The obligation of power is itself an educator, and it is essential, in order to preserve society, that

REPRESENTATIVE WEEKS OF MASSACHUSETTS

SENATOR HALE OF MAINE

certain powers and functions shall be delegated to others, and men must be found worthy of public confidence, for it is impossible for any man to do everything for himself.

When you look upon the row of men in black robes, and realize that they are called upon constantly to pass upon disputed points, it will be understood that they must be as much consecrated to their work as any body of men can be, and that through the chief executive, chosen by the people, they receive their power direct from the voters, by and with the consent of the senate. This same degree of appointive power is exercised in the ordinary business life of today. While the office boy and janitor may not be appointed by the president of the institution, he is responsible virtually to the stockholders of the corporation who have delegated to certain officers the power, which they in turn pass on to certain other officers who undertake these responsibilities.



SENATOR HANSBROUGH OF NORTH DAKOTA

REPRESENTATIVE SMITH OF IOWA

To me the most pathetic phase of public discussion is to find individuals who delight in nothing else than wanton attacks upon those in whom confidence has been placed, and who have been invested with power by the sovereign voter. These are revolutionary spirits who would seize the lash from one hand and place it in another, rather than work upward where the lash shall no longer be used or required by anyone.

# IN THE TEETH OF A TEMBLOR

## By Charles Warren Stoddard

Author of "South Sea Idyls," "Islands of Tranquil Delight," etc.

CONGRESS SPRING, SARATOGA, CALIFORNIA

OF course I had not yet begun to tire of my rest-cure at the San José Sanitorium, three miles from San José, "The Garden City" of California. The rest-cure was pleasant to take. Why should it not go on indefinitely? Have you taken the rest-cure with the right environment? You know it begins at dawn, when your door is very softly opened and a trained nurse in uniform, with an inverted paté-cup-with-frills on the top of her trim head, offers you a glass of milk, warm from the cow or the kitchen. You ask her the hour, just for the sake of saying something to her that shall make her feel that she is very necessary to your happiness and has not lived in vain. Your watch is by your bedside and quite at your service, but you would rather see her look at hers — which is about the size of a quarter of a dollar and very pretty and very exact as to the hour, minute and second. This is what I did, invariably, and the novelty of it never wore off. Therefore I stayed on and on at the sanitorium and thought how good it is to be well when others are ill, and to try to give hope to the despairing and cheer to the convalescing and to rejoice that one is alive in this beautiful world.

From my bay window in the eastern wall I looked over the tops of the palm trees in the garden below and saw the sun rise over Mount Hamilton. The window was deep enough to take in my writing-table, a rack of books, my study chair and myself, without crowding. It was like a prophet's chamber, and when the sun shone on it I was obliged to half close the shutters to keep out the overpowering splendor. Perhaps it was not only for this that I half closed them: beyond the palms there was a field of sprouting grain of the most wonderful green tint, and on the far edge of it a hedge of almond blossoms, and I never saw them, even for a moment, but the lines of that quaintly beautiful refrain that one sometimes hears chanted in the orchards of Italy came into my head, and I whispered:

*"Flower o' the almond tree,*
*It seems we cannot leave each other be,*
*For there is something still 'twixt thee and me."*

I forget just how it goes, but that is a little like it.

Beyond the almond trees rose the foot-hills, and O! how splendid they are after the Winter rains. The Green Mountains of Vermont, or anywhere else, were never half so green as these foot-hills in the California Spring — nor so high, either, though we call them hills, and foot-hills at that. A-top of all, on the very highest peak, is the Lick Observatory, looking a wee bit like a Mohammedan tomb. I have seen that white-domed building—afar off in the after-glow — twinkling like a planet in the eastern sky; and I thought of the star-gazers there who now and again make a wonderful discovery and are as jubilant over it as if they had located an inexhaustible silver mine — or saved an immortal soul.

The shutters were kept partly closed

during the day, for there was much writing to do for the "gentle reader", who sends greeting from time to time full of appreciation and encouragement—which is the sweetest reward of authorship—and if the shutters were not there I fear my eyes would be lifted unto the hills a thousand times between dawn and dusk, and the pen would lie idle while I dreamed my dreams.

The dawn was breaking on the eighteenth of April, 1906. I had welcomed it, as I always do, with a grateful heart and a glad greeting, for the night was over and gone. I was lying upon my pillow, thinking of the pleasant task I had set myself for the day, and wondering if it were not time for nurse to arrive with her cup of milk, when I thought I heard a footstep—a very swift step—and not one only, but a hundred, a thousand, an army, hosts upon hosts rushing toward us with a strong rumble and roar that first startled and then awed me and froze me into silence. In a moment, in the fraction of a second, it seemed as if the four winds of heaven had with one accord swept down upon us, and we began to tremble within and without as if our last hour had come. The noise that was in the air was appalling; if one had ears to hear, the sighs of hell might sound like that. A great moan went up from the earth and out of the very depths of it. One hears such sounds when the sea is troubled and the fountains of the great deep are broken up. It must be remembered that all this prelude to the horrors that were to follow did not fill more than the fraction of a second—yet it seemed to last whole minutes, several of them and long ones, too.

Then we were seized as in the arms of the Almighty and shaken and shaken and shaken, as if not a bone in our bodies would be left whole, or one stone left standing upon another in the great building where so many were gathered together in the hope of finding health and strength and peace and rest. I can imagine that a kitten in the mouth of a mastiff that is snapping the life out of it might feel as we felt; or a castaway in a cockleshell engulfed in the trough of the sea; or a paralytic under the shadow of a toppling wall—who could feel more helpless than we?

The undulation of the earth began with the ripple as gentle as that that plays upon the shore of a Summer lake, and with this pleasing aspect of nature all old Californians are familiar. There was a flowing motion, not in itself disagreeable, though it is apt to arouse one's suspicion and put one on one's guard. Then came the wave, a sudden impulse, instantly followed by a succession of overwhelming billows that threatened every moment to submerge us. One does not always lose one's head in a crisis like this. The after effects are sometimes more serious than the actual cause when you are face to face with it and are noting it with preternatural calmness. I had resolved to remain in bed till the shock was over. It seemed as safe a place as any, and I had not thought of trying to escape from the building, which was now rocking like a ship in a chop-sea. A fear that the ground might open and swallow me constrained me to remain within doors; then also, a falling cornice or chimney might have crushed me to death had I attempted to make my escape. It has long been impressed upon my mind that the safest place one can seek during the action of a temblor is an open doorway; if the walls or ceiling of one room fall, there is the possibility of escape into the adjoining room. As the quaking continued and increased in violence, I thought of the doorway leading to a large closet near the head of the bed, and, climbing to the floor, I sprang toward it. My room was large, about five and twenty feet square; the ceiling lofty. Upon reaching the floor, I found it undulating, and I was thrown off my balance; I crept to the closet door, which had sprung open, and seizing it by the knobs, I raised myself to my feet and swung to and fro as the door swung with the violence of the shock.

How I could take note of anything at such a moment I know not, but this I did. I saw how a stationary rocking chair was swinging back and forth with great violence; a marble-topped center-table was sliding to and fro; large pictures on one wall were swinging wildly from side to side, while the pictures on a wall at a right angle to the first sprang out and slammed back again, shattering the glass in their frames and finally parting their cords and falling with a crash to the floor. Large vases upon the mantel were dashed into fragments; books upon my writing-table were pitched into space. The chandelier danced in the air like a trapeze just loosed from the grasp of a performer in his aerial flight.

The whole chamber reeled as if it were a house of cards caught in the vortex of a whirlwind. The plaster, loosened from the walls, was thrown into the center of the room, and some fragments of it nearly across it. The glass in the windows remained unbroken, which seems incredible. My bookcase worked its way out from the wainscot, but was not overthrown, as were most of the others in the building. Holy-water fonts were emptied; a crucifix at my bedside, suspended by a cord, was swung out and reversed so that it hung with its face to the wall. A frightful noise of crashing porcelain and glass and falling plaster resounded throughout the building. The brick walls were grinding together with a noise of the gnashing of teeth. I thought of the terrifying text—"There shall be weeping and wailing and gnashing of teeth."

All through the horrors of the great first shock I could not but feel that there was something *vicious* in it. It was as if it were a punishment visited upon the just as well as the unjust—though why the just should suffer for the sins of the unjust and the worst cities on the face of the globe go unscathed, theologians will have no hesitation in explaining to their own entire satisfaction.

After the quake was under full headway there would come an upheaval sufficient to throw one from his feet if he were standing and make walking most difficult or impossible; the next tremor would be of less violence, followed by a rotary motion that wrung the necks of chimneys and yet left many of them standing with a corkscrew twist in them. There were leaping motions such as one might encounter in the saddle of a bucking bronco. These were nerve-shattering, for they suggested a general upheaval of the earth's surface. Gradually the shocks subsided in violence, though an occasional shudder, not unlike the quivering of the skin of an animal when you touch him with a prod, reminded one that all was not yet over, and that it were well for us to take heed when we went forth from the wreck.

Experts tell us that all was over, so far as the first great shock was concerned, inside of one minute; or, to be exact, just twenty-eight seconds. I could have sworn, and I could have found ten thousand people willing to swear with me, that the earthquake lasted at least five minutes—and those were the longest five minutes I ever passed. The worst over,—we old Californians who have been brought up on earthquakes all feel that the first great shock is the worst and perhaps the only one to be feared—I dressed myself and went down the long corridor of the building. The floor was strewn with plastering from the walls and ceiling, shattered jardiniers, broken picture glass and picture frames; the dispensary was more or less a wreck—how could it be otherwise with its rows upon rows of glass jars filled with liquids or powders? The halls were alive with people hurrying to and fro with white faces and wild and fearful eyes. We were like so many materialized ghosts risen from the grave, with hurried greetings full of anxiety and surprise.

In front of the sanitorium is a garden that would serve well for a background to a Watteau picture. The velvet lawns, the well-clipped hedges of box, the palms, palmettoes, magnolias and roses running riot, as they are so apt to do in California. I found the garden thronged with flitting figures that seemed to know not why or whither they were flitting. These were people who, weary of the turmoil of life in the world, had come there to end their days in peace and quietude; and such patients as were patrolled; the trained nurses were there, most of them smiling, perhaps a little unnaturally; but they are a brave band and used to the carnage of the operating room, and they were for the most part undaunted. And there were the Sisters of Charity, the good angels of the house, with their white-winged coronets, fluttering among the foliage like affrighted doves. How often I had seen them in the chapel — now a wreck — grouped at the altar-rail, their snow-white coronets looking at times like a bed of Easter lilies, and at times like a bevy of pale butterflies, but oftener like a flock of doves just alighting after a weary flight—their wings spread and motionless, poised at every harmonious angle; as an unstudied and unconscious composition the picture must have delighted the eye of an artist. Now, under their white crowns, with whiter faces and compassionate eyes, they went to and fro, seeking to comfort the distracted and bring hope to hearts that were well nigh in their extremity.

Believing that the worst was over, after a tour of the garden I returned to my chamber and sought consolation at my desk. To bury myself in some work and thus forget the horrors of the morning was my plan. I remembered how, when the earth had gradually quieted down and the ripples had rolled away, as they do when one drops a stone into a placid pool of water, the sound that gave me more hope, more courage, more joy than any I had heard in years, was the voice of a bird piping as cheerfully under my window as if it were the first carol at the dawn of creation. I said to myself, the little shocks, the occasional shivers that must follow as they always do, I shall not fear; and with a kind of parlor-bravado I whistled softly as I took pen in hand. They came, the tremors, more or less perceptible. It is said that they did not really cease for hours after the climax that has gone into the history of the Pacific coast. Probably they did not.

I sat at my desk through several of these, and took courage the longer I sat there. I was close to a great window opening upon the garden, and was leaning against the window sill when—about five hours after the fatal shock that had dealt death to a hundred or more at the Agnew asylum seven miles away—the second and final serious shock began to rock our building like a cradle. It came with violence sufficient to push me in my chair away from the window-sill as if I had been elbowed by a crowd. I thought it might pass at once, but it did not. I arose and staggered to the door; there I was obliged to support myself for a moment while the partition wall quivered as if it were a live thing in my grasp. I thought to see the ceiling fall, for it writhed and cracked and scales of plaster fell from it where I stood. I hurried down the corridor. In the dispensary I found the sister in whose charge it was kneeling in the center of the room, with hands lifted in prayer and such a countenance as one sees in the face of a saint pictured by an old master. I said to her: "Come away, it is no longer safe within doors," but she did not hear me or heed me, and I joined those who were now hurrying toward the main entrance.

O! the sickening sensation that followed. We knew not at what moment the shattered walls of the beautiful building might topple to the ground. We knew not at what moment the earth might open and swallow us alive. Responsive nature had acknowledged the visitation: "The trees all waved their branches with a sound as of seas far away." The birds were suddenly struck dumb.

Last scene of all: From every door came the beds of those who were helpless in them, borne gently by the willing hands of the nurses and the serving-men. Then came the lame, the halt and the blind, guided and supported by those who have been caring for them in their wards for many a day; at last the sanitorium was quite untenanted and the garden crowded with all who had sought the shelter of that roof in the hope of finding health.

We were a helpless company, and yet everybody was trying to help everybody else. It was not long before the sick were ranged in a row and the apparatus of the operating-room, having been brought out upon the lawn, was ready for use in case of emergency. All too soon there was a call for it. A great portion of the Agnew insane asylum had collapsed, crushing to death more than a hundred inmates and injuring many others. Some of these were brought to us with fractured skulls, or broken legs or arms and bleeding wounds. Volunteer surgeons had joined our corps, and our garden soon began to look like a battlefield after a bloody skirmish. It was not only the sights we saw, and could not help seeing; it was the sounds we heard, the moaning, the groaning, the sharp cries of anguish from the victims stretched upon the operating-table and held there by the firm yet gentle hands of the trained nurses, young women who showed amazing pluck and perfect self-possession.

We ate when we could and where we could and how we could and what we could. The busiest hands in the world were ever ready to help where help was needed. Mattresses were laid upon the sod; dim lanterns were lighted—gas and electricity were out of commission. These lanterns swung in the branches of the trees like tropical fireflies. Now and again the sisters would gather together for a moment's consultation, and then the light from the lantern on the arm of one of them would shine faintly through the spread wings of their coronets, causing them to look like great, gray night-moths fluttering over a flame. The shadows deepened; it was very dark under the trees; there was only a low murmur in the camp now and an awful feeling of suspense, for it had been predicted by the noisesome weather prophet that the great quake would be duplicated or surpassed at so many minutes past sometime, and most of us thought it more than likely that it would.

I was fortunate enough to have a little corner in the stable reserved for me, and my narrow mattress I was glad to share with the young man Louis who had been taking special care of me for some weeks past. We were glad to lie down with our clothes on and be ready for instant flight, should the dread summons come. I wonder if anyone slept that night? Certainly not the Sisters of Charity, who were a thousand times over proving their right to that noble title. In the vestibule of the sanitorium still stood upon its pedestal unmoved the statue of St. Vincent de Paul, the founder of the order, and this seeming miracle gave courage and calm to all their hearts.

As for me, I could not close my eyes. I know of no suspense more agonizing than waiting for the recurrence of a death-dealing temblor. All through that night the frogs down by the stable raised at intervals the reiteration of a chorus the refrain of which was as plain to me as A. B. C. In vain I tried to retranslate it; but it would say nothing else than what it said at first, in the

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plainest possible English. Hour after hour through the long night I listened to it because I could not stop my ears. I suppose I was in such a highly nervous state that I was able to interpret this voice of nature. Nothing was ever plainer to my ears than the batrachian chorus that sang:

*"Pray-for-us — Pray-for-us — Pray-for-us —*
*Pray-for-us; — "Pray-for-us — Pray-for-us!"*

There was no mistaking it, there is no forgetting it. It was the Litany, and these were the responses. With all my heart I cried: "Amen and Amen!"

And the evening and the morning were the First Day.

On the day following tents arrrived and were pitched in the pleasantest parts of the grounds. A detachment of Santa Clara college boys came over to help us; rickety chimneys were pulled down; shaky walls shored up. Our insane guests were helpless, and therefore not a menace to life or limb. Litters had been borne away—some say they were lifeless who were taken away upon them. I know not, I did not ask. There was a kind of cheer in the camp, for though there were earth tremors from time to time, we all began to hope that the worst was over. A chain of incandescent lights swung from tree to tree. The operating-room was suitably enclosed with canvas screens under a waterproof roof. Now all was like a picnic camp, and nearly everybody was in good spirits—yet there were those whose loved ones were in San Francisco, through earthquake and conflagration, and we knew not if they were alive or dead; and, if living, perhaps they were without food or drink or shelter. One of our patients, brought badly wounded from the Agnew asylum, did not know that her husband had been crushed to death in the fall of that building. One of the trained nurses, a young man, was called suddenly away to attend the funeral of his mother, whose body had just been exhumed from the wreckage at Agnew's. There were constant inquiries at our gates to know if husbands, fathers, mothers, brothers, sisters, even children, were harbored within. Too often they were not, and the anxious seekers went their way haggard and weeping.

That night I found a cot in the stable reserved for me, and it was my resting-place for five weary nights. I seemed almost a luxury to have it to myself. It is true there was a horse in the next stall that kicked in his sleep; the barnyard fowls announced the canonical hours with no still, small voice; a plague of flies possessed the place; but without it was raining upon the just and the unjust with appalling injustice and the stable was as dry as a bone.

And the chanting batrachia? Those frogs had turned over a new leaf — a pond lily leaf most likely—and now they sang in merry chorus:

*"Courage — Courage; Courage — Courage;*
*Take Courage; — Courage; — Take Courage!"*

And I did.

One day I was led away into the foothills. I was weary and worn and flyblown. It seemed as if there was nothing much to live for now. As we threaded the lovely Santa Clara valley, marking how hardly a house stood in the midst of its vineyard without tilting a little to the right or left; and how some of the tall windmills had fallen to earth like flying-machines; and nearly all of the vineyard cisterns were in a state of total collapse — as we drew up toward the hills and began to climb a winding way in the bed of a richly wooded canyon, where a mountain stream cascaded joyously, something seemed to let go within me, and I could have wept glad tears for the relief of heart and spirit after the sad days just past.

I am writing from a morning window that opens upon the mouth of the canyon; yonder, far below us, spreads the valley that is one vast garden. A thousand song-birds make musical the air. This house of the seven gables stands in a rose garden that might gladden the heart of Saadi. And O! the friends who are here, by this life-giving spring, once the most famous in California and a veritable fountain of eternal youth. Here we are resting in a forgiving spirit and trying to forget. Of course there are many reminders of the past and all its horrors, but the earth, having vented its natural gases, is gradually pulling itself together, as it were. Those arteries and veins, the subterranean streams, having been crushed in, are bubbling up in new places. The general internal upheaval has left depressions, raised new mounds, and opened seams that will gradually fill up. Now all is settling back into a comfortable state and settling very slowly, so that for a month or two longer we shall feel the minor temblors that mean nothing except an assurance that Mother Earth is gradually growing normal once more.

I remember with what concern I turned to the Good Book — the revised version of "the Most High and Mighty Prince James, by the Grace of God, King of Great Britain, France and Ireland, Defender of the Faith, etc.," and sought consolation there, and found it thus:

> "*The little hills skipped like lambs.*
>
> "*I beheld, and lo, the hills moved lightly.*
>
> "*Mountains shall depart, the hills be moved.*
>
> "*The everlasting mountains were scattered, the perpetual hills did bow.*
>
> "*The foundations also of the hills moved.*
>
> "*Saith the Lord there shall be a great crashing from the hills.*
>
> "*Thou shalt make the hills as chaff.*
>
> "*The hills melt and the earth is burnt.*
>
> "*Thy hills did tremble, their carcasses were torn.*
>
> "*They shall begin to say to the hills cover us.*
>
> "*They shall say to the hills fall on us.*"

There goes a baby temblor, and it certainly gives one a slight uneasiness; it is not enough to dry the fountains of my pen, but I will pause here, while the frogs swell their welcome chorus of —

"*Courage — Courage; take Courage; take Courage!*"

# HIS BEAUTIFUL MOTHER

By Caroline Brett McLean
TORONTO, CANADA

A LILAC bush grew just outside the window of the little three-roomed cottage where Allan lived with his mother. When in full leaf, it almost entirely obscured the light, so that Allan's mother, at work on the coarse overalls by which she earned their living, was obliged to light the lamp even in broadest daylight. But its nearness gave such pleasure to the little blind boy that she would not hear of its removal, notwithstanding the heavier oil bill and consequent dampness, as her neighbor pointed out. In Summer the sound of the rustling leaves outside the window was a delight to Allan, the fragrance of the short-lived blossoms filled his soul with joy. In Winter, when it was too cold to take him with her as she returned the finished work or went for fresh supplies, the tapping of the bare branches against the window-pane was a source of companionship. Allan loved the lilac bush; his mother loved everything he loved.

Allan had not always been blind. Until he was eighteen months old his eyes, large, soft, the color of the sky on a Summer day, had been clear and undimmed, then a film had formed over their blue brightness. Taking him to a doctor, his mother had been told that he would never see again.

Everything in Allan's world was brilliantly tinted. Negative colors had no existence for him. The leaves of the lilac bush were bright yellow, like showers of gold, he said to his mother; its flowers red like blood. So with all the objects surrounding him. He liked to guess at their color, shape, size, and his guesses were often very wide of the mark. Once, when he was very little, his mother had endeavored to set him right, but so woeful an expression of disappointment had come over the small face, that, catching him up in her arms, she had hastened to assure him that he was right, that she had only "been tryin' to see if she could fool him." Thereafter, no guess was too fantastic for her to attest to its correctness.

That was why, when the great European eye-doctor came to their town and it was given out that he would be at the hospital for three days to give the benefit of his skill and advice to the poor, Allan's mother, reading one evening in the paper of the wonderful cures he had effected, lay awake all night with troubled brain. For in course of time Allan had "guessed" what his mother looked like.

"You have golden hair, mudder, and your lips is like cherries, and your eyes is—is—dark as night, and that big," he rounded his forefinger and thumb, "and you have sweepin' lashes and teeth like pearls." He stopped, waiting with his little air of triumph for the usual assent.

His mother recognized the portrait. The heroines of the stories she read to him, with much slurring of the hard words and a delightful ignorance as to the suitability of such stories for so small a boy, were all golden-haired, black-eyed, pearl-toothed, and the rest of it. But she said without an instant's hesitation, and with an air of the utmost surprise,

"Goodness! how can you do it? Why, that's the very livin' image of me."

And now if this great doctor gave him his sight, what would he think on finding that nothing was as he had imagined it? To find his lilac bush green and mauve—a combination in which Allan's mother could see no beauty — instead of yellow like gold and red like blood, would be grievously disappointing. Yet it was not the thought of his disappointment in inanimate things that kept her awake hour after hour, but the thought of his surprise when he should see his mother's face. For she knew that by no stretch of imagination could she ever have been called comely, even in her early youth, and time had not dealt gently with her. As she lay now, staring into the darkness with a vividness of imagination utterly unwonted, and which made them seem almost startlingly real, she saw two faces. The one as Allan imagined his mother's to be—fresh, black-eyed, crowned with golden hair: the other as it was in reality—traced with innumerable lines and wrinkles, with dull-colored hair fading and graying on the temples, and watery, light eyes with no lashes to speak of. If the great doctor gave him his sight, that was the face he would always see before him. And then, as when he was a tiny baby and slept on her breast, she gathered him up in her arms, gently, lest she should wake him, and held him close. And as she felt the slight, weak little body warm against hers, she almost wished that she had never heard of this great doctor who so marvelously gave sight to the blind. People thought she was to be pitied on account of Allan.

Her warm-hearted Irish neighbor always spoke of him and her as "the craturs," but she had never looked upon herself as an object of pity. At the first shock she had speedily found compensation for Allan's affliction. For now he would be her own for all time; never grow independent of her, never cease to need her care, a perpetual babyhood calling always for the exercise of mother-love. Pity indeed! Was it not the neighbor who needed pity, with the rollicking, sturdy boys, playing and quarreling all day long on the street, independent of her already, and who would presently go beyond her ken altogether, out into the world, leaving her alone. The haunting pain of the mother at thought of her baby growing up and leaving her, awoke in this mother's heart with the greater poignancy because of its long cessation. She gathered the little body closer to her in a kind of soft fierceness, forgetting her fear lest she wake him, and so held him till day dawned.

Later she told him cheerfully that they were going to see the doctor that day.

During the course of his short life, Allan had had to visit the doctor very frequently, and looked upon such days as red-letter ones, though he made wry faces over the medicine. The ride on the cars delighted him; the sounds of the streets filled him with eagerness. His quick ear could detect a hundred distinct sounds above the general roar of traffic; and he knew what manner of things and people produced these sounds. Always his mother could not assent too readily to the correctness of his ofttimes grotesque descriptions. But today she maintained a silence that was not a little puzzling to Allan. How could she assent to that eager, assertive pipe, "Ain't it so, mudder," when soon he might see for himself the things which now his imagination shaped so fantastically.

At the hospital she had to await her turn before being ushered into the presence of the great doctor. It was an anxious little group which was gathered in the ante-room; the talk was in low tones. But Allan's mother sat down by herself in the farthest corner beside a window out of which she looked diligently. In company like this introductions are not waited for, and she would not have him know that this was other than an ordinary visit to the doctor. Allan sat quietly on her lap, silent at last. He did not understand his mother today.

Her turn came at last. The famous doctor was a small man, insignificant-looking indeed, until one saw his eyes and noted the width of the brow above them, and then the insignificance was forgotten. Benevolence and gentleness looked out of the calm eyes, intellect was stamped on the broad brow. After a few questions, he made his examination in silence, looking into the clouded eyes from this point and that. When it was over he still maintained silence for what seemed to the mother, hearing every beat of her heart, an eternity. But when he opened his lips, and before he could speak, she arose from her seat, snatched Allan up, placed him in the outer room, and returning stood before the doctor, trembling exceedingly.

"I didn't want him to know if—if—if—" she faltered.

When she reappeared in the waiting-room, every eye was turned upon her. A radiant young mother who had already seen the doctor and heard glad tidings, and now sat pressing her year-old blind baby to her breast, said pityingly out of her own great joy:

"Ah, poor thing, there's no hope for hers," for Allan's mother's face was colorless, her eyes had the set look of a sleep-walker's. But there was hope, more than hope,—certainty. In his soft, foreign-sounding voice, the doctor had told her confidently that after an operation Allan would see again.

Some kindly woman had placed Allan on a chair after he had been so uncermoniously bustled out. His mother lifted him now, and carrying him to her old seat beside the window sat down and looked out unseeing. Then two little arms stole about her neck and an excited voice whispered:

"Can he cure my eyes, mudder? Can he make me see? Oh, mudder, can he make me see?" In the interval between his ejection from the surgery and his mother's return, Allan had learned the object of his visit to the doctor.

And the mother said "Yes", simply, without comment or qualification, the doctor could cure his eyes.

"And I'll see everything — everything." His arms fell from about her neck, but they were up again in a moment, and the whispering, excited voice went on,

"Now I'll grow up a big man, and work and earn lots of money, and you needn't work no more, mudder." By some subtle process of sympathy, the mother's idea that somehow his blindness would keep him from growing up, seemed to have been in Allan's mind also.

"And I'll see everything," he cried, and was silent for a moment, then his arms tightened chokingly.

During the time that Allan lay with bandaged eyes in the darkened room at the hospital, a certain window in a little store in a side street held a curious fascination for his mother. The window contained the head and shoulders of a woman's figure, with a profusion of yellow hair wonderfully coiffed. Above the head depended a placard bearing in large letters the inscription: "This tint obtained by using DeCrespion's Golden Hair Wash." In thick, brown glass bottles obtrusively labelled the wash was displayed for sale.

On her way to the warehouse for her supplies of work, Allan's mother would linger outside the window; on her way home with arms laden she would pause. A hundred times a day, while she worked, her mind would turn in a flutter of hope and fear to the window of the dingy little store.

"I'll know you 'mediately, mudder," Allan had said to her, with his little excited laugh. "I'd know you if you was with a million hundred people." His little hands stroked her face. She had heard him murmur something about golden hair. But he would not know her. A thousand times in imagination she saw the look in the blue eyes when told that this was his mother, the unbelief, the shrinking, the immeasurable disappointment, and her joy in the restoration of his sight was overborne by the anguish which the thought of that look in his eyes brought her. And then the sight of that flaunting yellow head in the "Beauty Doctor's" window, awakened a half-fearful hope in her heart. Would it brand her as being utterly wicked if she were to take this means of making herself look as much as possible like what Allan imagined her to look, so that at least one feature would be recognizable, familiar? The price was printed on the label, two dollars and fifty cents. Loitering outside, she would finger her lean purse in a furtive, hurried fashion, convinced that every passer-by was aware of what she contemplated. That women should go in and out openly, apparently unashamed, filled her with an intensity of wonder.

But one day when Allan's nurse told her that, all being well, the bandages would be removed from his eyes within a week, she went straight from the hospital to the store in a panic that took no further note of doubts and qualms. A middle-aged Frenchman with pointed beard and hair parted in the center, came from behind a glass partition to wait on her.

"I want to know about that Golden Hair Wash," she said, pantingly.

"Yes, madame." Not even the proverbial politeness of his nation could prevent the surprised stare that accompanied the words. This woman was so obviously not of the class who patronized one of his calling. He reached a bottle down from the shelf behind him, "This, madame, is the hair wash, unrivalled in its effects; not to be detected from nature. You wish your hair tinted? Our fee, madame, is fifteen dollars."

Her face fell grievously. Fifteen dollars! When two dollars and a half could be obtained only at the cost of many sacrifices.

"I thought I could do it myself," she faltered.

"Certainly you can, madame. But we like, where it is possible, to do the work ourselves." He saw that it was not possible in this case, and continued:

"So many ladies are not careful to follow directions, and then—" he threw out expressive hands. "But if you will follow directions absolutely, absolutely, madame, you can apply the wash yourself and the result will be as satisfactory as if we did it. First wash the head and scalp thoroughly, taking particular care to see that the hair is free from every particle of oil and dirt, then apply the wash evenly twice a day with a fine-toothed comb."

She eyed him wistfully. "How long will it take. If it won't—if it won't change it in a week, it'll be no use to me."

"Madame, you will see a difference after the first application, and in a week I'll guarantee, if you follow the directions faithfully, that you will have a head of as beautiful golden hair as any lady could wish for. DeCrespion's Golden Hair Wash cannot fail."

She drew a long breath as of one about to plunge into some unknown depth. "I'll take a bottle," she said.

"Yes, madame, and I would draw your attention to my Grecian Oil." From the show case he took a small bottle containing a yellowish, greasy-looking mixture. "This madame, is DeCrespion's Grecian Oil, the only natural skin food, a certain eradicator of wrinkles, makes an old face young; keeps a young face from ever growing old. I would advise you to try it, madame. It is fully worth ten dollars a bottle, but the price is only two-fifty."

She paused with her purse open. "A certain eradicaor of wrinkles." "Makes an old face young." The flickerings of a new hope stirred warmly at her heart. The Frenchman's eyes wandered from the open purse to her undecided face.

"You will never be sorry, madame," he said persuasively, and then confidentially, "Those lines, madame, and these," he touched forehead and cheek quickly, delicately. "At your age they have no business there. There is no necessity for them at any age."

I never had no time to think of my looks," she said apologetically, consciously.

"Madame, it's a crime for a lady to neglect her appearance. Isn't it worth a little time if at sixty you'll look only forty. But for those who have neglected themselves my Grecian Oil is a godsend. Take my word for it, madame, after a few treatments, you wouldn't be without it for a hundred dollars."

She hesitated no longer. The flickering hope had sprung up full-grown. The extra expenditure would entail even more rigorous sacrifices, a longer period of pinching, but that did not matter? What did anything matter, if Allan's first sight of his mother's face could show it unlined, fresh, young?

"If it'll do it in a week," she said.

He asseverated that two daily applications for a week would take twenty years off her age.

"After carefully washing the face, take ten drops of oil in the palms of the hand—so." He illustrated the process. "Then rub all wrinkles for fully ten minutes at a time in an opposite direction—so." He illustrated again. "In a week, madame, you will not know yourself." She paid for her purchases and went home with light feet and a heart from which a great weight seemed to have been lifted. A week! She could almost wish that the time set for the removal of the bandages were farther away, so as to give the remedies that were to make such a change in her time to work their fullest magic.

During this last week she was debarred from seeing Allan. Latterly her visits had worked him up to an excitement over which the doctor looked grave. Ordinarily, to the mother, the passing of a week without sight of her boy would have seemed endless. Now the hours flew by on wings. And as they passed, inexorably, not to be stayed, the weight so suddenly lifted from her heart settled on it again heavier than ever. For DeCrespion's Golden Hair Wash and DeCrespion's Grecian Oil had failed—failed utterly. The fateful day dawned, and the hair that should have been golden showed only a reddish, unnatural shade; the lines that were to have been obliterated had become all the deeper in that week of anxious scrutiny of her face.

The nurse had told her to come at three o'clock and she reached the hospital as the hour struck. For several minutes she stood in the hall before mounting the stairs. With that new vividness of imagination, she was following all that had taken place in the room upstairs. She saw the doctor removing the bandages one by one, heard Allan's cry as the light flashed on his so long darkened eyes. She saw him now waiting for his mother, the little figure tense with excitement, the blue eyes—how clear they had been—turned toward the door. She saw the door opening, saw his eager start, his look of disappointment at seeing a stranger, as he would think. Oh, how could she tell him that she was no stranger but his mother, the golden-heaired, beautiful mother for whom he was waiting. She went up the stairs slowly with leaden feet.

The door of the litle room at the end of the corridor was slightly ajar. As the mother approached, it was opened from within and a nurse came out and stood before her as if to bar her passage, looking at her the while with eyes in which there was a great compassion. The mother looked back at her for a long moment.

"He is—he is dead," she said then. Her voice was a whisper, but there was no shock in it.

The nurse bent her head. "In his sleep, painlessly. His heart gave out."

The mother turned away. There was a window at a little distance and she walked to it and looked out. The grass of the lawns was like green velvet, the flower-beds were a mass of bloom. In a maple tree a few feet away a bird was singing. With a newly awakened sense, the mother noted these things, then the nurse came to her side.

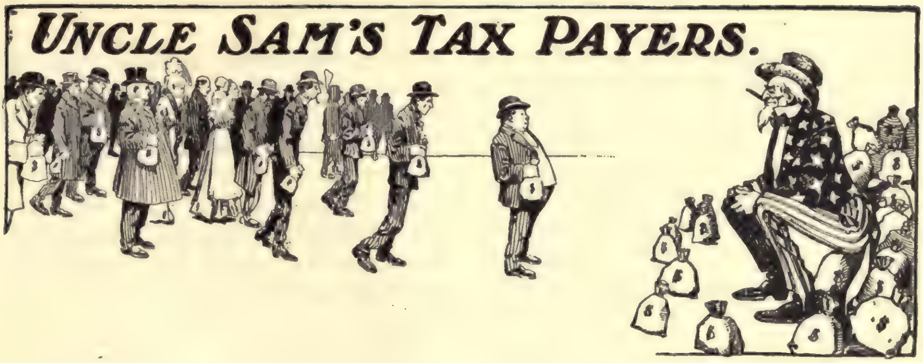
"He was always talking of his mother—his beautiful mother," she said tenderly.

The mother raised a face from which the strained and anxious look had fled. A great peace had fallen upon it.

"He thought I was good-looking, and I never told him no different," she said simply, during which the bird in the tree seemed as if it would burst its throat in the joyousness of its song. "When I see him again, maybe I'll be beautiful."

"'We know that we shall be like Him,'" said the nurse to herself softly, as she turned away.

# UNCLE SAM'S TAX PAYERS.



## By David A. Gates

ATLANTA, GEORGIA

A CONGRESSMAN is credited with the statement that the United States internal revenue laws are so devised as to "secure the maximum amount of feathers with the minimum amount of squalling." To appreciate the full force of this homely but apt illustration it is only necessary to look at results in the shape of taxes collected annually and to consider these results in connection with the comparatively insignificant cost of collecting these taxes. The cost of collecting a tax may be considered a fair measure of the amount of "squalling" resulting from the enforcement of the law creating it. It represents in dollars and cents the opposition to the law.

During the fiscal year ended June 30, 1905, the aggregate collections of the internal revenue bureau were $234,187,976.37. It cost $4,705,296.32—two per cent. of this vast sum — to collect it. The aggregate collections from tariff taxes during the same period were $261,798,856.91 and the cost of collection $9,115,499.44, or three and one-half per cent. Both internal revenue and tariff taxation are indirect and both are similar in that each is a tax on a commodity. In view of the fact that the customs duty is paid when the taxable article comes into this country and the internal revenue tax is collected on articles manufactured in this country, it would seem that the latter would be the most difficult to collect and consequently the cost of collection greater.

That the reverse is true is due to several causes, among them being the comparatively few articles upon which an internal revenue tax is imposed and the manner of indicating that the tax has been paid. Without doubt, however, the principal cause is the difference in the number of people who are benefited or who could be benefited by violating the law. Any man who wants to consume a foreign-made article would be benefited in a financial way if he could get that article into the country free of duty. Uncle Sam is therefore compelled to watch every citizen to prevent violations of the customs laws. As regards articles upon which an internal revenue tax is imposed, the manufacturer is interested in evading the tax, and often the dealer, but the consumer, never. For instance, manufacturers who put untax-paid whiskey on the market sometimes divide the tax saved with the dealer — for a consideration, of course—but the dealer never divides what he makes with the consumer. The number of people to be watched in the case of the internal revenue tax, therefore, is limited to the manufacturers of and dealers in objects of taxation.

### *Just a Few Figures*

During the fiscal year closing June 30, 1905, the total amount going into the United States treasury from all sources was $697,101,269.95. The three principal sources from which this money came were:

| | |
|---|---|
| Customs . . . . . | $261,798,856.91 |
| Internal revenue . . . | 234,095,740.85 |
| Postal revenues . . . | 152,826,585.10 |
| Total . . . . . | $648,721,182.76 |

The other $48,000,000 came from twenty-eight other sources, some of which are permanent, some not.

It cost $167,891,842.10 to maintain the postal service,—$15,065,257 more than the receipts from postal revenues. The postoffice department is therefore not self-sustaining and added to the $570,00,000 necessary to maintain the other branches of the government; the treasury department had to sustain about nine per cent. of the cost of handling the mails.

[The postal deficiency is due to the excessive rates paid railroads for carrying the mails. This excess for 1905 is declared by some good judges to have been close to forty million dollars. It is not asserted that the postal department could have got lower rates — the postal department has no railroads of its own; and as nearly all the lines that were originally built to compete have been merged in huge systems, their competition for government contracts is doubtless to a large extent Pickwickian. But the fact remains that the postal department would show a round yearly profit if it could get its railway service as cheap as big private corporations — Standard Oil and United States Steel, say — get theirs from the same roads. —*F. P.*]

Leaving out of consideration the receipts from postal revenues and the receipts from miscellaneous sources, (none of which are, strictly speaking, taxes) of the total amount of taxes collected in the United States for the maintenance of the government, forty-seven per cent. came from internal revenue.

The different objects upon which the law imposed an internal revenue tax during the last fiscal year yielded the following amounts of tax:

| | |
|---|---|
| Distilled spirits . . . | $135,958,513.12 |
| Fermented liquors . . . | 50,360,553.18 |
| Cigars . . . . . | 20,976,091.95 |
| Cigarettes . . . . | 3,346,560.29 |
| Snuff . . . . . | 1,267,911.66 |
| Chewing and smoking tobacco | 20,069,346.60 |
| Oleomargarine . . . | 605,478.81 |
| Renovated butter . . . | 156,735,26 |
| Adulterated butter . . . | 3,938.97 |
| Mixed flour . . . . | 1,648.39 |
| Playing cards . . . . | 426,575.44 |
| Penalties . . . . | 228,594.73 |
| Other sources . . . . | 786,027.97 |
| Total . . . . . | $234,187,976.37 |

The amount credited to distilled spirits includes about $6,500,000 "special taxes" wholesale and retail liquor dealers, etc. Likewise in the amount credited to "fermented liquor" is included about $750,000 special taxes—wholesale and retail malt-liquor dealers, etc. The amounts credited to oleomargarine and adulterated butter include the special taxes paid by the dealers in those articles. The collections from "other sources" include $774,354.59 from legacies on which the tax accrued prior to the repeal of the legacy tax. No tax was collected on filled cheese or smoking opium during the last fiscal year.

### *How Internal Revenue Is Collected*

The method of paying the internal revenue tax is simple. The manufacturer of the thing upon which the law imposes a tax registers with the proper collector, keeps and renders an account of the material used in the manufacture of the article, keeps and renders an account of the quantity of the finished product manufactured, buys from the governent a stamp to cover the tax on each package of manufactured goods, affixes the stamp to the package and then puts it on the market. When the taxable article goes upon the market the tax is added by the manufacturer. It becomes a part of the value of the commodity and continues to be a part of its value until it passes from the jobber to the retail dealer and thence to the consumer. The internal revenue tax-payer known to the law, (the distiller, the brewer, the tobacco or cigar manufacturer) is really nothing more nor less than the government's agent in collecting the tax. He shares no more of the burden of the tax than does any other consumer, and often, because of some change in the law, he reaps a profit that is, strictly speaking, not legitimate. The real tax-gatherer is the seller of "booze" under its various names or of the "pernicious weed" in its numerous forms. The real tax-payer is the fellow whose appetite calls for these luxuries.

The tax imposed by the internal revenue law on a proof gallon of distilled spirits is one dollar and ten cents. A proof gallon is a wine gallon containing half alcohol and half water. The whiskey of commerce is usually ninety per cent. proof. The tax on a gallon of ninety per cent. proof whiskey is therefore ninety per cent. of one dollar and ten cents, or, ninety-nine cents. It is estimated that there are fifty drinks in a gallon of whiskey. The tax on an ordinary drink of whiskey is therefore two cents. Approximately 18,630,100 drinks of distilled spirits are taken in the United States each day; the tax upon that quantity of spirits amounts to $372,602. The tax on the distilled spirits consumed in the United States in ten days would build a modern, first-class battleship.

The law fixes a tax of one dollar on a barrel (thirty-one gallons) of beer, ale, porter, or other fermented liquors. It is estimated that a barrel of beer will yield four hundred glasses. When a man drinks a glass of beer he therefore pays one-fourth of one cent tax. The beer-drinkers of the United States take 54,800,000 glasses of beer each day, upon which they pay a tax of $137,000. The salary of the president, vice-president and the entire cabinet for the year is collected from the beer drinkers in one day.

*"The good old sister of the chimney corner"*

The tax on a cigar is three-tenths of one cent. Each day the smokers of cigars in the United States consume 19,158,333 cigars and pay $57,469 into the United States treasury. The tax on ordinary cigarettes is one dollar and eight cents per thousand. Each day the cigarette smokers in the United States consume 8,488,888 cigarettes and pay into the country's coffer $9,168. The smokers of cigars and cigarettes pay an average of $66,637 a day in tax. By midnight on the first day of January the smokers of cigars and cigarettes have provided for the salary of the supreme court of the United States for the ensuing year.

The tax on a pound of chewing or smoking tobacco is six cents. There is an average of one hundred and twenty "chews" of tobacco in a pound. Uncle Sam therefore gets one-twentieth of one cent on a chew of tobacco. The consumers of chewing and smoking tobacco last year paid tax into the treasury at the rate of $54,984 a day. They more than paid the salaries of our splendid navy.

And the good old sisters of the chimney corner must not be forgotten in the division of honors. The female contingent during the last fiscal year paid tax on snuff at the rate of $3,473 a day. Probably without knowing it and certainly without any noise, the humble object of the toast,

"Here's to the gal from Arkansaw,
Who can saw more wood than her pa can saw
And chaw more tobacco than her ma can chaw,"

contributed enough money to Uncle Sam's exchequer to maintain the public health and marine hospital service.

*"Three for five"*

The amount of tax raised on oleomargarine and renovated butter was comparatively insignificant ($762,214.07) yet it was more than enough to pay the expenses of the national soldiers' homes.

### *Card-Players Support West Point*

The $426,575.44 collected on 21,28,777 packs of playing cards put upon the market paid the expenses of the military academy at West Point.

In July, 1894, the tax on distilled spirits was raised from ninety cents to one dollar and ten cents on a proof gallon. Millions of gallons in bond were tax-paid by distillers between the date of the passage of the act and the date it went into effect. The day the law went into effect up went the price of all distiled spirits twenty cents a gallon. The twenty cents was added not only to all whiskey tax-paid after August 28, 1894, but also to the millions of gallons tax-paid at ninety cents.

In June, 1898, the tax on beer was raised from one dollar to two dollars per barrel. Under the old law the tax was a dollar straight, under the new law a discount of fifteen cents a barrel was allowed on all stamps bought, and the tax was therefore but one dollar and eighty-five cents per barrel. To compensate for the increased rate the brewers raised the price one dollar a barrel and the retail dealers cut down the size of the glass. In June, 1898, the tax on tobacco and snuff was increased from six cents to twelve cents per pound. As soon as the new rate went into effect the price of tobacco and snuff was raised six cents a pound. The price went up not only on the goods tax-paid at the new rate, but also on those tax-paid at the old rate but still on the market. In every instance where there has been an increase in the rate of the tax on an article the increased tax has been added either directly or indirectly to the price of the article, and the consumer has paid the additional tax. We heard some opposition to the increase of these taxes when the new laws were being proposed. As soon as the expenses of the Spanish-American war and of subjecting the Philippines were paid, the old rates on beer and tobacco were restored, and the new taxes provided for in the act of June 13, 1898, were abolished.

Whence came the opposition—who did the "squalling?" The man whose glass of beer was reduced in size? "Old wool hat," whose "ten cents' worth" of tobacco dwindled by several "chews," or the old sister in the chimney corner, whose nickle box of snuff was trimmed by the tobacco trust until it required a microscope to find it? If they did any "squalling" it was not sufficiently loud to be heard.

### *Passing of the "Moonshiner"*

Frauds on the internal revenue are confined principally to two classes of persons — unregistered manufacturers of objects of taxation and registered manufacturers of such articles. Of the first class, by far the most numerous are the illicit distillers. An illicit brewery or an illicit cigar or tobacco factory is seldom heard of. During the past few years the number of illicit distilleries has steadily decreased. In 1892 Uncle Sam's "revenuers" destroyed 2,391 moonshine stills. The last fiscal year they destroyed 1,055. It is also worthy of note that while the number of illicit distilleries has decreased, the number of persons *arrested* for illicit distilling has increased from 857 in 1898 to 1,045 in 1905. This should probably be construed to mean that the prosecution of the offenders has had the effect to reduce violations. The "moonshiner" is unquestionably passing.

There are some frauds on the revenue committed by the registered manufacturers of every taxable article, but violations of this character are confined largely to registered distillers. It is probable that the registered distiller evades ninety per cent. of the internal revenue commodity tax that is evaded. This is probably due to the fact that the temptation of the registered distiller is greater, the tax being much higher in proportion to the value of the article than it is on any other object of internal revenue taxation. The government recognizes this and does something that is not done with the manufacturer of any other taxable article —assigns at least one government officer to the charge of each distillery. It is not possible for the distiller to rob the government without the consent of this officer, but these officers are human and often have their prices. A dishonest distiller plus a corrupt government storekeeper-guager equals a loss to the government of anything between one dollar to five hundred dollars a day. In a case recently tried in one of the southern states it was shown that the distiller robbed the government of the tax on 50,000 gallons of whiskey last year.

*"Three for a dollar"*

A great deal of maudlin sympathy is wasted on violators of the internal revenue laws. Illicit distillers come in for a good share. We often hear persons who should know better say, "A man ought to be permitted to do what he pleases with his own grain, etc." When the case of the illicit distiller is analyzed, it will be seen that he is not entitled to any special sympathy. The very fact that the law imposes a tax of one dollar and ten cents a gallon on whiskey makes it possible for him to find a market for his goods which have escaped the tax. If there were no tax on whiskey and it could be manufactured by anyone who wished to go into business, the mountaineer, with his primitive methods, could not begin to compete with the large distillers of Kentucky, Pennsylvania and Illinois. They could put whiskey on the market at twenty-five to thirty cents a gallon. It would cost the mountaineer at least fifty cents.

But whether un-tax-paid articles are put upon the market by registered or unregistered manufacturers, it is seldom that the consumer reaps any benefit. The distiller who defrauded the government out of $55,000 last year put 50,000 gallons of whiskey on the market at prices below what honest goods could be sold. A few dealers purchased this whiskey at these prices and were given an undue advantage over their competitors. The consumer paid the same prices for tax-paid and un-tax-paid goods. The fifty-five thousand dollars were divided between the government officers who were assigned to the distillery, the distiller and the retail dealers. The consumer paid the tax, but the government did not get it.

*"Cut down the size of his glass of beer"*

### *Spanish War Special Taxes*

The act of June 13, 1898, was an emergency law passed to meet the expenses of war. Its object was to increase the internal revenue collections $100,000,000 a year, and it did all that was expected of it. This law increased the rate on certain objects already taxable, imposed a tax on certain articles and things not heretofore taxable, and created what was practically a tax on certain occupations. The law was modified and the rates reduced several times until May 9, 1902, when the last provision of the war revenue law was repealed.

The total taxes collected to meet the expenses of the Spanish-American war were $387,332,878.40. Of this, fifty-two and one-half per cent. came from increasing the rate on beer eighty-five cents a barrel, on cigars sixty cents a thousand, on cigarettes forty-two cents a thousand and on tobacco and snuff six cents a pound. The other forty-seven and one-half per cent. came from various minor sources.

The consumers of snuff, cigarettes, cigars, tobacco and beer not only paid fifty-two and one-half per cent. of the expenses of the Spanish-American war and the war in the Philippine islands, but while they were doing that they were also bearing about seventeen per cent. of the ordinary running expenses of the government.

### *Taxes That Are Prohibitive*

Internal revenue laws do not always have the raising of revenue as their object. When a commodity is put in the catagory of taxable articles it is done ostensibly for the purpose of raising revenue, but sometimes there is really another object. There is an internal revenue tax of ten dollars a pound on "smoking-opium." The object of the law imposing this tax is unquestionably to prevent the manufacture of that commodity in this country. There are no collections from that source, hence the tax is prohibitive.

The tax of four cents a barrel on "mixed flour" was also avowedly imposed with the view of stopping the production of adulterated flour. The amount of tax from that source has dwindled from $7,840.62 in 1898-9 to $1,648.39 in 1904-5. The same is true of "filled cheese." The year 1897-8, the amount of revenue collected on "filled cheese" was $18,992.38. Last fiscal year there were no collections from that source. The internal revenue marks, stamps and brands on the packages put the public on notice as to what the articles were and this stopped the sale of them.

In the case of oleomargarine, the imposition of the internal revenue tax has not had the result that was expected. In 1896, a law was passed imposing a tax of two cents a pound on oleomargarine and a special tax of forty-three dollars a year on the seller of the commodity. In spite of the handicap placed on the article itself and the seller of it, oleomargarine grew in favor as a food and during the fiscal year 1901-2 the internal revenue tax was paid on 123,133,853 pounds of oleomargarine. The amount of tax collected from that source was $2,944,492.46 People came to look upon oleomargarine as a pure, wholesome food. In 1902 adverse legislation was passed. The tax on colored oleomargarine—the only kind of goods then being manufactured—was raised from two cents a pound to ten cents a pound. The rate on the uncolored product was fixed at one-fourth of one cent a pound. This law has practically driven colored oleomargarine from the market—the sales last year aggregating but 3,284,851 pounds. The uncolored article seems to be growing in favor, however, and to be taking the place of butter to an appreciable extent the sales last year amounting to 46,596,132 pounds. With the heavy handicap placed on oleomargarine, there is still collected on it in tax over $600,000 a year.

The law changing the rate on oleomargarine contained provisions taxing adulterated and renovated butter. This law has had the effect of driving the adulterated butter manufacturers out of business. Last fiscal year the total production of adulterated butter in the United States was 3,671 pounds. As regards renovated butter, however, if the object of imposing the tax was to stop the manufacture of the commodity, the law has not done what was expected of it, for last fiscal year the production of the article amounted to 61,366,596 pounds and the tax collected from that source was $156,735.26, an increase of $15,861.73 over the previous year.

### *Where the Tax Is Collected*

While the real burdens of internal revenue taxation are fairly well distributed over the entire country, the fact that objects of taxation are much more extensively produced in some sections than in others makes the collections in some states much larger than in others. The last fiscal year over half the internal revenue collections in the United States came from the four states of Illinois, New York, Indiana and Kentucky and seventy per cent. of the total collections came from these four states and Ohio and Pennsylvania. The following statement represents the collections in these six states:

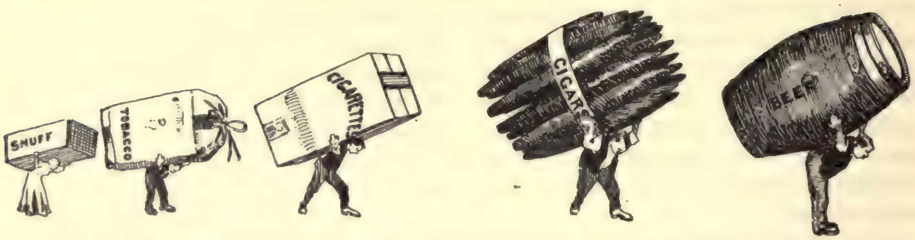
| | |
|---|---|
| Illinois | $51,892,703.18 |
| New York | 27,991,572.20 |
| Indiana | 24,652,244.26 |
| Kentucky | 21,754,399.70 |
| Ohio | 19,782,615.61 |
| Pennsylvania | 19,196,170.42 |
| Total | $165,269,705.37 |

In the fifth district of Illinois (the Peoria district) consisting of some twelve counties, the aggregate collections were $34,691,666—nearly fifteen per cent. of the total collections in the United States.

The six states in which the collections were smallest the last fiscal year were:

| | |
|---|---|
| Vermont | $18,239.67 |
| Mississippi | 20,405.62 |
| Wyoming | 23,216.82 |
| North Dakota | 34,654.28 |
| Nevada | 51,396.38 |
| Idaho | 63,988.58 |
| Total | $211,901.35 |

The aggregate collections in these six states was less than one-tenth of one per cent. of the total collections. The collections in the Peoria district amounted to



*"Bearing over half the cost of the Spanish war and nearly one-fifth of the regular running expenses of the government"*

as much in two days as did the collections in these six states in 365 days.

Georgia and Kentucky are about the same in population, and the consumption of taxable articles is approximately about the same. The internal revenue collections in Kentucky last fiscal year amounted to $21,754,399.70; in Georgia the amount was $509,455.13. And Kentucky not only did not share any more of the burden of the tax than did Georgia, but incidentally the citizens of Kentucky were materially benefited by the payment of salaries to revenue officers. In collecting the tax several hundred Kentuckians were employed by the government. They were paid in salaries $420,000 — a sum well up toward the total collections in Georgia.

### *Where Taxed Goods Are Made*

Where are the different objects of internal revenue taxation manufactured? Let us see.

Last fiscal year the six states leading in the production of fermented liquors were:

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| New York | 11,060,407 | barrels |
| Pennsylvania | 6,114,257 | " |
| Illinois | 4,777,783 | " |
| Wisconsin | 4,078,387 | " |
| Ohio | 3,907,073 | " |
| Missouri | 3,502,950 | " |
| Total | 33,440,857 | barrels |

These six states produced two-thirds of the fermented liquor produced in the United States. Sixty per cent. of the collections in New York were on fermented liquor.

Last year the several states leading in the different kinds of distilled spirits tax-paid for consumption were Kentucky in bourbon whiskey with 12,203,790 gallons; Pennsylvania in rye whiskey with 4,236,370 gallons; Illinois in alcohol with 3,439,895 gallons; Massachusetts in rum with 745,685 gallons; Illinois in gin with 601,045 gallons and Illinois in high proof or neutral spirits with 33,525,847 gallons. California led in the production of grape brandy with 4,602,134 gallons, Maryland in peach brandy with 20,662 gallons and New York in apple brandy with 177,148 gallons.

In tobacco manufactured Missouri led last year in plug with 56,963,591 pounds produced, also in twist with 4,266,031 pounds; Illinois in fine-cut with 5,572,234 pounds; North Carolina in smoking with 34,041,397 and New York in snuff with 6,647,413 pounds.

Last year the total production of ordinary cigars was 6,640,482,483. Of the total cigars produced 1,892,274,690 were manufactured in Pennsylvania, and nearly half of the cigars produced in the United States were manufactured in Pennsylvania and New York. Virginia led in small cigars with 349,023,940. The total production of cigarettes was 3,426,890,229. Of these, 2,140,369,834—nearly two-thirds of the entire production—came from New York. In the production of oleomargarine Illinois led, producing about two-thirds of the oleomargarine manufactured. The same state also led in the production of adulterated butter, as well as in the production of renovated butter, over one-third of the collections on renovated butter having come from Illinois.

### *Retail Liquor-Dealers*

During the last fiscal year there were all told, 241,239 retail and 6,328 wholesale liquor dealers in the United States. The six states having the greatest number of retail dealers were:

| | |
|---|---|
| New York | 33,594 |
| Illinois | 22,535 |
| Pennsylvania | 21,604 |
| Ohio | 18,896 |
| California | 15,151 |
| Wisconsin | 11,199 |
| Total | 122,979 |

Over half of the retail liquor-dealers in the United States did business in these six states. This fact should by no means be taken as a measure of the quantity of distilled spirits consumed in these states, for the reason that these dealers not only supply the local demand, but ship large quantities of spirits into the prohibition sections of other states.

The law relating to distilleries provides that spirits may be deposited in bonded warehouses and kept for eight years before the tax is paid. During the year 1904-5 the total quantity withdrawn from warehouses for use in the United States was 117,738,753 gallons. Of this, 58,000,000 gallons consisted of neutral high-proof spirits; 10,000,000 gallons of alcohol and 50,000,000 gallons of rye, bourbon and corn whiskey, gin, rum and brandy. The neutral spirits and alcohol were new goods, the whiskey, brandy, etc., were more or less aged. The alcohol was largely used in the manufactures; the cologne spirits were used nearly altogether by "rectifiers" of spirits in the manufacture of imitation goods. A considerable part of the bourbon rye, and corn whiskey, rum, gin and brandy went the same route. They were "blended" with the neutral spirits. The total quantity of spirits "rectified" in the United States last fiscal year was 105,389,963 wine gallons, or about 85,000,000 proof gallons. Approximately eighty-two per cent. of the spirits intended for use as a beverage, put upon the market last year, was "blended" or "rectified" goods. The other eighteen per cent. constituted all the spirits that went into consumption just as it came from the distiller. On June 30, 1905, there were in all the bonded warehouses in the United States 218,734,605 gallons of whiskey, brandy, etc., — about four years' supply of that class of goods. Of this immense quantity of whiskey and brandy, 123,096,235 gallons, or over fifty-six per cent of the total, was in the several classes of bonded warehouses located in Kentucky.

### *Quality not Considered*

One striking feature of the internal revenue laws is that they never look to quality or value, but always to quantity. The tax on 1,000 cigars is three dollars, no matter whether they are "Pittsburg stogies" or the best Key West brand whose retail value is, say, twenty-five cents each. The tax on a "Pittsburg stogie" is about one-fifth of the retail value; it is less than one-eightieth the value of the Key West cigar. The country plowboy who comes to town Saturday afternoon and invests five cents in a package containing three "Old Virginia Cheroots," pays as much tax into the treasury of the United States in making his purchase as does the fellow who buys three cigars for a dollar. The tax on the cheapest "twist tobacco" is six cents a pound; it is the same on the best grade of fine-cut. It is about one-third the retail value of the twist; it is about one-twentieth the retail value of the fine-cut. On a barrel of "common beer" worth four dollars the tax is one dollar; on a barrel of the best grade of ale, porter or beer worth twelve dollars the tax is still one dollar. The man who buys a quart of Georgia corn whiskey for fifty cents pays twenty-two and one-half cents for the whiskey and twenty-seven and one-half cents tax. A quart of eight-year-old Kentucky bourbon, worth at retail one dollar and a half, has paid but twenty-seven and one-half cents tax, the other one dollar and twenty-two and one-half cents being the value of the goods over and above the tax. The negro frequenter of the New Orleans "honky-tonk" pays as much tax to the government in the purchase price of the "booze" consumed by him in a night of wild debauch as does the swellest New York millionaire in an evening spent at his club.

"Pale death enters with impartial step the cottages of the poor and the palaces of the rich!" Likewise the internal revenue tax-gatherer, equally as certain as death, makes his demands on the rich and the poor. But he comes in such a way that he is not recognized, and not one time in every million does the man who bears the burden of the tax know when he is paying it.

# FOR MOLLY

### By Ernest McGaffey

OH, Molly with the dark gray eyes,
The light that 'neath their lashes lies
Shall cost a very world of sighs
To hapless lovers!
And laughter, too, has set its trace
In dimples on your winsome face,
While some unguessed at, luring grace
About you hovers!

The little tendrils of your hair
Have woven 'round your brow a snare--
I would that I might say "Beware!"
To those who linger;
I would there were much less of harm
And less of statuaried charm
To curve along your perfect arm
And rosy finger!

Your lips are redder far, I know,
Than roses when the south-winds blow,
A red-bird's wing against the snow
I think is duller;
And in your cheek is something rare
That even painters might despair,
So much of youth comes shyly there,
To seize its color!

Your voice doth match you as the sea
Doth match the sky, and comes to me
Like water in a minor key
O'er pebbles slipping,
Or as the sound of measured note
By moonlight when some passing boat
Sends liquid murmurings afloat
From oars dipping.

Through the lace mantle 'round you thrown
Your bosom's rise and fall is shown,
Sweet purity of ivory zone
Half-seen, half-hidden —
Half-hidden, lest the thoughtless vain
Too curious, with eye profane,
A vermeil blush your throat to stain
Might send unbidden.

O Molly with the dark gray eyes
Deep-brimming, tender, glad and wise,
However change the fickle skies
That are above you,
Though days be long and worlds are wide,
Though fate turns harsh and seas divide,
There's one will follow at your side
And live to love you!

# WITH CONSTANCY UNFAILING

## By Charles Lewis Fitch

GRAND RAPIDS, MICHIGAN

HERE is a story that narrowly missed being a play. Once it began is this wise:

*Dramatis Personæ*

DAVID DOUGLAS, – – – – – – a retiring capitalist.
TRITE ANDREWS, – – – – – – a village philosopher.
HENRY HARVEY, – – – – – – a village lawyer.
REV. ARTHUR WILSON, – – – a village clergyman.
FLORENCE FISHER, (who assumes many disguises) – – – – – – a village belle.
OTHER PEOPLE, (to fill in stage waits) – – – – – – – – – *ad libitum.*

*Scene:* Anyoldville, an American town, and such other places as the characters may go.

*Time:* Yesterday, today and possibly tomorrow.

In that form it got no further. Having been shunted from the main track of the stage onto the side-track of fiction, it must proceed in due course from its logical starting point to its inevitable denouement.

This change in method saves the reader the two dollars he otherwise would have paid for a seat.

At the age of nineteen, Florence Fisher, lately bereaved of her mother, found herself a penniless orphan, with no qualifications for earning a living and no desire to undertake such a prosaic thing. This looked unpromising, but luckily she was confident that she was by far the prettiest girl in Anyoldville. That she argued, ought to count for something. After mature reflection (in both senses) she went to see David Douglass, then aged forty-five, who was the most active man of business and the richest man within the circle of her acquaintance.

David Douglas was Scotch by name and partly Scotch by lineage, but in physical and mental make-up was largely English. In stature, short; in shape, rotund; in complexion, florid; in temper, choleric; he was a visible incarnation of the ideal John Bull. In money matters, however, he was all Scotch. As broker, as banker, as promoter (for himself, of something out of nothing, and, for others, of nothing out of something) he had accumulated half a million dollars, which he intended to multiply, within the next few years, by ten.

Oddly enough, just when Florence appealed to him, he was gravely debating within himself whether he could afford to marry. The richest man in his part of the world, full of well-tried schemes for making money faster and faster, he wavered as to taking to himself a wife, just as he would have hesitated to treat himself to any other luxury. While he had not gone so far as to select in his mind any particular woman as his possible wife, he was seriously considering the question in a purely abstract way. Could he only find a woman who was frugal, thrifty and industrious, he hoped that she would not be too great a burden.

To him, in this frame of mind, Florence appeared—as if she came in answer to a mental advertisement. Young as she was, she was far too keen to make the unpardonable mistake of asking for financial aid. She pictured herself as a poor and friendless girl, who must somehow earn the bare necessities of life, and meekly craved the priceless boon of his advice.

Another day, he in other humor would have seen that she was fit for nothing, and might have curtly told her to go to the devil. But this particular day she fitted into his mood, like a die into its mold. He became extremely liberal—for him—and gave her—encouragement. He said that just then he knew of no suitable opening for her, but promised to find one, if possible; and, after consulting certain memoranda of his engagements, asked her to return in a week from that day at such an hour.

She had not failed to note signs of softness unusual in him. So, during the interval, passed at the home of a friend, she conned in secrecy her "He loves me; he loves me not." Meanwhile he debated mentally, "She is poor, very poor. She never had much, and now she has nothing. Surely she must be very modest in her demands. She has no incumberances, no kin, no hangers-on.'' While he thus strove to argue the matter out in an orderly and business-like way, an unexpected thing happened. His unused virility, long thrust contemptuously into the very background of his nature, asserted itself. To his infinite surprise, this hard-headed man of business began to dream by night of this too charming woman, who came in his visions where she had no right. Not content with this, her image(fascinating *ensemble* of wavy, reddish-brown hair, of melting eyes tinted like the fairest sky, of complexion putting the rarest peach to shame, of modest draperies flowing about a form plainly divine) came boldly day by day into the very midst of his calculations of chances and percentages. So that long before the week elapsed he was eagerly looking forward to the appointed interview and narrowly missed, on two or three occasions, forestalling the time by visiting her.

She was punctual to the minute in keeping the engagement. He saw her apparently saddened by the difficulty of finding her place in the world. He became deeply sympathetic in demeanor. He expressed regret that he had not found the right place for her and hoped that he might shortly be more successful. Would it, he asked, be too much trouble for her to call again at such a time—or stay—his engagements for some little time to come were so pressing during the business hours, might he drop in some evening to report progress and, if possible, to cheer her up? A new undertaking, for David Douglas, surely, that of cheering anybody up!

He was netted good and fast, in a snare mainly of his own weaving. Certainly she had done her modest best to delude him, but she must have failed, only for his imagination (once in his lifetime) clouding his judgment.

In short course they were quietly married. It resulted that marriage is sometimes, despite the poets and romancers (who are doubtless mainly in the right about it) a synonym for war, and war has been most succinctly defined by our idolized General Sherman.

At first it was only bickering and squabbling over dollars—and the aliquot parts thereof. David, finding too late that his gentle Florence, once seemingly zealous to earn her way in life, was not at all minded to perform housewifely duties, in the early zeal of the bridegroom grudgingly conceded that someone must be provided to do the household work, and for that purpose took on an ill-favored (therefore ill-starred and correspondingly cheap) woman, who united in herself the offices of housekeeper and maid-of-all-work. Making so great a concession, he urged that the strictest economy should be practiced in all other directions. Not so felt his bonny bride. Never having had money, she naturally had no sense of its value, but she loved the things it would purchase. She was not terribly extravagant, but her frugal spouse deemed her so. However, by alternate use of woman's arts, cajoling, coldness, weeping, etc., she fairly held her own for a longer time than might have been reasonably expected. Yet the yawning chasm between these "twain, one flesh," widened almost imperceptibly until the Summer which brought him unexpected, but very substantial, relief. That season she was seized with a longing for the so-far-untried experience of life at a fashionable resort. That he opposed, goes without saying; but she and her physician (who well knew the distressing nature of her malady), after a short but fierce campaign, won the field.

From the Summer resort came bills, not really out of proportion to his means, but utterly out of proportion to David's disposition. He telegraphed her to come home. She answered by mail that her health would not permit, and incidentally asked for further supplies to maintain her base of operations. He undertook the journey (and the necessary expenses thereof) to her side, to try the efficacy of personal remonstrance. He found her a picture of health, beautifully gowned and not badly attended. In the privacy of her apartments came off the battle royal. He, armed only with his stinginess and his wrath, was raked fore and aft by all the weapons of a well-equipped woman-of-war. Signally worsted, but meditating dire revenge, he fled for home, to call out the business-man's reinforcements.

Arrived, he lost no time in consulting Henry Harvey, the young attorney, who of late had been his right hand when he needed to apply the grim leverage of the law to some slow debtor. David talked of divorce, of separate maintenance, of remedy by testamentary provisions, etc. Everywhere he found the woman safely guarded by the majestic ægis of the law. Then he lost his temper, absolutely and irrevocably, this time. "Do you mean to say," cried he, "that this woman, who, after spending a fortune from my bounty, told me only yesterday that she hated me, had always hated me and would always hate me, can go on spending lavishly from my hard-earned and hard-saved money, and that the law gives me no remedy?"

"So long," answered Harvey, "as she is your wife the law will protect her in every way."

"Then damn the law!" shouted Douglas. So shouting, he fell in a fit of apoplexy, and shortly crossed the Styx—perhaps to seek the advice of Socrates, earthly wisdom having failed to meet his need.

Being himself without near relatives, David, in the early morning of his married life, had dictated to Harvey a will which passed his whole estate to Florence, without restrictions. This apt expression of his last desires stood in the law, unimpeached and unimpeachable.

So Florence Douglas, not yet twenty-two years old, a childless widow, fell into the better part of a million dollars. Behind her heavy mourning veil, life looked brighter to her than ever before. She was at last free to do as she would with all those carefully hoarded dollars. She was young. She was prettier than pen can describe, or brush depict. She also had certain delightful anticipations. Both Henry Harvey, who had put her into possession of her wealth, and the Reverend Arthur Wilson, who had buried her one great encumbrance and afterward condoled with her so beautifully, had made it entirely clear that either would cheerfully undertake to repair the mighty breach in her heart. To be sure, neither the lawyer, with his vigorous, dark face crowned with bushy hair of ebon hue, and with his assumption of knowing all about everything, nor the clergyman, with his full face and curly locks, who seemed, despite his beautiful flow of language, far too much like an overgrown doll, greatly appealed to her fancy. So she discouraged evident signs of Richard-the-Third wooing in each so palpably that the pastor took his cherubic smiles off to the courting of a fair (and well-to-do) maid in the next block, while Harvey, (suddenly turned cynic) to a hint from an inquisitive friend that he might win the widow, somewhat loftily replied, "Not I! No second-hand goods for me."

But straws not only convey refreshing juleps, but show which way the wind blows.If these two men, in different ways leading men of her town, stood ready to seek her hand, there must, in due season, be others.

Meantime her meditations turned often toward one who once seemed likely to be her sweetheart, and for whom she cherished a most kindly recollection. Some months before her mother's death, Triton Andrews, (heaven knows whereof such a name!—inevitably shortened to "Trite") the village dealer in books, both new and second-hand, as well as dealer-out of apt quotations, of quotations all awry and of odd or wise sayings (often thrown into rhyme), had sought her society and seemed about to seek her hand. After making fair progress, however, in the siege of her then virgin heart, he suddenly dropped out of her life most mysteriously. Without a word of explanation, he simply ceased his visits. When they met afterward, he was uniformly courteous and kindly in his bearing, but he had unmistakably dropped from the attitude of a possible lover into that of a mere acquaintance. Why, she often wondered, but could never guess.

During the first month of her widowhood she attended to her neccessary matters of business; invested in magnificent mourning paraphernalia, in which she confessed to herself she looked more attractive than in anything she had ever worn; received with sweet sadness, punctuated ever and anon with her well-ordered tears, her visits of condolence; and reorganized her household. She retained her old housekeeper, once the sole factotum; but surrounded her with many satellites—cook, kitchen maid, parlor maid and her own maid, or personal attendant. She set up a carriage, with, of course, a coachman on the box. These changes made it neccessary to vacate the old home (plenty good enough for David) and to move into a much more pretentious house belonging to her estate, which just then happily chanced to be tenantless.

These things accomplished, she languished at home for a week or two longer. Then she went down to the book store. Andrews, ten or twelve years her senior, seemed an odd mingling of a young and a middle-aged man. In appearance and movements he still retained the vivacity of youth, but in demeanor he had the quiet manners of mid-age, when one has outlived the passions and frivolities incident to earlier years.

"Alas!" said she, "I have met with the greatest loss of a woman's life, Mr. Andrews, since we have spoken together. My good husband, who always gratified my slightest wish, has gone forever."

In tones more sweetly melancholy than her own, he spoke:

> "We were, we know not why, begot,
> We are, while here, we know not what,
> We go, at last, we know not where;
> For Why and What and Where and When
> Ambush beyond our mortal ken.

"What wonderful lines those are," said she. "Who wrote them?"

"Our old friend, Anonymous, I think," he said, quietly smiling. The truth was that they were part of a poem he had written at a great crisis in life. He had never sought to print this poem, but parts of it lingered ever in his memory, and on rare occasions he thus quoted from himself.

"I have come to you," she said, after a momentary pause, "to ask a great favor. I have long known that should my dear husband pass away first, it would be impossible for me, my nature being what it is, to marry again. Lonely as I am now, reading would be a great comfort to me, and, in my present humor, nothing would interest me so much as tales of constancy in noble women. But I don't know where to look. You are such a reader, that I have come to ask you to recommend the most striking instance of woman's faithfulness known to you."

"Instances of woman's constancy are by no means rare—in books," said he, "but the most beautiful account of that type of woman is found, I think, in Reade's 'The Cloister and the Hearth,' which I have here." He handed down the book. She, with many thanks, purchased it and went away.

Charles Reade is no longer the fashion—more's the pity. At his best he is highly entertaining, sometimes quite electrifying. At his worst he is only pedantic to the casual reader. In some places it is very difficult to read Reade (one might almost say to read Reade's rede) notably so in certain parts of that really great book, "The Cloister and the Hearth." For months Florence went almost daily to the book store to ask the interpretation of some French, Greek or Latin phrase, or some obscure passage. Even Denys' favorite consigne, "*Courage! Le Diable est mort,*" never grew quite familiar to her comprehension. And to her English was at times quite as foreign. "Homuncule," "quadrivious," "septemvious" and many other words of the sort were no clearer to her for being, at least by adoption, parts of her mother tongue. Then the whole work was so saturated in the undiluted spirit of medievalism as to be wholly beyond her comprehension. All these difficulties she laid day by day before the book-lover, who became her guide through the whole tangled maze.

One day she came to him in a state of manifest agitation. With her heavy veil down for once, she began, "Oh, Mr. Andrews, I am so ashamed to come here again, but I couldn't help coming in once more to thank you for all your kindness and to bid you good-bye."

"Then you are going away?" he inquired, politely interested, a little surprised, but not apparently deeply touched.

"I don't know what I shall do. What *can* I do? Do you know what they are saying about me?" Here the veil was thrown back, revealing beauty in distress.

"Surely no one can be saying ill of you."

"But they do—they are saying the vilest things about me. They say—O, how can I tell you?—they say that I, with my husband hardly cold in his grave (so they say, but really he has been gone six months, lacking two weeks and three days) that I am coming here trying to—to catch you, that my interest in books is all put on for the sake of seeing you. O dear, what can I do? Which way can I turn to hide my head?" Here she looked him full in the eye. As she did so, tears welled their way from some hidden spring to her own lovely eyes, which they filled to the brim, but overflowed not. How wonder-working are tears when they merely fill Beauty's eyes! Let barriers once give way, so that the tears course down the face, turning eyes, cheek and nose an unpleasant red, the effect produced is vastly different.

Trite looked very grave as he replied, "Unfortunately, poor Denys was wholly mistaken. The devil is in excellent health. But why should it distress you? We know the story is false."

"Of course it's false—but how near it comes to being true." Here she put on the mellow contralto stop and the tremolo. "Do you remember, Trite, how ages before Mr. Douglas wooed me, you paid poor me such close attention? I used to think then that something might come of it, but just as I felt almost sure that you loved me, you ran away and never came back."

"He who loves and runs away may live to love another day."

"Why, Trite, you have mixed that all up. It is 'he who *fights* and runs away.'"

"Doubtless you are right, according to Oliver Goldsmith. To the same effect, see Butler's *Hudibras*, and English poets and writers generally. If this does not satisfy you, there are plenty of French, Greek and Latin authorities you can consult. I doubt not that one familiar with those tongues could find the same thing in Sanscrit, Chinese or Choctaw. Still, I prefer my own version, which has at least a touch of variety in form. The meaning may be much the same, however."

"O, no! 'Loves' and 'fights' can never mean the same. My dear husband and I were not always in perfect accord in sentiment, but it was ever with us a generous strife to see which could concede the most to the other."

"What exquisite harmony! 'Two hearts that beat as one,' and neither trying to beat the other."

"How strangely our lives run, Trite! Think of it for a moment! Once we were thrown together for a time and might then have been taken for lovers. Suppose it had been so, and that in time I had married you, instead of David. I might now be a happy wife, not a wretched young widow."

"In love, as in business, what is one man's loss is another man's gain."

"O, Trite!—shame to me that I must say it—may we not be happy yet? Margaret was constant, but only because her priest-husband was still living. Do you not see that she, if Gerard had died, would have married Luke Peterson? And, after all, is constancy the only virtue?" She cast on him a look that might have won a saint.

They stood at the time near his desk, at the back of the store. Intervening piles of books, heaped high on many a table,almost hid them from the two clerks and one customer, whose merry words and laughter rose high above their voices.

He returned her glance with one which responded not in kind, but rather seemed filled with sadness of some remote origin.

"Let us say no more of this, Florence," he began, in tones of unusual earnestness. "What do you—or I—know of constancy? What do we know of inconstancy? These are only words. To one they mean, perhaps, much; to another, little; to someone else, nothing, or less than nothing. Fate sends to one man a wife; to another many wives; to yet another no wife. As with the man, so it is with the woman.

"The dark fatalist asserts that 'whatever is to be, will be.' Pope, with magnificent optimism, says, 'Whatever is, is right.' Both views are distorted. With absolute safety one can go no further than to hold that whatever is, is. For all we know, things might have happened differently—but they never do.

"I will tell you something I once fancied I might tell you under happier circumstances. Some years before I saw this town, my heart was set on one who is not. Three weeks before the day appointed for our wedding she died. Her last earthly hope was that some other woman might make me as happy as she had meant to do. When she was no more, everything in the world, once so fair, seemed stricken with a sudden blight. When kindly Time had softened the first bitterness of my heart, youth claimed its rights, and I began to cherish the hope she had expressed with her dying breath. I looked about me in search of one who might bring me happiness. My search took me to many places. At last I drifted here. In this place I settled down for your sake alone." Her eyes for a moment sparkled right merrily at these words.

"In you I fancied a likeness to my lost one. I set myself to know you well, hoping, after a time, to tell you this and to ask you to share my modest lot in life. Later it came over me that such resemblance as existed was wholly superficial. A voice within me cried out, 'You have found a face and form as rare as Muriel had, but the soul you seek is not here.' Quietly, as you know, I stepped aside to go my lone way in life. After your mother died, Fate sent you David Douglass. He, too, has left you. Who may succeed him, I know not, save that it cannot be Triton Andrews."

As after the play, be it tragedy or be it farce, the heavy curtain falls, so fell her somber veil. She spoke no word of farewell, or otherwise, but with a hurried pace passed out to her carriage. To the driver she gave, in a muffled tone, her order, "Home."

When she arrived she hastened to her room, tore off her habiliments of woe, put on something lighter and cooler, scolded and sent away her maid and threw herself on her bed, where she shed tears unlimited. Were they tears of shame, of mere pique, of disappointed love, of grief for the dead or of anger toward the living? It is impossible to say, for they were not analyzed at the time, and now it is too late.

The next day she sent for Henry Harvey, to whom she explained that she wished to make her will. To be sure, she was still very young, but death came to the young as well as to the aged. She had no heirs at law, nor anyone dependent on her. She wished to leave her fortune to some deserving charity; but what one? She knew so little of such institutions. Would he kindly make careful inquiries and satisfy her later where it would be best to bestow her bounty?

He undertook the service, and from time to time reported on numerous charitable institutions, far and near. Unfortunately, none of them just suited her taste. Did he tell of a nice home for the aged, she answered, "I am so young! What have I to do with such decrepit old people?" Did he recommend some orphan asylum, she objected, "To help such an institution would only be to encourage the vice and immorality which fill it with nobody's children." Did he speak highly of some Catholic sisterhood, it was only to hear her say, "I have no patience with miserable Catholics." Did he find some Protestant charity in need of help, she found fault with the peculiar creed of its founders, with its particular officers, with its field of work, with its mode of operation, or with nothing specified. Sometimes she only said: "O, I could never think of giving them money."

Under such circumstances, it may take a long time to prepare a will; and where the testatrix, *in posse*, is a young and charming widow, with large means and no encumbrances, who does not at all times look as if she was absolutely beyond the possibility of consolation; and where the legal adviser, owing to certain secret ventures, is growing hungry and desperate: it is possible that the long-deferred will may, in course of time, be gradually superseded in conversation by topics of more immediate interest. After some two months of dilly-dallying over the will that never was, Harvey, one day, seeing a convenient opening, made a declaration of love. He was, with just the proper degree of surprise and hesitation, accepted; and they sealed the compact in good and ancient form. After the kiss, he said: "What a lucky man am I! Do you know it is only a few weeks since I thought you would end by marrying that queer fellow, Andrews."

"You foolish boy!" said she sweetly. "When I was a little girl, he wanted to be my sweetheart; but ages before I married David I let him know that he could never win my heart, and sent him off about his business."

They agreed on a short engagement and set busily about their respective preparations. On her part these consisted mainly of feminine mysteries, better imagined than set forth in detail; on his part, chiefly of much thinking, with a very definite purpose in view.

What that purpose was may possibly be inferred from a bit of conversation between Henry and his special friend, which ended in this wise: "You are a lucky dog," said Amicus, "but you must excuse my laughing a little when I think that you are going into the second-hand business, after all."

The lawyer flushed deeply under the jesting taunt, but downed his wrath as manfully as he could. "Look here, Bill!" he answered, "Of course I didn't know when I made that tomfool remark that I should marry Florence, nor did I even guess how fine a woman she really is. Besides, let me tell you in strict confidence what I wouldn't tell anybody else. I am ambitious; but what chance has an ambitious man nowadays, if he lacks money? Just give me half of old David's means, and I'll show Anyoldville a thing or two."

Could any surmise of this feeling on Henry's part have entered Andrews' mind? We only know that when the Reverend Arthur Wilson apprised Trite of the approaching marriage, news of which had just commenced to circulate, the bookman turned his gaze out of the window and as he contemplated in a rapt, far-away manner the Wintry sky, gently said:

"The north wind doth blow
And we shall have snow;
And what will Robin do then?
Poor thing!"

Presently the Reverend Arthur Wilson read the marriage service over Florence and Henry, who thereupon departed on their honeymoon. It proved to be an ideal one. The delicate, little, never-flagging attentions which Henry lavished on his wife were something entirely new in her experience. Often, in those halcyon days, did she contrast her exquisite happiness with the distressing scenes incident to her former married life.

During those happy hours it somehow came to be arranged that he should be her man of affairs. He good-naturedly protested that he only wanted her, and had no desire to be bothered with David's old cash; but she urged it on him, saying, "What do I know about taking care of money? I only know how to spend it." So, to humor her whim, he promised to take the heavy load on his broad shoulders; and a little later submitted for her signature a power of attorney, as strong as he could make it, which he explained would enable him to act for her in any emergency that might arise. He did not deem it necessary to point out to her that this little bit of paper placed her entire fortune absolutely at his mercy. At the end of the honeymoon, they ratified this charming bit of form, as they laughingly called it, with a champagne supper, and drank toasts to their mutual happiness.

David was only eleven months dead when they returned to Anyoldville, whence she soon departed, with Henry's consent, (most charmingly given), to essay a season at a highly fashionable Summer resort.

In her absence, he plunged into work in the heartiest way imaginable. He inwardly laughed at David's old-fashioned business ideas. In his case, no small but constantly increasing profits were to be considered. He intended to do distinctly big things. He went in for Amalgamated Moonshine, Electrocuted Copper, Highly-Diluted Steel and glittering things generally. At first he won, as many another novice has done. So that, when he dropped into Andrews' modest store one day in search of a book, he, wishing to create envy in his former rival's heart, casually remarked, "I cleaned up ten thousand on Wall Street yesterday."

Trite's features did not change as he quietly said:

"There is more rejoicing in Wall Street over the lamb they
fleece today
Than over the ninety and nine that never come their way."

Later the market turned against him, and he met successively losses, great losses, greater losses, irretrievable losses, mountainous losses. Heavy losses in his case led to heavy drinking. There are some cheerful men, of the sort who drink merely for hilarity, who never seem to be much harmed by liquor. On the other hand, morbid men, who drink because things are going wrong with them, usually overdo matters utterly and wreck everything within their reach. Harvey drank so recklessly that shortly he often staggered through the streets at midday. When someone pointed him out in such plight to Andrews, the characteristic response was:

"The woman tempted man to eat, they think.
'Tis Satan's self that tempts a man to drink."

One day Harvey sobered up enough to realize his true situation. He was involved for more than he could possibly pay. Florence's whole fortune had been sucked up, as by a gigantic sponge. Worse even than that, there had gone as well the property of three estates which had been entrusted to his administration. Clearly, he was not only a fool of the first magnitude, but he was also a criminal of fair dimensions. Questioning himself as to what remained to be done before the inevitable discovery, he reached a most sensible conclusion. He borrowed a friend's revolver—"to shoot a dog," he said. He used the weapon to make a neat, round hole near the middle of his forehead. Thence oozed blood, mixed with something which bore a strong physical resemblance to brains.

So Florence Harvey (born Fisher—of men) not yet quite twenty-three, is for the second time a widow. This time she is doubly bereaved, of husband and of fortune.

Yesterday an Anyoldville wag (*soi disant*) said in the book store, "Florence is loose again. Who will be next? Let all marriageable men take to the nearest tall timber."

Andrews glanced at the callow youth who had spoken, and shot at him this impromptu couplet:

"O, gentle youth, let not thy soul be vexed;
To any good, you never will be next."

# THE WINNER

By Olive A. Smith

IT was conceded by all persons who investigated the matter that Monrovia was the most cultured town in the Mississippi valley. It was also conceded that the social leaders of this charming center of refinement received or rejected applicants for intimate friendships solely on the ground of their individual merits or demerits.

As Miss Van Houten, the German teacher in the Baptist college, once said to a member of her class: "We are proud to say, my dear, that we care for men and women for what they are, irrespective of worldly possessions, unfortunate environment or family relationships. We are proud to say that we ignore the vulgar pretensions of mere wealth, or fame, or inherited social eminence. It is the inherent nobility and aspiring nature of the individual soul which wins it a place in the intellectual and social life of Monrovia."

That statement explained the reason for Mrs Emily Monser's prominence in Monrovia society. For her husband, Peter Monser, was a very uncultured, phlegmatic coal-dealer, who had never been suspected of cherishing an aspiration. As for inherent nobility, the only visible evidences of such a characteristic were his habits of dealing squarely with all men and kindly with the poor people who needed coal, but were too often unable to pay for it; also, the habit of granting unlimited freedom of time and means to his pretty, brilliant little wife.

He spent his uneventful days in a dingy, down-town office, often mounting his own wagon to make a delivery when his recreant man-of-all-work failed to materialize at the proper moment. He seemed content to lounge in his own little den adjoining the library, or to play with his two little boys, Horace and Wilford, while his spouse was delightfully entertaining friends in the parlors, or reading lengthy dissertations on the all-important subjects which were discussed at the various club meetings.

Cultured Monrovia had wondered, speculated, lamented, even gossiped in a quiet, refined way, over the inexplicable soul tragedy that had linked the life of Mrs. Monser to the existence of the coal-dealer.

"It's one of the inscrutable mysteries of Providence," said Mrs. Amsburg, the Presbyterian minister's wife.

"It's a deplorable case, which should teach us to investigate and promulgate the principles of soul-affinity," said Mrs. Arabella Wainwright, a soulful heiress who studied theosophy and mental science.

"It's the iron hand of fate," said Percival Adolphus Leander, a dark and melancholy bachelor of forty, whose culture had taken an occult and spiritualistic turn. Percival Adolphus was a poet, and, it is perhaps unnecessary to add that he was exceedingly poor. He lived with his mother in a very unromantic little brown house outside the city limits, and shared the slender income which she received as the widow of a Union soldier.

But the coal-dealer moved placidly forward in the path of existence which seemed to be his inheritance, while his wife superintended their comfortable home and fluttered contentedly back and forth between club meetings, musicals, teas and dinners. She was abundantly blessed with that quality which some of our grandmothers designated as "faculty."

No one could have told precisely how or where the idea of establishing a magazine in Monrovia first originated. It was introduced as a joke at one of the regular meetings of the Modern Fiction League; but the sentiment that such an enterprise was within the range of possibility gradually assumed a serious form. After much private discussion, the subject was presented by Miss Van Houten at a union club meeting, and various committees of investigation were appointed.

It was finally agreed that there was but one feasible plan for the establishment of "The Epitomist of Modern Culture." Mrs. Monser suggested the plan. She proposed that the company which should be organized announce a short story competition, open to all non-professional writers. She suggested that six prizes amounting to $2,000 be offered and that each contestant be required to send one dollar for a year's subscription to the magazine.

"O, that will be splendid!" "Exactly!" "What a clever idea!" exclaimed the lady members of the committee. Percival Adolphus alone remained silent.

"Is there a dissenting vote?" asked Mrs. Munser, looking anxiously into the poet's pale face.

Percival Adolphus waved his hand with a tragic smile.

"Pray do not allow yourselves to be disconcerted by my poor opinion, ladies," he murmured. "It grieves me somewhat that we should be forced to resort to the expedients of worldly wisdom in this effort of soul cultivation. But I am a poor, impractical fellow. I beg that you will rely solely upon your own better judgment."

Polite murmurs and playful remonstrances greeted this speech, but it was agreed that some concession to practical conditions was unavoidable.

"It's the publishing that worries me," said Miss Van Houten. "The illustrating and general make-up must be of the very best, and just think of the expense! I'm not discouraged, but really, I wonder how it is to be managed?"

Mrs. Munser smiled. "I think we can manage it somehow," she replied. "I have a slight acquaintance with some publishing firms in Chicago, and I may be able to assist in that line."

With a capital somewhat slender, but equal to all preliminary expenses, The Monrovia Publishing Company was organized. The next matter of importance was the selection of an editor, an assistant editor, and a business manager. The committee appointed for that purpose acted promptly and unanimously. Because of her cultivated taste in periodical literature, Miss Arabella was chosen as editor-in-chief, to be assisted by Percival Adolphus. Mrs. Munser was prevailed upon to assume the business management, and also to assist the editorial force in a general way during the trying period of preliminary work. The rent of suitable office rooms was donated by Judge Metcalf, the owner of one of the best business blocks in the town. Local advertisers were generous in their patronage and the solicitors appointed to work up a subscription list reported very fair results.

Promptly on the first of the year, the announcement of the $2,000 prize competition appeared, and in less than two weeks the little office was deluged with manuscripts. Big envelopes, little envelopes, medium sized envelopes, envelopes white and yellow, pink and blue and green, square and oblong envelopes, and occasional rolls of paper tied with ribbon, or twine string, all poured into the office and were piled high in the little back room. And because each envelope contained a dollar, everybody was happy except the postman, who sighed and groaned from sheer exhaustion as he deposited his daily increasing load.

After three weeks of work at the editorial desk, Miss Arabella collapsed and took to her bed. The next day Percival Adolphus, unaccustomed to labor more strenuous than the chronicling of his own emotions, swooned and fell from his chair. Mrs. Munser had installed her capable housekeeper—a girl who was warranted to have no nerves—as his assistant, and the two revived the prostrate poet and sent him home in a cab. He did not return to the office.

Then did Mrs. Munser begin to prove her right to the reputation of being a woman of "faculty." The first number of the magazine was promised to the subscribers on the twentieth of the month, and she determined that it should appear. Another nerveless young woman was secured to assist in the mechanical work of the office, and the same day some of the company's stockholders were astonished to see the coal-dealer ensconced in in one of the big chairs at the editor's desk, industriously sorting and indexing manuscripts and copying letters. Even the little Munsers were put to work in the office, and the doors of the Munser home were closed and locked during the entire day. The office force took their meals at a convenient restaurant and returned to the deserted house late at night.

At the appointed time the magazine appeared, the joy and pride of every man, woman and child in Monrovia.

At last the date for the closing of the story contest drew near, and in accordance with previous announcement, Professor Addison Moncure, a prominent literary man of Chicago, was notified as to the day on which the prizes would be awarded. The preliminary sorting of the manuscripts was undertaken by the editorial force, assisted by President Hume of the Baptist college, the third member of the awarding committee. It was no small task.

Hundreds of hopeless, ludicrously pitiful stories were returned first, with the stereotyped "thanks for the privilege of examination." The number remaining was soon reduced to less than a hundred, and when the final decision day arrived, the committee of three were closeted with about thirty manuscripts. Mrs. Monser very reasonably pleaded fatigue, and was excused from participating in the final decision. Miss Van Houten was appointed to take the place of the prostrate editor.

The office was a center of excited interest. Local reporters, members of the company and interested friends crowded into the outer room and formed groups in the hall and on the stairways.

At precisely four o'clock, the door between the rooms opened and Professor Moncure appeared. There were traces of tears in his eloquent dark eyes, though his lips were smiling and tender.

"Ladies and gentlemen," said he, "the contest is decided. I have not waited to learn the names and addresses of the six successful competitors. They will be handed to me in a few moments. Some of you are perhaps aware that the author's name in each case is enclosed in a separate small envelope which will be opened soon. But I wish to make a statement in regard to this contest. While we have selected six excellent stories, there is one story—the one which is awarded the first prize of $1,000—which is worthy of special mention. It is more than a prize story, ladies and gentlemen. It is a genuine masterpiece. Suppose, Mrs. Monser," he said, turning toward the desk where that lady sat, her curly blonde hair hidden behind a pile of manuscripts, "suppose that I take the liberty of reading this story to our little assembly. Every one of them will go away the better for hearing it. It may be a bit unconventional, but—"

A chorus of eager voices interrupted him. He was a man of charming personality and magnetic power, and they knew that it would be a treat to listen to his reading. They gathered about the improvised platform, jostling one another in a good-natured attempt to make room for others who were standing in the hall.

The story was entitled "Life's Mask," and it proved to be, as the professor had said, a genuine masterpiece. Absorbing in plot and *motif;* teeming with real human interest and pulsating with life and vigor, and the rarest of sentiment; singularly perfect in literary workmanship, and irresistible in its delicate bits of humor and satire; it played with the emotions of the little Monrovia audience and they laughed and cried as it bade them.

It was a simple little love story, touched with the spirit of modern business and social life, but revealing a mind rich in scholarship and knowledge of the human heart. As the reader approached the conclusion, the absorbing attention of the hearers grew more intense. When he finished they turned in breathless wonder and smiled into each other's faces. For, seated at the desk near the door, the coal-dealer and the girl with no nerves were stupidly copying names on rejection slips, and the dull scratching of their pens sounded strange, almost profane.

"I told you, ladies and gentlemen," said the professor, as he looked at the first page of the manuscript, "that the author's name was unknown to me. While your esteemed Mrs. Monser is preparing these slips I will say, however, that the pseudonym appearing on this manuscript is one which is slightly familiar to me, and no doubt equally familiar to some of you. You probably will not be surprised to know that this story wins the first prize, when I tell you that it bears the unique signature 'C. D. Chump,' which we have seen of late in some of our first-class magazines."

At that moment little Horace Monser appeared in the doorway and handed him the six slips of paper which had been removed from the sealed envelopes. He took them and began:

"The first prize of $1,000 is awarded to—"

He stopped, confused and puzzled. "Pardon me, ladies and gentlemen, I think there is some mistake," he continued, as he stepped down and approached the desk in the private office. After a moment's conference with the other members of the committee, he reappeared and rapidly announced the names and addresses of the six winners. Then he hastened to add, "The members of the editorial staff request that you vacate the office at once. They are very tired and there is much work to be done. Allow me to thank you all, in their behalf, for the interest you have shown in this contest."

Half an hour later the excited groups of men and women had dispersed. The prominent literary man had accepted President Hone's invitation to dine with his family. The housekeeper and the little Monsers had gone home to warm up a cold house and prepare for a hearty meal and an evening of quiet. Miss Van Houten was lying on a couch in her sitting-room, wrestling with a nervous headache. The coal-dealer and the girl with no nerves were silently finishing their work at the desk. With a triumphant "There, I'm done," the girl arranged her copy, wriggled into her wraps, and with a hasty "Good-bye" rushed out of the office.

Then there was a swift scurry of small feet, a cyclonic whirling of skirts over the office floor, and the arms of the business manager were tightly encircling the coal-dealer's big neck.

"Don't, Emi!" he squealed, as soon as he could command breath enough to speak, "You'll ruin what little reputation I have for beauty and culture if you tousel my hair, and muss my collar like that."

"O, I don't care!" she murmured, punctuating every other word with a kiss. "You dear old genius! You sweet old elephant! You adorable husband! I'm so glad you taught that pack of idiots a few things. But wasn't it funny! O, wasn't it *rich* the way they Oh'd and Ah'd and buzzed and fluttered." And the little woman went off into a peal of laughter which was too much even for the stupid gravity of the coal-dealer. Then she wiped her eyes and seated herself on the arm of his chair.

"I'm going to put a stop to this joke now, Peter," she said softly. "It has gone far enough. It amuses you immensely, I know, and that's one reason I was willing to keep it up, even after I got very tired of it. But those simpletons shan't monopolize our parlors and our days and evenings any longer."

"What about 'The Epitomist?'" inquired Peter, with a twinkle in his blue eye which no member of the publishing company had ever seen. "You promised to tell me all about the financial condition of things, if I won a prize. How is it?"

The business manager laughed again.

"Guess," she replied, "I shan't tell you until you do."

"Well," he said, reaching out a fat hand to toy with one of the curls that had strayed from home; "if they'd had anyone else to manage the thing, I would say that the outlay was about two thousand ahead of the income. But you could always make a dollar do the work of two, so I'll guess half of it. Say a thousand, or twelve hundred."

"Good," she answered. "We need just $1,000 to square things up, and return the subscription money. I sent the statement in for the meeting of the stockholders tomorrow night, and, of course, they won't try to get out another number of the thing. Just look at the stuff," she added disdainfully, turning the pages of "The Epitomist of Modern Culture."

"But what about the thousand?" persisted the coal-dealer.

"O, they'll have to pay that much for their wisdom. It won't be very heavy, divided up, you know."

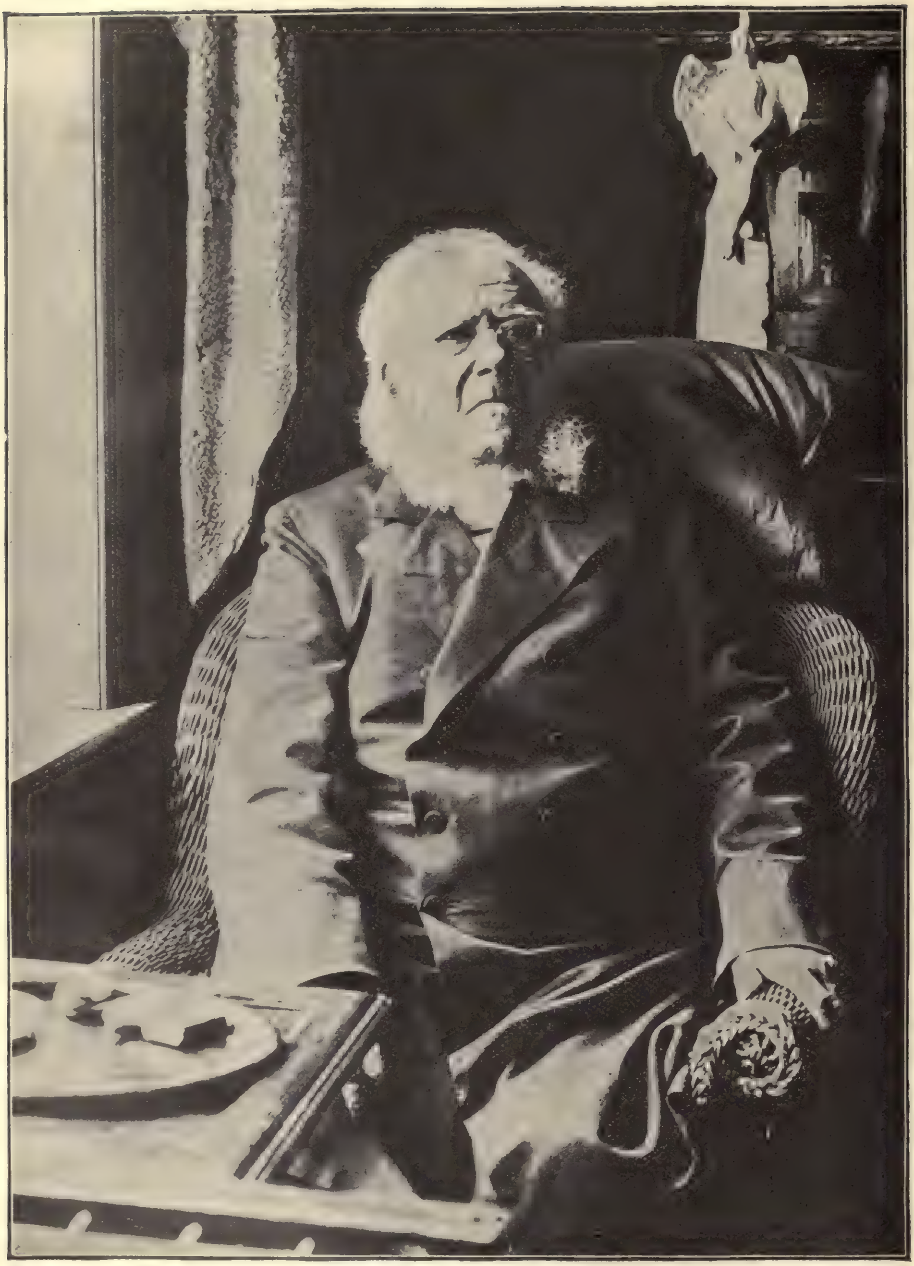
"O, no, Emi! No, no!" exclaimed the coal-dealer, rising and reaching for his overcoat. "The poor fools mustn't suffer for it that way. The prize money is provided for, isn't it?"

"O, I forgot! Yes, the checks are all made out, and here's yours," she added, going to her desk and taking out the slip of paper which represented the $1,000 to be paid to the author of "Life's Mask."

"Leave it there till morning," he replied. "Then I'll turn it into cash, and hand it over to be used in settling up the affairs of "The Monrovia Publishing Company."

"You will?" exclaimed Mrs. Monser.

"Why, of course! But let's go home now. We'll have a nice, cozy evening with the boys, just for once. The Modern Culturists are too stunned to bother us tonight." And they passed out of the office.



Photograph copyright 1905, by Underwood & Underwood

THE LATE HENRIK IBSEN, DRAMATIST, POET, RADICAL

The greatest dramatic author of his period, a poet of extraordinary gift, a radical who protested that he advocated nothing but merely reported life as he saw it and allowed it to teach its own moral, Ibsen was, at the time of his death late in May of this year, one of the world's few acknowledged first-class figures. His greatest work is "Brand," characterized by a competent critic as "a poetic play of amazing power, literary beauty and elevation of religious sentiment." The same critic says Ibsen shaped the work of two generations of playwrights in Europe and America. Most of all he was a thinker, fighter and prophet.

MR. BEAVER WITH HIS MASON'S-TROWEL TAIL

# OPEN-AIR PHOTOGRAPHY

## By Olive Shippen Berry

WE may not all be privileged by gifts of nature to become successful painters, but any of us can achieve true success as photographers, and not only this, but we may thus be led greatly to increase our powers of perception, and by exercising them in the pursuit of our pastime or profession of photography, begin to find new beauties all about us, every familiar thing taking to itself a new guise in our sight, while we watch with deepening interest wonderful transformations wrought by time, seasons and the variations of our capricious climate.

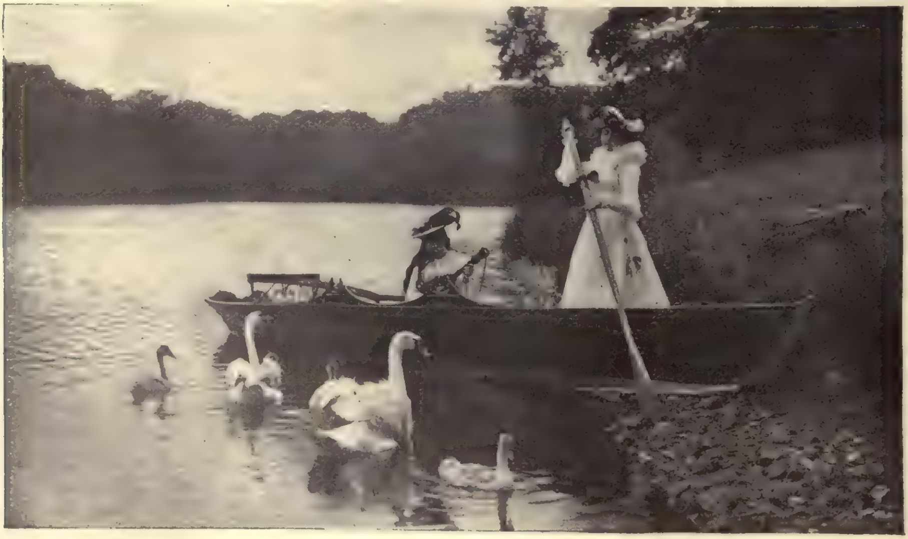
Few amateurs get beyond the early stages of photography, and this is indeed a thing to be lamented, for it is not in the first efforts that one gains the greatest pleasure and instruction from photography. Patience and perseverence are qualities that are demanded for beginners; but after the little byways are all learned it is easy to become an expert.

To the amateur photographer open-air work is the most fascinating, as it admits of such a wide range of subjects and has the inestimable advantage of taking one out of doors in the free air and sunshine when the breezes blow and the birds fly over, with all the scents and sounds of nature keen to our ears, our pastime bringing wonders to our sight each moment.

It is not wise, when one starts out to take open-air photographs to post off for the nearest celebrated *aussichtspunkt*, as the Germans call it, the point whence several countries are to be seen, or the valley which someone has said reminded him of Kashmir, but to rest content with the finding of some simple picture that has plenty of light and shade and makes a good composition, as our kinsmen the painters say.

As in picture-painting, so in photography, success lies in selection. One must have an eye for a "picture"; that is to say, one must know what bit to choose, just what arrangement of hills and trees and sky and foreground will make up an interesting mass to fill the paper that limits the photograph. One must keep one's eyes open and one's sense of the artistic keen, and there will be revealed all manner of lovely bits for one's camera; a bend of the road with trees hanging over; a corner of stone wall; a bewildering garden place or a group of children.

If, however, one introduces figures into the landscape photographs, one must be very careful that they be perfectly harmonious, for any evidence of arrangement is sure to spoil the effect of a picture. All objects and figures should have the appearance of accident and not of design. It is a very common thing to find a photograph of a beautiful bit of scenery with a ruinous figure in tailor-made gown frankly posed in the foreground and having nothing in keeping with the picture. The effect of this is decidedly irritating to artistic eyes. It is really a most difficult matter to find a suitable figure at just the right time. It is far better to catch a person when in some unconscious attitude or position, for almost invariably there comes a self-conscious look to the faces of posing figures which is not attractive. In this fascinating picture of the two young women and the swans there is no conscious appearance and the result is natural and unaffected, making up a very effective group, and a good composition of foreground and background with the beautiful snowy swans lighting up the foreground.



WITH SNOWY SWANS IN THE FOREGROUND

A PERFECT CHILD PICTURE

Children should never be told that their photographs are being taken if it can be avoided, as extreme consciousness is apt to be the result and some very charming examples of the utter abandon and innocent grace of childhood may be obtained by snap-shots.

What more simple and fetching can be imagined than this photograph of a little girl feeding her lambs. She appears utterly unconscious of the camera and is intent only upon the actions of her pets.

LEARNING HIS LETTERS

The same charming unconsciousness is displayed in the photograph of the little girl and her dog. The group makes an interesting picture, and the composition is excellent; besides, the picture means something and has a deal of interest.

A great many wise rules have been laid down about composition, but the fact remains that we may break almost any of them if we are clever enough to do so without letting anybody know. With a certain amount of perception and a capable critic to advise, most photographers will learn through practice without troubling much about rules.

It is well to remember, however, not to crowd too much into one's picture, though it may be difficult to make up one's mind not to include a graceful tree, a glimpse of water, a distant hill, which, by a little management, could just be squeezed in. It might be the most beautiful thing in sight, and yet, by destroying the balance, spoil the whole picture.

In the same way, at a later stage when dealing with prints, cut and trim them remorselessly until each one is exactly the shape that suits the subject best.

Some have their prints mounted exactly as they come from the plate, all of uniform size and mounted on the same size card, no matter what the subject or composition. For example, in this photograph taken in the Scotch Highlands, much expanse of sky has been cut away and what was originally almost a square print is now oblong and fitting for the composition. At first the sheep were quite lost, as if swallowed up in a great expanse of sky and foreground, till by cutting it became the slender picture shown on page 292.

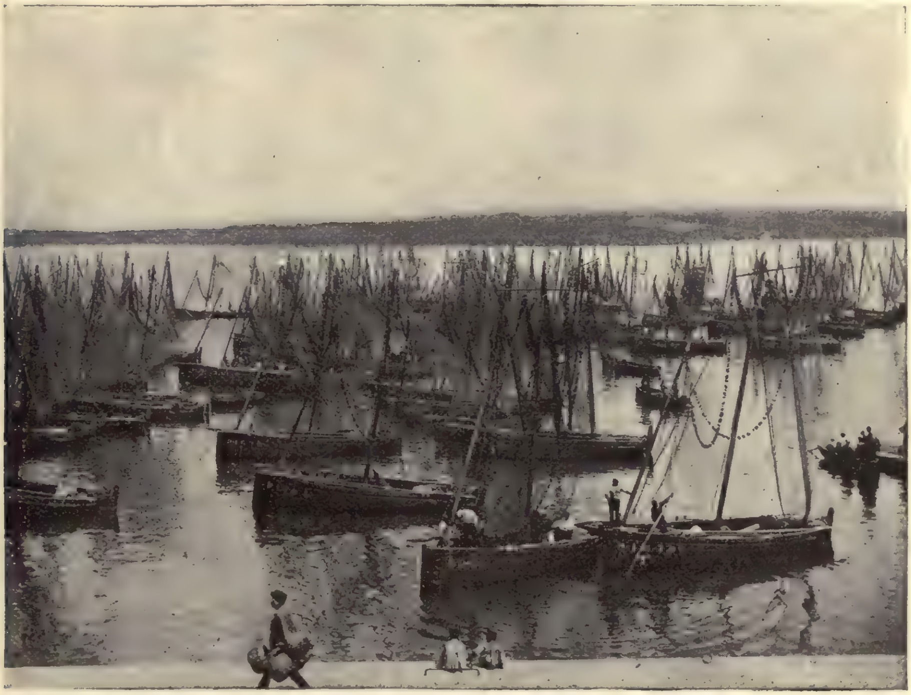
In the composition of a landscape the possibilities of the sky must not be ignored. This is a very large subject, which can be but barely touched upon here. A beginner is proud and pleased if her negatives are dense enough to

GREAT GNARLED OAKS IN AN ENGLISH PARK

print dead white in the sky; she scorns all others. Later she awakes to the fact that something a little softer is more true to nature.

Her first attempt at adding clouds is of an alarming nature; she is content with nothing less than angry masses which herald an approaching thunderstorm, taken in all their glory against the light. Further experience teaches that such sharply defined cloud forms are not always suitable. The important point is that the tone of the different parts of the whole harmonize perfectly, especially in mood, with the accompanying landscape. If the latter is to be bright and sunny, do not take the life out of it by adding a gloomy sky. Very often the merest suggestion of clouds or the toning down of white paper is all that is required.

The true photographic artist will always be on the alert for something unusual for his picture. Here are two examples. On page 390 is a photograph of nothing but trees, great gnarled, aged oaks, in an English park, but making a beautiful study. The other is fishing boats taken in the island of Guernsey. The chief charm of the picture is the manner in which the slender line of the wharf is admitted to the picture, with the children and fishquay in the center. It gives the effect of a stage, as if one were looking at something beyond a frame.



FISHING BOATS IN THE ISLAND OF GUERNSEY

There is no season of the year when open-air photography need be given up. Even in Winter there are comparatively few days that are too stormy for an energetic photographer to venture out. She who braves the elements will be rewarded with far more beautiful renderings of the tones of nature than any Summer work could show. Leafless trees and hedges have a wonderful softness of outline which when fully clad are buried in green; and the slender twigs of trees

EVEN IN WINTER ONE CAN FIND A STRIKING PICTURE

etched sharply against a clear sky give a strong character to many a well-chosen picture. Even a thoroughly wet day is not to be despised, for there are possibilities, even when the country road has been made into a queer, distorted mirror covered with ghostly reflections of dark tree stems and gay wayside shubs. True, such a day cannot be well recommended to the rheumatic photographer, but one

IN THE LAND OF THE CLYDESDALE

can get many a gem that reminds of the "gray, lowery days" so much praised by painters.

It often happens that, apart from picture-making, one wishes to photograph a place merely as a memento of it, or to have something that will be a reminder of the scene when far away. The time available may be short, the light not at its best, but a certain amount of selection can always be exercised. In such a case, seize upon the most characteristic features and make them tell as much as possible. If, after all one's trouble, the negative turns out a failure, do not throw it away at once unless it be perfectly hopeless, for some day when one has learned more tricks of the trade, she may be able to make good the defects, or find that, with a new printing process, they lead to a brilliant success.

To those who are not energetic enough to wander far afield in search of subjects, figure, animal or flower studies will appeal the most. Indeed, to everybody a little variety is refreshing now and then, and anything is a help which increases one's familiarity with the camera.

Single figures or groups of two or three are quite easy to photograph. It is quite possible, with a little thought and a few properties, such as a screen, a rug, chairs, etc., to give an indoor effect to a picture taken in sunlight on a lawn, and which is more easily arranged for the amateur because of the different light of the open air.

To avoid too much glare from overhead, the sitter should be placed at the foot of a high wall or the side of a building; even a long-handled umbrella, held aloft, may be useful if one can prevent its coming into the picture.

When making figure studies with a natural background one must be sure to choose one simple and subdued enough. Too much sharply focussed detail will crowd round the subject and take away the main intent, leaving no feeling of atmosphere. Focus the eyes of the subject or subjects and use as large a stop as possible if one is necessary at all. One must judge of this by the amount of softening the background will stand without showing ugly distortion. It is well to have it recede from the figures, leaving them to catch the eye and hold the interest.

MR. FOX AT THE DOOR OF HIS DEN

In taking photographs of animals whose shape is to be considered and

A MASS OF MOUNTAIN LAUREL

admired, great pains should be taken to avoid placing the camera in such a position that the head is exaggerated.

It is a relief, sometimes, to turn to reposeful subjects after struggling with people and animals whose animation is sometimes a most discouraging factor. Flowers make a charming change. They are beautiful to photograph and are so decorative and delicate, growing in such a bewildering variety of graceful forms. To do them justice a large plate

IN THE SCOTCH HIGHLANDS

is required. One must endeavor above all things to show the modeling and delicate texture. One must not lose the feeling of transparency in the petals or overlook the network of tiny veins revealed in many of them as the light passes through them. Beware of crowding too much into the plate and focus very carefully. At such close quarters the parts farthest away from the lens become very much distorted and a small stop may have to be used.

Large masses of flowers are very effective, taken from a distance, as this mass of mountain laurel in all its waxen perfection. Many an old, sun-flecked road also makes an adorable picture and one can understand how much such a picture might mean to one who loved these inviting by-ways.

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# BROTHER ❧ By Edmund Vance Cooke

ONE day the doctor went out to the tree,
The brother-tree, you know,
Where the little brothers grow,
En brang a little brother home for me.
En first he was all wrinkled and red,
En ever' time I tried
To make him laugh, he *cried*,
En had the funniest bald-headed head!
But now there's fizz that's just begun to sprout
(Like papa's on the top,
Up where the hairs all stop)
En somethin' inside's tryin' to peck out.
His eyes is twins; you can't tell which is which!
They're fastened in with thread
En you can see the red
Right in the corner where they made a stitch.
'Cause if they glued 'em like a dolly's eyes,
He'd be just like a doll
En couldn't cry at all.
*I* think the stitches hurts him when he cries,
But mama says he cries because he's cranky.
Sometimes his nose cries, too,
En mama says "Oo, Oo!"
En dries the nose's tears off with her hanky.
When brother's hungry, he don't have to stir
Off mama's lap, 'cause he
Don't go down stairs, like we;
He don't eat food, you know; he just eats *her*.
En papa says when *he* was little brother,
He et his mama, too.
En gram., when she was new,
Et hers — en *ever*'body et each other!
But when the firstest baby come, why I don't see
Who feeded him, ner who
It was he et, do you?
Ner who it was that picked him off the tree?

*Horace Traubel in his Study*

# WHITMAN AND TRAUBEL

## By Frank Putnam

EAST MILTON, MASSACHUSETTS

HORACE TRAUBEL'S name appears on the title-pages of two new books. The first, "With Walt Whitman in Camden," is a volume of fascinating memoirs of a famous author; the second, "Chants Communal," is a volume of tremendously powerful chants, or prose poems, by a man who must hereafter be ranked with our first living men of letters. Indeed, we have no other living writer who so unites social passion with literary beauty in a style that is absolutely his own. Traubel's chants could not be mistaken for the work of any other living man; his mark of style and personality is on them and in them. And beyond any question of literary merit, they are splendidly worth while because they go straight to the human heart. They are the words of a strong fighter and a tender lover of mankind.

—

In the Whitman volume, Traubel has set down, with all but stenographic exactness, Walt's conversations, evening after evening, during a period of three months. The time was in 1888, when Whitman was putting his "November Boughs" through the press.

Traubel, then as before and after, was his closest friend and most faithful helper. The young man drew out and stimulated the old man's thoughts, helped him with revisions, attended to the details of his printing and was all that a dearly beloved son could have been in the Good Gray Poet's last years.

The Whitman volume contains, besides Walt's conversations, which are as free and friendly as his poems, many letters addressed to him by famous English and American men of letters; from his admirers in other occupations, and several fine portraits of the old poet's correspondents and the members of his intimate circle at Camden. The frontispiece is a portait of Whitman, taken in 1869; there are other portraits of Whitman placed at intervals through the book. Walt's "Last Will and Testament" is reproduced in facsimile, as is, also, the following inscription on the fly-leaf of a copy of "November Boughs" which he gave to Traubel:

> To HORACE TRAUBEL, from his friend the author, Walt Whitman; and my deepest heart-felt thanks go with it to H T in getting this book out–it is his book in a sense–for I have been closely imprisoned and prostrate all the time (June to December, 1888) by sickness and disability — and H T has managed it all for me with copy, proofs, printing, binding, etc. The volume, and especially "November Boughs" and the portraits, could not now be existing formulated as here, except thro his faithful and loving kindness and industry, daily, unremitted, unremunerated.
>
> W W Dec: 1888
>
> Camden, New Jersey

No other such intimately personal and lovable home picture of any American poet has ever been put into print. In a way, the book furnishes a background for "Leaves of Grass," and, for those who have found Walt's poems sometimes hard to understand, it furnishes a key to his philosophy. As a whole, it sustains and strengthens my first impression, never abated, that Whitman is our greatest American poet and one of our half-dozen first-class men, ranking in power, and the ultimate scope of his influence upon the race, with George Washington, Jefferson, John Quincy Adams, Lincoln, Emerson and the greatest American now living — you know of course who he is.

—

Traubel's own writing, "Chants Communal," is, I believe, a permanent contribution to American letters, as well as a tremendous new impulse in the economic liberation of the race that is now so conspicuously in progress. I knew Traubel was a great man, but until I read, and reread, "Chants Communal,' thrilled to the heart by his nobly passionate utterances, I did not know how great he really is. He has renewed and reinspired my faith in the triumph of ultimate justice, man to man the whole world over, as no other writer has done, since, prone on a bed of pain, I first read Whitman's "Leaves of Grass" and was born into a new earth and a new heaven.

Mr. Traubel's style, that I thought difficult—choppy—when I read some of these prose poems in his weekly paper the Conservator (Philadelphia), I now find as clear as sunlight, as simple and easy as a boy's free speech. Any of us can understand every word of it—and everyone of us needs, in this day of great impending changes, to read it, for Traubel is a prophet as well as a fighter and a lover of humanity.

# THE FIRST TAMING

## By Stanley Waterloo

Author of "The Story of Ab: A Tale of the Time of the Cave Men"
CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

THEY had finally learned to make a rude canoe — the cave men — those ancestors of ours for whom we should care so much, since they guarded bravely the cradle of all humanity — and they went here and there across the streams and into the little outlying lakes and among the shallows where the fish lay sunning themselves, though they did not catch them as well as they might had they already invented the barbed hook. Nevertheless, the food problem was becoming easier all the time, and an occasional departure was insured from the constant strain of hunting sustenance. This story relates, therefore, not to the chase, but to the first taming, or attempt at taming, of a wild animal, and an extremely curious and discouraging affair it was.

Three Toes, man of prominence in the region of the Frog Eaters, was the proud father of a son, Gnaw Bone, who, though only about sixteen years of age, had already attained a distinction in the tribe. He had the spirit of adventure in him.

The Frog Eaters used the bow but little. They haunted the creek and river-sides and were not held in great esteem by the Hill Men, who hunted large game and were the aristocrats of the young human race. The Frog Eaters, as their name might indicate, lived chiefly upon the water creatures, the mollusks and fish and other aquatic things, but they had homes, occupying caves in the rocky banks of a creek which flowed into the river, and had a certain sort of community of their own. Gnaw Bone, the youth, while with these, was not quite of them. His father and mother could not understand him. He preferred the wood to the water. He would leave the cave in the morning, cross the creek, climb the high slope beyond, and, once at the crest, clamber up some mighty bole among the beech trees and idle far aloft amid the branches, seeking the eggs of birds and whatever else was worth the taking. Not much of an archer was he, but he always carried his bow and arrows with him and the birds and four-footed things he sometimes killed gave variety to the extemely fishy menu of his home. Far better this, he thought, than to be crouched in a canoe and paddling in the river's waters, or diving and chasing about in the leaf-colored waves, as did others of the youth of his aquatic clan. Why his fancies were so different from those of his group and age cannot be properly explained. The Frog Eaters and Hill Men had mingled in times past, and there is such a thing as heredity.

Anyhow, ancestry told, and Gnaw Bone brought, not disaster nor calamity to his tribe, or clan — or whatever we choose to call it — but he brought excitement "to burn," as we say in these dawdling modern days, when we could not, under any spur of strenuous pursuit, climb a tree like a monkey in his prime or leap across a petty space of twenty feet or so.

What Gnaw Bone did on one memorable occasion was this — and he was not really to be blamed. One day — it was about two o'clock in the afternoon — he was asleep in the crotch of one of the huge beech trees, when something, so soft and purring that it was good to feel against his cheek, awoke the youth. He roused himself with a start, as was the way with all the threatened creatures of the time, and there, snuggling and unafraid, was the most beautiful thing the water boy had ever seen! It was tawny, with black spots,and it fumbled lovingly, little as it was, with the features of the now thoroughly awakened young adventurer, then cuddled down into quietude beside him. The boy did not know it, but this was one of the young of the tree leopard, a dangerous creature of prehistoric times. Holding the pretty animal with one arm, the youth succeeded in clambering to the ground with his prize unharmed, and took his swift way homeward, there, with vast pride, exhibiting to his parents the purring, clinging and apparently loving thing. They could not tell much about it, being of the Frog Eaters, but they could see, easily enough, that it was soft and spotted and it appeared to enjoy and understand their stroking. They knew enough, — even these two of the savage grandfathers and grandmothers of ours — to understand that what the strange household pet most immediately needed was meat, and meat alone, and so they fed it upon meat—that is, if fish can be called meat—or the huge clams of the time, and, besides, scraps of the real meat of the huge bear, which they captured occasionally, and of the monster swans, caught by diving and long swimming underneath the water, then seizing the birds by the legs and so pulling them down underneath the surface and drowning them.

No encouragement did the charming creature require to induce its eating. Already it had attained such growth that it must have begun to feed on flesh brought by its parents, and it took to the cave diet at once. How it throve! It became the pet and plaything of the entire clan and slight were the necessary efforts of Gnaw Bone to feed the foundling, so many were the voluntary contributions to its fare. As time passed, its spots gradually disappeared and it assumed the recognized full tawny color of its kind, the tree leopard, tree-climbing, swift and dangerous. Its size increased, and three months after the beginning of its captivity it was a romping, purring cub no longer, but a lithe, strong creature with an aspect altogether of its own. One day, later, Gnaw Bone, very foolishly, allowed the leopard to itself slay a great water rat which had been caught alive. This was the first time it had ever killed, and a huge mistake was made in the experiment. Ever afterward the nature of the animal seemed changed. It became restless and uncertain of mood, and precautions were in order. Still, the family had no particular apprehension. The pet was really one of them. Certainly.

With some difficulty the pet was tethered to a thick stake driven deeply into the ground near the cave and close beside a hole in the rock, lined with dry grass and affording a retreat at night or in time of storm or cold. A stout strap of hide encircled the creature's neck, and this was attached to a short bar of fire-hardened wood, which he could not gnaw through — for the carnivora are not rodents. This piece was, in turn,attached to another in such a manner that the connecting thong of deer sinew could not be reached by tooth or claw; and thus, practically, a chain was made, allowing freedom of movement but slight chance of escape. Very proud of himself was Gnaw Bone. Who but he controlled the beasts of the forests!

And so the captive throve, largely under the supervision of Big Mouth, the amiable but capable wife of Three Toes, who was left alone with only it for a companion while the men were absent seeking flesh or fish. An estimable lady of her time was Big Mouth. Her name, given her because of her most pronounced characteristic, might, perhaps, induce some prejudice in the mind of one who had never seen her, but such feeling must disappear at once in the light of her acquaintance. She was a sunny matron, and her mouth afforded such facility for an expansive smile or the emission of a most reverberating laugh that she possessed advantages. Her popularity was decided. Furthermore, Big Mouth, aside from her personal charms,—she was brown as a nut and hairy as Esau—had a comprehensive muscular development and was as alert and competent in all the ways of the strenuous life as either her husband or her gifted son. No better guardian of the pet could have been suggested. Not, as it proved, that it really needed a guardian.

One day, when the beast was a little over a year old, something curious happened. It was late in the afternoon, almost dusk in fact, when there came from the forest, across the creek, a long, wailing cry, a sobbing, sinister call, which in an instant transformed the leopard into another creature. It leaped wildly to its feet, strained fiercely at its bonds and glared longingly in the direction of the wood. It seemed beside itself. The sound, repeated once or twice, finally died away, and the leopard became relatively calm, but it was restless ever after that and paced up and down for hours at a time daily, gazing anxiously toward the forest whence the strange call had come. Its value as a pet was assuredly diminishing, and the observant Big Mouth had a glimmering of the fact in her not large but active prehistoric brain. She looked upon the pet in a way which, nowadays, would be called askant, and mentioned her apprehensions to her husband, only to be gibed at as too timid. This did not change her mind. It is understood that, even now, husbands do not always convince their wives.

It was a warm and yellow September afternoon, a month later. The leopard lay basking in front of its shelter when Big Mouth emerged from the cave bearing an armful of strips of the flesh of the little wild horse, secured by bartering of fish with the Hill Men, and which she proceeded to hang from a pole placed at a height between two small trees, there to remain until cured by the sun. As the odor of the newly cut flesh came to the animal's nostrils he raised his head, thrust forth his tongue and licked his chops. Then suddenly a new mood seemed to come upon him; into his eyes came a baleful glare, and a low growl reached the quick ears of Big Mouth. She turned her head and then the blood fled from her brown face. The leopard was loose. Constant attrition had worn away one of the fastenings of sinew and the brute was free, only the collar about its neck remaining of what had been its tether.

Slowly the body flattened itself upon the earth. The great forelegs reached out and the sharp claws dug themselves into the ground as the hinder drew forward and gathered for the spring. The beast had found itself and must kill, and now, it sought nothing wild; it wanted human blood and flesh! It launched itself toward the woman, seeking her full throat with his open jaws.

Well would the monster have fed that day had not the lady in the case been one of the most accomplished and resourceful of the time. With the spring, almost by instinct, she dived and swerved aside, and the terror but brushed her as he passed, and landed far beyond. Before he could recover himself she had darted into the cave, rolled into its place with one great heave the wooden block which barred the low entrance, and slipped in the wedging stone beside it. The baffled monster, leaping back too late, raged up and down outside, claw-ing fiercely at the fixed wood and raging over his disappointment. So he fumed murderously for half an hour, then, with a snarl, leaped down the bank and across the creek and half-way up the bank beyond, where he crouched upon a flat rock and remained there, growling and watchful. This was the daring Big Mouth's opportunity. She had an imperative duty before her, and she took the risk; she rolled the wooden block away again, darted forth from the cave and toward a tree some twenty feet in height, tall enough to afford her reasonable security, but too small of bole for the leopard's climbing. The brute bounded across the creek and up the bank again, but not in time to seize the woman, who looked down triumphantly at his vain upleapings toward her.

Big Mouth had now a place of vantage. She could watch the pathway and sound the alarm to any in danger, and well she knew the need! The leopard, at large and bloodthirsty, was no joke. There would be exhibited what is known as alacrity among the Frog Eaters, should he appear among them, but not, perhaps, alacrity enough, reasoned the thoughtful Big Mouth. She lifted her head and yelled, and it is but fair to say that when Big Mouth yelled her best an important task devolved immediately upon the welkin. There were answering shouts at once.

The responses came from various directions. From the families of the Frog Eaters who, like chimney swallows, occupied half a dozen little caves near by; from far down the creek, where men were fishing, and from a distant wood path, the answers came. Three Toes and Gnaw Bone appeared upon a close acclivity and remained there, checked by Big Mouth's deterrent gestures and loud warnings. A conversation in the odd, clucking language of the race was at once in progress, Big Mouth talking most excitedly. She informed her family in no uncertain tones that the tawny thing had grown suddenly and alarmingly to beast's estate, that it was loose, and that the climate of the cave's vicinity was most unhealthful for mankind.

There was a conversation between Three Toes and Gnaw Bone, and then Three Toes, thoughtful man, approached cautiously the edge of the creek's valley and howled down the unpleasant information to his neighbors. Making a wide circuit, these joined the two upon the height, whence they could discern the plight of Big Mouth. How were they to rescue her?

By no means brave were the Frog Eaters when facing dangerous wild beasts. Even Gnaw Bone, though more familiar with the wood and more venturesome than any other of the clan, dare not attack such a creature as the leopard had now become, and what was to be done no one could at first suggest. It was only after much debate that an old crone from one of the upper caves put forth the very natural proposition: "Send for the Hill Men."

Here was a solution of the difficulty. A swift runner was dispatched to the caves up the river and within an hour a dozen of the wild hunters came running, bow and spear in hand, and laughingly boisterous for the adventure.

Spreading themselves in line, with arrows notched, the allies crept downward through the thickets — but their shafts were never loosed! Just as they were nearing the beast and about to emerge upon the open, there came, long drawn out and wailing and calling, the same strange cry which had so excited the thing long weeks before. He leaped away from the tree and with head lifted toward the forest, sent his own wild answer across the hilly waste. Again came the summons, and, with a roar, the leopard hurled himself over the crest of the ravine and then up the hillside in long leaps, to shift at last, a tawny shadow, into the wood where were his kindred The episode was ended. The Hill men went their ways and the Frog Eaters returned to their shallow caves, for exertion had made them hungry. But before they went they performed a solemn duty: they thrashed outrageously the unfortunate Gnaw Bone, he who had brought into the community an element so alarming.

And this is but the simple and truthful story of the first attempt at taming one of the wild animals, of trying to make closer the relations between them and the animal known as man. In later days, though not so late that men did not live in caves, came other trials, which were successful, when the result was to change for the better humanity's whole condition; when the ravening wolf became the dog, man's companion and ally; when the little wild horse bore him upon its back, making easier his hunting and migrations, and when all these things made smoother the path to a higher civilization.

As for Gnaw Bone, the curious and adventuring, he must go into history, like so many others, as a man born before his time.

# MEXICO ❧ By Richard Lew Dawson

I HAVE read many wonderful stories of the sagacity of parrots in making apt and witty remarks and responses to what they see and hear; but I supposed them to be the inventions of ingenious writers, as most parrots that I have seen confined their talents to squawking and the enunciation of such wise sayings as, "Polly wants a cracker."

But a family in Indianapolis owned a green Mexican parrot of exceptional size whose accomplishments eclipsed all the romances I had ever read of his kind.

I used to devote a good many hours to hearing this bird's entertainments.

He spelled his name with variations in this wise: "M-e-x-Mex! Hello, Mexy! Hello, Mexico!" He counted "1-2-3-4-5-6—Tr-r-r!"

A boy passed the house driving a cart, and he called: "Let me ride, boy!" Now and then he would outrageously betray the privacy of the home by repeating the conversation of a lady visitor with his mistress, somewhat in this fashion: "Good morning, good morning! Why, Mrs. Brown, he-he-he! Come in, how-de-do-ah! Why, there's the baby, bless his little heart, how sweet he is looking—my-my! Yes, yes!" (Here he gave the sound of kissing. "Tra-la-la! Nice baby, yes, pretty little darling! Ha-ha, he-he-he-ah! O, had a splendid time, you ought to have been with us—such fun I never had in all my life! No, hubby couldn't go, ha-ha! Elegant black moustache, danced all night, ha-ha-he-ah! Cut bias, olive ribbons, perfectly lovely, ha-ha-ha! Hello, Mexy! Pretty bird! Sing for me, Mexy—aw, won't Polly sing? Squawk, squawk—tr-r-r-r!"

But Polly could sing, too, and would break out into "Annie Rooney" in almost perfect style, except in pronouncing the name "Onnie," then would wind it up with a whistle. Sometimes he gave a spelling song: "A-b-c-d-e-f-g-h-i-j-k-ellum-n-o-p — curiositee-u-v-w-x-y — ha-ha-ha!" But his crowning effort was the rendition of "Rock of Ages," a little out of tune in places, and he never could catch the high note: "Rock of a-ges, cleft for me, let me HIDE — squawk, squawk, tr-r r-r!" flying into a fury at his limitations, then, grumbling awhile about "old rotten tomatoes for supper—poor Polly!" and subsiding into a gloomy silence.

# SNAGGED: A RIVER STORY

## By Lewis B. Miller

ST. LOUIS, MISSOURI

THE big side-wheel steamer *Chickasaw*, on her way from New Orleans to St. Louis, swung in toward the landing of a bluff-perched town, the bells in her engine-room chiming out the pilot's signals with musical distinctness.

Phil Cameron, waiting on the bank, looked the white craft over with a friendly eye. Six months he had clerked on that steamboat. As she plowed nearer, he waved a cheerful greeting to Captain Clark, standing by the rail of the upper deck.

The vessel, Phil noticed, was carrying a full load of both freight and passengers. People lined her cabin-deck, and many more were strolling over the roof. Beside what her hold concealed, boxes and bales and crates and barrels were stacked from deck to deck in places. And a pair of glossy-coated horses occupied a little pen over the guard.

After pushing up as close to land as she could safely approach, the boat stood still and her gang-plank came down. Grabbing his sample-cases, Phil hurried across the bridge, passing some black roustabouts dragging a hawser. Donnelly, the mate, stopped shouting at the negroes to shake hands with the cheerful young travelingman. Then Phil marched upstairs, where the clerk registered his name, and Payne, the steward, another friend of his, showed him to a stateroom.

Having got rid of his luggage, Phil strolled through the cabin and around the deck. In all the two or three hundred passengers, he found only one acquaintance, and him he scarcely knew.

Then he passed downstairs and back to the engine-room, stopping to admire those Kentucky thoroughbreds and rub their noses. After a few minutes with Craig, the engineer, he strolled back upstairs, and on up to the roof, or hurricane deck. Finding only strangers here, he climbed to the top of the texas and entered the pilot-house.

Robinson, the man at the wheel, nodded and smiled at the *Chickasaw's* former clerk. The boat, having taken on some freight, was now getting under way again. Soon she had left the little town behind and was fearlessly splitting the current. Two foaming torrents rushed from under her great roaring wheels, and two streamers of smoke floated gaily out behind her funnels.

The Mississippi was more than bank-full. Farther down it had burst its levees. There were no levees here to burst, but all the afternoon most of the passengers remained outside, watching the partly submerged farmhouses and barns and fences. Sometimes cattle and horses were seen wading the shallow water near the houses.

When at length night had veiled the wide expanse of brown river, the sight-seers deserted the decks. Phil went in after the others and seated himself by his stateroom door.

It was a cheerful, lively scene that he gazed upon—the long, silvery-white cabin, brilliant under clusters of electric lights, with men, women and children thronging it from end to end. There was a band forward, and a piano aft. The band was playing a lively air and a good number of young men and prettily dressed girls were dancing, the forward part of the cabin having been cleared of tables and chairs. Most of the passengers, gathered in groups, were chatting and listening to the music. But for a constant quivering, nobody could have guessed that the boat was in motion, so smoothly did she run.

A door opened, letting in a burst of sound, like the roar of a cataract, from the revolving paddle-wheels. With the roar came Captain Clark, who shut it out and stood with his back against the door. Later he moved through the cabin, dropping cheerful remarks here and there. To Phil he said:

"What! A good-looking young fellow playing wall-flower? This won't do. Not acquainted? I'll get you an introduction. Come over here!"

"Thank you, captain, but I don't dance, and I'd rather look on tonight than talk."

After some bantering, the captain moved away. Phil leaned back comfortably. But when Mr. Gordon, Phil's one acquaintance among the passengers, came with an invitation to meet his wife and daughters, Phil rose and went.

"We saw you sitting there lonesomely, and I told my husband to bring you back here," Mrs. Gordon remarked, after the introductions.

The conversation began with their travels, and soon turned to mutual acquaintances in St. Louis. Mr. Gordon said little, but his wife and daughters were so entertaining that Phil was glad he had met them. The daughters looked much alike and were dressed exactly alike. Their mother explained that they were twins, and only fifteen. Both were unusually intelligent for their age, with soft, pleasant voices and their mother's deferential ways.

"What if the boiler should blow up, or the boat should sink?" one of them exclaimed a good while later, during a lull in the conversation.

"Sinking wouldn't be so bad, Ida," answered her sister. "You know Mrs. Martin was on a boat that went down, below Cairo. The water didn't touch the second deck. The passengers didn't even get their feet wet."

"Yes, Lucy, but the river is very high now. The boat would go clear under—wouldn't it, Mr. Cameron?"

"I think so," replied Phil. "The pilot says there's seventy or eighty feet of water in places. Even the shallowest spots would measure twenty or thirty feet. If the boat went down in a deep place, you couldn't see anything but her smokestacks, and probably not those."

The band and the dancers were resting now. Usually when the band was silent the piano was playing, first one and then another volunteering to entertain the company. But this time nobody came forward. The twins, Phil had learned, were both enthusiastic students of music, and at his urging they consented to play. Lucy brought their own music from their stateroom.

They played well—remarkably well for their years—and were generously applauded. The captain came in again, to listen, and walked the whole length of the cabin to compliment the young musicians. Phil, himself a lover of music, was enthusiastic over them.

From time to time during the evening a few of the passengers had been slipping out, and while the band was getting ready several more disappeared into their staterooms. But most of the people remained. The dancers, far from being ready to quit, took the floor with eagerness.

Phil and his friends kept their seats, sometimes conversing, sometimes watching the flying figures on the floor. The band played enthusiastically, filling the cabin with their lively melody, and the merry-makers whirled swiftly, dizzily.

While the excitement was at its height, a peculiar jarring or jerking, different from the constant quivering, ran through the boat. The musicians, blowing themselves red in the face, did not notice it, nor did the pleasure-intoxicated dancers. But the people sitting down looked at one another with wondering, questioning eyes.

"What in the world!" Phil exclaimed. He started toward a door. But the explanation quickly appeared.

At the forward end of the cabin the waxed floor suddenly burst open and the black, muddy, jagged end of a log crashed through and rose up in the very midst of the merrily whirling dancers!

The music died instantly. The cabin rang with screams and shrieks and cries of horror! Men and women fled from the frightful apparition as if it had been the head of some river-monster, bursting his way up to devour them!

The great rough snag kept rising, a yard at a jump—ripping, rending, crashing! It leaned aft, but was straightening up, snapping timbers and tearing a long, gaping hole in the floor. The end quickly burst through the white ceiling.

And still it did not stop. The people in the cabin saw the log moving upward, but could not see the havoc it was making overhead.

But there were others who knew. Above the cabin stood the texas, containing the officers' rooms. Captain Clark, leaving the mate on duty below, was already in his berth. Robinson had been relieved by another pilot and Craig and his assistant by other engineers, and they and others were now in the texas, sleeping soundly. But as the great snag crashed up through their quarters, the doors flew open and eight or ten scantily clad men rushed out, like frightened rabbits out of a brush-pile.

But the snag kept going. On the texas squatted the pilot-house, the topmost part of the boat. Gray, the man at the wheel, had had his searchlight playing ahead, but had not seen the snag, though it was as big as a saw-log and as long as a telegraph-pole. Probably it was under water, one end mud-stuck, the other close to the surface. But he had felt it burst through the hull, and had signaled instantly to reverse the engines.

Before the steamer's motion could be checked, the long snag had been driven upward through all the decks, through the cabin and through the texas. Still pushing up, it knocked the whole pilot-house—a light glass-and-frame structure—from its perch into the river, the glass crashing loudly as the house bounced off the hurricane deck! The wheel was broken, and Gray went with his house!

The scene down in the cabin now beggared description. Everybody knew that a snag had been rammed through the *Chickasaw* from hull to hurricane deck, and that she would undoubtedly go to the bottom very soon. Faces that but half a minute before had been wreathed in smiles and radiant with pleasure were now wild with terror. Men were rushing hither and thither, bumping against one another, and accomplishing nothing. Children were crying, and women were screaming and wringing their hands, begging to be saved from a watery grave. Stateroom doors flew open and frightened, disheveled heads were thrust out. At sight of that big, slimy snag, reaching from floor to ceiling, and looking black and horrible in the electric glare, some rushed from their rooms half-dressed, others with bed-covers thrown over their night-clothes.

Phil hurried outside. Finding none of the officers there, he ran downstairs, half a dozen steps at a jump. First he met the two horses. Panic-stricken like the human passengers, they had broken out of their pen and were clattering about among the piles of freight. Dodging them, Phil rushed back toward the boilers.

"She's sinkin'! She's goin' straight to de bottom!" wailed a roustabout.

While passing the snag, Phil could hear the water roaring up into the steamer's hold. She would not be afloat long.

"Help! Help, somebody!" cried a voice.

Phil bounded over to the side. Down in the water, where the boat's lights shone, he discovered a man's head. To grab up a rope and throw it over was the work of a moment. The swimmer seized it and fastened it around himself. Some roustabouts helped Phil pull the man up into the boat. His hands and face were bleeding.

"Why, Gray, what has happened? I thought you were steering!"

"The pilot-house is in the river, Phil. That glass must have cut me."

Here Donnelly, the mate, came running from the engine room with a lead-line. He was pale and somewhat excited.

"She's settling fast, boys! God help us if we can't find shallow water!"

Each paddle-wheel was driven by a separate engine, and in the absence of a steering apparatus, it was possible to turn and guide the *Chickasaw* by her wheels. That was what the engineers were already doing. To reduce the resistance of the snag, the lower end of which pointed forward and would plow up the bottom, they were running the boat stern first, toward the Missouri bank. While making for land, they would be well satisfied to find water shallow enough to leave the boat's hurricane-deck dry after she went down.

"Somebody rouse the captain!" shouted the mate, as he dropped the lead-line over the side.

"I'm coming, Donnelly!" Captain Clark and Robinson and others came running down the steps. The other men from the texas were getting ready the small boats, which were kept on the hurricane-deck. The mate explained the situation hastily.

"Donnelly, you and Robinson and Gray must manage the boat. I'll look after the passengers. They're like stampeded Texas cattle up there. Get her into the shallowest water you can find, then point her nose up stream and hold her till you have to run."

"We'll sink 'er right!" Gray called after him. The captain was already hurrying away.

Phil waited a few moments, but seeing nothing to do here, he made for the stairs, overtaking the captain at the cabin-door. Higgins, the clerk, and Payne, the steward, were also there.

"What can I do, captain?" asked Phil.

"You and Higgins go through the staterooms and roust out everybody. Don't miss a room, and work fast!"

The two had already started, Phil taking one side and Higgins the other. The captain and Payne went among the people.

"Get your grips and life-preservers and pass quietly up to the hurricane-deck!" the captain called out, in tones which did much to allay the excitement. "Don't lose any time, but don't crowd!"

In spite of cautions, there was no little confusion. Some had forgotten their stateroom numbers. But all were soon climbing higher, each carrying his own or somebody else's luggage. More than once the narrow steps became jammed; but the captain and Payne, one at each stairway, urged the passengers to take their time.

Meanwhile Phil and the clerk were going through the staterooms. Most of them were empty. But there are people who can sleep through battles and earthquakes and tornadoes; and despite the tumult a few passengers were still snoring away comfortably in their berths.

Finding a door locked, Phil pounded on it thunderously, then hurled himself against it, bursting it in. Turning on the light, he saw somebody in the lower berth.

"Wake up, man! Don't you know the boat's sinking?" He shook the sleeper violently.

The man uttered an inarticulate, angry protest, and even struck at Phil resentfully. Phil jerked him out of bed. The fall to the floor roused the man.

"Grab your things and get out, or you'll be twenty feet under water!" Phil rushed for the next room.

Swiftly he worked, entering every stateroom, and feeling or looking in every berth. It was well that he searched thoroughly; for at the back side of an upper berth he felt a child asleep. In the excitement the little thing had been left behind.

Catching it in his arms, he rushed out. The cabin was deserted now, and he made for the stairway. The last of the passengers had gone up. At the top of the steps he met the child's mother, running and crying hysterically. He remembered having seen her with several small children.

"I thought her aunt had her!" she exclaimed, snatching the little one eagerly.

Phil rushed back downstairs. The boat's whistle was now blowing a distress signal—a plaintive wail, suggesting the cry of some painfully wounded, dying animal. Phil had several staterooms to go through yet. Higgins had finished those on his side, and was now at his desk, at the forward end of the cabin, getting together books and papers. The captain and the steward were up on the hurricane-deck trying to keep the excited passengers under control against the most exciting event, which was yet to come.

Presently Phil heard a loud trampling. The mate, the pilots, the roustabouts, and all the men from the lower deck were hurrying up.

"She's sinking! Climb for your lives!" Donnelly's voice shouted, as they rushed by the open cabin door. On and up the steps they clattered.

Phil had three rooms yet to examine—back near the kitchen. In and out, in and out, in and out he burst. They were all empty, and he fled down the cabin. Suddenly every light went out. At the same moment the wailing whistle uttered one loud, despairing shriek and became silent, and the boat lurched so violently that Phil was nearly thrown to the floor. The loud hissing of steam below meant that the water had reached the fires.

Phil bounded through a side door. As he sprang for the stairs, the water met him. He reached the steps, caught the rail and began to climb. Fast as he climbed, the water was around his waist when it quit rising. Now he felt the swaying, sinking vessel strike bottom. While he was scrambling out of the water, the boat rocked a few times on her keel, then leaned the other way, with the far edge of her hurricane-deck two feet under water.

As the big steamer settled to the bottom, her weight driving the snag farther through her, many of the passengers were wild with terror. Some could scarcely be kept from jumping overboard. Phil could hear the captain calling out to them reassuringly. But after she became stationary, with nearly all her hurricane-deck high and dry, even the most timid realized that they were in no immediate danger.

Hearing a nicker, Phil peered down at the water and discovered the two horses. Before coming up, Donnelly had opened a gate and driven them into the river. After swimming twice around the boat, they struck out toward Missouri, quickly disappearing in the night. Not till some weeks later did Phil learn that they reached dry land safely, and were finally sent to their owner in St. Louis.

The worst excitement past, Donnelly and three deck-hands launched a small boat, entered it and pulled away. There were other boats, and Captain Clark announced that any passengers who so desired would be set ashore. But he advised them to remain where they were. The nearest land was several hundred yards distant, and at the present stage of the river boating in the dark would be more or less dangerous. Then he explained that Donnelly had started in search of a telegraph office.

Everybody elected to remain on the *Chickasaw*, at least till daylight. The texas afforded shelter for all the children and several women. From here were also obtained blankets and quilts for the use of those rather lightly clad. The captain, armed with a lantern, moved here and there over the slanting deck, speaking cheerfully and encouragingly to everybody.

Phil hunted up his friends, the Gordons, and remained with them. They were sitting on their life-preservers, against the side of the texas, and were accepting the situation more cheerfully than could have been expected. The night was very dark, and the captain's lantern and the colored signal-lights hanging from the smoke-stacks seemed only to intensify the darkness. The people were strangely quiet now—the reaction from their recent excitement. The river muttered and grumbled and pushed resentfully at the impediment in its course. Now began the long wait for the coming of assistance.

Daylight dawned at last and found the people still waiting. At sunrise the mate's party returned. They had tramped several miles to a railroad town, had communicated with the packet company's St. Louis office, and had not started back till assured that another boat, the *Stonewall Jackson*, was steaming down the river to the rescue.

Half an hour later somebody on the texas raised a shout, which the people below quickly took up. Smoke had been discovered far up the river. The rescue boat was coming.

Down the current she rushed, almost with the speed of a railroad train. Opposite the *Chickasaw* she rounded to and approached cautiously. When her nose was but a few yards from the sunken boat's stern, she stopped, and while her paddle-wheels revolved slowly to offset the current, her gang-plank dropped down. The people, carrying whatever they had rescued, were soon hurrying across from the snagged steamer to the floating one. Phil had nothing to carry, but he was none the less cheerful on that account.

When the last man had deserted the *Chickasaw*, the gang-plank swung clear, and the *Stonewall Jackson* steamed away up the river. In due time the passengers were landed at the St. Louis wharf.

Several weeks later, after the flood in the Mississippi had subsided, Phil happened to be walking up the levee one day, and met Payne, the steward of the *Chickasaw*. Payne informed him that the snagged steamboat had been raised, that the hole in her hull had been patched, and that she was now being towed up to St. Louis for repairs.

The resurrected craft was already in sight, and the two men walked down the river-front and watched her come in, lashed to a tug. She was muddy and rusty and bore little resemblance to her former self. The lower part of the big snag had been sawed off and taken out; but most of it remained, sticking up conspicuously above where the lost pilot-house had stood.

# VERSES FOR JULY

## "SOFT AS AN ANGEL'S WHISPER"

THE flower-pied field with Sabbath hush is still;
Soft as an angel's whisper flows the streams;
And in the far blue distance the green hill
Like some rapt Buddha dreams.

The orioles in hedge and covert stir —
Quick flames of fire that flicker all day long;
And in the orchard trees the tanager
Throbs like the heart of Song.

Summer, like Lotus princess of warm blood,
Weds with the sun god bright and beautiful,
And with her lover loiters where the wood
Spreads like Nirvana cool.

Council Bluffs,
Iowa

*Edward Wilbur Mason*

## "WHEN THE YEAR IS AT NOON"

WHEN the air is aquiver and all earth atune,
When life is at flood and the year is at noon,
When the song-sparrow swings and trills from the tree
To the low, rhythmic hum of the hurrying bee,
When clouds like white argosies float in the sky,
Then — it is July.

When the cat-bird forgets all his love-songs of Spring
And the robin stands panting and dragging her wing,
When from the wood-meadow calls softly Bob White
And fireflies, like will-o-wisps, glimmer at night,
When the meek-eyed cows wade in the river breast high,
Then — it is July.

When the sweet breath of clover is in the new hay,
When the red cherries keep the white promise of May,
When the farmer boy whistles and calls to his team
And the warm leaves stir softly like one in a dream,
When nature seems drowsing while Summer goes by,
Then — it is July.

Brooklyn,
New York

*May Ellis Nichols*

# The K·K·K

By C. W. Tyler

CLARKSVILLE, TENNESSEE

## XVI. — (*continued*)

One part of this remarkable order had made a particular impression on the mind of Mr. Lee Templeton. The horse he had ridden was a fairly good one, but his saddle was superfine. He went promptly to the spot where it should have hung, and found it missing. Mr. Templeton was generally careful in the selection of words to express his ideas, but he used now an exclamation which would hardly have been becoming under any circumstances, and certainly was not fit to be uttered in the presence of a lady.

They say misery loves company, and when Miss Sue Bascombe beheld his rather rueful countenance and heard the remark he was surprised into uttering, she clapped her hands and laughed heartily.

"He got you too, did he?" cried the young lady.

"That saddle and bridle and blanket," remarked Mr. Templeton, not directly replying, "would have been cheap at fifty dollars. And the infernal rascal took 'em all."

"The order only called for the saddle," said Miss Sue.

"Can you read, old man?" inquired Templeton, turning abruptly toward the custodian of his goods.

"Naw, sir, I can't," answered the individual addressed. "But dar's my granddaughter Meriky, she kin read right straight along. She read dat paper out loud to me, and dat's de way I got de sense of it. I kin hear ef I can't read."

"Did that paper say anything about my blanket and bridle?"

"Naw, marster, hit didn't; but den don't ev'ybody know de bridle and blanket goes wid de saddle? 'Pears to me any fool mout know dat."

Miss Sue still held the mischief-making paper in her hand. Templeton approached, and, standing by her, read the contents for himself. Mr. Randolph Pearson was absent on some other business and had not yet been informed of the robbery, for such it clearly was.

Miss Sue looked at Mr. Templeton and Mr. Templeton looked at Miss Bascombe.

"Dandy Jim," said the young lady, "was one of the best horses in all this country, and I'm going to have him back if money and friends can get him back."

"And I'll be one of the friends to help bring him back," replied the young gentleman, gallantly. "As for the saddle and bridle and blanket, they may go to the d—"

"Dogs," suggested the young lady.

"That's it," answered Templeton. "That's the word I was trying to think of."

"What sort of a looking man was he now, that brought this order?" inquired Miss Bascombe of the old negro.

"He was a farmer-like kind of a lookin' old man, mistis," was the reply, "and yit he didn't look so very much like a farmer man nother. He had on a slouch hat, rusty and wore out on de top; and he had on a pair of big brown jeans breeches, wid bed-tick galluses; and he had on a shirt widout no pleats in the bosom; and he had on a pa'r of shoes what stood mightily in need of blackenin'. All dat, you may say, made him look kinder farmerlike. But den his hands, whilst dey was dirty enough, was leetle small hands, and I look up under his coat sleeves and seed his arms was white, which showed de sun never did have no purchase on 'em. I sized him up, I did, when he fotched dat paper, and I say to myself dis here gen'lemun is bound to be a farmer, and yit, I say to myself, he is likewise a cur'ous farmer."

"You don't often see a farmer who can write that sort of a hand," said Mr. Bob Lee Templeton, inspecting the paper critically.

Miss Bascombe examined the instrument more carefully now for herself.

"A farmer didn't write that," she said emphatically. "And besides," she added, looking seriously into Mr. Templeton's face, "farmers are not forgers and horse-thieves."

"That's so," replied Mr. Bob Lee Templeton.

"That is undoubtedly so," repeated the young lady.

"What did the old gentleman, as you call him, say when he gave you this?" inquired Templeton of the negro man.

"He never hardly open his mouth. He act like he kinder deef. I b'lieve he was deef, de way he done. He gin me a dime, I tell you and make signs for me to be in a hurry, and p'int to de court-house, and den to the country, and say 'vitness, vitness,' two three times. Den I knowed he was atter witnesses fur de court, and had de law behind him."

"He's a smooth scoundrel," said Miss Bascombe. "That's what he is and I lay he's an old hand at this business."

All this, however, did not bring back Dandy Jim; nor did it replace the saddle, bridle and blanket of Mr. Robert Lee Templeton.

"What are we going to do now?" inquired Miss Sue, in a perplexed tone, and not addressing anybody in particular.

Mr. Templeton for a moment or two did not undertake to solve the difficulty. He had on his studying cap.

"Never mind," said Uncle Davy, who wished to be consoling. "I specks de deef ole gen'lemun be back presen'ly."

"You're a fool," said Mr. Robert Lee Templeton.

"I ain't no fool, marster," replied Uncle Davy, with some spirit, "and your sayin' so don't make it so, nother."

While they stood turning over the perplexing situation in their minds, a messenger came to say that Pearson had just heard of the robbery, and had heard the direction in which the thief went. With three or four others, he had started off posthaste in pursuit, and now sent word to his friend Templeton to escort Miss Bascombe home, as he himself might not return before tomorrow. This commission Templeton cheerfully undertook to execute, and immediately set about contriving a plan by which it could be carried out. He looked at the young lady, and the young lady looked at him, and each for the moment wore a rather puzzled expression.

"I have a pretty good horse," said the young gentleman to the young lady.

"I have a pretty good saddle," replied the young lady to the young gentleman.

The young gentleman here whistled a little very softly, not for want of thought, but because he was deeply cogitating. Then he raised his eyes and gazed upon the young lady for a moment.

"There isn't any help for it," remarked the young lady, gravely.

Then Mr. Bob Lee Templeton, being a man of affairs, led forth his horse—which was not as reliable an animal as the one he had lost some weeks previous—and placed upon its back the young lady's side-saddle and buckled the girth tightly, and took his watch from his vest pocket and consulted it.

"It's ten minutes to four," remarked Mr. Templeton to the young lady, "and the place you wish to reach tonight is five miles away. If we don't hurry it will be dark before we get there."

Then Miss Sue Bascombe went out to the fence a few yards away—it was a tumbledown old rail fence—and climbed upon it, and from this vantage point transferred herself easily to the side saddle when Mr. Templeton's horse was brought near. The young gentleman next climbed upon the fence, when the horse, perceiving his intention, began to fidget and sidled off a few feet.

"I'm not sure he'll tote double," remarked Mr. Templeton.

"We'll make him," replied the young lady, and immediately switched the refractory animal to its proper place by the fence.

Mr. Templeton gave a leap—he had taken a course of gymnastics at school—and lit on the back of the horse and behind the saddle, and likewise behind the young lady, who sat erect in front holding the reins tightly.

All this occurred in the broad, open daytime, and in the immediate presence not only of Uncle Davy and his little granddaughter, but of other interested spectators.

Uncle Davy when they set out pointed them to a near cut by which they might save some distance and avoid curious eyes in the town, but Miss Sue preferred guiding her horse down the main street, and Mr. Bob Lee Templeton raised no verbal objection. So they journeyed and soon discovered that the horse would tote double nicely enough. So they journeyed, and before a great while a pleasant conversation sprang up between them to enliven the way.

"I'm very glad," remarked Mr. Bob Lee Templeton—who usually found the bright side of a situation if there was any bright side—"that I've got a good saddle blanket under me."

"It is fortunate," replied the young lady.

"And that the horse will tote double."

"Very lucky."

"And that I have a nice girl in the saddle in front of me."

"Glad you think so."

"Fact is," said Mr. Bob Lee Templeton, "I feel pleased somehow right now, when, by all the rules of logic, I ought to feel wretched, having had such a run of bad luck today."

The young lady did not reply.

"Fact is," continued Mr. Templeton—who had studied mental and moral philosophy at school—"the human mind is

"*And that I have a nice girl in the saddle in front of me*"

a very curious particle. We are frequently sad in the midst of joyous surroundings, and often merry when a rueful countenance would more become us."

"So I'm told," replied the young lady.

At this point the horse began to prick his ears and seemed disinclined to go by some object ahead on the roadside. She gave him a sharp cut to let him understand she proposed to make him go by. Not expecting the application of the lash, the horse jumped. Not expecting the horse to jump, Mr. Templeton was taken unawares, and came near losing his seat on the saddle blanket. To save himself, he threw both arms about the lady's waist. The reader will bear in mind that he was bound to catch hold of something, and there was nothing else to catch hold of. Just as soon as he could he turned loose, as it was meet, right and proper to do.

But the incident, and the situation generally, stirred the soul of the young man to its depths. There is a species of intoxication that cometh not from strong drink, but from more ethereal stimulants. Nevertheless it is intoxication, and those subject to its influence should not be held legally responsible for their words or conduct. Mr. Templeton recovered his equilibrium upon the horse. but he did not recover his mental equilibrium, which he had been gradually losing for the past two or three miles of his way.

"You were speaking," remarked the young lady sweetly, "of the singular fact that we sometimes feel pleased and cheerful when we have just met with misfortunes well calculated to discourage and dishearten us."

"I was," replied the young gentleman, "but when we reflect upon the incongruity of such a state we usually find that it arises from the fact that while annoying accidents have indeed befallen us, the consequences are more than offset by some countervailing blessing that has immediately followed."

"That's very pretty," replied the young lady, "but I don't understand you."

"Miss Sue," remarked the youth gravely from his seat on the saddle blanket, "you cannot fail to understand me. You do not need to be told that while the old judge knocked us out in the court-room, and a villainous thief served us just as badly in the stable, these trivial setbacks are as nothing when compared with the supreme happiness of riding close behind you on this saddle blanket. You are a young lady of penetration, and you will therefore not be in the least surprised when I declare —"

"Declare what?" inquired the young lady seductively.

"Why, that you are the dearest, sweetest girl in all the world," responded Mr. Templeton ardently. "And I can never see another moment's happiness upon this earth unless—"

"Why, ain't you ashamed of yourself?" interrupted the girl in the saddle. "Don't I know you're in love with Polly Habersham?"

"That's a fact, so I am," rejoined Mr. Bob Lee Templeton heartily.

And they changed the subject.

## XVII

## IN WHICH THE READER IS INTRODUCED TO TWO CAVE-DWELLERS NOT OF THE PREHISTORIC KIND

A BLACK fellow was parching coffee over a slow fire. The odor from the brown grains rose and filled the still, heavy atmosphere of the cavern in which the fire had been built. The glare of the flame lit up the ragged wall around and showed a small apartment nearly circular in form, not more than fifteen or twenty feet in diameter, and with a ceiling that dipped on one side within five feet of the ground and on the opposite side was double that height. A break in the wall on the lower side led into a dark passage without. This opening was hardly large enough for a stout man to crawl through. The interior space was evidently but a niche in the cavern, which at the expenditure of some little labor had been made habitable for human beings. Fragments of rock had been rolled from the center of the open space and placed against the walls. The floor had been smoothed down, at least to such extent as to make it tolerably good treading for the feet. Not far from the fire was a heap of blankets and a confused mass of straw, which manfestly had been used for bedding. Now a pleasant-faced white youth sat on this heap hugging his knees with his arms and blinking like an owl as he lazily regarded the African at the fire.

"He stays a good while," said the white youth, yawning, and presumably addressing the negro, as there was no one else in view.

The black man stirred the coffee, then took up the skillet and shook it to keep the grains from burning. Replacing it on the coals, he answered:

"I'll bet he brings a good one when he comes. Dat ole man's a captain."

"If he does," replied the other, "it will be more than you did the last time. That infernal horse was so broken-winded I could hardly get to the end of the first stage with him. They let him take it easy after that, but we haven't got him off our hands yet."

"I was fooled in dat hoss," said the negro. "He was upheaded and stepped proud and carried hisself so grand he tuck my eye de minit I seed him. I sho thought he was wuth a fortune, but stidder dat he wan't wuth a damn."

At this the gentleman on the straw pile laughed. "You ain't much judge of horse-flesh no way, are you, Sam?" he asked.

"Naw, I ain't. I owns to dat. You see, Mr. Hardrider, I'm new in dis business. My main line has been crap-shootin', and whilst I was in Alabam' I used to branch off from dat once in a while and make a little money by gwine into houses of nights. But I got most too heavy for dat sort of business and had to quit. Dar wan't much in it no way. Rich men put dar money in de bank to keep from losin' it, and po' folks didn't have none to lose, so you got most as much out'n one sort as t'other. Sometimes you struck a good watch, but dat was d—d seldom, and when you did dar wa'n't no way of gittin' rid of it. It was a heap more liable to git you into trouble dan it was to put money in you pocket. De last one I tuck I flung in de creek, but some boys fished it out, and dey got atter me so clost 'bout de d—d thing dat I had to leave dem parts, and I leff in a hurry. I come up here, and was hard put to it for a while, but I accidentally run upon de ole man one day, and he tuck me and made a gen'lemun out'n me."

"The old man's a trump," said the individual in the straw.

"Dat's what he is," answered the negro.

"He sets a heap of store by that d—d son of his."

"Dat's his weakness."

"Like as not he's fooling away his time now listening to that trial in the court-house."

"Dar ain't gwy to be no trial."

"How do you know?"

"Kase de ole man said so dis mornin'. Dat smart lawyer er his'n ain't made up his mind to go to de jury yit, and he ain't gwine to de jury till he git ready. He tell de ole man he gwy worry de life out'n de witnesses travelin' backwards and forwards to court, and fust thing you know he gwy ketch de t'other side when dey ain't ready; den he gwy push dat trial and clear his man."

"I wish they'd try him today and hang him tomorrow," said the gentleman in the straw. "He's no good, and the old man ain't fit for business whilst they've got him tied up. He's like a cow with her calf in the pen; he keeps hanging 'round."

"It's natur'," said the African.

"Natur' or not, it's playing hell with our business," replied the white man. "I ought to have rid last night, and my partner, you may bet your life, was on hand to meet me at the right place, for he's the kind that never breaks an engagement. He ought to do the riding tonight, and the next man tomorrow night, and so we'd keep things lively. But how in the hell can we ride when we've got nothing to ride on? Everything is out of gear because the old man forgets his business and goes poking about after his thick-skulled son. It ain't right, I tell you. The old man worked up this plan, and he oughtn't to lie down on us now."

"It's natur'," repeated the negro. "Brutes and humans, dey ain't none of 'em gwine agin natur'."

"If I had such a son, or such a brother," said the other, "d—n me, Sam if I didn't go agin natur' one time and take him out and kill him. He's the beastliest mortal I ever heard tell of, that fellow Johan is. Look what he done the last time and say whether he oughtn't to swing for it. He goes to a poor old woman's house, burns it to the ground, knocks her brains out with an ax, and when another fellow is took up for his devilment, he jines a mob and helps to hang him. That's what he does, this here precious Jacky, and I say it beats the world. Search the Scriptures, and you won't find no mention of such a case. The Cain and Abel business wa'n't a patchin' to it."

"He made a bad break and no mistake," replied the black fellow, heaving the coffee grains as he spoke into a tin pan by his side.

"I should say so. Them what has a mind to make such breaks ought to break out of this world and into a hotter one. Their friends hadn't ought to give 'em any countenance, and their parents hadn't ought to give 'em any countenance. I ain't no saint, mind you; and don't set myself up for a saint, mind you; but I don't belong in the same world with this here Johan Ankerstrom. I know something about him outside of this last transaction, and I tell you he's a cross between a hog and a dog. When it comes to prowling round at night he's a dog, and he ain't got no more natural affection than a hog. If he was loose and the old man in his fix, he wouldn't turn over his hand to help him out of the scrape; and like as not he'd go to the hanging when the wind-up came and laugh at his daddy dancing on nothing."

"I never seed him," answered Sam.

"No, and you needn't never want to see him. He's just a d——d stupid brute, not worth the fee the meanest shyster of a lawyer would charge to take his case. You couldn't fit him for our business, no, not in a thousand years, if he was in training the whole time."

"Our business ain't no easy business to follow, when you come to steddy 'bout it, Mr. Hardrider," said the negro with some pride. "It kinder lifts a man up and makes him think more of himself when he takes to such a bold callin' as ourn."

"Sam, you're right," replied Mr. Hardrider with emphass. "You've hit the nail just exactly on the head. Our calling is a bold calling, as you say, and it's a calling that it lifts a man up, as you say. A gentleman must have something to amuse him on his way through the world, and I follow this here calling, Sam, mainly for the excitement that's in it. Why, look a here now. Back in the stable, we'll say, is a good horse that's been took up just long enough to make him feel like prancing and stretching his legs, and tonight he's going to have a chance to do both. You rub him down, give him a good feed of shelled oats—that's your part of the business—and by ten or eleven o'clock I'm ready to mount and away. Up I gets—you holding the stirrup for me—and I sets out all by myself on a jolly night's ride. I takes it slow when I'm going by houses where people live, and I takes it fast when I'm on a lonesome part of the road. If I meets anybody I slackens up, drops my right hand so I can pull my pistol handy, and rides by without saying a word. If t'other fellow wants to ask questions I stops, mind you, and answers him civil. I keeps my right hand on my gun whiles we are passing the compliments of the season, and when he's out of sight and out of hearing I rides like hell. What would happen, says you, if he was the sheriff on the lookout for me? Why, this would happen, Sammy, and nothing more. Folks in the neighborhood would hear shooting, and there'd be a dead man found in the road next morning. Mebbe 'twould be the sheriff, mebbe 'twould be Mr. Hardrider; all depending — you understand, Sammy?— on which gentleman pulled first. Now ain't that stimulating? Excitement, excitement, my friend, there's lots of it and to spare in our business. But proceed, proceed, you say. Let us suppose a pleasant trip, and no dead man at all left in the road. Very good. About ten or eleven o'clock it was I started out, and shortly after midnight I'm over the line in Kentucky. No d——d sheriff or constable can follow me over that line if he was ever so hot on my trail."

"W'y not?" asked Sam innocently.

"Because it's the law," replied Mr. Hardrider gravely. "The law is I can cross a state line when I choose, I not being a officer; and the sheriff can't cross a state line at all, he being a officer. It's a dead line for him, you see, but not a dead line for me."

"Oh," replied Sam.

"That's it," continued Mr. Hardrider. "So I crosses the state line and takes a swig at my bottle, which I haven't did before, wishing to keep my head clear. To'ds day I reaches the place where the next man is waiting for me, and he takes the horse and hides him out where he can get another feed and curry and a good day's rest. When night comes another gentleman mounts the horse and rides him to another station, where number three is awaiting for him. Here's another feed and another good rest and from that on they can take it easy and ride by day as well as night. So it goes until headquarters is reached and the horse is turned over to them as will get a fair price for him on the open market."

"Wot den?" inquired Sam, who apparently had not as yet been thoroughly instructed in the details of the business he was engaged in. "Does dem fellows away off yander keep all de money dey gits by de sale of de hoss, or does dey 'vide up like gen'lemun?"

"Sometimes," answered Mr. Hardrider, "they give us a good slice out of the proceeds by way of commission, as they call it. Sometimes, when they get hold of a first-class man like me, they pay him a salary."

"You works on a salary, den?"

Mr. Hardrider shook his head. "Not by a d——d sight," he replied nonchalantly.

"Wot den?" Sam ventured to inquire, after waiting some moments for his companion to proceed.

"I'm no hireling," remarked Mr. Hardrider to the negro. "By God, I'm a gentleman."

"Dat's a fack, Mr. Hardrider," replied Sam with evident sincerity in his tone.

"If I was a d——d hireling," continued Mr. Hardrider, "where would the excitement be?"

"Nowhars," responded Sam, as he stirred the coffee.

"That's it," said the gentleman in the straw. "If I was a hireling I'd have to go where I was ordered, and do any kind of work they put me at. Mebbe 'twould be away off at t'other end of the line where there's no excitement at all to speak of. As it is I'm my own man, and I'm right here in the thick of the fray, as one might say. If a horse is took anywhere in this here country, he's brought to this here cave and stabled and rested and hid away from sight till the time comes to run him off. Then I mounts him as aforesaid, and bids you and the old man good-bye and has an all-night time of it with that 'ere horse."

"Even down so," replied Sam.

"The fellow that took the horse, mind you, just slipped up to the stable when nobody was awake, bridled him, saddled him, and led him off a piece; then mounted him and had him safely hid away here before the country could wake up and give chase. There wasn't much excitement about that."

Sam shook his head.

"When I mount that 'ere horse it's for an all-night ride, and it's when the hull country knows that a horse has been took. There's excitement about that, I should say."

Sam nodded his head. He not only nodded it to indicate acquiescence in Mr. Hardrider's remark, but his task being finished, he nodded a second time and gave unmistakable indications of being about to drop off to sleep. Mr. Hardrider noted this and passed in the course of his conversation from dialogue to soliloquy.

"I'm d——d," said Mr. Hardrider, addressing himself, but speaking loud enough to be overheard by his companion, "if I hain't a mind to turn honest."

"Wot?" cried Sam, sitting bolt upright and staring at the speaker in astonishment.

"I'm a notion," said Mr. Hardrider, as though he was turning the thing over in his mind, "to git on the side of the law."

"Don't you never do it," cried Sam.

"I've been on this side," continued Mr. Hardrider, "until the edge of the thing, you may say, is kinder wearing off and the excitement dying out. Now if I was on t'other side, don't you know, I could make things damned lively for a while?"

"Don't you never do it," repeated Sam.

"Why, look a here," pursued Mr. Hardrider, "if t'other side was only to git a move on themselves and act prompt, same as we act prompt, don't you know, they could hold a pretty good hand with us? We has to be keen and sharp and always on the go. It's a sleepy old crowd, them on t'other side."

"Don't you never wake em up!" exclaimed Sam.

"If I was on t'other side," Mr. Hardrider went on, half soliloquizing and half addressing his companion, "do you s'pose when a horse was took I'd wait for the owner to go hunt up the sheriff, and for the sheriff to ride 'round the county at his own cost, hoping to stumble on the man what took him? No, sir, I'd offer a big reward in advance, and I'd give a permit to all officers to follow and arrest any suspicious character on horseback and hold him till his case was looked into. Then the man that took the horse wouldn't have much the start of them that was after him, and there'd be a reward on both sides to make the race lively. The gentleman in front would be riding for the money there'd be in it for him if he got away safe with the horse, and them behind would be riding for the money there'd be in it to them if they overtook him."

"Sho-nuff, said Sam."

"Do you s'pose," continued Mr. Hardrider, following up his train of thought, "if I was on the side of the law and the man what took the horse was captured and brought back, I'd wait a lifetime before I made an example of him for to warn others? Pshaw! there ain't no business in that. If you're going to try a man what bucks up against the law, try him quick; if you're going to punish him, punish him quick. Drag him right to the front; give him his say; turn him loose if he's not guilty, hang him up if he's guilty; that's business."

"Mighty true," said Sam.

"Do you know what the punishment is in Tennessee for this here trade we're following?" inquired Mr. Hardrider of his auditor.

The negro shook his head.

Mr. Hardrider here drew an imaginary halter around his neck and made believe to attach it to some fixed object above him.

"No!" cried the negro in considerable trepidation.

"Yes," said Mr. Hardrider, "that's it. Hung by the neck until you're dead, and may the Lord have mercy 'pon your soul. That's the way the state of Tennessee treats horse-thieves—on paper. In fact, mind you, they mostly go to jail, fee a good lawyer to defend 'em, spend a few years in dignified retirement, and then come out and follow their old trade, if their legs haven't got so stiff as to unfit 'em for it."

The negro hugged his knees and gazed in silent admiration on his comrade.

"There's only one kind of law down here in this country that men in our profession need to be afeerd of," said Mr. Hardrider.

"Wot kind o' law is dat?" inquired Sam.

"Mob law," replied the speaker.

Sam raised his hand by way of deprecation. "Don't name it, Mr. Hardrider," he said. "Dat kind o' law ain't fitten to be named 'mongst gentlemen."

"It's like one of those Western tornadoes," said Mr. Hardrider. "It springs up of a sudden; wastes its fury on anything in its way, and dies out all at once. Smart folks can generally dodge it, but it's hell on fools."

Sam continued to shake his head. "I wishes to have nothing to do with it," he expostulated.

Mr. Hardrider pursued his reflections, "If I was to turn honest now," he said to Sam, "do you know what I would do?"

The negro shook his head.

"I'd say to 'em, I would, let's take this here mob law that goes too fast, and this here court-house law what travels too slow, and roll 'em together and make one good law that would jog along just about right. Let's have—I'd say to 'em if I was to turn honest—a genuine, up-to-date law that won't neither throttle the wrong man in a hurry nor dilly-dally with the right man when it gets a holt on him."

"That kind of a law," said Sam, "would ruin our business."

Mr. Hardrider arose and was apparently about to present some new ideas on the subject under discussion when a low whistle stole into the rugged apartment where the two men sat. "That must be the old man," he said, addressing the negro.

Without a word more, Sam took up the lantern, but did not light it, and walked rapidly forward in the darkness toward the mouth of the cave. The white man remained still until the sound of the negro's footsteps had died away, then he groped his own way farther back into the interior of the cave and secreted himself behind some fragments of rock that had fallen from the roof of the cavern. He was quite sure the sound that reached his ear had come from one of his accomplices in guilt, but much dodging of law officers had made him wary as a fox.

## XVIII.

## THE EXUBERANT FANCY OF SAM QUACKENBOSS BRINGS HIM INTO TROUBLE; AND THE OLD FARMER DELIVERS A FREE LECTURE TO A SELECT AUDIENCE

THE negro made his way along the dark passage with the unlit lantern in his hand until he heard the ripple of water close to his feet. It was absolutely dark in the cavern, and he could not have detected any unluminous object within six inches of his nose. He had proceeded without hesitation, however, throwing out his hand now and then to feel the wall on his left, and did not falter until his ear caught the low sound of running water. Then he paused, and squatting down remained perfectly silent for a few moments and listened. Hearing no sound, he imitated the harsh chuckle of a screech-owl, once, twice, thrice. It was a low utterance, but one calculated to penetrate a good way in the dead stillness of the cave. Almost at once the note was answered by one so similar that the two could scarcely be distinguished apart. Once, twice, thrice came the chuckle of the night bird, distinctly heard above the soft ripple of the stream, though at some distance away. The negro now arose and lit the lantern he held in his hand. By its rays the passage behind him could be discerned, a rough, stony track ten or fifteen feet in height and of about equal breadth. This passage here joined another, from which the stream came. It was Winter and the water was cold, but the negro without hesitation took off his shoes, socks and even his trousers, and, leaving these on the dry bank, began wading down the creek, for the stream was broad and deep enough to be so termed. Most of the way the water was above his knees, but at intervals there were deeper places where it nearly reached his waist. Sometimes the arch overhead dipped down so low as to almost touch his head, and there was one long, curved, narrow passage through which the stream tossed and swirled in its anxiety to free itself. The negro held his lantern high here, and found some difficulty in maintaining his footing. Making his way cautiously through this chute, the rays of his lantern showed that the passge broadened at the lower end, and the stream hugged the right wall, leaving a strip of dry land to his left. He might have taken his way now along this strip of ground if he had chosen, but he remained in the water and proceeded down the bed of the creek. He paused now, and extinguished his lantern, and, going a short distance farther, a faint streak of daylight greeted him from the mouth of the cavern. It was but a dim ray, that did not aid him any in finding his way along the bed of the creek. He advanced now, groping his course and with both arms extended, as if he anticipated encountering some obstacle ahead. He turned a curve where the light was a little stronger, and immediately before him there stood a horse with a man a-top of him. The horse started back in affright when the negro came suddenly upon him, but the rider patted him on the neck and soothed him in low tones.

"Ho, t'ere. Sho, coot fellow. Don't act te tam fool," said the rider caressingly. The negro in the meanwhile had seized the bridle and held the animal firmly. A little more soothing, and the man in the saddle turned the bridle rein over to the negro, who led the horse slowly back up-stream, stopping now and then to calm and reassure him. When they had gotten beyond the last possible glimmer of daylight, the negro halted in the middle of the stream and lit his lantern. They proceeded some distance further, the animal occasionally snorting and pressing close upon the heels of the African, as if relying upon him now for protection. When they reached the long, narrow chute through which the water swirled and tossed they came to a second halt.

"Has you got any liquor?" queried the African, as the cold waves splashed about his bare legs in midstream.

The man on the horse took from his side pocket a flask about half full of whiskey and handed it to his companion. The negro's hand trembled as he grasped the flat bottle eagerly. "I'm pooty nigh friz," he remarked, and then turning the bottle up he poured most of its remaining contents down his throat. As he stood in the narrow way, the lantern lit up objects about him very distinctly. The horse that pressed upon him bore a marvelous resemblance to Miss Sue Bascombe's animal, Dandy Jim; the saddle was new and of good leather and the rider looked like an honest old farmer who cared little for appearances.

"You'll hatter say your pra'rs now," observed the nergo, as he handed the nearly empty flask back to its owner. The old farmer seemed to have a peculiar way of saying his prayers, for at this injunction he stretched himself at full length, lying flat on the animals back like a lizard on a log. Patting the horse kindly on the head, to assure him that no harm should befall him, the negro led the animal cautiously up the stream and through the perilous channel. At one or two spots he came to a stand, and gave notice to the old farmer to lie particularly flat before he ventured on. The old farmer fortunately was little of stature, for if he had been corpulent at some one of these places he must have been scraped from the saddle. "Pray hard, pray hard," the negro kept repeating, when he feared it would be a particularly tight shave for the horse and rider to squeeze themselves through some low, narrow place. The old farmer did not utter a single exclamation on this most trying part of his journey. Now and then he groaned dismally, but he made no attempt to speak. The animal beneath him cleared its nostrils occasionally, but very softly, as if it feared a vigorous snort might bring down calamity on the entire expedition.

"Here we is," cried Sam, when he had finally reached the point where they could leave the water and take to the dry land.

"Mine Cot!" exclaimed the old farmer, as he leaped to the ground and began hopping up and down to give vent to his ecstasy. "Ah, mine frient Sam, but it's a proud man I am tis minit. Holy Moses, but tat vas a tam tight squeeze. I vould not take such a ride ag'in, s'help me, for all te cattle in te Marrowpone Hills."

"You'd oughter had dis place in mind when you tuck de hoss," replied Sam. "I was afeerd once or twice he wan't gwy squeedge through. Now he's in here we'll have to feed him light, or we'll never git him out."

"He's a pig, fine horse, dat's a fact," replied the old farmer, whose attention was now directed to the animal.

"Dat's even down so," answered Sam. "But lemme tell you, boss, sich hosses want made to fit dis place. Whilst we keep dese here headquarters we'd oughter confine our attention mostly to ponies."

"Ah, but tis is a coot horse," said the old farmer, taking the lantern from the negro and holding it up so he could examine the animal more closely. "Two huntert tollar is sheep for him."

The negro got back into his clothes with as much expedition as possible, for he was cold. Then, taking the bridle-rein and lantern, he led the horse further back into the cave, the old farmer following. When they reached the opening that led into their private apartment the old gentleman crawled through this, the negro going on with the horse. Presently he halted and tethered the animal at a broad, level place which bore evidence of having been used as a feeding-ground before. Going to some sacks that stood at a little distance he brought about a half gallon of shelled oats in a small wooden tin, and then removed the saddle, bridle and blanket from the animal, preparatory to giving him a good rubbing down while he fed.

Sam was a pretty good judge of horse-flesh, and as he pressed the cloth lightly up and down the horse's back and inspected his various good points with a critic's eye, he endorsed without reservation the opinion of the old farmer had expressed in regard to him.

"Dis here is a good horse an' no mistake," said Sam to himself, squatting down to wipe off the right fore leg of the animal. "Hit's de very best hoss we've met up wid in our business," he continued a moment later, still addressing himself. As he rubbed, and rubbed, there being no other human being nigh to whom he could communicate his ideas, he fell to ruminating aloud. "Ef I owned jest sich a critter as dis," said Sam to himself, "and could ride him 'bout anywhars in de daytime, and had de money in my pocket wot de owner of a critter like dis ought to have, if I didn't cut a swell I'm de biggest liar wot ever opened his mouth. Lord, wouldn't I cut a swell wid dis hoss ef I could ride him 'bout anywhars in de daytime, and had de ready money for to support me an' him. I'd go back down yander to Alabam', I would, and I'd ride straight up to de house whar dat gal lives, and I 'd holler loud enough to wake a policeman three squar's off. 'Hello,' I'd say, 'who keeps house?' I'd say. 'Is ev'body dead in dese parts,' I'd say. Wid dat you may bet your bottom dollar dey'd all come tumblin' to de door. Dat gal, Huldy, and all her little brudders and sisters, and her ma, and her ole granmammy, and de brindle dog wid one eye, here dey'd all come. Den de ole granmammy she'd kinder shade her eyes wid one hand and look at me hard and say, 'Why, hain't dat Sam Quackenboss wot leff dese parts so sudden last Chrismus was a year?' Den I'd make my bow, and speak up to her jess as perlite as a dancin'-marster, and say, 'No, marm, it ain't.' Den Huldy's ma she'd speak up and say, "Go way fum here. You tell me dat ain't Sam Quackenboss, de runaway nigger wot lit out fum here last Chrismus was a year?' 'Den I'll 'spond to her, 'No, mam, it ain't. Dis here ain't no runaway nigger, marm, I haves you understand. Dis here is Mr. Sam Quackenboss wot taken a little pledger trip last Chrismus was a year, mum, same as any other gen'lmun, and wot has now come back fur to pay his respects to your darter Huldy, mum, same as any other gen'lemun.' Wid dat I'd light off'n dis here hoss, and I'd 'vance to'ds de house wid my hat in my hand, a-bowin' and a-smilin'——

"Yes, and you'd play hell, too," said a voice close to him, proceeding evidently from some person who had overheard his soliloquy.

Without a word Mr. Sam Quackenboss dropped his cloth and brush, and rushing back into the cavern, where he saw a dim figure standing, he grappled with the individual who had so suddenly interrupted him and, by a dexterous twist of his right leg 'round that of the unknown intruder, he speedily upset him. Having accomplished this much in a jiffy, he placed his knees on the arms of his adversary, prepared to throttle him. The man underneath resisted violently, and it chanced in the struggle that a ray of light from the lantern fell on his face. Sam, to his astonishment, recognized the features of the friend from whom he had not long since parted in the guest chamber, and springing to his feet he cried out so loud as to be heard some distance away:

" 'Fo' God, Mr. Hardrider, I didn't know dat was you."

The gentleman addressed had risen promptly, but he was obliged to consume some moments in the effort to recover his wind before he could reply. When his lungs had begun again to perform their natural function he answered indignantly:

"Next time you'd better wait until you find out something about a fellow before you try to kill him."

To which Sam answered excitedly: "In jineral, sar, dat's my rule; but you took me on surprise."

At this moment the old farmer, attracted by the disturbance, appeared on the scene with a lantern in his hand. "Py Apraham and Moses!" he cried in a hoarse whisper, shaking his lantern at first one and then the other of the disputants, 'you vill rune te pizness. You vill pring te sheriff, and Cot knows vot all. You vill land te whole posse of us in shail, you reckerless pad poys, you miserable tam fools. Go pack to der place vere you pelongs. Go pofe of you right pack at vonct, or I vill discharge you, so help me. Dere now; dere now; go pack, goot fellows. Go straight pack at onct allretty, and stop your tam foolishness, or you vill rune te pizness."

They obeyed the command and when the three men were seated in the guest chamber, as their private apartment was called, the old gentleman delivered to his two juniors a fatherly lecture by which it is to be hoped they both profited, "Pizness is pizness," he said. "Ven you go in a pizness, learn te rules of te pizness, and stick to te rules of dat pizness, and you vill prosper, and te plessing of Cot vill pe upon you. If you follow te auctioneer pizness you must cry mit a loud voice so people vill hear you. Dat vay you prosper. If you follow te pizness of taking utter men's horses and hiding dem in a cave, you must mind de rule to speak low or dere'll pe hell to pay. No matter vat your pizness, follow te rules of dat pizness, and coot vill come of it in te ent. Vatch all alonk te line, and make effry edge cut, so you vill haf pig money pime-py. If you sell coots make ter customer pay cash and put dat cash in your pocket; puy te coots on a credit and preak pefore pay day cumps. Dat vay you git large money. Follow te rules of your pizness, mine frients, and keep you eyes vide open all de time."

"Speaking of keeping your eyes open," said Mr. Hardrider, desiring to switch the old man off on a more interesting topic, "I saw a mighty fine horse about six miles this side of Nashville t'other day; that's what I saw."

"Dot's pizness," said the old gentleman.

"Light sorrel," said Mr. Hardrider, "medium size, clean limbs, tail cut square; looked like a racer."

"Dot's pizness," repeated the old gentleman.

"Runs in a ten-acre lot with a high fence round it. Put in there, I guess, to let him play."

"Dot's pizness," remarked the old gentleman for the third time.

Mr. Hardrider having imparted this piece of intelligence, lit his pipe and lapsed into silence.

"Now," said the old gentleman, "de kevestion is who vill git him out of dot ten-acre lot. To my notion dot hoss has had play sooficient in dot lot."

Mr. Hardrider smoked on in silence. Sam likewise held his peace.

"I leave dot matter to you two shentlemen," said the old man. "And I vants dot 'oss in de stable here soomtime tomorrow night. A vord to de vise is sooficient."

The negro produced a crumpled deck of cards from his pocket and now in dumb show challenged Mr. Hardrider for a game. The white outlaw faced him, and with the pipe still in his mouth motioned his companion to shuffle and deal.

"Pizness is pizness," continued the old gentleman. "My frient Kevackenparse, and my frient Artriter, you vill go tomorrow and stop dot poptail 'oss from playin' in dot ten-acre lot. Kevackenparse vill——"

"Call me Sam," interrupted the negro. "Ef you don't leave off dat Kevackenparse I'll ask de court to change my name."

"Ver' coot, ver coot," said the old gentleman. "I vill call you Sam, Alabam' Sam, and let Kevackenparse go to hell. My frient Sam vill git dot 'oss out of dot lot and turn him over to my frient Artriter, who vill fetch him here and poot him in de stable vere he pelonks. Pimepy next veek ven de owner of dot 'oss git tired lookin' for him ve vill send him and de pig fellow vot shust come in off to de market. Pizness is pizness."

"Clubs is trumps," said Mr. Hardrider.

"And it's my lead," said Sam.

"Ven dot 'oss is turned over to Artriter," continued the old gentleman, "mine frient Sam vill stay in de country and mix vid de peoples a vile. Ve need vitnesses for de court as vell as 'osses for de market." "Never mind about dat," answered Sam, as he trumped one of Mr. Hardrider's cards. "Let de witnesses go."

"Ah, mine Cot," said the old gentleman, "I must not forgit de main pizness vot prought me to dis tam Marrowbone coontry. Let de vitnesses go? No, no. Let de vitnesses go, and mine shile in shail? Mine Cot, no!"

It may be explained here that the worthy old gentleman, Mr. Olof Ankerstrom, had first visited the Marrowbone region a few months before in the hope of picking up testimony that would be of service in the trial of his son. It was his ardent desire to prove an alibi for his son Johan, and thus demonstrate that he could not have been the perpetrator of the outrage at the Bascombe place. It was his purpose also to show in court at the proper time that Sandy Kinchen prior to the outrage had made criminating statements to his intimates, which would go far toward fastening upon him the responsibility for the terrible crime. It was with the view of hunting up testimony of this kind — and, it must be admitted, of manufacturing it if it could not be found ready made — that the worthy old gentleman had shouldered a peddler's pack and knocked about for some weeks in the locality where the crime had been committed. While thus engaged it had occurred to him to make expenses, and perhaps something more, by opening up a brisk horse-trading business with some confederates north of the Ohio River who were upon confidential terms with him. He found the negro Sam loafing about with no visible means of support, and through him first undertook to suborn negro witnesses to testify in behalf of his son Johan at the coming trial. Finding Sam a willing accomplice, he promoted him in recognition of his merit, and made him a member of the horse-stealing fraternity. The negro had, on a former occasion, when it suited his purposes to absent himself a while from society, discovered the cave and waded up the creek until he reached dry ground where he could go into camp. He revealed to the old gentleman the existence of this safe hiding-place, and upon a more thorough inspection they became convinced that a horse, as well as a man, could explore the depths of the cavern. They found the niche, or side opening, which Mr. Hardrider, a promising young scoundrel, dubbed "the guest chamber;" and here, when not engaged in active business, they ate, slept, played cards, drank whiskey and sought in various other commendable ways to kill time.

The existence of the cave had of course been long known in the neighborhood, but no one prior to this time had been so adventurous as to wade up the swift, cold waters of the creek until dry footing could again be found; and thus it was not suspected that a snug lurking-place for robbers lay in the deep recesses of the hill that rose back of the opening. Now, school-boys in Summer will follow with lighted candles the labyrinths of the stream, and point you, if you are bold enough to accompany them, the very spot where old Ankerstrom, the negro Sam and Mr. Hardrider sat in frequent council, and planned raids upon the stables and horse pastures in the vicinity. Some stubborn people insist even yet that no horse of ordinary size could be led along the narrow channel through which the stream flows, but in reply it is only necessary for me to state that Sam Quackenboss did lead many horses to stable by this route, and this, I am sure, with reasonable people will be sufficient to silence all controversy on the subject.

"Sam," said the old gentleman, after watching the game for some moments in silence, "pass me dot plack pottle. Somehow I haf dot lonezome feel tonight."

The request having been complied with, the old gentleman took an absent-minded potation and returned the bottle. "Dem vitnesses, dem vitnesses," he said. "Somehow or utter, Sam, I haff dem vitnesses upon my mint tonight."

"You needn't," replied the negro. "I kin git you all de witnesses you want, but dat old lawyer won't let 'em go 'pon de stand."

"Ve vill fool him, Sam, and make him pelieve day swear trute."

(**To be continued**)

## A DISAPPOINTED WOMAN

MIRABEL hung over the garden gate, pondering on the mysteries of life.

So many things to keep the mind of a little girl busy!

Every morning the Sun sprang like a big fire-bug out of the ground. Where was his hole? Every day the choo-choo car with its great goggly eye crawled down the track rapidly as if it had a thousand legs, past Mirabel's house, and off to—where? Where did the organ-grinder man live when he was at home? Why did his monkey look so sad? Was he always hungry? Did the man whip him when nobody was by? If he could speak, what would he say? Why was it that "men must work and women must weep" as she had often heard Mamma sing. How glad she wasn't grown up: why couldn't she always stay as a little girl? And if she must grow up, oh why couldn't she grow up to be a man? But work? Why must they work? Why —

Skippity-skip, skippity-skip, down the road came little Sarah O'Brien.

"I'se dot a new baby!" she triumphantly announced.

"You don't say so! Where did you get it?" said Mirabel, hopping down from the fence in her interest.

"My mama buyed it for me."

"Where did she buy it?"

"At the store."

"Which store, the Beehive?"

"I don't know. I'll go find out." And Sarah skipped away.

Pretty soon, skippity-skip, skippity-skip and Sarah returned.

"The lady says mamma's asleep and I can't talk to her and a stork brought the baby last night."

Mirabel speculated.

"I never saw any storks around here," she proclaimed with decision, remembering the great white bird in her bird book. "Are you sure a stork brought it?"

"Course it did! The lady said so."

"Humph! Seeing's believing. I'll go ask my mamma."

Mirabel burst into the kitchen.

"Mamma, Sarah O'Brien's got a bran-new baby. Her mother bought it for her. Won't you buy me one too?"

"Sakes alive! What would we do with another baby? You've got Dousabel. Isn't she enough?"

"Which store did you buy Dousabel at, mummy?" wheedled Mirabel.

"Well," said mamma in a confidential tone "you see we were too poor to buy a baby, so we just got her out of the beet-tops."

"You don't say so! And where did you get me?"

"Why, you grew in the cabbages, bless

your heart. Now run away and play. Mamma's awfully busy. I should think you had babies enough with all that family of dolls."

Mirabel wandered into the back yard.

She picked up a rag doll that was lying in the dirt. She dragged her little rocking-chair into the shade of the old apple tree. She settled herself in it, not exactly comfortably —the rocking-chair had shrunk since it came into her possession—but with a good make-believe at comfort.

She rocked her dolly, singing:

"*Mamma's on'y on'y pwecious baby boy,*
*Mammy's on'y on'y yittle pickaninny* — "

She leaned over to see if dolly was asleep. "Oh, my darling child, your poor little nose is all bruised where somebody stepped on you. What a dweadful naughty mamma to go away and leave her pwecious lambkin all alone where she did fall down and get stepped on, so she did. I whip myself. So! Bad, bad mamma! (She gave herself several sounding slaps.) There, now, mamma will kiss it all very well again."

Pretty soon she thrust her hand into her pocket and drew forth, first a headless doll, then a one-legged doll, then a lot of other cripples, about eight in all, not one whole dolly among them (she clung to these mained ones and loved them "because they were unfortunate"), and not one decent suit of clothes among them neither, I am ashamed to say.

Like many sentimental people, Mirabel expended most of her energy in emotion, and though she hugged and kissed and cried all the wax off her dollies' faces, she somehow never had any clothes for them except what Dousabel's good nature supplied her with. The sweet little gingham petticoat, ruffled so tight it stood out straight all around, which adorned the black-haired china doll, was Dousabel's handiwork. The necklace of black and white beads, sole ornament of a pasty wax beauty, was also of Dousabel's manufacture. Only the corn-husk sash on one of the two-for-a-cent china dolls was of Maribel's invention.

Sometimes she loved these dollies very passionately, almost strangling them in her hot embrace. At other times she would chafe at their unresponsiveness, and thump their heads on the ground, trying to make them show some feeling.

After she had rocked a little while, she jumped up, dropping raggedy Jane. The chair jumped with her. She squirmed out of it.

She ran to the fence.

"Chahley! Chahley!" she called.

A stocky little boy, with a dumpling face and dimples, looked up from his absorbing work of marking out the streets of an ideal city.

"Chahley, come over here."

Charlie moved slowly toward her, keeping one eye on the city.

Charlie, known to his friends as "Bubble," but to Mirabel's tender imagination as "Star," was Mirabel's "steady." That is to say, Mirabel was steadily attached to him for some time. When the girls sang "Water, water, wild-flower," and so on, and requested her to tell her sweetheart's name, she always demurely responded, "Willie Brown", or "Jimmy O'Brien," but under her breath she said, "Star."

"Chahley, let's go hunt for babies," she said in an engaging tone.

"Where?" said the laconic Bubble.

"Oh, under the cabbages. That's where my mamma got me."

Charley got over the fence, hoisting his fat little legs carefully over the spikes, after handing his shovel to Mirabel.

Mirabel got her shovel.

They walked down their Eden path together.

All around them lay spread fruits of the kitchen garden. Feathery carrot-tops and fragrant curly parsley delicately fluttered beside the awkward phalanx of seeded onions which looked like professors whose strength had all gone into their heads. The fat, vermillion-complexioned tomatoes sat comfortably in the shade of their own leaves, unmindful of the frantic race for glory of the beans climbing up their slippery poles. Just beyond the beans the crispy cabbages, in beautiful pale green and white leaves folded snugly each over each, easily showed themselves queens of the garden in their serene and ample beauty.

The children began digging cautiously around the cabbages.

A sudden cry from Mirabel. "Oh, Chahley, I've found one. And I'm afraid I struck its little head. Oh, Chahley, whatever shall I do? We must dig gently with our hands."

Kneeling carefully side by side the children carefully scraped away the dirt until they left exposed to view — a large stone.

Such a disappointment! Mirabel leaned against the apple-tree and gasped. Then she threw herself face downward, sobbing.

"Never mind, little woman," said Charlie, patting her on the back as he had seen his father comfort his mother, "When I'm a big, rich man I'll buy you all the babies you want."

But Mirabel wasn't listening.

Charlie walked away with his hands stuffed in his pockets. He hated to see a girl cry. Made him feel like saying swear-words.

Mirabel cried and cried.

By and bye the sunshine peeped between the leaves of the apple-tree. Then it jumped down and patted her on the cheek with warm, tender fingers. A fuzzy caterpillar poked its head into her palm and rubbed against it comfortingly. The leaves on the apple-tree began to whisper a fairy story, and pretty soon Mirabel was in Dreamland, where a lovely boy baby slid down a banister from the moon right into her arms.

Pasadena,
California

*Leonie Gilmour*

## HIS HIGHNESS, HEIR-APPARENT OF TOMORROW

I

HIS Highness, heir-apparent of Tomorrow,
Has joined our happy circle; naked he came
And of his need he was constrained to borrow
Raiment and food and shelter and a name.

A tiny prince, wing-borne o'er plain and billow,
His eyes agleam with a seraphic fire,
I found him couched one morn upon a pillow
Beside the Lady Fair of his desire.

II

When morning's glow his eastern window flushes,
Waking he views the scene with curious gaze;
Sometimes it seems that recognition rushes
Into his eyes, then yields to awed amaze.

He scans his little world of walls and ceiling
In sober silence neither of blame nor praise,
His thought his glance of innocence revealing,
Thrilled with the mystery of our mortal days.

III

Sometimes I think his little brain is thronging
With homesick visions of a fairer land;
Soft little cries that touch my heart with longing
Quicken the impulse of Her soothing hand.

And then he sighs and sleeps and I who follow
With yearning eyes the drama of their days,
Note how he rests within her soft arm's hollow,
Pillowed in peace beneath the lamp's mild rays.

East Milton,
Massachusetts

*Frank Putnam*

## MOTHER'S WRITING DESK

FOR years it had been hidden away. Recently it was found under the attic eaves with other treasures of bygone days. She to whom it was a highly cherished gift of love has slept these many years a dreamless sleep. He who rejoiced in bestowing such affection, walked alone for fifteen years, then on a fair August day was laid to rest beside her. We whom they left still treading life's varied highways are oft inspired by these mementoes to tender recollections of a love-protected childhood.

Today, with reverent hands, I stripped the wrapping from this object of our early admiration. Outwardly it is a well-polished box of hard, red wood, twelve inches by nine, and four and one-half inches deep. A small brass plate is set in the top for the name; and on the side, a similar bit of metal contains the key-hole. The upper part being turned back, the box becomes a slanting-surfaced desk often used for writing on one's lap. From its interior arises the odor of cedar and varnish that so charmed our childish senses. How our aesthetic ideas were awakened and developed by its dainty appointments; the velvet lining, the brass fittings and the red ribbon loops, by which were raised the lids of the several compartments. In one of these is a small tin cube painted green, that opens with a spring, revealing an ingeniously closed ink-well. Another space holds a seal, a stick of red wax and a slender, carved, white ivory pen-holder.

When mother took down the desk, and turning the tiny key, spread writing-paper on the blue velvet, we knew that presently would go to some member of her old home circle, broken now and scattered through the western states, a long, closely-written letter filled with news of husband, children, farm, school and church; and brimming over with love and longing, for a sight of the dear faces.

With infinite painstaking she taught the children to write, and drilled them in composition, till, at an early age, each had regular correspondents among aunts, cousins and grandparents. To them they wrote of kittens, dolls and picnics. This training bore fruit in after life, for, through twenty-five years of school work as students or teachers, scarcely ever failed the weekly letter from absent son or daughter. After boarding-school life began, mother's letters seldom went westward; but, at an eastern institution, were seized with eager hands and fairly devoured by hearts hungry for the home letter.

As the cares of life grew heavier to the failing bodily strength, letter-writing passed more and more into the hands of other members of the family, and at last the weary pen was forever laid aside.

Among the present contents of the desk are letters in many a familiar hand, a tiny flaxen lock inscribed "baby's hair", photographs and newspaper clippings of prose and poetry. Besides these are relics of more general interest — certificates of stock in "The Morning Star" and in the New York "Home for the Friendless"; a piece of paper money issued by one of the old state banks; some extremely fine pens in a little box marked, "Our Country Now and Forever." One side of the box informed us that "The Washington medallion pens are the only steel pens made in America." On another side it said: "Let Americans write with American pens." Here are programs of school entertainments of forty years ago, when ardent young men declaimed "The Triumphs of America" or "The Men to Make a State," and earnest girls recited "The American Flag" and "The Polish Boy." These were interspersed with patriotic tableaus and charades, wherein the stars and stripes had so prominent a part as to cause more than "Three Cheers for the Red, White and Blue."

This concert announcement is by that sweetest of ballad singers who, in the sixties, charmed a nation with such songs as "The Old Mountain Tree," "Marion Moore," "The Children of the Battlefield" and "The Evergreen Mountains of Life."

With these are many other papers and memoranda, that recall those far-off days and the persons who figured therein. Nearly all have crossed to the other shore. On "the beautiful hills" they hold sweet converse as in those dear old times, of which so many incidents cluster around mother's writing-desk.

Sodus,
New York

*Mary A. Clark*

⁂

# GARDENING IN JULY

By Eva Ryman-Gaillard

GIRARD, PENNSYLVANIA

CONTINUE the work of fighting insects, drouth and weeds as outlined last month and to that work add the following:

Stake the dahlias and all tall plants having heavy tops — it will be too late after a windstorm has broken them over.

While chrysanthemums do not break as easily as dahlias they will look better all the season through if well staked and tied now. When working among them do not forget to pinch back the branches to force new lateral shoots and secure a greater number of blooming points. If training for a single-stalk specimen plant, keep all side shoots pinched back as fast as they appear. Give plenty of liquid fertilizer from now on if the soil is not rich enough to produce such blooms as desired.

—

Look after the plants intended for the Winter window-garden and see that they are pruned to compel a compact form of growth. If the pots are plunged in the garden turn them frequently to prevent the roots from taking hold in the soil under them.

Sow pansy seed for late flowers, and seeds of hollyhocks and other perennials for next years blooming. These Summer-sown seeds make sturdy plants before cold weather and bloom profusely the next season. Make a seed bed and let the plants grow in it until large enough to transplant easily, then put in permanent place. Some growers advise sowing seed where it can come up among other plants, but the risk of their being destroyed while weeding or cultivating is against the method.

If one forgets that seeds have been sown in a particular spot the pulling of a weed near them may disturb the seeds just as they are sending down their first roots and ruin them completely.

—

Don't let the month end before the Easter and candidum lily bulbs are ordered. The new stock may not be in but your order will be booked and filled as soon as possible.

Both these lilies should be planted during August because they require a long time for maturing. The Easter lily is usually potted and kept in a cool, dark place for several weeks, but the candidum is oftener planted in the garden and should have time to fully mature the crown, or rosette of leaves which remain green during the Winter as their condition has much to do with the number and size of the blossoms produced during the following June.

The candidum may be potted and grown like the Easter lily if very early flowers are wanted, and many people so grow them when they have but a few bulbs. The pink and white Japan lilies and many others may be forced in the same way and will make a fine showing in the Spring, just after the hyacinths and other forced bulbs are gone.

* * *

Be sure that all blossoms (as nearly as possible) are picked from the pansy, nasturtium, sweet pea and other plants that are continuous bloomers, as leaving them to mature seed lessens the number of blossoms produced and the beauty of the display is soon gone.

If you have not time to pick the flowers and take them to some one who has none of the kind, or none at all, invite them to come and pick them for themselves.

## LITTLE HELPS FOR HOME-MAKERS

**For each little help found suited for use in this department, we award one year's subscription to the National Magazine. If you are already a subscriber, YOUR SUBSCRIPTION MUST BE PAID IN FULL TO DATE IN ORDER TO TAKE ADVANTAGE OF THIS OFFER. You can then either extend your own term or send the National to a friend. If your little help does not appear, it is probably because the same idea has been offered by someone else before you. Try again. We do not want cooking recipes, unless you have one for a new or uncommon dish. Enclose a stamped and addressed envelope if you wish us to return or acknowledge unavailable offerings.**

### THE HANDY CARPET-SWEEPER

By M. B.

Boston, Massachusetts

A great deal of hurry and worry can be avoided in the daily routine of housework by learning to "save steps." Did you ever notice how many times you have had to run up or down stairs for that precious labor-saving article, the carpet-sweeper? When your old sweeper becomes worn and seemingly useless, don't discard it, but keep it for the lighter work in your up-stairs rooms, while your new sweeper may be kept for the heavier carpets down stairs. In that way you will save that tedious rushing up and down stairs which is bound to wear on the best of nerves.

### CURES GYPSY-MOTH POISONING

By E. M. CRAIG

Dorchester, Massachusetts

Put a few drops of Sulpho-Napthol in about a table-spoonful of water and apply where the irritation appears on the skin. It will smart at first, but in a few minutes all itching sensation will disappear. If the irritation returns, apply again until completely cured.

### FARM HELPS

By S. A. HAND

North Ferrisburgh, Vermont

1—For a horse suffering with an obstinate colic, take two large spoonfuls of ground ginger, pour over it a quart or so of hot water; pour into a long-necked bottle and force into the mouth of the horse, and compel him to swallow the tea. Be careful that the water is not too hot. If not relieved, repeat the dose in ten minutes.

2—I have used this same remedy for calves when they seemed to be dying, and in five or ten minutes have had them on their feet. I use, however, only *one* tablespoonful of the ginger for a calf.

3—For scours in calves, break a raw egg into the animal's mouth and force the calf to swallow egg *and* shell; in severe cases, use two eggs. Sometimes I give a tablespoonful of sulphur in the milk at feeding time, instead of eggs.

4—For a cow in a run-down condition, take a large handful of the inner bark of black birch, cover with four quarts of water, and let steep till the decoction is strong; then give this quantity in a pailful of warm water every morning for a few days.

5—I always milk in the stable, and to prevent flies from troubling the cow, I cover her with an old sheet or piece of burlap, or any light covering most convenient.

6—To insure healthy chickens: for every twelve chickens, add to their moist food one tablespoonful of sulphur, once a day; slightly increase the dose of sulphur while chicks are growing, and give it occasionally afterward.

7—My favorite harness oil: take such a quantity of fresh lard as you think necessary for the amount of harness to be oiled; add just enough kerosene oil to "cut" the lard; add lampblack to make a good clear black, and apply while warm with a brush. This oil will not "gum," and it keeps the leather soft and pliable a long time.

### A BUDGET OF SUGGESTIONS

By LAURA FITCH

Chariton, Iowa

1—When mixing mustard, always use milk instead of water, and the mustard will not dry up so quickly.

2—Rub magnesia on soiled spots and dainty light colored goods. Put plenty on both sides, and when wanted for use again brush well and the spots will be gone.

3—Alcohol will remove varnish from fabrics.

4—To beat eggs quickly add a pinch of salt.

5—Prevent brass articles from tarnishing by applying a thin varnish of gum shellac and alcohol.

7—If soda is used in dishwater, no soap is needed.

### ARRANGING FLORAL PIECES

EVA RYMAN-GAILLARD

Girard, Pennsylvania

When arranging floral pieces in which wire frames, covered with lead-foil and filled with moss, form the basis of the work, it is hard to get the surface closely covered, and the edges hidden. I have found wire hair-pins used as staples for fastening flowers and foliage into position the greatest help of anything I have ever tried. The pins pierce the foil and enter the moss, easily, and so make it possible to quickly staple vines, foliage or flowers around the edge of the frame or into vacant spots over the face of the piece. Then, too, a flower or leaf often persists in standing up when it should lie flat and, when this happens, a hair-pin put across the stem brings it into the required position and holds it there.

## HEALING PROPERTIES OF WATER

By MRS. HENRIETTA TOZIER-TOTMAN

Bar Mills, Maine

There is no remedy of such general application and none so easily obtainable as water, and yet nine persons out of ten will pass it by in an emergency to seek for something of less efficacy. There are but few cases of illness where water should not occupy the highest place as a remedial agent.

A strip of flannel or a napkin folded lengthwise and wrung out of hot water and applied around the neck of a child who has croup, will usually bring relief in a few minutes. A towel folded several times,then quickly wrung out of hot water and immediately applied over the seat of the pain in toothache or neuralgia, will afford prompt relief. This treatment in colic works like magic. Cases on record having resisted other treatment for hours, have yielded to this treatment in ten minutes. Pieces of cotton batting dipped in hot water, then applied to all sores and new cuts, bruises, and sprains is the treatment now generally adopted in hospitals. Hot water taken freely a half hour before bedtime is an excellent carthartic in the case of constipation, while it has a most soothing effect on the stomach and bowels. This treatment continued for a few months, together with proper attention to diet, will alleviate mild cases of dyspepsia.

## TEETHING BABIES

By MRS. A. B.

Moline, Missouri

If mothers with teething babies will feed the little ones crushed rice, it will help cut the teeth and also cool the fevered gums. And if baby's bowels act too freely, give him a bath in water as warm as he can bear it, with a handful of salt thrown in it. Let him stay in the bath ten or fifteen minutes, keeping the water warm by adding hot water from time to time. Repeat bath two or three times a day if necessary.

## SASH-CURTAIN RODS

By WALTER A. HALL

Nashua, New Hampshire

When putting a sash-curtain rod into the run of a curtain, it quite often sticks. This may be avoided by putting a thimble onto the end of the rod.

## CLEANSING THE BROOM

By M. P. RICHE

Nora Springs, Iowa

There is no more fruitful scatterer of germs than the common broom, therefore it should be frequently cleansed. Dipping in hot soap-suds not only makes the broom clean, but lengthens its time of usefulness materially.

## CLEANING A SOILED BOOK

By MARY B. STEVENS

South Portland, Maine

Stains on the edges of book-leaves can be removed with sandpaper; a slice of bread will clean covers soiled by handling.

## STARCHING FRINGED ARTICLES

By MRS. MAHLON A. SMITH

Grand Rapids, Michigan

When starching toilet covers or anything that has fringe trimming, double the cover into four and gather the fringe tightly into the hand and hold it firmly while you dip the middle of the cover into the starch. When dry shake the fringe well, comb carefully with a large toilet comb, and it will fall softly and prettily as when new.

## HOME CLEANSERS

By MRS. ALICE S. FRANTZ

Roanoke, Virginia

Brown paper moistened in vineger will polish your tins until they shine like silver.

A slice of Irish potato will clean oil paintings without injury, and dipped in soda will brighten silver.

## SALAD DRESSING WITHOUT OIL

By J. P.

Dover, New Hampshire

One heaping tablespoon of butter; one rounded tablespoon of flour: put in pan on the stove and stir until hot and smooth, then add one cupful of milk. Now put in a bowl separate from the above one even tablespoonful of sugar, one evan teaspoonful of salt, one heaping teaspoonful mustard, one egg and a scant half cup of vinegar. Mix well and add to the other mixture and cook until thick, if it curdles it may be made smooth by beating with an egg-beater.

## PRESERVES WHITE FABRICS

By MRS. A. B.

Albuquerque, New Mexico

A white dress, or other white article, if wrapped in blue paper, can then be laid away for years without turning yellow.

## HOME-MADE FIRE-EXTINGUISHER

By WM. De RYCE

Artesia, Texas

Take twenty pounds of common salt and ten pounds of muriate of ammonia, to be had of any druggist, and dissolve in seven gallons of water. When dissolved it can be bottled and kept in each room in the house, to be used in an emergency. In case of fire, one or two bottles should be immediately thrown with force into the burning place, so as to break them. The fire will certainly be extinguished.

## SECURE AS A BOLT

By C. S.

Springfield, Missouri

After a door is locked with the key, if a stout wire eleven inches long, bent the shape of a hair-pin, is put over the spindle (back of the knob ) with the ends down through the key,the latter cannot be pushed out and a key inserted from the outside. A lady traveling alone can carry this device in her hand-bag and use it at junction and Summer resort hotels where the keys are often all alike.

## SCORCHED FRUIT

By MRS. JEFF DAVIS

Quitman, Georgia

If the kettle of preserves, jam, or whatever happens to be cooking becomes scorched, set it immediately into a dish of cold water and the flavor will be unimpaired.

## DELICIOUS POTATOES

F. F.

Lawrence, Kansas

Select potatoes of medium and uniform size. Wash them well and drop into a kettle of boiling water to which has been added a little salt and a pinch of soda. Boil four to five minutes according to size and take out and put in hot oven and bake till slightly brown. You will say you never knew what potatoes were before, if you time them just right.

# NOTE and COMMENT

## BALLADE OF FATE

### I

IN MY fond youth I was loth to fight,
Books and quiet were my desire;
With old sweet singers I took delight
Where unto the fair the brave aspire;
Safe and snug by a crackling fire,
In silk and satin of dreams arrayed,
I too thrilled hearts with the minstrel's lyre:
*Fate fools all of us; battle's my trade.*

### II

Had I been sent where my dreams led,
To get good lore from scholars wise
(I went to a cooper's bench instead,
Where life is real and shields no lies),
I might with Learning have dimmed my eyes
And never have seen what me dismayed—
How Man in misery slaves and dies:
*Fate fools all of us; battle's my trade.*

### III

Quick in a brawl was my best friend,
Many a time he made me sigh.
. . . He came to preach, I went to attend
Sunday a week in a church hard by;
Clad in a gorgeous vestment high,
Meek was he as a milk-white maid.
"Who is your milliner, Bill?" said I:
*Fate fools all of us; battle's my trade.*

### ENVOY

Prince, whatever our stars portend,
However so well our schemes be laid,
We know not whither our pathways trend:
*Fate fools all of us; battle's my trade.*

*Frank Putnam*

# THE CHOICE OF A COLLEGE

LONG ago the choice of a college rested upon religious influence or ancestor worship. The boy went to college jealously alive to the peril of losing his soul or his sonship. Nowadays such thoughts have little weight with the average youth; and it is characteristic of the time that places of learning are distinguished one from another by bigness. The small college is rapidly becoming a big one; an entering class of one hundred or more cannot belong to a *small* college. Naturally, colleges that have been small and have preserved a tradition of intimacy between and among faculty and students, have preferred to extend their usefulness than maintain their type. If upon gaining a high reputation, a small college desires to remain small, it must restrict the number of its students; and, so far, no such Angel Gabriel has been found presiding over the destinies of any college.

If a boy is sure that he wants only technical training, he will naturally enter a technical institution immediately after he leaves the high school. Not so easy, however, is the problem of the professional career. It is still possible, to be sure, for students to enter law and medical schools on graduation from the high school; but fortunately this number is diminishing. Even business more and more welcomes the man who has an academic degree; the professions are beginning to demand it. The reason is simple. We are laying more stress upon training, less upon mere knowledge; more stress upon thinking, less upon mere formulas; more stress upon resource, less upon blind dependence; more stress upon lasting though later results, less upon immediate and momentary success. That amorphous creature, with his lone joke against the laws of nature lurking in his name, the "self-made man," has not been swept from all the pedestals of false gods. His arguments, drawn from his own illustrious example, are losing point. Granting his sturdy industry, the conditions of a generation ago would have to be repeated to allow him a second success; his lack of training would be against him today. His foresight should make him doubly eager to have his heir well armed for the harder conditions of life twenty years hence.

Of course, when the "self-made man" turns prophet and speculates on the future of many of the young men who are forced to take a degree by a benevolent despotism at home, he has the business proposition on his side. However, apologists and optimists may well retort how much greater asses some bachelors of arts might have been without the brand of some worthy and despairing institution. And how many thousand deserving but poor fellows are denied the training which the unworthy rich spendthrift is offered and rejects! These cases of disparity between need and satisfaction are perhaps more noticeable in the larger colleges, but they exist everywhere. We ought not to blink the fact that not everybody is fitted to go to college, while we fully agree that modern conditions are bound to be more severe than ever, even for men equipped with a college degree.

When people are in doubt where to send a boy, the question is usually between the large and the small college. If the matter were one simply of intellectual discipline, the college with the most renowned corps of professors would always be first choice. As far as that is concerned, were a college admittedly so renowned — as none is — the student body might be so large that contact with any but instructors and assistants would be well-nigh impossible; and then, as so frequently happens today, the student receives most of his education from his contemporaries, not his teachers. Herein the small college certainly has the advantage. The vague youth is taken and dierctly instilled with ideas and respect for authority, and if due proportion between the two be maintained, no more perfect system can obtain. At the same time, if he be healthy, he comes to know perforce every member of the student body and to learn to estimate the average differences of individuals, and, under proper supervision, to avoid the dangerous man.

Here, therefore, comes the crucial test. If you know that your boy is fairly independent, possesses moral courage, and has not already shown you grave defects in character, your proper course is plain: send him to a large college. The boy who causes you justifiable misgivings — and I don't mean trumped-up parental suspicions born of a mind auguring ill from its own erring youth — send where he will be watched and where he will meet not too many varieties of experience. The large college needs the strong boy just as much as the strong boy needs the large college. He may not meet the professors there on the same terms as the boy in the small college; but he will meet more men of equal age, with the same ideals, hopes and equipment than elsewhere. He will be more independent in his thinking and acting. He will see so many snobs and fools that he will not faint nor quail when he meets them in the world of men. His circle of friends will be indeed small; he will in all probability join no fraternity; he will know intimately no more than two dozen men, but among these will be only the best types of American manhood.

Any course of study or life which teaches a man self-reliance and democracy is admirable.

If a boy can learn that splendid lesson, his future need concern you little; the world will accept him at his own modest price. The large college, I fully believe, teaches this lesson; and if ethical considerations do not oppose, send your son there.

*Philip Becker Goetz*

# THE LESSON OF THE PORTRAIT BUSTS

A GOOD man said to me: "You reformers are too violent; you scare away the people you wish to convince. You all want more love on earth, and proceed to get it by whacking the nearest head. Instead of saving your ammunition for the common enemy, you fight each other — methodist whacks unitarian, socialist whacks populist, and so on all down the line. We don't need any revolutions in this country. Conditions are tolerable as they stand. If anything is wrong, evolution will bring a remedy."

"Excuse me," I said, "but I should like to ask a question. I see that you have on your desks, round about, fine portrait busts of Franklin, Washington, Lincoln, and Emerson. How does it happen you didn't get busts of Jay Gould, John D. Rockefeller, Russell Sage and Grover Cleveland, instead of these notorious revolutionists?"

Somebody called him to the telephone just then, and while he was answering his call, I reflected that the only real difference between us was that my friend favors social progress before he was born, while I favor it now. He prefers his revolutionists after they have died and become "respectable"; I perceive the utility of the live ones — of Roosevelt, Hubbard, Debs, Traubel, Brisbane, Wayland, Wilshire, Warren, Mailly, Laurens, Titus, London, Louis Post and the rest of the fellows whom it is the "safe" but non-progressive upper-middle-class fashion to lump together as "a lot of noisy agitators." I perceive that John D. Rockefeller has done a vast service to mankind—that he may indeed prove to have been the most useful citizen of America during his lifetime, though he possibly didn't mean to be and probably doesn't suspect it; but I also perceive that the living revolutionaries are doing a vast service to mankind. Revolution is merely recorded evolution, anyway, so that the issue between my friend and myself is only one of terms, after all. He doesn't quite see it that way, but until he gets rid of those portrait busts of the great American revolutionists, I shall take his statements on this point with a grain of salt.

It is a safe guess that when he reads this paragraph he will judge me in error in naming Roosevelt with the living revolutionaries. But, as I see it, the president is doing for middle-class folks precisely what Eugene Debs is doing for the organized wage-earners — that is, getting them to think seriously about certain social changes that the Master of Evolution seems to have it in mind to make pretty soon.

Roosevelt may not purpose to go as far as Debs, but they're going the same way on parallel tracks, and men moving under these conditions do not need to collide. The hardest critter to deal with, and the one who makes the sorest strain on one's good humor, is the man who goes forward looking backward. But even he is going forward — and that's the main point.

*Frank Putnam*

**In a world where everything belongs to the man who can take it, Crapsey has as much right to use a religious institution in the service of living men as his enemies have to use it in the service of dead superstitions. Crapsey, I know, is a MAN: as soon as I can locate my microscope, I intend to learn what sort of creatures his inquisitors may be.**

# World Corporation

### (UNLIMITED)

### by

### King C. Gillette

IT has been requested that I make public a synopsis of World Corporation in anticipation of the more extended and detailed prospectus which is shortly to appear; and further that I furnish some details regarding my own personal history and the causes which have led to the basic ideas and the development of this ambitious undertaking. A comprehensive description of World Corporation can be given in a synopsis of the complete prospectus, but many of the details of causes and effects, which will give rise to a number of varied questions, must be omitted in a magazine article.

The main proposition to consider is World Corporation as a machine — a mechanism, and to determine whether or not the fundamental ideas are practicable. If such ideas were put into operation, would World Corporation have the initiative and inherent power to succeed?

In order to make clear my views on the industrial situation and the causes that have led to mathematical conclusions in formulating plans of World Corporation, under which equity, justice and freedom will be secured to each and every individual and maintained as a birthright through all future time, it is necessary to review the successive steps of my reasoning.

KING C. GILLETTE

* * *

The retrospect carries me back to my school days in Chicago. My father's business at that time was the manufacturing and selling of a patented invention of his own. My two older brothers were in business with him. In time, invention connected with the particular industry to which my father's patents applied dominated and directed the united ability and inventive powers of my father and brothers. We were a family knit together by close bonds of affection and mutual interest. It was only natural that I should be attracted by the possibilities of invention, and finally I became absorbed in inventive thought. Like all inventors, we had our ups and downs, and at times it seemed as though we might be counted out altogether, but there is no hope like that which springs eternal in the soul of the inventor.

The flower may wither and the stalk be blasted, but the roots once firmly planted will send forth new stalks, and new ideas will blossom as long as there is life and the brain is active. To my mind there is no pleasure that equals creation. Invention is a creative instinct, the crowning attribute of the Creator of all things. Upon invention or discovery, which are synonymous terms as used here, depends all progress.

There were times when we were obliged to lay aside the development of ideas of invention for the reason that necessity demanded that we should obtain employment in order to tide over financial distress, and for this reason I secured employment at intervals covering the period from the time I was seventeen years of age until I was forty-nine, when I became directly interested in the manufacture of my latest invention, the now well-known razor.

During this time invention occupied my spare moments to the exclusion of every other desire. Hope was eternal, and I constantly anticipated the discovery of a fissure vein that would lead to fortune. As time passed the passion to give birth to new ideas led me to other fields of speculation, with wonderful results—the development of the idea of World Corporation, which is destined sooner or later to revolutionize our entire industrial system.

* * *

It was in Scranton, Pennsylvania, that the first concrete idea came to me, which once born has been ever present and has daily grown during the seventeen years. It may seem strange when World Corporation is understood, that it should have taken so long a time to elaborate the plan, but the fact remains that this fundamental thought necessary to insure the success of World Corporation has never, to my knowledge, been developed and solved by any other person.

From the inventor's standpoint, a machine or a method of procedure that develops industrial economy has always been a source of fascination to me. Up to the time when the thought which I consider of such moment to humanity came to me, I had always looked upon the machinery of industry in its individual specialized parts, such as a printing press, a shoe machine, a gas engine and the like, and upon progress in general, as being dependent upon improvements made in such machines in whole or in part, as most individuals do.

That day in Scranton to which I refer was dark, gray and windy; rain fell in a drizzle, and at times in torrents, making it impossible to attend to the regular business which had brought me to the city. As I sat at the hotel window, watching the passing of man and beast as they waded through wet and mud, there came a sudden halt in the procession of wagons, street cars and traffic generally. Men and women with umbrellas congregated at the curb to note the break down of a truck loaded with groceries, on its way from some wholesale house to the depot. I watched the excitement and confusion incident to this stopping of traffic, and began to turn over in my mind the thought of improvement. Like an inspiration, or perhaps from habit, ideas of more economical means of distribution began to come to me. I became absorbed, oblivious to my surroundings and weather conditions. I followed in my reasoning the broken down truck from the warehouse to the depot, the goods from the depot to their various destinations in towns and cities, into the grocery stores, homes, and hotels, where the demand had been created. My mind reverted to the truck, thence followed it to the warehouse, then taking up the burden of products followed them to the mills, factories and other places where raw material had been converted into finished products. I traced the flour from the mills to the farmer, the salt to the earth, the sugar to the plantation, the spices across the seas to China and Japan, the coffee to Brazil, and *in all my reasoning in all my mental travels, I found one vast connected mechanism*; then came the thought that is destined to change man's conception of industry — THE THOUGHT — *Industry as a whole is one vast operative mechanism. Included in it are the governments of every country, and our combined system of social, political and industrial economy. The whole is a mechanical and mathematical proposition and progress is dependent upon its improvement in whole or in part. The whole machine constitutes a system and to improve this machine means that we must change the system or displace it entirely by a better one.* WORLD CORPORATION WOULD DISPLACE THE PRESENT SYSTEM AND ESTABLISH A BETTER ONE.

The possibility that my reasoning might be at fault has never disturbed me during the long period it has occupied my mind. The more I have analyzed and dissected the industrial problem, the more convinced I have become of the mechanical and mathematical nature of the machinery of production and distribution; such being the case, I could not dismiss the belief that competition between individuals was not only an insane method of arriving at a material definite purpose, but that it was the cause of most of the ills humanity suffers.

The problem that disturbed me was how to bring the field of production, and the operating and directing of the machinery of industry under the centralized control of the people. To carry out such a proposition means *the displacement of governments and the amalgamation of all the people in the world into one corporate body, with one corporate brain. It means the absorption of all the wealth, and all the land and water of the world, and all the machinery of industry. In brief, it means the corporate ownership of the world, and the means of producing and distributing all products by one great corporation.*

* * *

So the task I set myself was this: First, to discover a practical, business-like method, whereby the people might gradually absorb and eventually come into complete possession of the world and its wealth. Second, to so organize society under the new system, that equity, justice and freedom would be guaranteed to each and every individual.

In 1894 I published a pamphlet called "The Human Drift." Afterward I went over the question again and overcame many of the problems that at that time seemed insurmountable. The result of my many years of thought is seen in the plan proposed. Every obstacle is removed; the path is clear, the goal may be reached within the lifetime of more than nine-tenths of those now living. All that remains is to act. As finally reduced to a proposition with which to go before the public, there are only a few essential points that are necessary to present in order to convince the most sceptical of the absolute power of the people. The laying of the foundations for the building and launching of World Corporation is the great essential feature that chiefly concerns the people at the present time.

If we can convince a waiting, anxious world that this part of our structure is so well planned that it is safe to go ahead, then success is assured, and WORLD CORPORATION is a pre-determined fact. It has taken the writer seventeen years of patient and persistent study to discover a way out of the wilderness, and it is now his purpose to blaze the path which he has traveled that it may be plain for others to follow. It only remains to be seen whether the mass of mankind sincerely desires relief from our present system of poverty, misery and crime.

* * *

Some of the few great changes that will come with World Corporation, which will be taken up at length in my World Corporation Prospectus, will be the following:

*The international amalgamation of the people and a joint ownership in industries of every nation; this will result in the disarmament of every civilized nation in the world in less than ten years.*

The world ownership of industry will result in pure food and ideally perfect conditions of production. The people as manufacturers for themselves will not adulterate their own products, or be content with any but the best that intelligence can yield, and this law of best product will apply to everything manufactured or produced; food, clothing, buildings.

*Ninety per cent. of all labor, both brain and manual, is absolutely lost under our present system;* this is not a mere assertion, but a mathematical fact; this labor will be turned into productive channels; our wealth and material benefits will be proportionately increased and the poorest individual in the world will be better off materially than is possible to the Croesus under our present system.

When World Corporation is put into action there will be no governments; all will be absorbed and lose their identity. There will be no poverty, no crime, — and as the result of no competitive conditions, sickness and disease will practically disappear.

Cities and towns, as we know them, will be no more, but a beautiful city, the materialized embodiment of the combined intelligence of the world, will rise on each continent. Competition will be on the intellectual plane and spring from the mind's natural desire to stand at the head of the profession or employment in which it is interested, and thus secure the approbation of fellow men and of that loftier self conscience which prays "Let us so live, that when the summons comes we shall be sustained by the thought that we have not lived in vain."

## *WORLD CORPORATION UNLIMITED*

### WHAT IT IS AND WHAT IT MEANS

World Corporation is a proposed corporation, to be organized for the purpose of absorbing the wealth and assets of industry throughout the world.

The capitalization of World Corporation will be *progressive* and *unlimited*, and in this respect will differ from every other corporation.

World Corporation will be absolutely impersonal, every individual, without regard to nationality, race, color, age or sex, will be equally priviliged to become owners of shares. In all its dealings with the people *World Corporation will recognize dollars or their equivalent in money of other nations*, and *not individuals*.

World Corporation, as its name implies, is world-wide in purpose and recognizes no lines of demarkation between nations, individuals or governments.

In the eyes of World Corporation there are no divisions of the earth's surface; no Americans, no Englishmen, no Germans, no Frenchmen, no Swedes, no Chinamen, no Africans. The whole earth and all its material wealth and possibilities constitute one field of endeavor.

World Corporation consists of three great legislative and executive bodies:

WORLD CORPORATION CONGRESS.

WORLD CORPORATION NATIONAL BOARDS OF FINANCE.

WORLD CORPORATION BANKING SYSTEM.

First: World Corporation Congress, consisting of representatives from every nation, the number being based on the population of each country represented. The location of this representative congress of nations to be determined.

Second: World Corporation National Boards of Finance consisting of representative bodies in each nation. The number of individual members of such bodies being based on the nation's population.

Third: World Corporation Banks located in every city and town of any size throughout the world.

### WORLD CORPORATION SHARES

World Corporation shares are to be represented by the number of dollars deposited with the corporation, and all such deposits remaining with the corporation over a predetermined period shall be entitled to a dividend pro rata share in the profits of the corporation; and this applies equally to every dollar deposited with any bank of the corporation, no matter where it may be located.

Shares will not be issued in the form of certificates but be represented by the number of dollars deposited with the corporation, and which have remained on deposit over a dividend period. Thus each depositor may use his bank account in the usual way, but only such dollars as remain on deposit over a full dividend period shall be called shares, and the aggregate number of dollars of all depositors remaining with World Corporation over a full dividend period, represents the capital stock of the Corporation. Dividends will not be paid by check or money, but be credited by the Corporation to all accounts which are entitled to such dividends.

*The first purpose of World Corporation is to absorb the approved listed securities of the world;* and later it will take over approved industries on an equitable basis. To do this it is necessary to obtain the money with which to purchase such securities.

To this end a chain of World Corporation Banks will be established; the banks scattered in cities and towns throughout the world will number thousands, and every individual in the world will be solicited for his deposit account; inducements being offered in the way of income returns upon such deposits, and in security that must appeal to the best judgment of the business man and financier.

The management of World Corporation may permit banks to be organized in any city or town by individuals who come to it with proper credentials, who are prepared to give security for the faithful performance of their duties, and who agree to abide by the corporation by-laws and regulations in the conduct of business.

Such individuals, when properly authorized and accredited, under seal of the Corporation, shall be entitled to open a World Corporation Bank. When a bank is thus established it is in no sense individual, but a part of World Corporation *and it cannot fail nor can a deposited dollar be lost.*

The manager or president of such bank is merely acting for the Corporation, and during the transition from the present system to the new order, the operating expenses of each individual bank, including every expense, must be calculated within a predetermined per cent. of the dividends declared upon deposits in his bank.

World Corporation, at its inception, is much like our present banking system, and to the business man offers all the facilities and advantages of that system, and *to the investor absolute security against loss* and the further advantage of insuring to each dollar deposited the largest possible profit.

WHAT SHALL BE DONE WITH THE MONEY?

Banks of World Corporation, thousands in number, and scattered in business centers the world over, would be the great power back of World Corporation, by which the streams of wealth of the world *now flowing into individual hands,* would be turned in their course and *made to flow into the treasury of the people,* thereby centralizing through its deposits the wealth of all nations; each bank forwarding daily to National Boards of Finance all deposits beyond such sum as might be necessary for conducting its regular banking business. Thus we see thousands of golden streams flowing to the National Board of Finance of each nation.

Having thus collected the deposits of the people into the treasuries of the National Boards of Finance, the next step would be to invest this money in the approved securities of other corporations by outright purchase of such securities in the open market and on the different exchanges of the world. By approved securities I mean listed stocks and bonds having unquestioned assets and a dividend paying or interest bearing value, that had been thoroughly examined, analyzed, and found safe as an investment.

It must be understood that the aggregate earning value of the securities purchased by World Corporation represent the aggregate earnings from which World Corporation dividends are to be declared and credited to share-holders.

This golden flood into National Boards of Finance continues without cessation, and every day without a halt this accumulation of wealth pours into Wall Street, the Exchange in London, the Bourse in Paris, and the Borse of Germany, absorbing the approved securities of the world under the watchful eyes of National Boards of Finance.

We now come to the next great step in the plan of World Corporation,wherein we see the National Boards of Finance of each nation at the close of each day forwarding to the great representative body of the world, the WORLD CORPORATION CONGRESS, all securities which have been purchased. We have seen these golden streams flowing from the World Corporation Banks into the National Boards of Finance. *We now see them joined into enormous arteries of wealth in the form of approved securities* that flow from each nation to the heart of World Corporation, the World Corporation Congress, where it becomes a Niagara of wealth that empties into one vast reservoir, *to remain there an asset of the people forever.* These collected assets of other corporations, purchased from every nation, would no longer be individual assets, but a combined, permanent asset of World Corporation, held as a guarantee for each dollar invested. Thus it will be seen that it would only be a short time before the speculative and listed securities would be absorbed and Wall Street and other financial centers find their occupation gone.

No other security in the world could be as safe as World Corporation deposit shares. *If a dollar is deposited with World Corporation, it represents the purchase of a dollar's interest in the approved securities of thousands of corporations;* and the stability and permanent value of each dollar would be assured from the start by reason of the *progressive and unlimited capital* of the corporation. Without such unlimited capital, the shares of World Corporation would be speculative in value as are the shares of any corporation whose capital is a specific amount, whether such capital be one thousand or one thousand million dollars.

* * *

With progressive and unlimited capitalization, and the dollar as a basis of value of shares, it can readily be seen that shares could never rise above a dollar in value, for anyone could get credited dollar for dollar, for all dollars deposited with the corporation. Again, shares could never fall below par in value, for the reason that *shares* would be *dollars;* credited as so many dollars, and could be drawn out by check at any time in whole or in part. We would, therefore, have for the first time in the history of the world, *a standard of value, in World Corporation shares, which would never rise above or fall below a fixed value,* to be known as a dollar from which all other values would be determined, —even gold and silver.

* * *

World Corporation is unlike other reform movements, because it works along established business lines which have proved their economic value and power. It is being conceded by advanced thinkers that a corporation or trust, controlling a whole industry, is a natural evolution forced upon us by economic gravitation—which is a law of the industrial world—and by opposing such centralization of individual units, wealth and power, we are attempting the impossible. We might just as well oppose the law of gravitation in the physical world by placing ourselves under the drop of a pile driver and expect to escape the consequences, as to expect to permanently check the natural economic law of gravitation in the industrial world by legislating against trusts and corporations.

A corporation or trust is an improved economic machine which, by doing away with competition, reduces cost of production and distribution very materially. If the people do not benefit from the resultant economy they should not blame the machine, but the system under which we live—which is also a machine.

Under the present system of economics, the people are not benefited, it is true, but World Corporation is a new machine that overcomes the defect of our present system or machine. Gradually but surely one industry after another would be absorbed and in a few years all the railroad and steamship lines, and thousands of our largest and most important manufacturing and producing industries, would fall under the directing control of the people. It is simply a matter of conversion—John Jones owns a thousand shares of Pennsylvania railroad stock. He concludes that World Corporation shares are a safer investment, and he therefore sells his Pennsylvania shares in the open market, takes his money and deposits it in the World Corporation Bank in the city or town where he lives, each dollar deposited representing a share ownership. The World Corporation Board of Finance now has his money to invest, and may possibly purchase the thousand shares of Pennsylvania given up by John Jones. Thereafter those shares have disappeared from the stock market forever. This process of conversion continues throughout the whole world daily until every material asset of the world worth purchasing is made an asset of World Corporation, care being taken at all times to only purchase such securities as would retain their earning capacity.

In this way competition in production and distribution of products as a system is changed gradually but surely until the whole system becomes a corporation.

In the process of evolution it must be understood (and later this matter will be taken up as a separate subject) that there are hundreds of corporations whose shares will never be purchased by World Corporation; those corporations which are merely tributary to the present chaotic system—and which will actually disappear during the process of change.

* * *

In the inauguration of World Corporation, a comprehensive and complete prospectus will be issued and distributed throughout the world. It will be shown that *the success of this corporation does not depend on legislation or enactment of any new laws* in any country, *neither does it depend on political parties or favor, nor upon the co-operation of a majority of the people.* One of the most singular things in connection with this enterprise is the impossibility of its failure. *It can start with a few individuals and a little money,*—enough to establish the first office or bank, and by the efforts of these few the Corporation can be made to grow, and as it increases in individuals and wealth its progress will be accelerated until it becomes irresistable, and those who have not taken advantage of their opportunity early to convert their property into money and reinvest in World Corporation, will find it increasingly difficult to do so as times passes. The reason is plain; in the conversion of industry from individual hands to World Corporation, fully ninety per cent. of the industrial plant of our present system of industry will utimately be displaced. It is the same as the displacement of any old machine by a better one. The old machine in whole or in part is cast aside and the new takes its place; this seems like a loss, but it is not so, for if a machine has the economic power to displace another machine it must be better than the one displaced, and in the end the world will be the gainer. The change from a competitive system to a corporation would be effected without hardship and under the new order of things every individual will live in an environment which all the wealth of the world could not purchase for a single person under our present system.

The next great step in this social and industrial evolution is the new and perfected system of labor which would be put into effect gradually as one industry after another came under the directing control of World Corporation. By this system, *supply and demand for products and supply and demand for labor throughout the entire industrial system would be absolutely balanced. Compensation for labor—though widely varying, would at all times be based on equity*, and *in adjustment be automatic and determined in each case independent of individual interference or direction.* Every position of employment throughout the whole system would be open at all times to every qualified individual, and self selective; every person directing his own course through life, advancing step by step to higher ideals, choosing his own field of study and endeavor, responsible only to the corporate mind, of which he is a unit, thereby being enabled to give to the world the best that is in him as his qualifications merit. This system of labor will be taken up as a separate subject in a future issue of this magazine.

### *Publicity.*

One of the great features in the inauguration of World Corporation would be publicity. It is proposed to publish a weekly World Corporation bulletin; this paper would be under the charge of the National Boards of Finance, and would contain a weekly resumé of every dollar the Corporation has received, every investment it has made and the prices paid for each security. In addition to this a World Corporation Gazette would be published monthly by "World Corporation Congress," giving a resumé in aggregate amounts of all securities held by the Corporation, the cost of each aggregate amount, the average price per share, and the latest market quotation on such shares—thereby giving a means of individual comparison as to loss or gain in market value of shares purchased, independent of their earning value or dividends paid. The salary of every official, representative and employee of the corporation would be a matter of record.

It can readily be seen that no other investment could be so safe as World Corporation shares, and when safety is combined with an earning power greatly in excess of Government Bonds, it only needs confidence in management of Corporation to insure its rapid rise to power.

Fluctuations in market values of securities of corporations, held as an asset and owned by World Corporation, would in no wise affect the value of dollars deposited, nor would the aggregate greater or less earning power of the mass of securities held by the corporation make any difference in the value of dollars invested, or of World Corporation shares. The most that could happen would be a slight increase or a slight decrease in earning power of the mass of assets.

Hundreds of millions of dollars are on deposit in banks located in all parts of the world. The greater part of this brings no income to depositors, or at most the income is limited to from two to three per cent. or less; such deposits are not only unprofitable but they are unsafe, owing to the great number of banks that fail from various causes. Furthermore such deposits become a menace, because these aggregate sums are loaned to corporations or syndicates which use the money to purchase and control industries. Thus each individual depositor helps to furnish ammunition to financiers and capitalists to inflict his own financial wound.

* * *

On the other hand, if all the deposits now in our Savings Banks alone were withdrawn and re-deposited with World Corporation the tables would be turned, and *the people* themselves would become the purchasers of securities, and soon control and direct industry through their own World Corporation.

With every increasing deposit and accession of individual units the speed of absorption would increase by a compounding ratio, and in exact ratio would the enthusiasm of the people rise to greater and still greater enthusiasm until every other ambition in life would be temporarily lost in the universal ambition to reach the goal.

I want to live through this period of change and I want you to live through this period, for it is the narrow line of travail that lies between the dark and miserable centuries of ignorance and the coming centuries of light and reason. It will be the period of all periods in the history of this planet either of past centuries or of centuries to come. The future will bring greater progress and a more perfect civilization but no period could ever be fraught with greater interest or more intense living than that encompassed by the next quarter of a century, for during that short time the birth of a new social and industrial system will have been consummated. It is a privilege to live during this time and a crime to ignore the opportunity within our reach.

### THE FIRST STEP.

The first step towards World Corporation is to organize and lay the foundation of the machine, whereby the wealth of the world will begin to flow into the people's treasury.

The second step is to use this wealth to purchase the securities of other corporations until one by one they fall under the directing control of the people through World Corporation.

The third step is for World Corporation to assume the management of such corporations as have come under its control by reason of having purchased a majority of their voting shares.

The fourth step is to put into practical operation the labor plan whereby labor will receive compensation on a basis of absolute equity, and supply and demand for labor will at all times balance to a fraction with supply and demand for products.

The whole plan of World Corporation is a simple one of conversion, whereby divided and scattered wealth now in individual hands would gradually be brought under control of one corporation, and individuals instead of owning independent parts of the machinery of production would become stockholders in World Corporation, which is destined to own all the material assets of the world. All this accomplished, World Corporation would be beyond the control of any individual or any number of individuals. The combined wealth of all our capitalists would be powerless in the face of a corporation projected by the people. Capital is powerless without the will of the people back of it.

* * *

Under existing conditions incorporated powers gain their strength through the accumulated earnings of the masses, which they borrow from the banks or insurance companies and manipulate as they see fit. Thus the masses feed the flames and keep alive the very fires that are consuming them. Savings banks, trust and insurance companies as now constituted are merely the machines whereby the money of the masses is conveniently accumulated in large sums, to be used by the money monopoly to secure a stronger hold on the wealth producing power of the people.

When the people throughout the world decide that they as a body are the proper custodians of wealth, it is theirs, without any effort other than the withdrawal of their money from the individual banks where now deposited, and the depositing of same in World Corporation.

* * *

That our present system is extravagant and at variance with Economic Law is shown by the fact that we are being forced into co-operative effort. Individual corporations are springing up on every side. World Corporation is simply an anticipation of the inevitable result of the present trend of industry, the only difference being that the present tendency is to centralize industry into individual hands, while World Corporation seeks control of industry by the people.

If at any stage of the unfolding of this plan of World Corporation, the writer's argument should appear less clear or conclusive than desired, readers are requested to make inquiry by mail direct, or to the Correspondence Department of the National Magazine.

# A LETTER THAT EXPLAINS ITSELF

'TIS a swift age, this. One of the distinctive epochs in the history of recent times is marked by the Columbian Exposition in Chicago. Who that looked upon that fairy scene in the Court of Honor can forget the thrill that passed through him as he caught his first glimpse of the wonderful nuptials of Past and Present, illumined by electric lights that burst forth in lines of starry splendor, making even the contrast of grim darkness bewitching. Those long days and nights of sight-seeing are now recalled in a reminiscent reverie, and suggest a new age,—the age in which we now live—looking forward confidently to even greater things.

Soon after the Columbian Exposition closed a young man published, in a book called "The Human Drift," thoughts which had to some extent been crystalized by this event. I recently met the author of this remarkable book, which has awakened the interest of so many students and thinkers in all parts of the world, and I wish to say something about the man who has consecrated his life to the uplifting of the world. He is tall, over six feet high—with a kindly smile and generous impulses which win for him the good will of all who come into personal contact with him; with a devotion to his life work that has kept him from ever belonging to clubs or attending banquets or public dinners—King C. Gillette is certainly unique. He is a native of Wisconsin, having been born in Fond du Lac on January 5, 1855. When four years old, his father, George W. Gillette, moved with his family to Chicago, and it was there that King was educated. At an early age he engaged in the hardware business and afterward traveled somewhat extensively, both in this country and abroad. For a time he resided in London, but returned to this country and now makes his home in Brookline, Massachusetts. His mother wrote "The White House Cook Book," which enjoys the distinction of having had a very large circulation, and Mr. Gillette himself is not only an inventor, but an exceptionally clever business man.

He considers his real life work, however, to be the elaboration of plans for World Corporation, and I have had several interesting talks with him on the subject; the delightful spontaneity of a letter he wrote me a few days ago has pleased me so much that I feel sure it will also prove of deep interest to the readers of the National, and only regret that lack of space precludes our printing it entire.

"*My dear Mr. Chapple:*

"A short time ago I received your telephone message saying it would not be convenient to come back to the city this evening—and this has thrown me back on my own resources to pass the time. * * * I have taken up this pad of paper with the deliberate intention of furnishing you with further material for thought. I would ask you to forget the manner of presentation, and take note of only the facts * * * it is no easy task to unravel the skein of social and industrial chaos and construct a new system that will permit of every strand being followed to its most economical destination.

"The world is a machine pure and simple. Within this machine is included every material thing—the earth, the atmosphere, and the waters of the earth and every living thing, and every man, woman and child. The brain and manual labor necessary to operate this machine is what we recognize as industry, and that labor which is of the mind, and directed to the improvement of the machine of industry or its products, we call ideas, invention, or discovery. These two fields of labor are as distinct, one from the other, as day and night. The mere operation of the machine of industry is a purely mathematical and mechanical proposition, and under a perfect system supply and demand would be calculated and balanced to a fraction. On the other hand, the improvement of this machine is *creative thought*, which gives birth to ideas of improvement in *individual minds*. Every step of progress, since the world first gave birth to life, has been by birth of ideas—the result of sense contact with the material world which gave experience and resultant knowledge.

"Never since the world was created has a single step of progress been made except through the birth of ideas in individual minds. The boy who works as a necessary part of one of your printing presses is only a necessary part of the printing press mechanism; he is not hired to improve the press and might continue to work from now to eternity and the printing press would never be improved by him through the mere act of filling the position for which he was employed.

"On the other hand, it is possible that someone—not necessarily anyone who is working on or about the printing press — might give birth to an idea that would so improve the press that the boy would no longer be needed. This someone has given birth to an idea, and when that idea is embodied in the press, progress has been made and progress has ceased with the embodiment, until someone else gives birth to an idea of farther improvement. The operation of the press is again resolved to a mere mechanical and mathematical proposition of so much product for so much manual labor, plus a loss by depreciation from wear. This view of the mathematical and mechanical nature of the operation of the machinery of industry applies to the whole machinery of industry throughout the world. It would never be improved or changed from year to year, from century to century, and would finally wear itself out and rust and decay, both mentally, physically and constructively, if it were not for the birth of ideas in the individual mind. The ideas born in the brain of an Edison, a Bell, a Whitney, a Watt, a Fulton, are of sufficient power to change the whole world of industry and give a reasoning basis for the birth of millions of ideas of application, founded on their fundamental ideas. We have all kinds of ideas, great and small, from the fundamental ideas that are the basis of a school of thought, down to those lesser ideas that actuate our every move toward greater economy in arriving at results. You will thus understand what I mean when I say that the operation of the machinery of industry is purely a mechanical and mathematical proposition, and that the improvement of the machine or its products can never take place in any minute detail except by birth of ideas in the individual mind.

"You must see that if there is a demand for different products to a certain amount, there is nothing to be gained by telling eighty million people to jump into the arena and see who can produce the most and keep the most, handicapping the great majority by giving them no tools to work with, but compelling them to rent their tools from those who own them all, and who insist on payment to them of the greater part of what is produced—in return for their kindness in letting the workers work at all. Is there anyone who can believe for a moment that the people united could not produce any and all things better and cheaper than can the people divided and competing with each other?

"If the people controlled industry, they would not be content with the production of anything unless it were the best that could be produced.

"Can you imagine a united people adulterating their own food, fraudulently mixing cotton and wool for clothing, and lying to themselves about it? Can you imagine them living in any building unless they combined in every part the highest possible intelligence, in art, science and architecture? Can you imagine them planting poor seed and raising poor wheat? No, you cannot. A United World People would be content with nothing except it were the best that their intelligence as a whole could produce.

"Everything would be undergoing improvement and change for the better. Even with our present knowledge, we could, if such knowledge were centralized and rightly directed, build a city that would distance the most imaginative mind that has ever existed in a single brain, for no single mind could hope to approach the wonderful conceptions and possibilities of millions of minds directed to a common purpose. The city would spring into existence like a dream and be the materialized embodiment of man's highest intelligence, and the whole world under the magic wand of Unity, Equity and Justice, would bloom with beauty, happiness and love. All this is within our reach; so near is it that it would only take the voice of a single man, like our loved president, to start a movement that would never cease until crime, misery and poverty were eliminated from the world and a civilization arose such as has never been imagined in the most fantastic dreams of Arcadia. It would be the dawn, as my mother has often said when I have discussed my hopes with her—the dawn of that great millennium on earth, when peace would come to all mankind, and heaven would be around us. It is a grand conception, a wonderful conception, and it is true. The endorsement of this idea by President Roosevelt would make his name immortal.

"Stop for a moment and think what this means—it means that we are living on the brink of the greatest change the world has ever witnessed. Open your eyes and you see the whole industrial and social world in travail; a birth is imminent—the door to freedom is opening, and the light of heaven is pouring its rays of hope upon us.

"The means of transition from our present state to one of order, where freedom and happiness would reign, is so simple that it seems almost inconceivable that others have not thought of it before. It is not a scheme—it is not a theory—it is merely the adaptation of business principles that are recognized by all the world. The only difference is that the people form a World Corporation for the purpose of absorbing the wealth of the world, instead of permitting the wealth of the world to be absorbed by individual corporations. Instead of the working masses putting their savings in banks, where they get small interest, and allowing the controllers of banks and trusts to use the accumulated deposits to purchase approved securities, these same people form a World Corporation and use their accumulated savings to purchase these same securities themselves. In other words, it is a mere question of conversion of wealth from individual control to the control of the people. It is my firm conviction that a few years would suffice to place in control of the people the railroads of the United States, the more valuable mining properties, all the steamship companies, and numbers of the most essential industrial corporations throughout the world.

"With a corporation founded upon a progressive and constantly increasing capitalization, at all times represented by the number of dollars paid into the corporation, we would have the unique feature of a corporation whose shares would always be constant in value and absolutely beyond the possibility of speculation. For if an individual could always deposit a dollar and could always withdraw his dollar when desired—there is no means of making a dollar worth more or less.

"There is much to be considered before the position can be grasped as a whole, but no single step is based on theory, visions or dreams—it is a mathematical proposition based on established facts. The only question is how to state it so as to carry with it ease of comprehension and conviction. With such conviction would come that enthusiasm and determination that sways a multitude of people like a forest in the grasp of a tempest.

* * *

"Why I have written you I do not know * * * As I told you today, my work is one of love; it is wholly impersonal except that it gives me happiness to do it. I would gladly efface myself if I thought others could succeed better in the launching of World Corporation.

"With sincere regards,

(Signed) KING C. GILLETTE."

# GET THE HAPPY FOCUS!

## By Joe Mitchell Chapple

ONE Summer's day I fell under the spell of amateur photography. I imagined there was nothing to do but hold the little camera and press the button, and that something would "do the rest." When I looked upon the printed proofs of my first efforts I found that the feet of my patient friend were abnormally enlarged and his head abnormally contracted. In my picture a building which I knew to be plumb, exactly on the square, was tipped over like the leaning tower of Pisa. This suggested the idea of how necessary it is to have the correct focus in producing mental pictures and making observations of life.

Yes, I am still holding fast to the "happy habit," for it is the firmest standing ground on which to plant my mental camera so as to get a true picture in correct proportion. I have an absolute belief that if we looked at everything in a happy mood, we should get the true focus, and would see people and objects in quite a different aspect from what they appear when we are out of focus with life—they would be natural—not abnormally large or abnormally small. Yet we say

"*The camera and the sun cannot lie.*"

The camera and the sun indeed do their part faithfully, but the human medium which manipulates the camera unconsciously conveys his own bias to the picture—on account of some broken law of perspective.

Somehow, I believe that all humanity is more in focus for the reception of high ideals, now, than ever before. We have made rapid advances in photography, and it seems to me that we are also making rapid advances in the delineation and understanding of the soul—we are learning how to transmit thought so that it can be understood by our fellow men—which is the photography of the soul. When we correctly grasp another man's thought, we have a true picture of at least one aspect of his soul. Time was when it was impossible to get such a picture—language was inadequate—thought was in its infancy. For instance, one hundred years ago the eyes of the world were not exactly focused to grasp the meaning of the Declaration of Independence and the significance of the Fourth of July, though a few really understood it. The years have come and gone and now we find that the world is correctly focused on this question of independence, and even in England the enthusiasm for the great American national holiday is fully understood and even regarded with admiration. The English people have come into focus.

* * * *

Now on this Fourth of July that is coming I am not going to make any effort to repress my enthusiasm. I shall go out in the same spirit as I did on the banks of Big Creek, with a bunch of fire-crackers, as early in the morning as I can awaken, and shoot off my ammunition to the last shred of a red cracker. With it comes all the eagerness and the spirit of comradery that animates every boy in the land just as it did me years ago. I shall let fancy play about the old lime kiln where day dreams were rife; I shall see in mental vision the boys in new straw hats cherishing snapping pistols and crackling torpedoes packed in sawdust; the girls in new sashes and ribbons and white dresses—all standing together beneath the leaves in the old grove to hear the Declaration of Independence read in staid and solemn tones. Again I shall hear the strains of the "Star Spangled Banner," sung right through, from low B to high E. I am going to repeat over again the words of that national anthem until I have refreshed my memory, so that I shall be able to get through the verses without mumbling "la-la-la" for the words because I have forgotten them. There are few of us who can repeat or sing the national hymns through without hesitation, but let us try to correct the well-deserved criticism once passed on me in a foreign country—that Americans are the only people in the world who are not familiar with their own national songs. Do you not think we would be more in focus with the whole country on the Fourth of July if we were to learn not only the music, but the words of the great national hymn? Let us memorize the words, and the music will ring in our hearts, as on that thrilling occasion when Francis Key wrote the lines "By the Dawn's Early Light," as he saw the starry flag still floating aloft.

"*How sweet upon the daisied plain*
*To be a child again at play.*"

Let us be direct and sincere, as children are, but when we have achieved a sufficient sincerity with ourselves it does not follow that we must deliver up our inmost thoughts to the first comer. As Maurice Maeterlinck says, so beautifully:

"Many of our defects are the very roots of our good qualities . . . . . As soon as faults are confessed, old lies or new, the most serious weaknesses change into unexpected ornaments, and, like beautiful statues in a park, become the smiling witnesses and placid demonstrations of the clearness of the day."

Many of our national defects—exasperating as they seem—may be at the very root of our national good qualities. As we come to realize these defects, and confess them, in the very confession lies their downfall—they have no more power over us as a nation. Why not look upon all this recent discussion as a sort of general confession of our individual and national shortcomings?

* * * *

The great trouble of the average earnest spirit today is that sufficient account is not taken of human nature as it actually exists, not only in a general way in all mankind — but in ourselves *individually*. We have two minds distinct and separate within us, the ideal and the actual. The difficulty is that this is often misunderstood—for what is to one man a rigid truth is to another a perversion of the facts. In order to convey to another mind our view of a truth, that other mind must be in focus. We must consider the sense of proportion, not only in ourselves but in others. It has been said that "No one human mind is capable of grasping the whole truth, but each man sees truth from a different standpoint."

The most perilous thing which I know of is that people should lose faith in themselves and in the common honesty of their fellow men. In losing faith in general integrity they can no longer believe in themselves.

In 1776 the seeds of political independence were sown, so today the seeds are being sown for the growing of mental and moral independence. In this declaration of independence, given in this year of our Lord, 1906, let us not forget that each individual is entitled to his own views, for what we need now is independence of thought and mind—the kind of liberty that may speak without fear of being misunderstood, which can only be attained by brotherhood among enlightened and cultivated individuals. If a man happens to be richer or more prosperous than his brothers, is he not equally entitled to his rights and views? In these days we are prone to think that no one except ourselves—that is we poor people—have the right focus of things. It has long been recognized that poverty and hardship are not comfortable and do not make for happiness, but that they have their uses in building character and strengthening the mind and soul; let us not forget that riches—which includes art, music, literature and the time to study them—have their uses also.

Let us feel an absolute, unquenchable desire to be of service to humanity; to be tolerent, kind, generous, looking toward the uplift of all the world; let us struggle today toward the best that is in us, taking by the hand every man, whether he be right or wrong—according to our opinions—let whatever difference is in our beliefs be forgotten, for in us all is implanted the capacity for right thinking, and the power to be hopeful and happy. We cannot all be rich or successful—as some people in the world count success—but we certainly all have the right to be happy and hopeful, and make the pathway of life radiant with the flowers of love and kindness.

* * * *

DO not let us overlook the wayside flowers. A few days ago I was out on the lawn. My attention had been called to the fact that it was "disfigured" by a "lot of dandelions," and I took out a spade to slay them; there they stood, looking up fearlessly at the sun—cheerful, smiling, in the face of death. It suddenly occurred to me that these were beautiful, hopeful flowers, and that they had as good a right to live and be happy as the patrician rose that bloomed beside them. Then I turned and saw a yellow rose bush. I threw down the spade, for memory was busy.

Long years ago I remember in my mother's garden, beneath her window, there lived a yellow rose bush. I cannot give the Latin, nor even the correct English name, but I can see the color now. We called it the "Yellow Rose Bush." We had other rose bushes in the yard—red, pink, white—but those yellow roses were my mother's favorite, and from that bush we always picked her bouquet, considering it a high honor and reward for good behavior to be permitted to pluck blossoms from that special bush for the Fourth of July. Since then I have seen American Beauties, rich with color, and flowers of almost every imaginable shade and form, the gorgeous bloom of the tropics, but no blossom of them has ever appealed to me like those simple yellow roses that used to come into bloom about the Fourth of July, just in time to do honor to the national anniversary. And in the last farewell there was a gleam of hope — sunshine through the tears—in the yellow roses on the casket, brought from afar on that Winter's day—for her sake.

* * * *

So, mingled with the rich gold of youth's memories, I could not find it in my heart to destroy the dandelions that bloom freely alike for rich and poor—that

*"Dear, common, wayside flower,*
*That fringest the dusty road with harmless gold."*

# LET'S TALK IT OVER

WHEN I received an invitation to attend a testimonial banquet, given to Mr. Humphrey O'Sullivan, I felt that I had a great pleasure in store.

Not so many years ago I remember this same big-hearted, energetic, far-sighted man paid a visit to the National Magazine office, and I have since come to regard him as somewhat of a prophet, for the success which he then prophesied for the wonderful "rubber heels" has come to pass. Somehow when I think of Mr. O'Sullivan I always recall the story of Achilles — I suppose because Mr. O'Sullivan has been so successful in protecting the heel, the only weak point in the otherwise invulnerable hero of the Iliad. If Achilles could have covered that heel of his with O'Sullivan rubber, he might have been alive to the present day — a "grand old man" indeed!

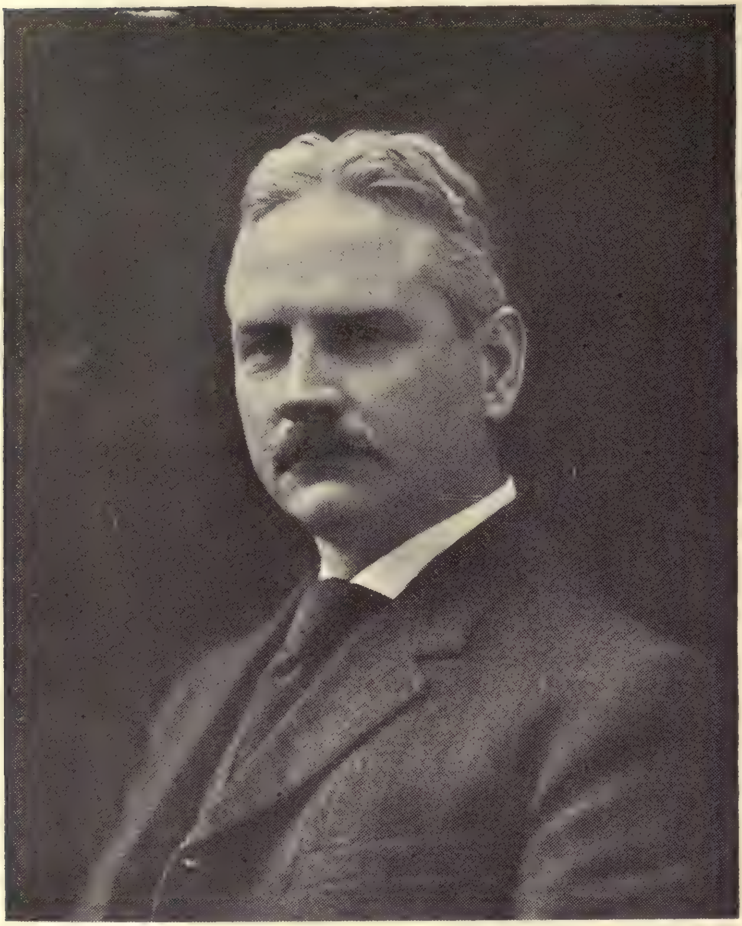
In those early days in the history of rubber heels, the National Magazine had the distinguished honor of being one of the first mediums to apprise the people of the merits of the now world-famous O'Sullivan Rubber Heels.

o o o

At this banquet at Lowell there was an outpouring of spontaneous, affectionate, friendly interest such as I have seldom seen. It seemed that this year Mr. O'Sullivan decided that Lowell ought to have a real St. Patrick's day celebration. His enthusiasm and energy were infectious and the result was a seventeenth of March that Lowell will never forget. In return for this service his friends desired to present him with a loving cup; but hearing of their intention, Mr. O'Sullivan requested that it should not be carried into effect. Then they determined to give him a testimonial banquet. It was a splendid affair at which three hundred were present, and in the program were real Irish songs, sung in a way probably never heard before on this side of the water. The climax of the evening was reached, when, with deep feeling and affectionate appreciation, Mr. O'Sullivan rose to express his gratitude for this remembrance from his friends and well-wishers. It was one of those speeches in which the auditors heard a thousand sentiments not expressed in words, and the very air was full of unspoken feeling that made itself felt in the speaker's every gesture. Mr. O'Sullivan is a man whom to know is to admire, and after that visit to Lowell, I came home convinced that there is nothing in the gift of the people of his city which Mr. O'Sullivan might not have for the asking.

* * *

AFTER a cold, dismal day tramping about in the rain in the City of Mexico, I discovered to my horror that our baggage had miscarried and was not in the hotel. In order to have dry feet, it was essential to purchase new hosiery. It was conclusive evidence of the push and aggressiveness of American trade to find in the first store which I visited the Shawknit footwear from Lowell, Mass. I assure you there was no quibble about the price—it was quite enough to look upon the name and the warp and woof to understand that the real "Onyx" was also there. And you know Mexico is noted for its onyx — but the "Onyx" hosiery has certainly supplanted in everyday interest the stone itself. Fearing



HUMPHREY O'SULLIVAN, LOWELL, MASS.

that I might not find another oasis of this kind, I laid in a stock sufficient to last me some months. While making my purchases I found the store was a popular resort for Mexican and American trade, and had been made famous through Messrs. Lord & Taylor of Onyx fame and the Shaw Stocking Company.

This incident emphasized the fact that, go where you will, the American product does not wait to follow the flag, but usually adapts itself for use and sale under every flag—and all flags follow the right kind of goods every time in the natural course of commercial expansion.

* * *

YES, it was a real congressional picnic! The members of congress have had a busy Springtime, but the early days of Junetime were too much for them, and they were lured by the sunlight to get out and enjoy an old fashioned picnic. It was delightful to munch the pickles that had the same old luscious taste, to say nothing of the ever-present and cosmopolitan red devil brand of devilled ham which Owen Wister in "The Virginian" has made famous. Then there were swings and hammocks, and — mosquitoes. After a "call of the house," it was found that few were missing, and there was a full quorum when lunch was served—and the rancor of the debates under a glass roof in the House of Representatives was forgotten. When all the world's a-picnicking — the nettling troubles of life are forgotten.

EVERY once in a while I go to Chicago to become inoculated with the spirit of the Middle West. It is never very difficult to find something of interest in the streets of the "Windy City." Walking down Wabash avenue the other day, I noticed a sign which seemed somewhat familiar to me. I looked closer, and found it none other than the sign "Learn to Write Advertisements," which had been emblazoned upon nearly every advertisable object in the country, but in this particular representation there seemed to be something lacking. I felt a vague want, and said: "The sign does not seem complete."

After some consideration, I discovered that it was the portrait which was missing, and since I could not look upon the pictured face, I thought I would make a call and see if the original could be seen, that man who has become so familiar to magazine and periodical readers all over the country, for this was none other than the Page-Davis Advertising School.

Entering the office, I found a rather pleasant looking gentleman, with smooth face, keen blue eyes, quiet and modest manners, evidently the original of the portrait which I knew so well. This is the man who has suggested that it is only fair that we should give to advertising the same consideration that we give to arithmetic and geography, and set out to learn it in the same reasonable and business-like way. The long tables were covered with books of reference, there was an array of clicking typewriters, and it was plain to see that the moving spirit was the genius of one man.

This is the original advertising school, established for the theory and practical study of the great subject of advertising. For advertising is no longer regarded as a mysterious and hidden undertaking, akin to the art of the necromancer or astrologer of olden times. It is now regarded as a science, and one that is necessary in the conduct of almost any line of business. As I have often remarked—a man must not only understand his business, but he must know something about the exploitation of it, or he is not likely to get along very well in these days.

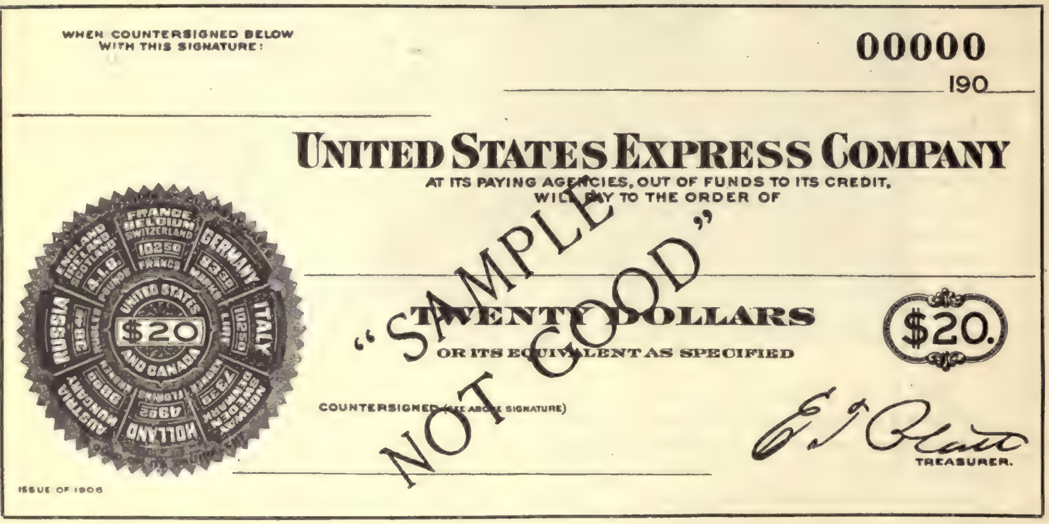
The whole plan of the Page-Davis School is so simple that it is no wonder it has reached marvelous proportions. Mr. Page has thousands of letters from professors of all sorts—doctors, lawyers, and members of other professions who are popularly supposed to be forbidden to advertise; but the secret lies in the fact that the taking of such a course as this does not necessarily mean that a man shall become either an advertising agent or an advertiser. The course is an excellent means of broadening the perceptions, thus enabling the student to gain a better grasp on other matters than advertising. Of the large number of persons who enter upon this course, comparatively few intend to earn a living as advertising agents. They may be business men and contemplate becoming advertisers themselves; the Page-Davis course will enable them to select modes of advertising that will bring returns, and prevent waste of time and money on methods that are valueless.

It was most interesting to see how constructive and sequential is the instruction given by Mr. Page. A method could not be more practical, or more perfectly designed to bring about successful results. Each student is required to go through the process of advertisement-building, step by step, dwelling painstakingly on every detail, until he has learned the force and value of each component part of an advertisement. He is required to construct advertising matter with all the care and thought that he would use were he actually preparing copy for publication. There are no useless, time-consuming exercises in the entire course of study—each one is designed to teach some one *fact* of advertising. No time is wasted in studying out the mistakes of other people's advertisements. Mr. Page's theory is that errors are common enough—their contemplation will not inspire better work; he claims that even as architects do not study faulty buildings in order to gain ideas for perfect ones, neither should a business man devote his time to faulty advertisements that he may learn to produce strong ones. The faults in the student's own work are pointed out and he is individually shown his own errors of judgment. When attention is given to the advertisements of other writers, the best ones obtainable are used as models.

After our talk together, I confess I felt that few men whom I have met have seemed so thoroughly endowed with the genius for their chosen work as Mr. Page. His heart and soul are in it, and he may almost be said to have been "born and bred" for his present vocation.

# UNITED STATES TRAVELERS' CHECKS

A trip to Mexico confirms the tourist in his conviction that it is most desirable — and even necessary — to carry United States Express Travelers' checks. When you pass the border and the exchange of money begins, $1 American for $2 Mexican, then the convenience of this means of carrying money especially appeals to you. Later on, when the traveler gets farther into Mexico, the exchange varies from ninety-eight cents American to two dollars Mexican.


FRANCE
BELGIUM
SWITZERLAND
102.50
FRANCS
GERMANY
83.30
MARKS
ITALY
102.50
LIRE
NORWAY
SWEDEN
DENMARK
73.30
KRONER
HOLLAND
49.20
FLORINS
AUSTRIA
HUNGARY
98.00
KRONEN
RUSSIA
ROUBLES
ENGLAND
IRELAND
SCOTLAND
4.1.8.
POUNDS
UNITED STATES
$20
AND CANADA

WHEN COUNTERSIGNED BELOW
WITH THIS SIGNATURE:

00000

190

**UNITED STATES EXPRESS COMPANY**

AT ITS PAYING AGENCIES, OUT OF FUNDS TO ITS CREDIT,
WILL PAY TO THE ORDER OF

**TWENTY DOLLARS**

OR ITS EQUIVALENT AS SPECIFIED

$20.

“SAMPLE NOT GOOD”

COUNTERSIGNED (SEE ABOVE SIGNATURE)

TREASURER.

ISSUE OF 1906

FAC SIMILE OF UNITED STATES EXPRESS COMPANY'S TRAVELER'S CHECKS

Of course, in our party this occasioned a great deal of confusion in making change, and what a glorious thing it was to deliver my little blue checks and know exactly what I was to receive. For in Mexico, as in all other countries of the world, the United States Express Company checks pass as the currency of the country, subject to the usual exchange. There never was any anxiety on the part of the possessors of these checks as to the fluctuation in the price of silver. We simply went ahead and made our calculations on the basis of the good old United States Express Company checks.

I was surprised to find in the city of Mexico that even the courteous tobacco merchant accepted the U. S. Express Company checks and gave me the change when I purchased a cigar costing four cents, American. This was certainly an economic and convenient money exchange, to say nothing of the comfort I got out of that cigar.

When I am getting ready to start out on a foreign tour, I always recall that first trip to Europe, in 1894, when five foreign countries were visited and in no single instance was there any difficulty in negotiating the coin of the realm for our Express Company checks. And not only this, but the possession of the checks gave us a degree of confidence which eliminated timidity in handling and calculating the currency of a strange land. I felt that it was an event of my life when I took a ruler with sharp edge and tore out my first check on foreign soil.

There is even a sense of reflected glory in using these checks, for the very name itself is an insignia of confidence wherever it is presented, and, fortified with these little blue books, the otherwise unknown tourist has the means of identification and protection, which is worth more than the small cost of the original checks. It cannot be too strongly urged on persons visiting a foreign country that it is most desirable that they be provided with these checks, which are more convenient than letters of credit. Then, the possession of these checks obviates the necessity of carrying large sums of money at any one time, so the tourist does not have to worry over any danger of robbery, and, as one thrifty housewife whom I know remarked: "Express checks are a sort of automatic audit on our expense account."

In fact, the only drawback on the use of checks is the one common to money in all forms — they do not last as long as one could wish.

When returning home from a long trip I never fail to carry back with me the blank covers of my little check book as a souvenir of the good American money which has been sown as seed in foreign lands to reap a crop of information for the folks at home.

But these checks are equally convenient in domestic travel and ordinary business transactions. There is no more welcome money voucher received at The National Magazine office, for these are universally accepted by banks as deposits, just the same as money.

In the evolution of American business methods there has been nothing which has occupied a post of more strategic importance, or has done more to facilitate travel in foreign lands, than the United States Express Company, which has made known to the world the sterling credit of American business institutions and of the government itself. These tiny bits of paper are vouchers for American honesty and honor in business transactions.

Now when you bid good bye to a friend at the door, or leave him at the pier, and wish him bon voyage for his summer holiday, there is always that touch of concern which mother and father used to feel for the son or daughter starting on a first trip:

"Have you your ticket?" was the question that we always expected to hear as we parted from the good people at home, but now the tickets we are concerned about are not for transportation —they are those little United States Express Company slips, which provide for food, lodging and raiment wherever the traveler may wander on the face of the earth. For wherever the United States is known and recognized as a nation— and where is it not so known and recognized?—the currency of Uncle Sam passes and is adequately represented in these little checks and books. In fact, as one young traveler facetiously remarked, "You can take a trip across the world without even spending one cent of actual currency if you are provided with these little United States Express orders, for immediately the boat passes the landward lights these little blue slips are negotiable and may be exchanged for all the luxuries of the smoking room or necessities desired."

On the high seas, the lowlands or the highlands, United States Express Company checks are alike necessary to those who wish to travel in the easiest possible manner and save all needless worry.

# NEW ENGLAND CONSERVATORY OF MUSIC

### By JOE MITCHELL CHAPPLE

IT may be because I am partial to music, but there is no institution that appeals more strongly to me and makes me wish I had a million dollars or so to utilize for endowment purposes, than does the grand old New England Conservatory of Music in Boston. For some years past I have been an observer of the work which has been accomplished by this institution, and every time I visit the handsome building on Huntington avenue, near Symphony Hall, I feel a personal and enthusiastic interest in what has been done here to forward the cause of music in America.

NEW ENGLAND CONSERVATORY OF MUSIC

The New England Conservatory is in the front rank of American musical institutions and is well known throughout the length and breadth of the country. Director Chadwick has already taken rank as one of the foremost American composers, and the effects of his work are felt in every part of the country in stimulating a love of the art. During recent years, under the able management of Mr. Flanders, the Conservatory has been filled to overflowing, for the work done here is such as to commend it to music lovers throughout all America. The influence exercised for the general uplift and welfare of the people by an institution of this character can hardly be overestimated. In this building are congregated students from all sections, states and territories. They are devoted to their work and it is sometimes pitiful to

G. W. CHADWICK, DIRECTOR

hear of the large number of promising young people who come here and are obliged to leave, unable to pursue their course for lack of funds.

The Conservatory has done a splendid work in encouraging and developing latent talent, but it has been enabled to do this because of the broadminded and generous support of Boston's wealthy citizens. If the personnel of the students of the Conservatory could be known, there would be many a helping hand extended to aid these bright, energetic young people to complete their musical education. You cannot stand in the corridors of the Conservatory, and look into the faces of the students hastening to their various lessons without recognizing the fact that they are inspired with love of their art for its own sake. The instructors are all imbued with the one idea and labor unreservedly for the

RALPH L. FLANDERS, MANAGER

cause of music in its largest and highest sense, and their pupils feel it a privilege to study under such teachers.

The recitals given at the Conservatory are musical events of no small importance, even in a musical city like Boston. Across the way, on Friday nights and Saturday afternoons, in Symphony Hall, you will find the seats thronged with students from the Conservatory, who are given unstinted opportunity to avail themselves of all the musical advantages that the city offers. Boston churches and those of surrounding towns, are supplied with talent from the Conservatory, which gives the congregations an opportunity to hear trained singers, while many students in this way add a little to the funds necessary to carry them through their course.

It is hoped that some day the people of this country will realize the vital importance of musical education such as this institution furnishes. The graduates return home with their diplomas, inspired with that love of their work which is helping to "leaven the loaf" in all parts of the country. The abiding influence of the Conservatory training on its pupils is shown by the ever grateful remembrance of the thousands who have met with success in their chosen career because of the careful and inspiring instruction obtained in the New England Conservatory. It is now recognized by the most competent teachers that a musical education can be completed in America, and that it is no longer necessary to go abroad. This is the opinion of well-known singers and those who have achieved fame in a musical career.

INTERIOR OF JORDAN HALL, NEW ENGLAND CONSERVATORY OF MUSIC

It would be difficult to estimate the good which a few thousand dollars would do if devoted to the upbuilding of the Conservatory at the present time, for it is impossible to receive and cultivate all the talent thronging in from all parts of the country. It seems to me that about the best investment of money that can be made is to use it for the development of musical talent. The interests of the individual are the interests of the state. Human beings are the most valuable asset we possess or shall possess, and there is no reason why America should not be some day the greatest musical nation in the world. If some of our wealthy men would come forward and endow such institutions as the New England Conservatory of Music, they would be doing as much to uplift and develop the country as they now do by endowing only literary and technical industrial schools. Opportunity is needed for our artists to cultivate the gifts with which the Creator has blessed them, and it may be that if our musical institutions are well supported we shall some day have an American composer who will rival the productions of the old masters.

# A PLEA FOR CONSERVATISM

### By John E. Jones

IS it not high time that the solid, sober, good sense of the American people should call a halt to the more extreme features of the prevailing socialistic agitation? Besides in some cases outraging public decency, the more radical agitators have already done much harm in unsettling popular confidence; and if allowed to go on indefinitely may end by completely disorganizing existing social, political and business conditions, bringing the republic face to face with financial chaos and business ruin.

The physical destruction wrought by the earthquake at San Francisco is a striking and timely analogue of the political havoc which this agitation, if unchecked, will certainly produce.

All history shows that such violent, excessive social movements are always destructive, and but rarely constructive in their effect. Reforms frequently become necessary, and when necessary they are generally effected by compromises between established and new ideas, but not by hysterical, extreme, passionate methods. Such methods are not remedial, but revolutionary; they make bad matters worse, for a time at least, and do not always compensate for the evil done that good may come. Of late this country has been the storm center of a cyclone of wholesale abuse of the established order of things. We have had eras of bitter strife and dangerous economic heresy before now, but surely nothing equal to this. The jealousies of the Revolutionary period; the acrimony of Jackson's time; the sectional animosities leading up to the Civil war; the "stalwart" clashings of 1881, seem tame and colorless in comparison with the savage assaults made in these latter days by socialistic and other "reformers" upon the established parties, business interests and conspicuous citizens of the United States.

What are the facts? During the past ten years, or ever since the accession of President McKinley and the adoption of the Dingley tariff, the prosperity of this country has exceeded all previous records of this or any other country. Never before have the citizens of the United States had so much work to do, or been so well remunerated for doing it. Never before have they had so much money in their pockets and in the banks. Never before were our factory workers, our farmers, our miners, our merchants, our common carriers, so busy. In these circumstances it is natural that many men with a talent for money making should have become wealthy, and that business enterprises should have expanded to dimensions formerly unknown.

Now it comes to light that a few very rich men have used their money improperly and injuriously; a few men in high public offices have proved unworthy of their trust; a few mighty corporations have pursued questionable or illegal methods of business; and straightway a chorus of socialistic "reformers" of the forum and the press, denounces all capitalists as thieves, all high public officers as corruptionists, and all corporations as dishonest.

The agitators are actuated by various motives and adopt various modes of attack. Some are socialists pure and simple, like Debs of Illinois; some are "populists" and fiat money advocates, like Watson of Georgia; some exploit municipal ownership, like Hearst of New York; some are merely "out" for revenge or malicious mischief; some are simply office-seekers trying to ride into power on the hobby of "reform," like Colby and Record of New Jersey, and Tom Johnson and Whitlock of Ohio; some like Bryan, preached free silver coinage until the death of that interesting issue; and some are congenital cranks, like Pettigrew, surnamed the "Unspeakable."

But whatever their particular "fads and

fancies," most of them (perhaps all with the exception of Mr. Bryan) are at war with the existing order of things, and all their doctrines are socialistic in tendency. They are working, either directly or indirectly, for the overthrow and emasculation of the republican and democratic parties; the abolition of the protective tariff; the destruction of all the great corporate trusts; the ownership of railroads, telegraph systems, mines, express companies, etc., by the government; the eventual redistribution of money and wealth; the legal confiscation of over-large fortunes, the popular ownership of all land and all the means and products of industry, and the placing of all men on a common level, socially and financially.

A preposterous program, indeed, and taken together, somewhat suggestive of the atmosphere of a lunatic asylum. And yet it is a matter of grave importance, which the American people must lose no time in considering with the utmost seriousness. In 1900, Mr. Debs, the Socialistic candidate for president, polled only 88,000 votes in the entire country; in 1904 he polled 402,000, an increase of more than 300 per cent. A similar increase in 1908 would yield him 1,700,000 votes, or one-third as many as Judge Parker, the democratic candidate received in 1904, and about one-quarter of President Roosevelt's total vote. Surely this is enough to set the public to thinking, and to acting, too.

Many worthy citizens think, and say, "Why not?" Is it not true, as the agitators claim, that the rich are growing richer and the poor growing poorer? Are not the rich growing rich at the expense of the poor? Does not the tariff afford special privileges to a favored few? Are not our legislatures and courts and executive departments corrupted and dominated by the corporations and the millionaires, while the common people find it impossible to obtain justice, as the agitators claim? If so, why not put the socialists in power?"

No, it is not true. The rich are growing richer, but so are the poor growing richer. The statistics of our savings banks, insurance companies, farms and labor guilds will prove this beyond a peradventure. The western farmers whose financial embarrassments led to the granger, greenback and free silver movements in former years, have taken up their mortgages and now have money to lend.

The wages of labor have increased from twenty-five to seventy-five per cent. since 1894, and are still increasing. The per capita of money in circulation had increased during the same period fifty per cent. The savings banks deposits have increased from five thousand millions to eight thousand millions.

The rich are not specially privileged in this country except in so far as the possession of money grants special privileges to its possessors in all countries. The rich can employ the best lawyers and doctors, and can have the most luxuries, of course. The remedy for that is to get rich. The race is open to all, and most of those who are rich today were poor ten or twenty years ago. If a man cannot get rich in this free and prosperous country, it is often either his own fault, through lack of moral stamina, or his misfortune, through lack of physical or mental ability. In either case, are the laws and his neighbors to blame? In the first case he himself is to blame; in the second case his quarrel is with his ancestors or with God.

As for the protective tariff, that is "a short horse, soon curried." The beneficent effect of the protective tariff upon the American republic is the greatest political and economic fact of the nineteenth century. The tariff has been the very cornerstone of our American prosperity, and to abandon or materially modify it would be simply suicidal.

It is needless to repeat the arguments for a protective tariff, as the country is quite familiar with them. The socialistic argument against it can be refuted in a few words. The tariff does not "afford special privileges" to the manufacturers, or to the corporations, or to the rich, or to any other "classes." It affords protection and benefit to all; to the manufacturers and to their employes, to the farmers and to the merchants. Without the tariff many factories would have to close, and then what would the employes do? And with a great army of wage-workers impoverished, what would become of the home market, and how could the farmers and merchants dispose of their produce and goods?

In the face of all our unprecedented national prosperity, these agitators urge the public to embrace socialism; to abolish the protective tariff, to abandon the republican party which has been the chief agent in securing this prosperity; and to run a knife to the hilt into our vast and complex business system. What would be the result? There would be one of the greatest panics in our history; business would be paralyzed; half the money in the country would be drawn to Europe; many capitalists would emigrate and take their capital with them; employers would be bankrupt and employes destitute, and to what end?

What has been the outcome of such agitations in the past? Failure, always failure, and disaster. The most notable socialistic event in history was the French Revolution of 1789, culminating in the Reign of Terror. Do Americans wish to have a "Terror" here, and our streets running with the blood of thousands of innocent and patriotic citizens? That is the way it worked in France. Do not plead that we do things differently in America. How about the massacre by the anarchists in Chicago? How about the assassination of Garfield by Guiteau, crazed by violent political agitation? How about the assassination of McKinley by a zealous adherent of socialistic doctrines?

Going back no farther than thirty-five years, consider the fate of the liberal republican movement of 1872; the granger and greenback republican movements of the same decade; the Mahone readjuster movement of 1885 and thereabout; the populist and free silver movements in the 'nineties—all either utter failures or successful only for a year or two. What became of Jerry Simpson, the "sockless statesman" of Kansas; of Weaver, the great greenback champion of Iowa; of Lawler, the socialist congressman from Chicago, who counselled the hanging of Jay Gould to a lamp-post; of Pettigrew, the Mrs. Carrie Nation of the republican party? None of these agitators ever originated or perfected a single useful law, or carried into effect the policies they promulgated; and the agitators of the present day are no more successful as legislators. Their greatest success is in provoking the passions of the unthinking and ignorant by noisy harangues, and by vindictive diatribes in the Hearst newspapers and certain magazines.

Why should American citizens desert their tried and true leaders and follow these false prophets and blind guides? In New Jersey, for example, there is the great Colby-Fagan-Record "reform" movement, engineered by three renegade republicans who kicked out of the party traces in order to make themselves more prominent. Their "reform" platform, on which they have been elected to local offices, consists simply of attacks on the insurance companies, banks, trolley systems, railways, and other business interests of the state, and the legislature has defeated all their measures, quite naturally, for New Jersey is one of the best governed states in the Union, and one of the most prosperous. Under republican auspices its financial, mercantile and manufacturing interests have thriven wonderfully; its wage-earners have found their condition much improved; its roads, schools and sanitary regulations have received admirable attention, and the official corruption, fraud and gambling which prevailed in previous years have been terminated. It is not strange that New Jersey should hesitate to espouse a "reform" the real object of which is to make Mr. Colby governor and Mr. Record United States senator in place of Senator Dryden, than whom no citizen of the state has done more to advance all its varied and important interests.

The case of New Jersey, with its splendid record under republican rule and with its sinister pseudo "reform" movement, may be taken as a general example of other states and the nation at large. Everywhere there is prosperity and yet nearly everywhere there is also a ferocious and dangerous socialistic propaganda. Certain magazines go on publishing articles month after month, in which leading senators of the United States, of both parties, are stigmatized as "traitors," "pickpockets," "swindlers," "burglars," and "corruptionists," and the whole Senate branded as "a scurvy lot," "agents of the piratical trusts" and "rats skulking in a ship." The liberty of the press is worse than degraded; it is absolutely prostituted, by such tirades as these.

But such attacks on honorable individuals, and such unprovoked and causeless assaults on the integrity of great business institutions as Messrs. Phillips, Hearst, Steffins, Record, Colby, etc., have been making are not merely disreputable, they are incendiary and dangerous. According to high alienist authority they have already caused a marked increase in the number of insane persons in New York and elsewhere; they conduce directly to assassination, mobs, riots and violence among strikers, and tend to unsettle confidence and injure business throughout the community in general.

Such agitators are all the more culpable if not sincere: if they are "out" not for real reform or the public good, but for office and profit to themselves. The people should proceed at once to "call them down" before they actually succeed in wrecking the insurance and trust companies, the railroads, and the much-maligned corporations, which are the mainstay and support of millions of policyholders, shareholders, depositors and wage-earners in this "God's Country."

The people can do this without doubt if they go to work at it the right way, but not easily otherwise. The trusts are not really the masters here, nor are the rich men, nor are the socialists or the republicans or any other party. The man with a ballot in his hand is the ruler of this country, if he uses his power aright. But like other rulers he may abdicate his power, and he has often done so. Let him beware of doing so in this crisis. The honest citizens, the business men, the new voters, should make a thorough job of it this time and henceforward. They should make it a sacred duty to attend the primaries, and thus to secure the nomination of good candidates—men who represent correct political principles and who, if elected, will faithfully guard the commonweal—men of approved character who have accomplished great and good results, and not men with wild theories which, if put into practice would mean destruction instead of construction.

The duty of the people is plain, and the time is now. Prevention is better than cure.

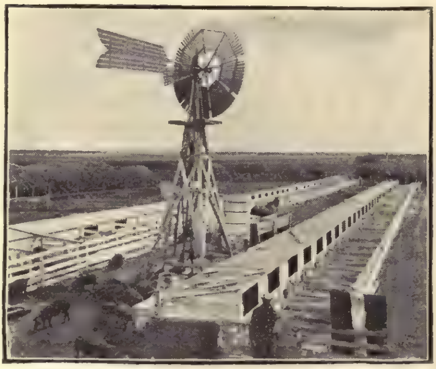
# SOUTHERN WYOMING

By W. C. JENKINS

THERE is perhaps no territory in the West that is more full of interest and that possesses greater possibilities than Southern Wyoming, the tier of counties through which the Union Pacific railway passes on its way to the Pacific coast. In a general sense this territory is a plateau with a mean elevation of 6,400 feet; its lowest level is 3,534 feet, and its highest altitude is 13,858 feet, the first being the channel of a river and the last the summit of a mountain. Through its western portion runs the continental divide—but broken into several separate ranges. On this roughened plain stand many ridges and groups of various heights. Beginning at the southeast corner, we encounter not far from the boundary a semicircular range about 2,000 feet above the general level, known as the Laramie hills, and west of these the Laramie plains containing an area of 7,000 square miles and having an altitude of 7,000 feet. They are bounded on the west and north by the north branch of the Platte, which coming from the south sweeps in a long curve around the northern base of the Laramie hills before flowing eastward; and on the south by the Medicine Bow mountains, another low range projecting over the boundary of Colorado and joining by a line of broken elevations, the Sweet Water range; the whole having a northwest trend spreading out about twenty-five miles. Crossing this line of hills, we proceed westward over a broken country, much of it with a red and nearly naked soil, to the valley of Green river, which was formerly a favorite feeding ground of the buffalo. It is bounded on the west by the Wasatch range, one of the most beautiful in America, with its sharp outlines, its glistening pinnacles and diaphanous atmosphere, colored with tints of the violet and rose. This interesting country, through which the Union Pacific railroad passes, has undergone wonderful changes during the past twenty years. The early traveler who passed through this section saw little in the way of life or vegetation, his gaze being met continuously by immense plains or massive hills. As to the geologic history of this wonderful country, it may be variously conjectured. Let us say that it is the bottom of a sea, once drained to the east by the Platte river. The story of the creative and destructive portions of the globe is laid open in this interesting locality, showing us at one point on the great highway all the rock formations from the granite foundations of our world to the latest cretaceous deposits. In the lower valleys dark loams prevail, on the plateaux sandy loams. Beneath the surface lies extensive coal deposits, also shales bearing petroleum. Iron, limestone, building stone, beds of soda several feet in thickness, mountains of sulphur, mica, copper, lead, silver and gold crop up from the plains or project from mountain sides. For the most part the country appears treeless, the timber being confined to the mountains, the principal ranges of which are clothed in pine, spruce, fir, hemlock and cedar. It is not to be supposed that this high and somewhat bare region is deficient in water courses. On the contrary few countries have so many. The Platte river has not less than forty tributaries. The Sweet Water, Green and Big Horn rivers all rise in the Wind River mountains and every neighboring range sends down feeders. Cheyenne, Powder and Tongue rivers rise in a divide in the northeast corner of the state, the Yellowstone and Snake in the northwest corner.

ROLLING MILLS — LARAMIE, WYOMING

These streams afford abundant opportunities for irrigation projects, and the people of the state have succeeded in interesting the general government in reclaiming millions of acres of lands which hitherto have been considered valueless. Some of these projects are already under way, while others are contemplated for the near future. Without irrigation there would be no populous and prosperous West. It was the first weapon seized by civilization in the battle with desolation. When Brigham Young assumed the awful responsibility of moving his ten thousand followers to the desert valleys of the Rockies, he did it upon the faith that irrigation, one of the arts of the old world, could be successfully applied to the lands he proposed to settle, and before the close of the day of his arrival in the Salt Lake valley he began the building of the first irrigation canal. The irrigation farmer enjoys many advantages over the rain farmer. He never scans the skies when his fields are thirsty. He never fears the drought. He knows that up in the deep canyons of the surrounding mountains, far above the heat of the valley, up in nature's ice houses among the clouds, are stored the snows that feed the streams he owns, and that whenever his fields are athirst he can easily give them drink, and so he plants with confidence and reaps with profit. He never asks for rain, except to cool the air in the hot Summer time, and often when the vagrant clouds detach themselves from the masses around the peaks and float over the valley, he is filled with fear lest they drench his field at the hour of harvest. Where irrigation prevails the growing crops receive their moisture when it is most needed to insure perfect development. The yield per acre far exceeds that of the rain farmer region, and rust and smut are unknown. Moreover, irrigation greatly enriches the soil by carrying to it fertilizers which the waters pick up from the air and earth. This long prayed for irrigation law which was enacted in 1902, was hailed with delight by the people of Wyoming, and insures the capital necessary to provide means for impounding the waters that three-fourths of the year flow away and are lost. In the configuration of the arid country, there are numberless depressions into which the streams may return and the waste waters be preserved for the farmers' use. The necessity of work of this kind in Wyoming has been apparent for a number of years, and large corporations have undertaken it, but owing to the difficulty of controlling the land to be redeemed, such enterprises have not been generally sought after by capital.



A HOG RANCH — LARAMIE COUNTY

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tunities to home seekers that are not excelled by any state in the Union. Farming under irrigation is a pleasure and very profitable, and those seeking homes in the western states can obtain information of a desirable character by writing to the secretary of state of Wyoming for information regarding these opportunities in the state.

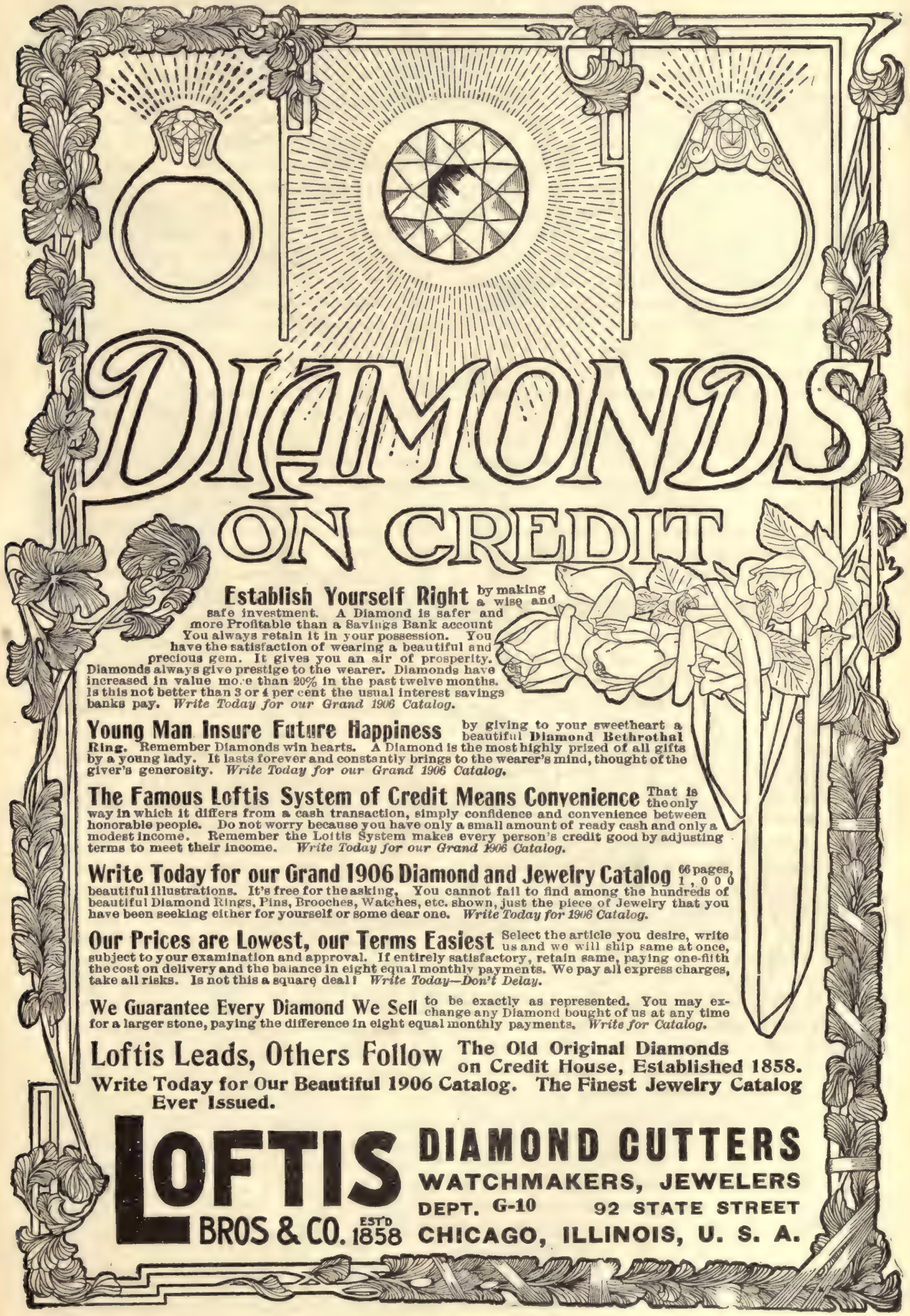
The climate of Wyoming is all that can be desired. There are few states that exceed it in the average number of days of sunshine each year, and the most fastidious taste for climate can be satisfied. Suppose a stranger comes to Wyoming from the East, the first thing he notices is the buoyancy and elasticity of his step; he can hardly get enough air into his lungs, and he expands them and takes long draughts with as much relish as he would from cool water when nearly famished with thirst; his clothing feels warm and dry, all his vital powers are quickened, and he enjoys everything with a keen relish. The Autumn months are especially delightful, just cool enough to give spice to everything. The skies are clear, and as the haze begins to accumulate, there comes an occasional shower that clears the air and drops about a quarter of an inch of rain in the valley, and tinges the lofty mountain peaks with white. One great feature of the location is the proximity to the mountains, where any kind of weather may be obtained. Suppose a person should become tired of the Summer weather, it is but necessary to ride a short distance and he is in the heart of the mountains at an elevation of eight thousand feet, where it is so cold that it freezes every night of the year, and so he can roll up in several blankets and enjoy nature's sweet restorer, sleep.

APPLES — WHEATLAND, WYOMING

The counties in Wyoming through which the Union Pacific passes on its way to the coast are Laramie, Albany, Carbon, Sweetwater and Uinta. Laramie is perhaps the most resourceful county in the state from an agricultural point of view. In this county is located Cheyenne, the capital of the state. Cheyenne is undoubtedly one of the most prosperous and beautiful cities of the West.

It is situated 106 miles north of Denver, on the Union Pacific, the Burlington and Missouri River, and the Cheyenne and Northern railroads. It has a population of about 18,000. Cheyenne has considerable trade in cattle and sheep and possesses large shops of the Union Pacific railroad. It has well-paved streets and metropolitan banks and business houses. The Stock Growers' National bank has one of the finest bank buildings in the West, and is one of the most solid financial institutions in the inter-mountain region. The city has two excellent daily newspapers, the Wyoming Tribune and the Cheyenne Daily Leader. All the leading religious denominations are represented and are presided over by a talented ministry. Among prominent buildings are the state capital, the high school, Soldiers' and Sailors' Home, Carnegie Library, and the beautiful stone depot of the Union Pacific railroad. Fort Russell is located near the outskirts of the city. Cheyenne was first settled in 1867, when the Union Pacific railroad reached that point, and in 1869 was chosen the territorial capital of Wyoming. In the same year a large portion of the town was destroyed by fire. The government of Cheyenne is administered under the charter of 1869, the year of incorporation, and pro-

SODA WORKS — GREEN RIVER, WYOMING



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vides for a mayor, chosen every two years, and a city council elected by wards. The chief of police is appointed by the executive, the park and street commissioners are elected by the council, and all administrative officials are named by the mayor with the consent of the council. In the early days Cheyenne was considered one of the toughest places in the West, but today there is no city more orderly or where the laws are better observed. A large number of the leading business men came west in their boyhood days and have been instrumental factors in carving this delightful city out of a wild and barren country. A great many have made their money in stock raising. A more hospitable class would be difficult to find. There is no false glitter, no pretended aristocracy, every man considers himself on an equality with his fellow man and no better. The educational conditions of Cheyenne are of the highest order, and a class of young people are growing up that compares favorably in intelligence and morality with those of any city in the United States.

## ALBANY COUNTY

West of Laramie County is the City of Laramie, which is the county seat of Albany County, and is located on the Big Laramie river and on the Union Pacific railroad. The city, which is situated on the Laramie plains, is an ideal spot and is metropolitan in its appearance. It has well laid streets and immense business houses. It is located near mountains that are rich in minerals and afford fine scenery. It is the See of the Protestant Episcopal Missionary Bishopric of Wyoming, and among its institutions are the State University, the state Fish Hatchery and the Agricultural College. The principal industries are stock raising and manufacturing. The industrial plants include soda works, flouring mills, glass works and the extensive machine and repair shops of the Union Pacific railroad. It is the headquarters of the Hahn's Peak and Pacific Railroad Company—a corporation which is now building a railroad to the adjacent mining territory, and which will be a great factor in building up this section of the state. Enterprises of this character are a necessity in states like Wyoming, as industrial progress cannot be expected until means are devised to transport the immense mineral resources that exist in the Rocky mountains. Laramie was first settled in 1868, was incorporated in 1869, and chartered as a city in 1884. The present government, under a charter of 1887, is invested in a mayor, elected biennially, a council and administrative officials, all appointed by the executive, subject to the consent of the council. The city owns and operates its waterworks. The population is about 9,000. The great Laramie plains in which the city of Laramie is located, are undoubtedly the bed of an extinct sea. Many fossil remains of prehistoric animals have been found, and some excellent specimens are in the State University of Wyoming.

## CARBON COUNTY

It is perhaps no exaggeration to say that Carbon County, Wyoming, stands at the head of all the counties in the state in mineral resources. Here may be found practically all the known minerals that have been discovered in the West. On account of railroad facilities, however, this section of the state has not been brought to the front to the extent that its resources command, but measures have been taken to construct railroads to the principal mining regions of the county. Undoubtedly the chief mining region of this section is the Grand Encampment District. This locality is rich in mineral and it would be difficult to estimate its possibilities when the locality possesses the necessary transportation facilities. The county seat of Carbon County is Rawlins, and is located on the Union Pacific railroad. The state penitentiary is also in this city. The Union Pacific railroad maintains repair shops here; and the city has considerable commercial importance as a shipping center for extensive sheep raising and mining interests. Its population is about 3,000, and some of its business houses would do credit to any city in the state. A more energetic class of business men would be difficult to find. They have the utmost faith in the future of their city and county, and are always willing to lend any assistance to the establishment of new manufacturing institutions. That their county possesses immense resources cannot be disputed, and when capitalists make thorough investigation of its opportunities for mining and other business enterprises this locality will be a veritable hive of industry.

## SWEETWATER COUNTY

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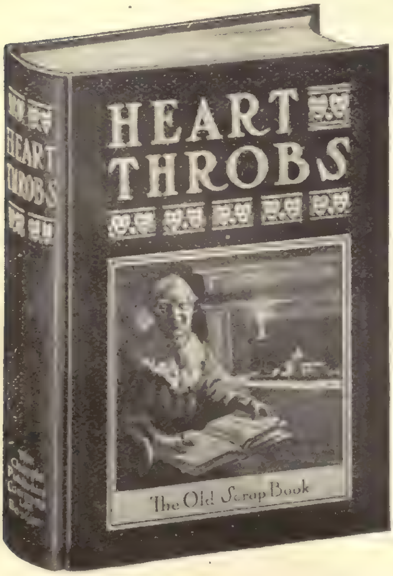
County is coal mining. At Rock Springs are located the immense coal mines of the Union Pacific railroad, which gives employment to a large force of men. The city of Rock Springs has a population of about 6,000, and there is no place in the United States where a greater variety of languages is spoken. It is estimated that at least forty different nationalities are represented among the coal miners of Rock Springs. The city is a veritable hive of industry and the merchants are enjoying an excellent trade. It has excellent banking institutions and immense business houses. The coal deposits of Sweetwater County are enormous, and no one knows the extent of these deposits. In certain parts of the county there are excellent lands for stock raising. Many men of immense fortunes owe their wealth to the advantages which they have found in this line of industry in Sweetwater County. The capital of the county is located at Green River, a beautiful little city west of Rock Springs. This section of the county has become noted for its soda deposits, and works of an immense magnitude are being erected to handle this product. The climate of Sweetwater County is all that could be desired, and the beautiful scenery found in some sections is unsurpassed.

## UINTA COUNTY

Uinta County is undoubtedly one of the largest and most interesting counties of Wyoming. It is located in the extreme western part of the state and the county seat is Evanston, a beautiful little city of 3,000 population. The elevation at this point is 6,759 feet, but this has by no means discouraged the citizens in the matter of farming and gardening. The agricultural possibilities are very favorable. The country is well watered, and the soil is fertile and yields abundantly. Wheat averages from twenty-five to thirty-five bushels, and oats from fifty-five to ninety bushels to the acre. Small fruits are grown with good success, and garden truck may be raised in abundance. The county possesses all that can be desired in soil and climate to make life pleasant for those who choose this locality as a home. There is a government irrigation project under consideration which will reclaim fifteen thousand acres of farming lands near Evanston. Sugar beet tests which have been made in Uinta County have demonstrated that the soil is pleasingly adapted to this industry. The mineral resources consist of petroleum, iron, coal, copper. Evanston is the home of many well-to-do stockmen, and is a division point for the railroad company. The town has never experienced any fictitious boom, but grows steadily. There is a great deal of building mapped out for the present year. Much is expected from the development of the oil fields in this section of the state, and several gentlemen of ability and means are now engaged in drilling wells.



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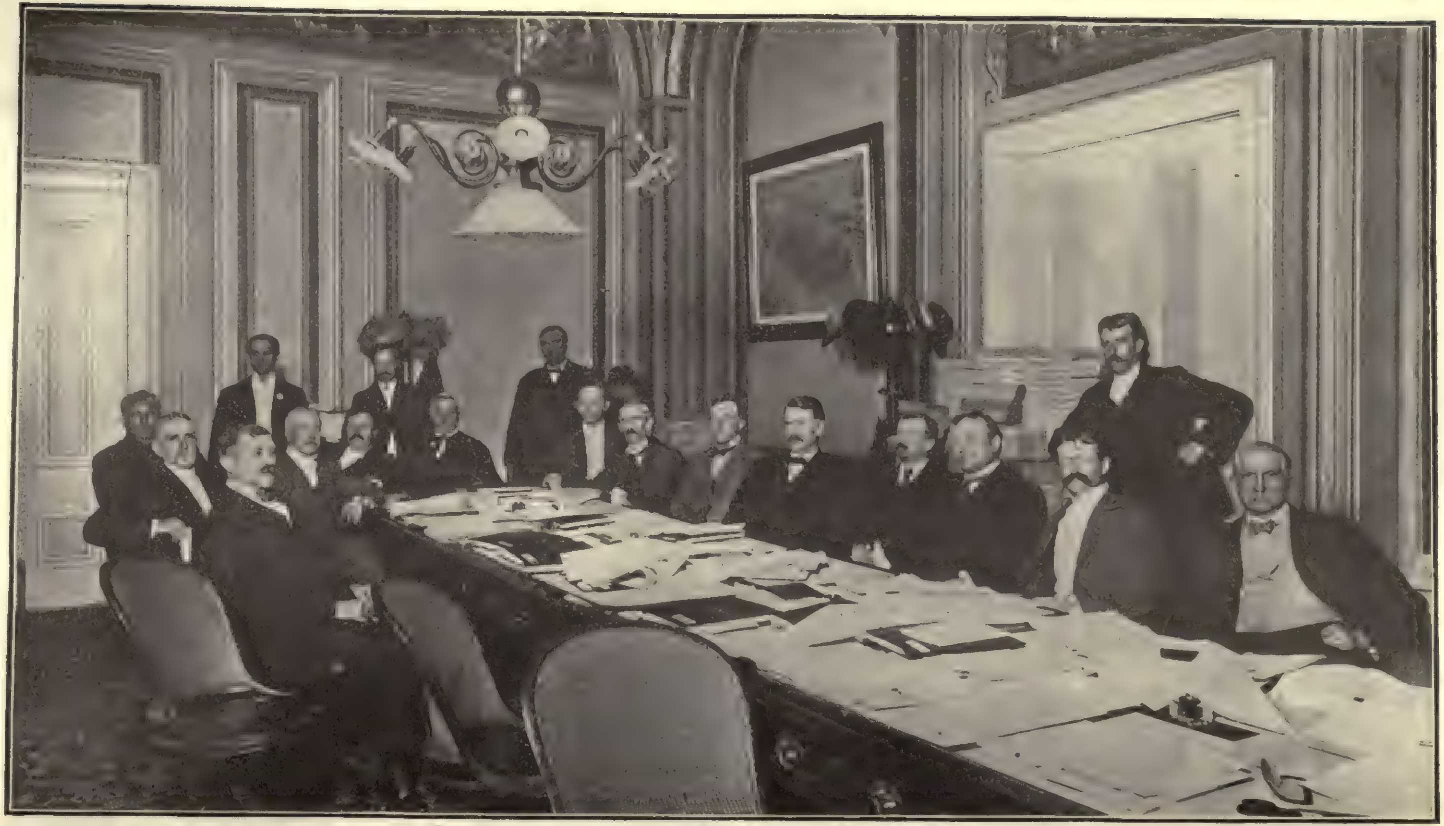

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# NATIONAL MAGAZINE

VOLUME XXIV **AUGUST, 1906** NUMBER FIVE

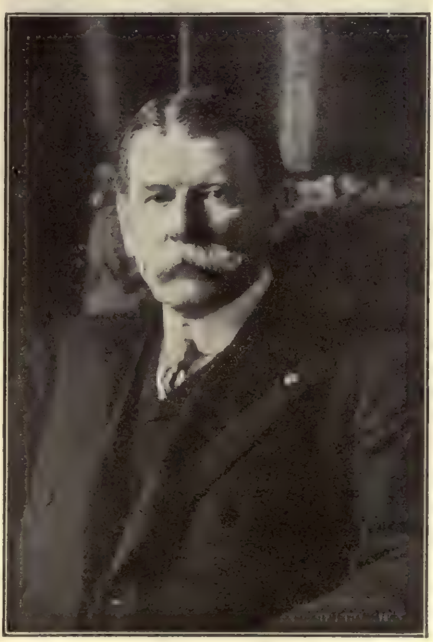
## Affairs at Washington

### By Joe Mitchell Chapple

DRAMATIC and picturesque events succeed each other swiftly during the closing days of a congressional session. Long and wearisome night sittings are held in the effort to crowd all the arrears of necessary work into the few remaining days.

The atmosphere in the Capitol was hot and stifling. Even the screens which shut off the legislators in "staid and decorous days" had been removed. Everything was discarded that might exclude even the lightest current of fresh air. In this oven-like atmosphere there was scurrying and hurrying hither and thither, as perspiring members strove to look after conference reports or special private bills.

On the day that the public building bill passed the house, it was amusing to see the rush of congressmen to the telegraph office in the corridor to notify folks at home that the "pork bill" had started rolling. It was a rather heavy bill this year, approximating twenty-five million for public building sites. There was not a congressman or senator who did not seem to have secured something for his section.



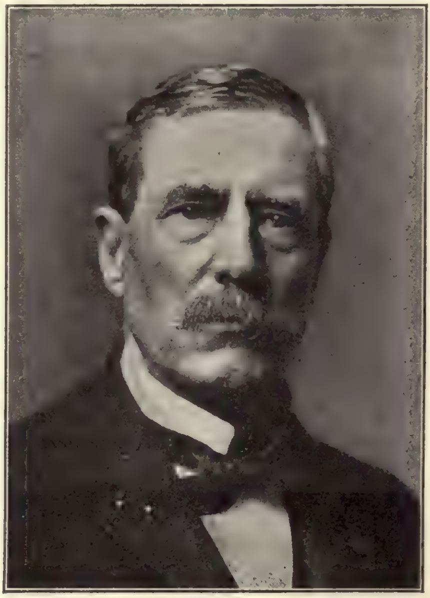
GENERAL HORACE PORTER

During the night session, an opportunity was given for crowding in a grist of speeches omitted earlier in the session. Some of these orations were dull and prosy, but many were exciting and enlivened with repartee and jokes, which were almost as interesting as a continuous performance at Keith's.

The "tug of war" comes when there is a disagreement during a conference between the senate and the house, and occasionally the struggle entails something like the wearisome experiences of a "hung" jury.

Speaker Cannon had a chart, showing certain phases of the immigration bill, exhibited in front of his desk. The array of bottles and cartons of food stuffs, brought on the floor of the house by Congressman Mann, in the interests of the pure food bill, gave a strange aspect to the session, but the exhibit emphasized the necessity for passing the bill. It may be truly said that this session of the Fifty-ninth congress has been one of the most notable in our history as a nation. There was a most pronounced departure from supposedly fundamental propositions and unalterable traditions, emphasizing anew the fact that this country does not always reject a matter just because it is new. Public sentiment, crystalized through recent agitation concerning great abuses, passed the rate bill, the pure food bill, the immigration bill, the employers' liability bill, and the meat inspection bill, any one of which would have made this session remarkable. Great uncertainty characterized congressional sentiment during these few closing hours. No one seemed quite sure that the four great measures would actually get through.

There were many dramatic incidents, one of which was the reply of Senator Bailey to magazine criticism. His attitude recalled the picture of Daniel Webster delivering his reply to Hayne. The speech had all the dramatic intensity of an old-time debate in ante-bellum days. Seldom has a speech so closely riveted attention both on the floor and in the galleries. No sooner was it reported down the corridors that Senator Bailey was speaking, than the members from the house began to pour in and the galleries became crowded. At the close of his fiery address there were rounds of applause, which even the gavel of the presiding officer was unable to check.



JUDGE JOHN JAMES JENKINS OF WISCONSIN. MEMBER OF CONGRESS AND CHAIRMAN OF THE JUDICIARY COMMITTEE

At one point he called upon Senator La Follette to rise in his place and testify to his position on certain measures, which he had been accused of opposing.

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DESPITE the general impression that the "Congressional Record" is a ponderous and dull publication, no one can read it without being well posted on the questions of national legislation, concerning which the average student of civil government has only a hazy idea. The speeches, debates and reports of the Fifty-ninth congress are an encyclopedia of modern democracy, and every phase of constitutional government has been "brought within range."

This was the comment made to me by a young German from Stuttgart, who spent several weeks in Washington, and was an interested spectator in the house and senate galleries day after day. He insisted that none of the lecturers in the great universities of this country and Europe could furnish the student so clear an idea of modern government as an attendance at such a session of congress, or even a cursory study of the reports, debates, proceedings and hearings that keep Uncle Sam's great government printing office working overtime.

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IT seems as though in the recorded votes of the Fifty-ninth congress the boundary line of political party has been often obliterated. Congressmen are coming to realize that independence in thought and action—especially when they spring from sincere conviction and reflect local sentiment—are no handicap in retaining the confidence of constituents.

In all the various committee rooms it is singular to observe the peculiar way in which men find their orbit, and naturally gravitate toward the committee for which they are best fitted by taste and previous training. A young member comes to congress and reads through a list of committees, fixing in his mind the one on which he would wish to serve. Happily the range of committee work is about as wide as that of individual taste among the members, and his preference is sooner or later considered in the assignments, no matter what his party politics may be, and more and more it is coming to be recognized that the essential and permanent value of a congressman's usefulness must find its expression in committee work.

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NO one who visited Paris, during the time that General Horace Porter was United States ambassador to France, can forget his gracious courtesy and the brilliant representation which his country received at his hands. No pages of the "Congressional Record" are brighter than those which contain the address delivered by General Porter at Annapolis, at the memorial ceremonies in honor of John Paul Jones. The address is full of the thrill of history — the story of John Paul Jones reads like a fairy tale of ancient days. The spirit of unwavering courage was displayed when Jones was asked by an enemy who saw his desperate condition if he had struck his flag. He replied:

"I've just begun to fight!"

This is the temper that knows no defeat, and it is this spirit that has carried forward our national development.

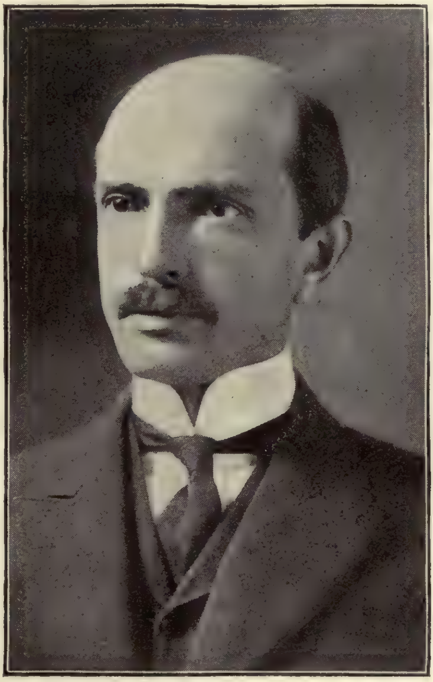
General Porter has well said, in speaking of John Paul Jones:

> "On water he was the wizard of the sea; on the land he showed himself an adept in the realms of diplomacy. While his exploits as a sailor eclipsed by their brilliancy his triumphs as a diplomat, he often proved himself a master both of the science of statecraft and the subtleties of diplomacy."

Continuing, the speaker referred to the tribute which General Washington paid to Captain Jones,

> "Mr. Jones is clearly not only a master mariner within the scope of the art of navigation, but he also holds a strong and profound sense of the political and military weight of command at sea."

It was Jefferson who entrusted to Jones the delicate diplomatic mission to Holland. General Porter's address might well find a fitting place in the school books of every American child, for it is replete with valuable information given in the most entertaining manner, concerning an important epoch in history. General Porter has returned to the United States covered with honors, and the crowning distinction of his public life was in securing and returning to his nation the remains of the man who will ever remain the naval ideal of the nation. General Porter's success in this service, has revivified history and cemented a feeling of international good feeling, that will remain a permanent and enduring benefit to his country.



REPRESENTATIVE C. R. THOMAS, NORTH CAROLINA. ONE OF THE BRIGHT, ENERGETIC YOUNG CONGRESSMEN FROM THE SOUTH.

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CONGRESSMAN THOMAS of North Carolina has made a fine record in the interests of his district and state. He is an attractive speaker and made an effective and successful fight to secure $5,000 for damages to the Masonic Lodge at New Bern during the war. His grip was tenacious, and he hung on until he won the day in the interests of his district, which are always uppermost in his mind.

His record shows one million dollars in appropriations for his district.

He made a strong speech on the Philippine tariff bill, and entered a strong plea on behalf of the Southern farmer and planter. He kept in mind the interests of the strawberry grower in his speech, during the discussion of the Hepburn bill, representing the strawberry belt of North Carolina.

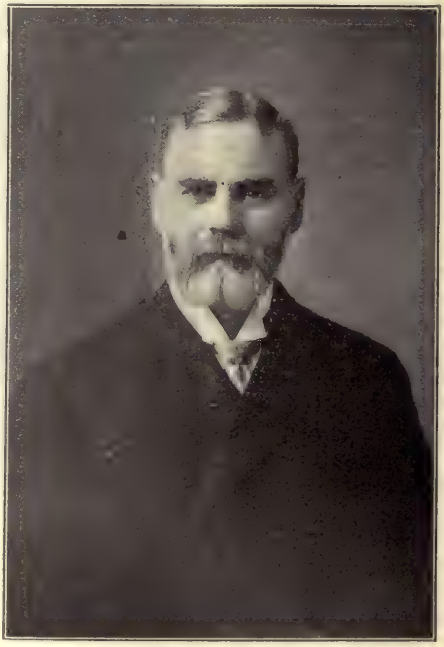
A student of tireless energy, Congressman Thomas is entitled to the splendid confidence and popularity which he enjoys in his district, and reflects credit upon the old North State.

JOSEPH M. DIXON OF MONTANA, WHO REPRESENTS IN CONGRESS THE LARGEST SINGLE DISTRICT

Among appropriations secured by him are a new revenue cutter costing $175,000, the best equipped in the service; and the postoffice building at Goldsboro. This is his fourth term of service. He has been a strong friend of Boston in the matter of a new custom house. On the committee on public buildings, he will be the second, ranking, democratic member in the Sixtieth Congress.

* * *

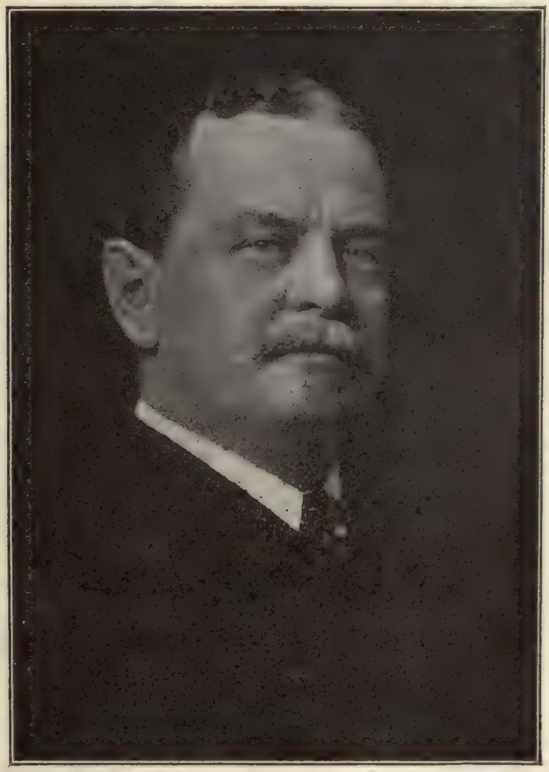
IT is remarkable to how great an extent travel to the farthermost parts of the earth has come into vogue among American public men. A trip on a Pacific Mail steamer is undertaken with but little more forethought than is bestowed upon a street car ride; and a little vacation in Japan is quite the usual thing, whereas in the days of Commodore Perry such a journey was regarded as an arduous enterprise. Now, a government minister, a senator or congressman, who wants to learn facts in reference to a certain question or situation, simply takes a railroad train or steamer, and goes regardless of distance, to the place where the desired information may be obtained. When he returns he really knows whereof he speaks. It is largely due to this travel spirit that legislation was never more thorough, subjects never more thoughtfully discussed or information better digested, than in the past session of the Fifty-ninth Congress.



CONGRESSMAN JAMES R. MANN OF ILLINOIS. CONCEDED TO BE THE MOST INDUSTRIOUS MAN IN THE HOUSE. HE HAD CHARGE OF THE PURE FOOD BILL

THE day that I lunched with Judge W. I. Smith of Iowa, I met Secretary Taft in the house lunch room. He was taking a respite from answering a long series of questions regarding the canal situation. He laughed when I recalled the lunch in his cabinet quarters, which had consisted of a rosy apple and a sandwich, but here he was permitted the congressional half and half — milk and cream and other good things found in the great "pie belt".

Secretary Taft is a hard worker, as any cabinet minister must be who keeps in personal touch with the house of representatives, but as I looked upon his sturdy form, I concluded that his shoulders were broad enough to bear the load, even though, Atlas-like, he carries a good portion of the world's surface upon them; for he is responsible for the work done on the Panama Canal, which has now submerged the regular routine in the War Department. The spade, dredge and shovel have supplanted in these days the use of the sabre and cannon. The prediction was made by the secretary, that the canal would be completed in 1914, and I understood that the recent earthquakes have not changed the original purpose of having a lock canal. It is difficult for persons not initiated, or actually on the spot, to understand the large number of preliminaries necessary in reference to this work. The eager desire to "see the dirt fly" cannot be complied with until other essentials are attended to, such as the erection of necessary buildings—getting a good foundation, so to speak, that the actual work may not be delayed for lack of proper supplies. The handicaps in this work are grasped by the forelock, as it were, and Secretary Taft has a strong grip.

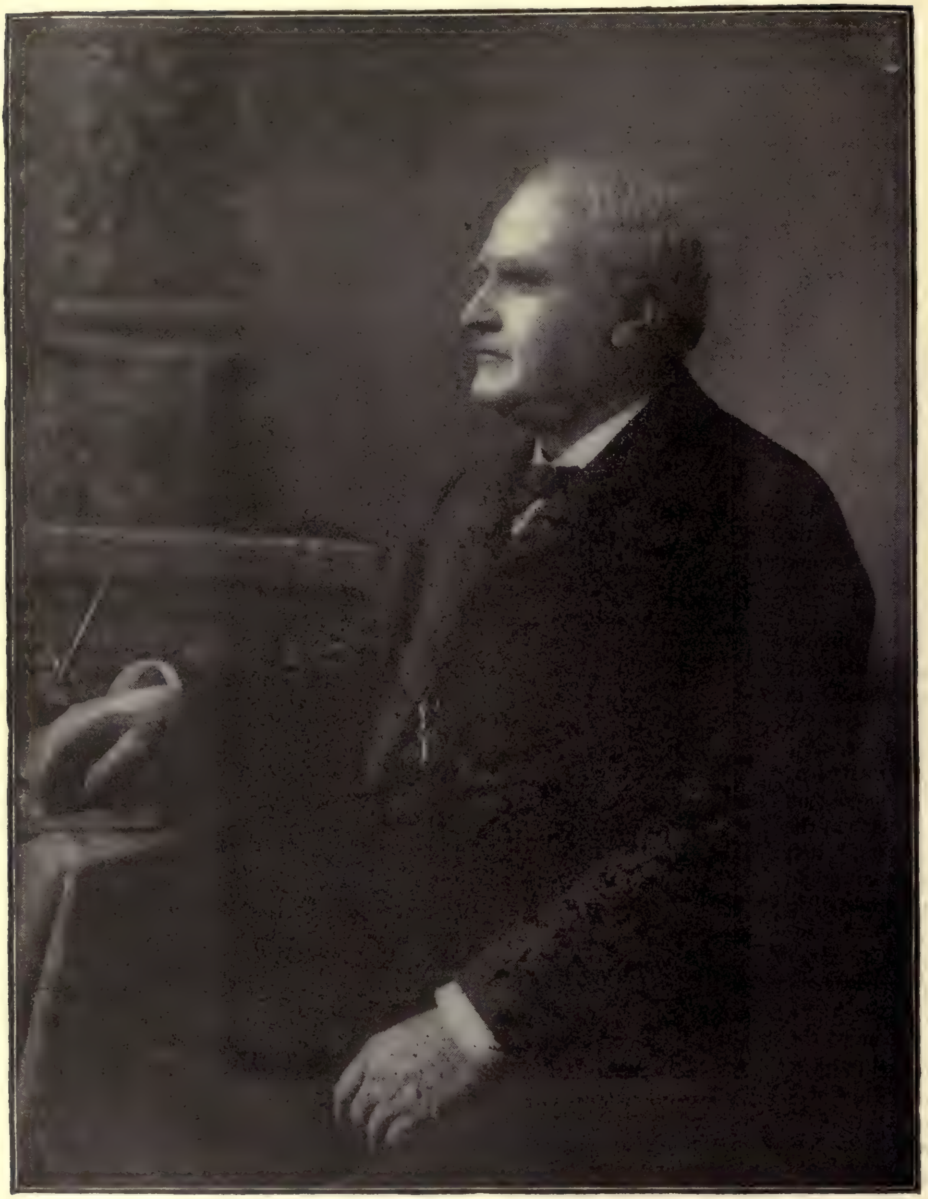


CHARLES S. FRANCIS, AMBASSADOR TO AUSTRIA. A NEWSPAPER EDITOR WHO HAS MADE HIS WAY IN DIPLOMATIC CIRCLES

WALKING down Thirteenth street, across the Mall, along a picturesque avenue lined on either side with beautiful trees, one comes upon a modest red building surmounting a terrace, flanked on either side by pagodas — this is the home of the Agricultural Department. On a hot July day, I walked between the stretches of greensward on the Mall and entered the gardens. The hydrants were near at hand, and many boys were at work in the garden "patches." Here was indeed a concrete introduction, indicating something of what is being done by the agricultural department. The entrance to these grounds somewhat resembles the entrance at San Souci, and calls up visions of Frederick the Great pacing the "walk".

The home of the Agricultural Department stands under the shadow of the stately Washington monument, and on either side of the path, huge beds of pansies gleam and glow in royal purples and yellows. It was early when I made my visit, and the flowers seemed to smile up at me in the morning sunlight. I recalled the legend of our childhood, when we studied the pansies to discover the "two faces under one hood." Before the building was a span of horses and a carriage, for it was approaching cabinet time.

Inside, in a very modest office adorned with the trophies reaped from his work, I found Secretary Wilson leaning back in his chair and studying assiduously as though once more a



HONORABLE STEPHEN B. ELKINS, WEST VIRGINIA, ONE OF THE MOST ACTIVE WORKERS IN THE SENATE, AND REPRESENTATIVE OF THE GREAT "UNDISCOVERED STATE"

college student; but now he was poring over the "Congressional Records"— extra editions, perhaps — and other documents of like character, for this department requires unremitting and earnest work. On the walls were portraits of Secretary Wilson's predecessors. In the anteroom, was a man who had come to see if he could not secure some rose bushes from the department, for the reason that his good wife had been a nurse with General Phil Sheridan in the Civil war.

In conversation with Secretary Wilson, I was surprised to learn that it has been discovered that even the ground granite such as is used in making macadamized roads furnishes some of the elements of a good fertilizer, and I carefully recorded the fact for my farmer friends. There seems to be no other department of the government that the people regard as so exclusively their own as the Agricultural Department.

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SEATED at his desk, after a long, wearisome day at the close of the session, I found Judge John J. Jenkins, chairman of the house judiciary committee. He drew a long sigh of relief as he picked up the papers on which he had been working. He occupies the position on this committee which was once held by Daniel Webster, Ex-President Buchanan, Thomas Reed, Senator Culberson of Texas, and many other well-known men, and during the past session Judge Jenkins has done important committee work. The house judiciary committee prepared a report in ten days, subscribed to by all the members, a feat which is accounted one of the most expeditious assignments on any house committee. This report on the regulation or corporations presents the vital and essential features of the legislation of the past session, passed upon by this committee.

Forty thousand copies of Judge Jenkins' rate bill speech have been sold and distributed. Some years ago he began a study of the corporation question as it exists today, forming strictly constitutional and legal remedies to meet the existing evils, and the trend of present day legislation has justified his predictions. His speech on Cuba was another well-prepared effort. When the speeches of a congressman are sold, it is regarded as a profitable transaction for Uncle Sam.

NEWSPAPER CORRESPONDENTS AT WORK AT THE CAPITOL, WHERE NOTABLE SIGHTS AND SCENES HAVE BEEN RECORDED

Wisconsin has taken a prominent place in recent years with five important chairmanships, and has reached a strength equal to that of the Empire State.

Judge Jenkins is an Englishman by birth. He has made his way without college education, and his career is certainly an inspiration to other workers. He is now known as one of the most thorough and able authorities on legal matters in the house.

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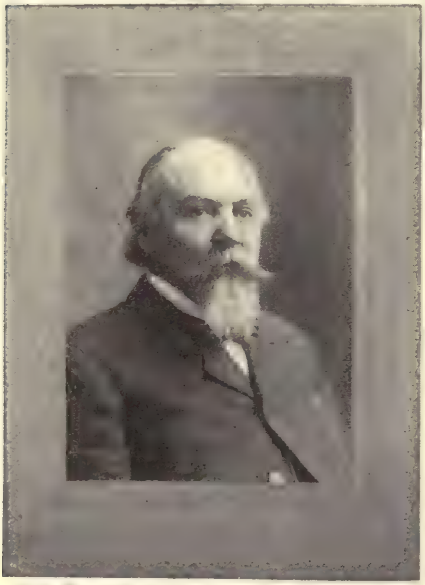
DOWN under the terrace of the Capitol I found the chairman of the committee on labor, Congressman J. J. Gardner of New Jersey, who has served in congress for fourteen years. He had just completed an arduous day's work, but congress was still in session, and we sat late into the night chatting. It was nearing eleven o'clock when I went to see this busy congressman, who was in his shirt sleeves working hard, indifferent to all else, in his efforts to get matters all properly closed up.



CONGRESSMAN JOHN J. GARDNER, THE PHILOSOPHER AND FARMER REPRESENTING THE SOUTHERN DISTRICT OF NEW JERSEY

Mr. Gardner is a philosopher as well as a farmer, and few men have been more forceful in a quiet way in national legislation. His home is in Egg Harbor City, and Atlantic City is included in his district. He represents agricultural, seaside resorts and manufacturing interests, but every part of his work alike engages his attention. It has long been my ambition to meet every congressman in his home, as well as to know him personally in Washington, and now I am looking forward to a delightful surf bath on the New Jersey coast when I visit the district of Mr. Gardner.

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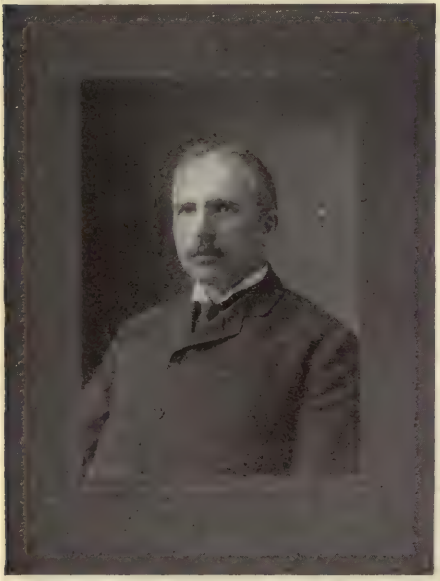
ABOUT the busiest committee on the senate side of the house for months past has been that of Interstate Commerce. In the main committee room there is always a mass of documents, and much important business is transacted here. There are records of some of the most interesting hearings on the calendar, for it was here that the railroad rate proposition was probed and dissected.

THEOBOLD OTJEN OF WISCONSIN, ON COMMITTEE ON FOREIGN AFFAIRS. A SPLENDID TYPE OF THE CONSCIENTIOUS CONGRESSMAN

In the room adjoining this main room, the burly form of Senator Elkins presents a picture of power and determination. His early public life, when he represented a territory, gave him a taste of the broad spirit of the great Southwest. At that time, as a young representative, he made a most effective plea for the statehood of New Mexico, but a very trivial incident threw the balance against him. He had just emerged from the cloak room and was met by a fellow member, now Senator Burrows from Michigan, who had made a telling speech which brought forth much applause. Mr. Elkins congratulated him upon it, but it seemed that this same speech had offended some of the allies of Mr. Elkins, and when they saw him shaking hands with the speaker who had met with their disapproval, they jumped to the conclusion that they had been deserted on a matter which had been already "put on the slate." Just then a vote was called, and the general impression was that it would go in favor of New Mexico, but it went otherwise. Like a flash it dawned on the young representative that the mere act of congratulating a fellow member on his speech had lost for his state the statehood clause, which he believed had at last been won as the result of several years' work.



EDWARD L. HAMILTON OF MICHIGAN. HAD CHARGE OF THE TERRITORY AND STATEHOOD BILL, UNDER WHICH OKLAHOMA WAS MADE A STATE

DANIEL F. LAFEAN OF PENNSYLVANIA. A YOUNG CONGRESSMAN WHO HAS DONE EFFECTIVE WORK DURING THE PRESENT SESSION

The service rendered in the cabinet, and as senator for West Virginia—the great undiscovered state—has made Senator Elkins a strong man, and he has retained to the full all that ability which characterized his earlier years. Much of the wonderful development of West Virginia, which has rivalled that of the pushing states west of the Mississippi, has been due to the untiring and courageous work of such men as Senator Elkins. The great resources of this state, though dormant for centuries, have been rediscovered and West Virginia now occupies a prominent place in the sisterhood of states, and is in line for rapid development. The industrial extension of this portion of the Old Dominion state—which joined the sisterhood only within the last half century—is indeed marvelous.

Senator Elkins is fond of automobile riding, and is genial and jovial on all occasions; whether speeding through the avenues of Washington; in an exciting moment on the floor of the senate; in the wear and tear of ordinary work, or in the whirr and keen interest of some committee room examination. He is a conspicuous figure, and has certainly been a powerful and efficient representative for the state which he loves; for whose welfare he has done so much. We may not agree at all times with the position which he takes on public questions, but there never has been a moment in his career in which he has wavered in regard to the interests of his own state.

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DURING the long Summer evenings it is interesting to visit the different hotels in which the congressmen and senators are located. The Cairo is situated some distance from the Capitol, but there has been a jolly lot of legislators registered there. Among those whom I met one evening was Congressman Dixon of Montana, who enjoys the distinction of having the largest district in area of any represented in the house of representatives. It includes the entire state of Montana 800 miles long and 400 wide—in fact, almost equal to the entire distance from Washington to Chicago.

Mr. Dixon is a young man who was practising law at Missoula, the Athens of Montana, when chosen to represent his state in the halls of congress. Montana has but one congressman and two senators, and Mr. Dixon is facetiously called "the third senator from Montana." He has a wide range of duties, which he has cared for in a manner characteristic of the vigor of the Rocky Mountain states. His work as chairman on the Mines and Mining committee has been especially notable, and he has given energetic attention to the work of the Public Lands committee. It is interesting to chat with him concerning the achievements of the present session, for he is thoroughly in love with his work. Though Mr. Dixon represents Montana, he was born in North Carolina, near the birthplace of Speaker Joseph C. Cannon. It appears that North Carolina has a way of producing good material for congress.

ANDREW CARNEGIE AND WIFE ON THEIR WAY TO THE STEAMER FOR THEIR SOJOURN AT SKIBO CASTLE, SCOTLAND

AT the Cairo hotel there is a pleasant-faced business man who has made a record in the house. He is Congressman Robert W. Bonynge of Denver, Colorado. One does not need to learn how to put the letters of his name correctly together, in order to see clearly that he is a man imbued with the spirit of his legislative duties. He has been very active in connection with the immigration and naturalization measures and on the Mines and Mining committee. Born in New York City, he began his career in the legislature of Colorado in 1903. His district now constitutes fifteen counties, and he certainly has made a record worthy of the Centennial State. In committee work or in speaking, he has the conviction and system of a man of business.

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SENATOR ALLISON drove leisurely in a "one hoss shay" to the executive office with both hands filled with papers, all ready for an interview with the president—all forgetful of the fact that it was cabinet day.

CONGRESSMAN HENRY W. PALMER OF PENNSYLVANIA, ONE OF THE ACTIVE MEMBERS ON THE JUDICIARY COMMITTEE OF THE HOUSE. (HE WAS A WINNER OF ONE OF OUR HEART THROB PRIZES)

He wore a white vest and black hat; his eyes sparkled with the enthusiastic interest in his work which has made him "The Grand Old Man" of the United States, who has seen longer service for the nation in the senate, than any other man.

Just as he stepped into the vestibule, it occurred to him that it was one of the days when the president could not be seen. He was so taken aback at his own mistake that even the doorkeeper smiled as the legislator started back to his carriage, but on second thought he returned to "carry the message to Garcia." So he made his call on Secretary Loeb.

GENERAL MORTEZA KHAN, THE PERSIAN MINISTER

Cabinet day is comparatively quiet at the office, though it means a busy day for the president and cabinet; but there is not so much evidence of "busy-ness" as on other days.

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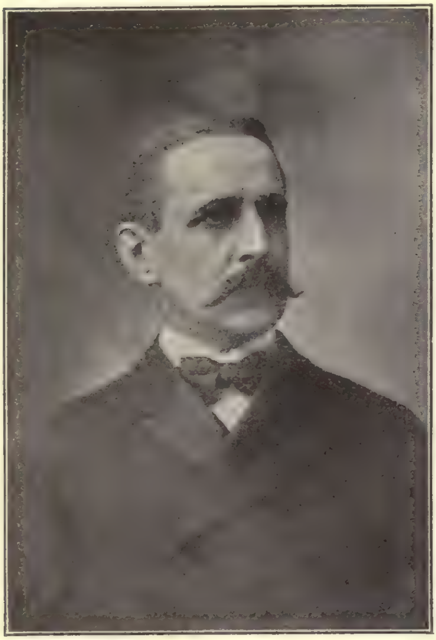
EDWARD L. HAMILTON of Michigan enjoys the distinction of being the congressman who is chairman of the committee on territories, which has added one more star to the flag at the present session.

Oklahoma is a state now, having acquired the right after a strenuous campaign. Mr. Hamilton has also been a very active member of the Committee on Insular Affairs but his chief work was on the Statehood bill. On the day that the fate of Oklahoma was decided, I met the chairman in the corridor. He seemed very happy in the knowledge that something had been accomplished for the nation as well as for the territory that had just been promoted to statehood, although full-blown honors will not come till next year.



CONGRESSMAN JAMES A. TAWNEY OF MINNESOTA. ONE OF THE HARDEST WORKED MEN DURING THE SESSION. HE IS ON THE APPROPRIATIONS COMMITTEE OF THE HOUSE

Mr. Hamilton has already served five terms in congress, and has certainly made an effective study of all the questions which have come under his attention. One of his colleagues has facetiously suggested that Congressman Hamilton "can wear stars on his hat now."

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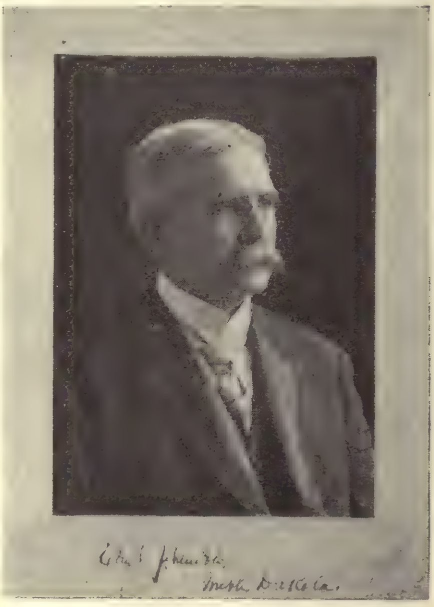
INTEREST has centered in a memorial to congress to make maize, or corn, as we call it, the national emblem. Congressman Dawson has taken hold of the matter; and the time will come when our nation will possess an emblem as strong and distinctive as the nation itself—for what could be more appropriate than the foliage and tassels of the growing maize, which lends itself so readily to all artistic treatment. This project was first inaugurated by Miss Edna Dean Proctor; the great friend of Whittier, Longfellow and Holmes; the poetess whose work has struck a resonant keynote of Americanism. Of a recent volume of her poems entitled "Songs of America," an eminent critic speaks as follows:

"Edna Dean Proctor's 'Songs of America' ought to bring her a nation's laurels, for no one, unless it be Whittier, has so voiced the spirit of our land, and Whittier, though great in thought, missed the perfect lyric, sweep and beauty which are hers. These songs stir the heart and fill the eyes, and they sing—sing like the west wind through the pines."



SENATOR ROBERT J. GAMBLE, NORTH DAKOTA, WHOSE RE-ELECTION HAS BEEN GAINED AFTER AN EXCITING CONTEST

A MODEST man is Congressman Otjen of Wisconsin, but his career offers a splendid example of conscientious work done by a legislator of foreign extraction. He was born in Michigan and is a graduate of Ann Arbor University. He began life as foreman in a rolling mill, and has worked his way steadily and persistently to the front. His business is located in the city of Milwaukee, and he represents an important district. Theobold Otjen has done very thorough work on the committees on foreign affairs and war claims, and goes home to his constituents with a clear consciousness of duty performed.

Speaking of committees, this visit to Washington more than ever impressed me with the thought that the constituents do not often realize the amount of work involved in the laborious routine of the various committee rooms.

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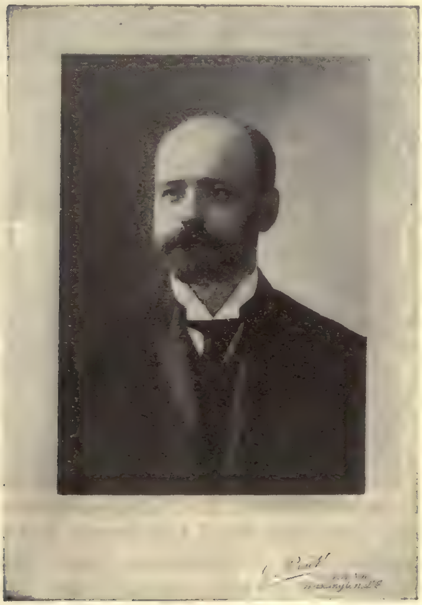
THE tall and stately figure of the vice president was to be seen daily in Washington, as he walked from his home to the Capitol, a distance of some two miles. The presiding officer of the senate attends strictly to his duties, and conscientiously cares for every detail of his work. As he swings along the avenue, he has a kindly smile of greeting for his friends and acquaintances—it may be a brother senator, a justice of the supreme court, a newspaper man, or Jonathan, the bootblack and newsboy, who always appreciates the salutation of the government officials. It may be the cartoonist, Berryman, or some friend "from Indiana," but nobody lacks the cheery word and smile.



CONGRESSMAN ROBERT W. BONYNGE OF COLORADO, A YOUNG MAN WHO HAS MADE A SPLENDID RECORD DURING THE PAST SESSION

If anyone has an idea that the office of vice president is a sinecure, it would be well to look over the schedule of his day's work. After a busy morning of dictation and application to correspondence, at 10:30 o'clock the vice president may be seen on his way to the Capitol. Often before going to his own quarters there is a moment of consultation at the executive office, but at eleven o'clock the vice president is at his desk in his own room just back of the senate chamber.

CHARLES B. LANDIS OF INDIANA, WHOSE SPEECHES FURNISHED CAMPAIGN MATERIAL FOR THE REPUBLICAN PARTY

It is a notable fact that the vice president's record shows but one absence during the past session. This was when he missed two legislative days owing to his visit to Birmingham, Alabama.

While I was in the vice president's room there were numerous callers, one of them an old friend from Indiana, who came to tell the vice president that he had sent him some maple syrup, direct from the home state, and the recipient of the gift smacked his lips as he recalled memories of the old days amid the sugar maples.

Promptly at twelve o'clock the senate convenes, and the vice president is in his seat with a small piece of ivory as a gavel; stationed behind a bouquet of flowers, he commences the morning's routine. Vice President Fairbanks has all the courtesy for which the senate is noted, and every parliamentary phrase is given its exact and dignified expression. There is a refreshing politeness and consideration in the way in which business is conducted here, and the close adherence to the rule that no names shall be mentioned in debate, gives an interesting, old-world flavor to the proceedings. Instead of saying Mr. So-and-So, the vice president inquires: "Will the senator from North Carolina yield to the senator from South Carolina?" No representative in the senate or house is allowed to use the jocular familiarity of the political campaign, where the distinguished senator may have been known as "Jim", "Joe", "John" or "Tom". All procedure on the floor of the United States Senate is dignified.

If there is a long speech in progress, or the reading of documents, a mass of enrolled bills is brought to the vice president, and with busy pen he continues signing, signing, and signing. His secretary keeps in close touch and frequently consults with the man on the rostrum. While I looked on, during a lull in the business, there was a greeting to a sweet little girl of ten years, who was occupying a seat in the gallery reserved for the families of senators. It was the same little lady who had that morning brought the vice president a bouquet of posies from Posey County, Indiana.

After the long, wearisome day of debate and routine work is over, the red electric lights announce the executive session which usually closes the day's work. After this, the vice president again works in his room, and often receives some friends or senators for an aftermath of discussion, after which on goes the gray hat, and the tall, six-foot-two figure of the vice president swings down the avenue. I think that in our half-hour walk together, a greater variety of subjects was discussed than are brought up in an entire day's proceedings in the senate. We passed the Botanical Gardens, admiring the beauties of nature, and noting also the kindly impulses of the people we saw.

One day when I had an engagement to walk home with the vice president, it rained—I may say that his pace is a pretty swift one for me, and I was not so sorry that it was damp that day. I said:

"If you will wait a moment my automobile will be at the door."

As we passed out from the archway, the vice president looked up and down, evidently listening, to my secret amusement, for the sputtering and throbbing of a motor car. But I pointed toward that modest yellow car that backs in on the senate side. We had an even start with a distinguished senator, who does possess an auto, and who lives in the vicinity of the vice president's home. After all, the public auto proved the more reliable on this occasion. This is no reflection on the speed of "the red devils," but the fact was that in a sudden spurt the chauffeur exceeded the speed limit and an alert member of the metropolitan force, with hand upraised, stopped the vehicle for "rest and arrest," for speed limitations are rigidly observed on the avenues of the national capital.

The day's work was not done even when the vice president reached home. He usually has friends to dinner, but still he puts in another odd hour or so of work, it may be on a speech which must be written to meet some of the insistent demands made upon him to visit all sections of the country. In this matter the vice president has fulfilled the functions of his office, by becoming the true representative of the president at places where it is impossible for the latter to be present except in thought and good wishes.

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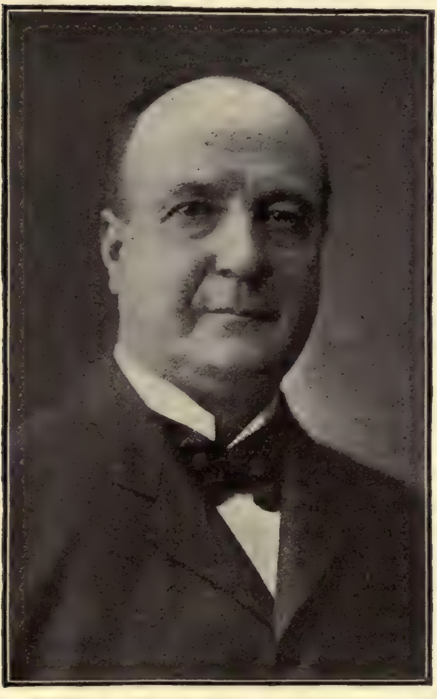
IT was at a banquet given on McKinley's birthday, at Youngstown, Ohio, some years ago, that I first became well acquainted with Congressman James Kennedy. He is one of those genial, wholesouled men whose sterling worth is realized more and more as one comes to know him. It is admitted that Mr. Kennedy has been a power in the legislation of this notable session, and his speech on the railroad rate bill elicited favorable comment from all sections and was commended by the justices of the supreme court of his state. As a representative of the district in which William McKinley lived, Mr. Kennedy certainly has made a worthy record on matters of national legislation. His whole career has been one long contest with monopoly, and he is known as a solid man and a good lawyer.

In response to an inquiry as to who would be the next candidate of the republican party, he said to me, one hot night at the Riggs House:

"That great incorporeal entity known as The Public has its attention focussed, and its face set like a flint toward two purposes. First, that every American interested shall have protection from foreign competition. Second, that our domestic commerce and industries shall be freed from the exploitation of wicked monopoly, and that every man everywhere shall have a fair chance and an equal opportunity.



CONGRESSMAN JAMES KENNEDY, OF YOUNGSTOWN, OHIO

"This antecedent status of the public mind is sufficiently indicative, and one need not be a prophet to know that—if the republican party is to be further favored with the administration of government—it must nominate a man who is in full accord with the present administration, and the people must *know* that he is. If the national convention cannot agree upon such a one—Roosevelt is still young, and—he loves his country."

This sentiment seems to prevail among a great many strong men in the party, and presents a phase of the presidential situation which was freely discussed during the closing days of the session. It suggests the platform upon which Mr. Kennedy goes before his people for re-election.

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ENTERING the room of Secretary Shaw one day after business hours, when the desks were all vacant except his own, I found him still at work.

The fact that Secretary Shaw, at the end of his present period of office, will have served longer than any previous secretary of the treasury, is a recognition of his splendid ability. Always ready with a good story, or a straight, logical statement of fact, he is certainly a unique and picturesque character. As he sat talking, I recalled a scene I had witnessed not long ago at Cornell College. In the church, on the afternoon following the morning exercises, in a spacious tent, at which the degrees had been conferred, I recalled how the sunlight slanted through the windows upon the impressive scene of a class graduating at old Cornell, in the presence of many of the alumni who had long since crossed the threshold into active life. Especially impressive was the tribute paid by Secretary Shaw to the memory of the deceased wife of the president of the college. Her picture was unveiled that day, and the story of her gentleness and kindness was peculiarly sweet. The speaker told of the constant inspiration she had been to many of the farmer boys of years ago. He told how he came to college, and how homesick and miserable he felt, among that crowd of strangers, until her kindly interest made him feel right at home. His tribute brought tears to the eyes of all who remembered that beautiful and saintly Iowa woman. The secretary dwelt on the traditions of his class, in a way that awakened many a tender or mirthful memory in the minds of the past and present students of Cornell College.

The various addresses which Secretary Shaw has made throughout the country are classics in their simplicity and directness, notably the letter written to the public school at Passaic, New Jersey, Washington School A, when he inculcated patriotism in the hearts and minds of the children of that school in a manner that few speakers have excelled.

TREASURY DEPARTMENT
May 25, 1906.

Members of A-Grade,
Washington Schools, Passaic, N. J.

Dear Friends:

Please accept my thanks for the beautiful bouquet you kindly handed me as I passed your building on the 4th instant. I enjoyed my visit to your city more than I can express. The mills and the schools were inspirations well worth the trip. Flags flying from so many windows and waved by so many young hands touched my heart, and I breathed to the full the American spirit. Patriotism, education, and work have made us great, and their happy blending will save for you and for those who come after you, that which the fathers have builded.

Yours very truly,
L. M. SHAW

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AMONG the younger members who are making a career for themselves in congress is Daniel F. Lafean. I found him hustling about the corridors, and we paused for a moment's conversation in one of the wide window alcoves. It is always a pleasure to talk with Mr. Lafean; his enthusiastic absorption in his work is contagious and such congressmen as he are a silent but potent force in the national legislation of today. The hearty and unanimous nomination which he received from his constituents indicates their appreciation of his work.

Mr. Lafean is one of the prominent business men of his home town, York, Pennsylvania, and was instrumental in looking keenly after the local interests of his city, as well as in active work on the committee of agriculture. He has been successful in having several important resolutions passed, and may be justly content with the work he has accomplished in this session of the Fifty-ninth congress.

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ONE of the busiest men in the house of representatives; about whom very little is heard, but who is always hard at work, is James R. Mann of Chicago. I looked for him in the committee room of the Interstate Commission, and there found that he was over in the Committee of Elections. If ever a man did good service on two committees it is James R. Mann. Behind the twin folding doors of the Election Committee room, was a long table, covered with sample bottles and cartons filled with food products from all parts of the country, and here, in the room of the Elections Committee, Mr. Mann was working on the business of the Interstate Committee. I noticed that each carton was marked with the exact weight; and comment was made as to whether or not the people were getting exactly what they paid for. These samples had come from the chemist of the Department of Agriculture, and formed the basis of an exceedingly interesting report. If some of the labels on these packages and bottles are to be believed, the system of graft is not centered in any one line of business or in matters political.

The work of this committee indicates the wonderful revolution going on today, which is insisted upon, in order that every man, woman and child in the country may be sure of having a "square deal,"—no matter how small that deal may be. Some alarmists may regard this as paternalism, but there is a movement all along the line to prevent the too prevalent dishonesty from working harm through the food of the people.

I gained more practical information in this one visit, than I could by reading volumes of academic diction and discussion, for here was tangible and concrete evidence of what our own congressmen are doing to protect us, and raise the standard of political and business honesty in the United States to a higher plane than was ever before known in the world's history.

On the table was a large brass measure, rigid and exact as the scales owned by Walter Scott's Jew chemist, which he declared "would turn if but a hair from the beard of the high priest be laid upon them." At the head of the table stood Mr. Mann, who has for five terms given the city of Chicago a representation which is indeed worthy of that great western metropolis. He is a man who loves his work, and gives to it unremitting attention, though he is never too absorbed to assimilate further information pertaining to the special line on which he is engaged. He is as fascinated with his work as the entomologist with a new insect, which he spends hours studying and classifying.

# A MODERN MONTE CRISTO

## By Charles Warren Stoddard

Author of "South Sea Idyls," "Islands of Tranquil Delight," etc.
CONGRESS SPRING, SARATOGA, CALIFORNIA

A BOOK of life? The Tale of a Chance Acquaintance? How I Found an Affinity on the Wing? The Bachelors of Venice?—or what? This should be a rubricated page in the volume of my travel and adventure. Well; call it what you will, it is all true, every word of it, as Frank can tell you, and so can Giovanni, the gondolier, and so, also, can the modern Monte Cristo who is the gilt-edged hero of it all.

To begin with, it was Sunday on the weather side of Venice. Frank and I were chumming in a house of eight rooms and a *loggia;* it was the very last house in the sea-city with windows opening upon the Grand Canal, the Giudecca, the Lagoon and the Public Garden. There was a wee little canal just big enough for a gondola to squeeze through, that separated us from the Public Garden and made us feel nice and isolated—which of course we were — everything in Venice is isolated; there was a very narrow passage on one side of our house called a *calle*—I forget the name of it, but it was Saint Somebody—and this was like a vein that connected us with the great arteries of the city; dry veins and arteries are they, and one can walk all over the city, crossing the canals by a thousand little and great bridges—if he would rather foot it than float. Like all our neighbors, the Venetians, we had our water-gate, the front door, and our land-gate, the rear door, and we were as cosy as we could be in the city entirely surrounded by water.

Isn't it a delightful "Divinity that shapes our ends, rough-hew them how we will"? This Venetian experience was a surprise to me all 'round. One day, in London, I received a letter from Joaquin Miller, who was then in Rome. The letter was written in the Café Greco, where many people called for pen, ink and paper and wrote their letters to friends at home. In it he said I was to join him at once in Rome, and see all the sights of the carnival and share the fun and the frolic. As I read the letter, I wondered what had happened to the writer, for it was written in the most legible and beautifully round hand; now Joaquin's natural chirography is so ingeniously constructed that one never knows at a glance whether is it upside-down or not.

Well; at the end of the letter was a postscript in which the writer said:

"You must have noticed long before this that it is not Joaquin who is writing. His eyes are troubling him today and he has asked me to write for him while he dictates. I hope before long we shall be better acquainted." Then he signed his name, Frank D. Millet. I knew him well by reputation; an artist whose work had won distinction and an author who had delighted many readers. Were we ever to meet face to face?

I had not been long in Venice, on my first visit, when I joined some young Americans in their box at the opera. Of course the house was filled with little boxes, tier upon tier, like a Columbarium; and the little people in the little boxes looked like so many pigeons billing and cooing and preening their plumage and craning their necks in the long waits between the acts. My friends went out between the acts — how like America it seemed—and as I was leaning from the box-rail and enjoying the gay spectacle, a young man quietly joined me. We looked at each other and were acquainted in a minute. Some people understand one another at sight, and don't have to try, either. We had noted the coquetry of the ladies in the boxes and the vanity of the gentlemen, and commented on them, when he suddenly turned to me and asked:

"Where are you going to spend the Winter?"

I told him, honestly enough, that I did not know. Had I writing to do? Yes! Why not do it in Venice? It had not occurred to me that I might as well Winter there as anywhere. He said:

"I am going to housekeeping in a house of eight rooms and a *loggia*. Why not come and take one of those rooms? You needn't worry about anything; I'll look after the domestic affairs."

This young man, if you please, was Frank D. Millet, and we laughed as we thought of his postscript to Joaquin's letters written in the Café Graco, for lo! and behold, we were almost immediately very much better acquainted.

It was a bargain struck on the instant, and that Winter we passed together, with all its storm and sunshine, its snows and thaws—we had thirteen inches of snow on the dead level and Giovanni's gondola was swamped at the foot of the front steps under our very eyes. So it happened that, by-and-bye, the Spring came over the sea to us, and Frank had an awning stretched above the *loggia* and used to paint his pictures there in a wonderful light reflected from the broad lagoon. As I said before—it was Sunday on the weather side of Venice. Giovanni, our gondolier, cook, chamber-maid and errand-boy, was absent; each Sunday was his day, sacred to love and idleness. Frank was busy with a picture upon his easel—a holy picture, probably, it being Sunday; I sat in a seaward window, after mass with wondrous music at San Marco. There was the ripple of water under the *loggia*, the murmur of voices wafted from the gondolas that swam to and fro in the middle distance. From time to time the bells throbbed in the lofty towers that make of the vignette of Venice an enchanting picture.

There was knocking at the south entry; it woke me from my revery, and Giovanni being absent and Frank wedded to his art, it was my business to answer the knock. I descended to the door opening upon the *calle*. There stood a swarthy and gigantic Moor. We regarded one another in silence and surprise; then he asked me in singularly accentuated English if the "Illustrissime Seignior" Frank was within. He was. Would the Grande Mogul, the Moor of Venice, enter and meet him on the spot?

"One moment," said the stranger, with a graceful wave of the hand. "Permit me to speak with my friend." He withdrew to the end of the *calle* and apparently descended into the sea, for there the *calle* ended abruptly in a pair of stairs bedded in seaweed. In reality he returned to a gondola that was rocking gently under the pavement, for it was low-tide. I hurried to Frank to announce the arrival of mysterious strangers. I confess I was rather excited, because it was Sunday and we were all alone and Frank was dressed in a long blouse such as the Man-with-the-hoe wears in Millais' muffled "Angelus." Frank's blouse looked like a crazy quilt, for it was stiff with daubs of paint of every color under the sun. It was his absent-minded habit to wipe his brushes on it whenever he had nothing else to do. Frank, like a true artist, had no thought of dressing or undressing for any guest whatever, and so I hurried back to the *calle* door.

In a moment I beheld a tall, slender and exceedingly elegant figure approaching languidly; a youth of perhaps seven and twenty; repose was in his manner and written in his features. A long black cloak of Byronic mold fell from his shoulders, one corner was carelessly thrown back over his arm, displaying a lining of cardinal satin; a damask scarf, a golden-threaded fabric, was knotted about his throat; a slouch hat, with tassels falling from the broad brim, partially shaded an uncommonly comely face of the oriental-oval and almond-eyed type. Seeing this paragon of animals alone, I inquired for the friend who had announced him, and was briefly informed that the herald who had preceded was the courier of the picturesque party before me, and from that hour the courier took a back seat and kept it like a man. A moment later I had the pleasure of presenting Monte Cristo—let him be known as such—to my artist-chum.

Monte Cristo was an artist, also, and art in all its fascinating phases was the topic of the next hour's conversation.

As for me, I returned to my seaward window and solemnly rolled cigarettes—this was before the Reformation, of course; I looked over the sea-wall into the grove of the Public Garden; and watched the guest's gondola afloat under our *loggia*, with the decorative courier, and two blue-sashed gondoliers who sang softly and sweetly while the ripples smacked their lips along the black sides of their funereal barge. It was all very pretty and a little bit stupid, and then it began to be tiresome; but just at that moment Monte Cristo went his way, and I heard him promise Frank that he would return next day and paint from our *loggia*, which was the habit of all the artists we knew; for the *loggia* was a darling *loggia* and commanded the most wonderful views in Venice; indeed it alone was worth thrice the price of admission—that is, the rent of the house.

Frank was a Yankee to the marrow of his bones. There was not a thing he could not do, for he instinctively knew how to do it. He had already done almost everything under the sun and was ready to do the rest whenever opportunity afforded. It was one of the agreements when we went to housekeeping that he should do all the marketing, and what a lark it was when market day came round. Giovanni put on his long blue sash, his other trousers, and cocked his hat over one ear; we entered the gondola—it had been scrubbed down and looked as good as new—and away we started for the Rialto. Up the Grand Canal we headed, and debarking at the Bridge of the Rialto, with its double row of shops from end to end, we found ourselves in the market-place, where Frank began to bargain; it is always bargain-day at the Rialto, and Frank could bargain in half a dozen dialects when necessary, so we had all the delicacies of the season at the most reasonable figures. There were beans to begin with, bags of beans that might have held their own in Boston; and *bacala*—which if it be not codfish, is the most wonderful imitation of it I ever saw. Everything that would keep till next market-day we bought in bulk and stowed in the gondola amidships; then we paddled over into the Giudecca, that broadest of all the canals and the only one in Venice that is not bridged, and there we lay up alongside of the *feluccas* that had come over from Dalmatia with cargoes of firewood, and loaded up, while the spiteful little dogs on deck gnashed their teeth at us over the low bulwarks and filled the air with their weeping and wailing.

Why came we home with our beans and our *bacala?* Because Frank had taught Giovanni the never-to-be-forgotten art of cooking them in the good old New England style, and often we lusted after the bean-pots of Boston; because, also, the *bacala*, when shredded and rendered boneless, could be molded into the image of the delectable fish-ball of our youth, and these things were not to be had for love or money in all Italy, from the Alps to Aetna. Polenta was carried through the streets on trays by hucksters, who sang in accents more or less wild of the deliciousness of the corn-meal batter they offered for sale at so much the slice; when judiciously browned on the griddle, who could tell it from the fried mush of other days?

Monte Cristo was as good as his word; he returned to us within four-and-twenty hours. I had been out all the morning, for one cannot stop within doors long at a time in Venice, and when I returned for dinner, lo! there sat Frank and his guest at our table in the kitchen, feeding on fish-balls and Boston baked beans. It seems that M. Cristo had been painting for some hours, and when dinner was on the table Frank could hardly help announcing the fact. His invitation was very graciously declined, because while our views were free to all the world, we could hardly be expected to feed those who came to perpetuate them on canvas. Frank had said, by way of apology for not seeming to urge his guest, "We can offer you nothing more than codfish-balls and beans and a cup of good coffee." Monte Cristo sank as in a swoon and was borne without a struggle to our frugal board, where he received three broadsides without a whimper, and when all was over could not say enough in praise of such undreamed-of hospitality.

The truth is, our kitchen was the delight and the despair of all Bohemia. It was paved with dull red bricks, very large and square, and worn in places by feet that had been long at rest. The front door opened upon the *loggia*, and beyond that stretched the Lagoon, like another sky with a few cloud-like islands shimmering in the distance. Against the side wall of the room was a pyre as high as a table and five feet square. Over this hung a roof, or awning, that narrowed to a cone and swallowed through its sooty throat all the smoke and steam that rose from the sacrifices offered on the domestic altar. There was a shelf along the outer rim of this canopy, and here the display of pottery and pewter was most beguiling. A kettle swung from the crane; coals gilded the soft gray ash-heap and a few primitive utensils that lay about the border of the pyre and made of the whole a picture and a poem. If you had suffered your eyes to wander through the small, grated windows set rather high in the wall on the two sides of the pyre, they might have discovered the supple figures of half-nude artisans busy about the hulls of boats, for there was a little shipyard on that side of us, and the rythmical blows of the hammers were music in our ears, and often we breathed in the wholesome odor of oakum and melted pitch. Perhaps it is no wonder that we lingered over our meals there, and that our friends hungered and thirsted for a chair and a plate at the deal table where we really led the simple life that has now lost its identity.

That first afternoon Monte Cristo selected for his sketch a glimpse at the tiny canal that divides the Public Garden and makes a verdant island of the larger portion of it. A white marble bridge spans the water, and beyond that there are high walls with a few tall and narrow windows in them and many slender and rather ornamental chimneys, and at last the Church of San Giuseppe, where the fishermen and sailors have carried whole fleets of toy shipping, as *ex-votos*, and there they stay in memory of many a narrow escape from storm and flood.

The picture was not finished that day, nor the next, nor yet the next. Neither were the beans, nor the fish-balls, nor the fried mush that lent its special charm to the bill of fare. Monte Cristo assured us, with a fish-ball in his throat, that he had enjoyed nothing quite so much since he left home, which, of course he called "God's country." We had become very friendly, all of us, and our guest, who had suggested our dining with him at his hotel, the Danielli, said at last that the date must be set at once, or he should feel constrained to banish himself from our board and bungalow. The date was straightway fixed, and yet I think we would all have rather stayed where we were and taken pot-luck in the kitchen with the picturesque pyre.

Of course you know the Danielli, the most picturesque building on the *Riva Schiavoni*—there is a name for you, the "Quay of the Slaves." The antique Danielli was a palace when it was young; it looks as if it had been cut out of the drop-curtain of an opera-house and set up as a background for the Lagoon that fronts it. It faces the shipping that rides at anchor between it and the island church of *San Giorgio Maggiore.* The sea-gulls perch upon its marble balconies when the storm-wind rides them in from the Adriatic.

Monte Cristo must have had the suite of the royal princess, it was so ample and so richly furnished. He had evidently added much of his own in the shape of trophies brougnt out of the East. An Oriental tinge prevailed; indeed, one might have imagined himself in a palace of Damascus; and, instinctively, listening for the bubbling of the fountain in the palace court, one heard the plash of oars as the shadowy gondolas floated under the windows like black plumes adrift on a silver sea—for, very naturally, there was a flood of irreproachable moonlight of the Venetian brand, and that is always of the first quality. The truth is, Monte Cristo seemed always to be accompanied by a special train-load of scenery and properties, and there was nothing left to be desired when his curtain was rung up after the overture.

The dinner was the realization of a sybarite's dream. There were wondrous wines, of which our host touched not a drop, and viands from the four quarters of the globe—no less could be looked for at Monte Cristo's moaning mahogany. We sat in rich, dark fezes still redolent of the musky bazaars of Cairo, and about our shoulders were thrown scarfs of cloth-of-gold. We had been crowned with the fez and robed with the scarf when we reached the cigars and black coffee at the feast and, strange to say, neither of these did our host care for. He was a teetotaler in the teetotalest sense of the word, and though a connoiseur who always provided the best for his guests, his taste was of the simplest—one might almost call him puritanical as to his palate.

Lounging in his balcony after dinner, we discovered the troubadours in their barges who had been singing *barcarolles* the whole evening at appetizing intervals. These, also, were on Monte Cristo's *menu*, but in invisible ink. Between the songs of the singers we learned enough of the story of our host to piece out a brief biography. America bored him, which is not surprising, as he was an American with a difference. One day he arose and went unto his father and said unto him: "Father, give me the portion of goods that falleth to me." And his father did it without a murmur. Then he journeyed into a far country, though it didn't seem very far because it was England and but five days and some hours distant. In England the prodigal son bought a steam yacht with a hull of steel; it was silver-mounted with gold trimmings, and heavens knows how many jewels were concealed within its interior, watch-spring works. This extravagant toy was shipped to Alexandria and launched from the deck of one of those huge steamers that wed England to the East. At Cairo his yacht was freighted with all the delicacies of the season, for he was to thread the Nile waters and pluck out the heart of that mysterious Nubia whose mysteries are still as deep and dark as ever they were in the days of the Pharaohs.

An order from the Khedive permitted him to coal at every coaling station on the Nile shore. His crew in faultless costume dusted the dainty decks. Cooks and cabin-boys swarmed between decks. The dancers of nameless dances, girded about with chains of the coin of the realm, smoked where they listed and smiled to the barbaric throbbing of the tom-toms and the dove-like piping of falsetto flutes. He flew the Stars and Stripes and was true to the core, and he reminded me of that fantastic ballad:

"Raisins in the cabin,
 Almonds in the hold;
The sails they were of satin
 And the masts they were of gold —
  Of gold, of gold —
 And the masts they were of gold."

Our friend was not alone on this gorgeous cruise. A fledgling earl with an allowance he could not give away without fatiguing himself, joined Monte Cristo, and together they braved the two cataracts that were in those halcyon days the delight and the despair of the Winter tourists. The governors of Upper Egypt received them with a bewildering display of pomp and splendor. The voyagers returned the compliment with a deluge of champagne. The far-famed Moolid of the Prophet paled its ineffectual fires before the dazzling career of these nautical swells. Returning to Cairo with a deck-load of ostrich egg shells, ivory, frankincense and myrrh, Monte Cristo found his yacht a burden and threw it away—no, I believe he gave it to his friend the Khedive as a slight testimonial, etc.

It was after this crusade in the Levant that the charming fellow dropped in upon us at Venice and ate "Boston wood-cock" in our ever-to-be-regretted kitchen. Before we parted I had learned to pass half the day with him in his gondola, reading, chatting, writing, dreaming, or merely drifting with him while the tide swung lazily between the meandering canals and the Lido. The rest of the day we were ashore, but usually in each other's company.

It was amusing to see him at his work. A special police warned the juvenile idlers that they were encroaching on holy ground; two retainers, armed with Oriental implements especially designed for the purpose, baffled the dizzy fly; a third sat near him and gently agitated that most necessary of all the elements, the air, for Monte Cristo had a great aversion to the heat. All that love or money could not do was to emulate Joshua and command the sun to stand still upon Gideon, or anywhere else on the map—while the artist put the finishing touches to his sketch.

Let not my extravagance mislead you. I have never in my life seen a more conscientious worker than the friend of whom I write. There was really no need of him doing anything more fatiguing than hastening to destruction, as the majority of his kind are apt to do. He was born to the purple and wore it royally. He had asked for his portion and received it; nor did he waste it with riotous living; but took mighty good care of it and brought something better than corn out of Egypt, and, as even a casual observer might at once discover, he betrayed all the admirable characteristics of a man, in spite of the glamour that forever surrounded him.

The Venetian episode was brief but brilliant; of course nothing of that kind can last very long. It would soon lose its identity if it did, and cease to be its old self. All the tangible evidence I can offer in proof of the truth of this narrative is a fez, the very fez I wore on the night of the dinner at the Danielli, and a sketch in oil of a narrow canal dividing a Venetian garden, the two halves of which are clasped by a marble bridge; high houses in the distance and the tower of San Giuseppe outlined against the Italian sky. It is the first study he made from our *loggia*, and he gave it to me when he cried "Ho, for Paris!"—whither I promised to soon follow him.

Presently I found myself in rather cramped lodgings in one of the student hotels that abound in the Latin quarter of the French capital. A society soup-ticket lay on my study table; it was of a pale pink tint; it was faintly perfumed as if it had been stored in a casket of sandalwood. It appointed an hour when Monte Cristo and I were to meet and sit at the same board in his apartment on the other side of the river. Following the explicit directions of mine host, I was driven into one of those refined quadrangles of Paris where the residences face one another across an inner court and, as it were, turn their backs on the streets of the city, as much as to say, "Go to! I am better than you." I entered this inner court,—it was almost august in its seclusion— by a stately portal, the elaborately bronzed gates of which were swung open by a *concierge* of majestic proportions. Within the gates there was a garden filled with leafless trees, among which I saw dimly the wan, nude statues that abound on the continent. This garden was profoundly still; in one of the formal mansions that solemnly fronted it Monte Cristo had secreted himself.

I found his address without difficulty; I rang at the door and was admitted by a man servant with the air of one who had long and anxiously awaited my arrival and was at last almost overcome with gratitude and joy. There is nothing more flattering or more false than this social veneering. By all means let us encourage it. As I entered a broad and lofty hall a faint, dry perfume saluted my nostrils. Upon one side of the hall hung one of those latticed windows that cling to the somber walls of the harems in Oriental byways and give to them an air of beauty and mystery; the latticed panels were as exquisitely delicate as lace-work, and from within shone the roseate light of jewelled lanterns. At once I seemed transported to the realms of the Arabian Nights. The corner of a tapestry heavy with gold embroidery was lifted; I entered and found myself at once in the embrace of Monte Cristo. He led me to a divan, and after a welcome worthy of the Oriental luxury that seemed to follow him around the globe, he withdrew for a moment, during which interval I sought to accustom myself to my environment.

The floor was cushioned with Persian rugs, lapped one upon another. The walls were entirely hidden under hangings of the richest description; pictures wrought by the needle in silk and silver threads fell in bewildering folds from the ceiling to the floor. Even the windows were draped, so that I seemed to be reclining in a large, oblong pavilion, one side of which was filled with a luxurious divan; heaps of pillows, marvelous in coloring and decoration, were strewn over the finely woven camel's-hair covering of the divan. Small tables encrusted with pearl and tortoise shell were everywhere within reach. Low ottomans, each a marvel of antique needlework, were scattered hither and yon. The mantel was hidden in an improvised jungle of young palm trees, and from the ceiling was suspended a mosque-like array of lanterns—silver globes spangled with twinkling crystal stars.

Monte Cristo soon returned, and at once began a feast that might have been served in a kiosk of the Khedive—to say nothing of the seraglio of the Sultan. But who cares to read of a dinner? It is at best no better than a Barmecide feast. Narghiles, their stems tipped with globes of clouded amber, were lighted when we began to sip our black coffee from egg-shell cups with jewelled holders of fretted gold. To my surprise, Monte Cristo, the abstemious, actually took a few swallows of narghile smoke; but what kind of smoke is it that comes to one's lips through a bath of rosewater and an aromatic tube six feet in length? One swallows it whole, by the yard, and feels nothing but a kind of divine inflation; for the smoke in as vapory as ether, as cool as twilight, and as refreshing as the ghost of nectar.

That night was Arabian, and no mistake. I know not what plans we didn't lay. I think we were to return to the fabulous East and inhabit it for an age or two. I was to write books that were to frame his pictures, and somewhere we were to rediscover that Garden of Eden the exact address of which seems somehow to have been mislaid. For the time being we quite forgot that we were only in Paris after all, and that it was long after bedtime, even over there, when we said good-night. Monte Cristo, in an effort to outdo himself, quietly delivered the keys of his apartment into my hands and left me in full possession. His gorgeous hospitality included the sideboard, which he never touched, a valet who anticipated one's every wish, and a nightrobe that might have taken the first prize in a fancy dress parade. I slept in the musky atmosphere, curtained by Indian tapestries, intoxicated with the incense of smoking pastilles, and all the perfumes of Arabia mingling with my dreams. They, indeed, might have quickened the imagination of Edgar Allen Poe. Invisible forms seemed to be stealing in and out among the draperies that shook a new and finer fragrance from every fold—until late in the following day, when I summoned a man servant and breakfasted in bed. Then I was leisurely dressed and dusted off and, apparently with no little reluctance, suffered to return to the commonplaces of life. A brief note from the lord of all this luxury begged me to excuse him, for he had already returned to his studio and was pretending to work for a living.

What followed? A long interval. He presently disappeared, for his hiding place was discovered by his friends, and he had to fly or wholly abandon his art studies. This he would not do, and so he was lost to us one and all.

It is a piteous thing to be popular, unless you are good for nothing else. I heard of him at long intervals, but never saw him more. He was in New York for a moment, or Japan, or off again to Egypt or to India. And then I heard the end of it all. Alas! I may say of him, as the fascinating author of *Æothen* says of his platonic friend Carrighalt: "But now, poor fellow! the lowly grave that is the end of man's romantic hopes has closed over all his high aspirations—he is utterly married!"

# IN THE PRIVATE WARD

## By Osceola Madden

WASHINGTON, DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA

Z-Z-Z-Z-I-I-N-G! went the telephone. Dr. Morgan turned over in bed, frowning, and closed his eyes.

Z-z-z-z-z-i-i-i-n-n-g! Z-z-z-z-z-z-i-i-i-n-n-n-g! Z-z-z-z-z-i-i-i-n-n-g! buzzed the pestiferous little gong. The tired man only snorted.

"Confound it! Let it ring."

It did several times more, until he got out of bed and strode angrily over to the instrument, shivering in his pajamas.

"Well?" he called shortly.

"Is this Dr. Morgan?" asked a voice.

"Yes."

The voice repeated the question.

"Yes!" he shouted, "What do you want?"

"——— Hospital. Miss Grayson, your nurse, says will you please come over right away. Says she must see you at once."

"All right. Tell her I will come." He turned wearily away after calling up the garage and ordering his machine, and a few minutes later was whizzing across the city. Freshened by the cool night air, he walked briskly into the hospital, bowing to an interne and several orderlies as he hastened to the private room occupied by his patient. Before the door was reached it was opened by a uniformed nurse, his trained eye at once discerning that she was greatly agitated.

"O Doctor, I hated to send for you so soon again, but I thought I had better, as——"

"That was right," he said cheerfully, as she hesitated for words, and dropping his hat and medicine case, he walked over to the bedside and turned up the light to look at the sick man. The latter lay very quiet, seeming scarcely to breathe, and after a quick glance the physician picked up his chart.

The nurse had not followed to the bedside, but was standing by a small table with a much troubled countenance.

"What was the trouble, Miss Grayson? How is Moseley getting along; has he been conscious or shown any bad symptoms?"

"No, Doctor, his condition has not changed at all, but I am—, he is just as you left him, but—, Doctor, I shall have to be relieved, I am very unwell." She sank into a chair with a wearied, anxious look upon her face.

"I am very sorry to hear that, Miss Grayson," replied Dr. Morgan solicitously, going to her side and feeling her pulse. "What seems to be the matter?"

For a trained nurse in the sick-room the young woman was greatly upset, her reply being almost tearful.

"I have not felt at all unwell before, Doctor, and you will hardly believe me, for I can scarcely realize it myself, but twice since twelve o'clock, in less than two hours, I have got my medicines mixed up." She made the statement in a way that anticipated the astonishment Dr. Morgan unconsciously showed at such an amazing remark.

"Mixed up? Why, how could that occur?"

"Just how it has happened I do not know, Doctor; but, as I have said, twice since midnight I have found some of those strychnine tablets in the medicine glass in something I had ready for Mr. Moseley to take; once in the elixir and again in water. The first time there must have been two of the tablets, and when I noticed it they were almost dissolved. I tasted it to make sure it was the strychnine. It frightened me very much, but you know how tiny they are, so I concluded they had stuck to something and dropped unnoticed into the glass, and then I emptied it out and after rinsing the glass carefully, gave Mr. Moseley a fresh dose of the medicine."

"You say he has not been conscious?"

"No, he has not. Once or twice he moaned and I found he drank water eagerly. I had just poured out his medicine when he began to groan, so I set it down a minute while I rearranged his pillow. On coming back for the medicine, I saw the tablets in the glass, bubbling at the bottom."

"And the second time?"

"That was just before I had them telephone for you. It was almost like the first time; my patient became very restless as I poured out water for him to drink, and I went over to the bed, leaving the glass of water on the table, and Doctor, I will swear that the glass was perfectly empty before the water was poured in, and that nothing was dropped into it, either, and yet when I came to get it, there were three of the tablets in it, just beginning to effervesce."

"Have you been out of the room, or has anyone else been in?" questioned the physician.

"No, I have not been out since you left, and an orderly, Jones, is the only person who has been in, and he came to bring ice-water. He asked about the patient, and when he put the pitcher on the tray inquired about the little tablets. I told him they were strychnine, and that more than one taken at a time would be likely to kill a person; but of course he did not handle them and I do not think that I have so much as touched them myself, as Mr. Moseley's heart has been all right and there has been no occasion to use them. Doctor, I cannot understand it." She covered her eyes with her hands and leaned upon the table, her nerves completely unstrung.

Dr. Morgan carefully examined the enamelled tray with its bottles of medicine, glasses, thermometer, and lastly the cardboard box in which he had a few hours previous placed six tiny white disks. There was only one in it now.

The room was of comfortable size, bare of furniture save for the articles necessary for the sick-room. After a moment's careful scrutiny, he walked quietly over to the patient, and, after carefully examining his condition, himself prepared and gave him a dose of medicine.

"Miss Grayson," he said, going back to her and placing a kindly hand upon her shoulder. "I want you to go down and get a cup of coffee and then lie down and rest for a few hours. Moseley's condition is as good as could be expected, and I will remain with him until you come back, so go right down now and lie down until I send for you."

The young woman was ghastly pale and so overcome by her emotions that as she rose from her seat she tottered.

"Doctor," she said, turning near the door, "it will sound very foolish for a nurse to say such a thing, but a little while after St. Stephen's struck twelve, as I was sitting near the window there, I felt as though there was somebody or something in the room that I could not see. The room was not even dark, and I know it is silly in me, but I was so certain that there was something strange in here, I nearly screamed out. Several times since then I have had the same feeling, and I believe it had something to do with the strychnine being put into the glass."

"There, there, Miss Grayson," replied the physician with a smile. "You are getting all worked up and excited. You run along now and get a good rest, and leave this case to me. Wait a minute," he said, taking a bottle of tablets from his case. "Did you speak very loud when you told Jones about the strychnine?"

"Not very, Doctor, but I did not think very much about it, as I knew Mr. Moseley was unconscious and it would not matter. Why do you ask?" she questioned, surprised at his interrogation.

"O, nothing, the question just occurred to me. Take this," giving her a tablet, and when you come back you will be all right again. Now off with you while I act as nurse." He opened the door for her and she left the room.

He laughed and spoke cheerfully, but when the nurse had disappeared he became very grave and once more examined the patient's chart critically, and then the man himself. Presently he went over to the wall and pressed a button for an orderly.

"Jones," he said to the man who responded, "Go up stairs and ask Dr. Robbins to come down here. Tell him I have an interesting case for him to see, and ask him to dress and come right down."

The man closed the door and hurried off, while the physician seated himself close to the bedside. In a short while the interne sent for tapped lightly at the door and entered.

"Hello, Doctor," he called quietly to the older man. "Got something special, or can I relieve you?"

"Something special, Robbins. I think it may prove so, anyway. Sit down." He moved his chair over by the other's. "Do you know him?" pointing to the bed.

"No," was the reply after a glance. "You know I don't know many people in town. Who is he?"

"His name is Moseley—Tim Moseley. Used to own a bunch of fast horses, but last year he plunged and went broke, losing his horses and nearly every cent he had, and this season he has been hanging around the track here, playing one and two-dollar bets mostly, trying to pick long shots and get a start again. Well, to make it short, he is a pretty hard drinker, and last week while hanging around the stables, sizing up the ponies, he got into a row with one of the trainers, a big black fellow everybody called 'Babe.' You know I run out to the track pretty often, and Monday afternoon just after the last race, when the crowd was leaving, in the jam Moseley was jostled by that colored trainer Babe. Moseley had lost heavily all day and was in a nasty mood, and when he saw who had bumped into him, he turned with an oath and struck the man full in the face, knocking him into the roadway, and a large auto ahead of mine ran over him and crushed him so terribly he lived only about twenty minutes. In fact he died before an ambulance could reach the track. Wait a minute, I want to try an experiment."

The doctor went over to the table near the bed and poured from one of the bottles into a glass, then taking a small vial containing a reddish liquid from his private medicine case he held it up to his companion.

"I may have to give him a little of this, if he does not rally soon, but it is a last resort."

"What is it?" asked Robins.

"It is a very deadly poison," replied Dr. Morgan, speaking very distinctly. "A small quantity, as you know is the case with many such drugs, is a powerful stimulant, but ten drops of it in that glass of medicine would end all of Moseley's troubles in about five seconds. Putting the vial on the table by the poured-out medicine, he resumed his seat.

For a time neither of the men spoke, and save for the faint click of steam pipes in the corridor the great building was perfectly quiet. Robbins broke the silence.

"You say he knocked the man under the auto?"

"Yes. Of course he did not try to knock him under the machine, and in the rush the chauffeur could not possibly stop in time to save him. I did all I could for the injured man, but he had not the slightest chance, though he retained consciousness until the last. As he lay on the ground, frightfully hurt, he caught sight of Moseley, who was held by an officer, and never in my life did I hear anyone curse as did the dying Babe at the man who had struck him down. He swore that whether he lived or died, he would kill Moseley within a week. They moved Moseley out of his sight at once, but to the last gasp Babe swore he would—"

The two had been conversing in low tones, Dr. Morgan facing the sick man on the bed. He paused in his speech and Robbins, seeing the look in his face, turned to see the cause. The bottle of reddish liquid was unstopped and *was pouring itself into the glass of medicine.*

Speechless with amazement, the two men sat and gazed at the spectacle. There was no noise and nothing was visible, but there, right before their eyes, as plain as daylight, was the bottle, unsupported over the glass, the bright-colored contents falling from its mouth as though poured by a careful and steady hand. Robbins stood up, pale with fright.

"Good Lord! Doctor, what is it?" he gasped, as he clutched the other man by the arm. "Do you see that?" As they looked, the bottle dropped to the table.

"Yes," Dr. Morgan answered hoarsely. "Let me examine the glass." He walked to the table and took it in his hand. There could be no question as to what had happened, the changed color of the medicine and the half-empty bottle being positive evidence that what they had seen was reality. Dr. Morgan's face was very white as he set the bottle back on the table and turned to his companion.

"I am afraid he has not much of a show," he said, indicating Moseley, who lay moving restlessly on his cot. "As I told you, I have not made a positive diagnosis of his case. He was found unconscious in his room and his friends asked me to see that he had good care. It appears to be a case of shock, and my opinion is that he was terribly frightened, to put it in plain terms.

"What do you suppose it was?"

Dr. Morgan gazed at the interne with a queer expression in his eyes. "Up to an hour ago I had no idea, but in the light of what the nurse told me and what we both have just seen, I cannot help remembering that black trainer's oath to kill this man, whether he lived or died. Well, he died, and our reason and good judgment to the contrary notwithstanding, there is something invisible in this room seeking Moseley's life. I tell you I never saw such a look on a human face as the expression of that black fellow as he was dying. This liquid here is really a harmless antiseptic that would not hurt, but I said it was poison, as an experiment, and you saw the result."

"But you cannot really believe that a dead man's spirit, or whatever you may call it, can harm a living person, Doctor?" Robbins asked incredulously.

"I told you of Miss Grayson's experience, and you saw as well as I what just took place. How do you account for it?"

"I do not know," was the reply. "It is very strange, but I can hardly believe that we really saw—Look! Look! For God's sake, Doctor, look at his hand!" Hoarse and wild-eyed with horror, he seized the older man by the shoulder, as he pointed at the bed. There was no sound, but the sick man, with knees updrawn, was writhing in agony, while firmly grasping his throat was one of his own hands, not clutching in a natural way, but pressed with throttling force deep into the flesh. As the two gazed speechless and paralyzed, they saw faintly, but distinct and plain, a huge, black hand over the sick man's, crushing the life from the weakened body.

With a bound Dr. Morgan was at the bedside and tore the hand from Moseley's throat. He gasped feebly once or twice and was still.

"Quick, Robbins! My case there, and open the window," cried Dr. Morgan, as he chafed the man's hands.

The interne obeyed, and for a few minutes they worked frantically, in what seemed a vain endeavor to revive him, but in the end their efforts were rewarded by seeing the spark of life rekindle, and Moseley once more breathed in quiet unconsciousness.

Robbins dropped exhausted into a seat. "This is simply awful, it is frightful, Doctor. Can't we do something to stop it? I will send Jones for assistance." And he sprang up and started to press the call button, but Dr. Morgan restrained him.

"No, Robbins, it's up to us, I'm afraid. It is terrible, but Jones would alarm the building, and we are up against something which I fear any assistance we might get could not reach. It would not help matters for others to come now. His color is better and the pulse is stronger. He may rally yet."

With tense, drawn faces the two men waited silently, helpless against a foe their drugs could not reach and which they were powerless to combat. Moseley lay breathing regularly, as though asleep. Presently he opened his eyes and met the glances of the physicians.

"Hello, Doc," he said in a weak voice, but perfectly rational. "What's up?" he asked wonderingly, trying to look around.

"Nothing at all, old man," Dr. Morgan answered cheerfully. "You were a trifle indisposed, and I dropped in to see how you were. Feeling O. K., are you not?"

"Yes," he replied hesitatingly, "but where am I?" Without waiting for a reply, he closed his eyes with a look of pain. "O, but I have had a bad dream. A terrible, terrible dream."

"Where am I, Doc?" he asked again, looking around him. "In the hospital?"

Dr. Morgan nodded.

"What was wrong? Did I get hurt somehow? O, I remember now. Lord Almighty!" he added, with an agonized expression. "I had just gone upstairs from dinner, and as I lighted the gas— There he is now!" he screamed, sitting up in bed. "There, just behind you!" pointing above the physician's head.

"Go away, curse you! Go away, I did not mean to do it. I did not know you would fall under the wheels." His voice rose to a shriek as he stared wildly at the empty air.

In spite of himself, Dr. Morgan stepped hastily back as the man pointed behind him, and Robbins sat rooted to his chair, dumb with terror.

For a moment Moseley sat up in bed staring at his invisible enemy, then with a sudden yell he leaped to the floor. With one arm before him, as though held in a vice-like grip, and in an attitude of desperate resistance, he was dragged across the floor toward the open window. Stupefied and unable to move a muscle, Dr. Morgan and Robbins were spellbound, watching his progress to the window, waiting fascinated to see him hurled to the street below. But as he reached the window and put out his free hand to grasp the casing, with a groan he sank lifeless to the floor.

"Robbins," Dr. Morgan said, when they had recovered sufficiently to replace the body on the bed, "Robbins, Babe has got him."

# THE DITCH

THE farmer digged a ditch to drain
  A plot that long in swamp had lain;
And guided it as he had planned,
  In windings through his pasture land.

At first, unused to wander here,
  It found the pathway plain and drear;
And wished that it might backward roam
  To seek the marshy ways of home.

But soon the violets learned to grow,
  As in the haunts it used to know;
The soothing mint crept up its banks,
  And flags and rushes waved their ranks.

By root and curve it learned to sing,
  Glad children sought its wandering,
Until, deep in its winding nook,
  It almost thought itself a brook.

*Cora A. Matson-Dolson*

Uncle Dave
or
A Tale of the Catfish
E. M.

## By W. G. Farish, Jr.

RIVANNA, VIRGINIA

"CERT'NY, suh, cert'ny; I be glad to have him stay," said Uncle Dave, "but I dunno ez I kin larn him so much 'bout fishin', caze you know you all city folks don' fish like we all down heah does.

"Yes, I suppose our methods do differ somewhat, but I expect you get the better of us in the long run. Well, I will get back in the boat and go on down the river;" then turning to his son, the little boy whom he had asked Uncle Dave to look after, the speaker continued: "Now, Charles, if you will do exactly as Uncle Dave tells you, you will soon be a good fisherman; if the fish don't bite and you get lonesome, ask Uncle Dave to tell you some stories. I won't be gone long."

As the speaker started to get in the boat, Uncle Dave went up to him and said something in a voice too low for the little boy to hear; he received a whispered reply, after which they got up close together with their backs turned toward the lad. Uncle Dave shuffled something in his inside breast pocket, and his companion did the same thing—there was a clink and a gurgling sound, followed by the same shuffling of the inside pockets; then the boat slid out into the river and Uncle Dave came back. "You have 'scuse me jes' a minute, son, whiles I steps up de river a piece; I think I mout fin' a better fishin' hole up dar." He stayed only a short while, and when he returned he was laughing and talking to himself.

"Is it any better up there, Uncle Dave?" the little boy asked.

" 'Twill be better after a while," replied the old man, "but dar's right smart minners a jumpin' up dar now, an' das a sho sign whin ain' no bass roun'; I'll step up dar agin pres'ny, den mebbe I kin tell mo' 'bout it."

The little boy looked down the river and seeing his father standing up in the boat making long casts on first one side and then the other, was curious to know why Uncle Dave didn't fish the same way.

"You and father don't fish alike, do you, Uncle Dave?" he asked.

"No, we fish diffunt," replied the old man; "but you hearn him say I gits de bes' on it, didn' you?"

"But everybody says father is a good fisherman. Don't you think so, too?" the little boy asked, his tone showing solicitude for his father's reputation.

"O, yes, he's good o' he kine, but I don' think nuttin much o' dem kine o' fishermens. De ole fahsun fishin' is allus de bes'; dat is, ef you wan' kech fish. Dis heah new kine o' fishin' will do fer dem wha's feard o' gittin' dey han's dirty, but tain' no count fer kechin' fish. Course sometime dey strike luck, jes' like dey strike luck in anything; jes' like a man wishin' fer sumpin' a long time, an' luck come 'long an' gin him dat ve'y thing."

The lad being satisfied with Uncle Dave's explanation, was now ready to begin fishing himself; so he asked the old man to show him a good place to put his line in.

"Now you done hear yo' pa say he wan' me to show you 'bout fishin'," replied Uncle

Dave, "an' I guine show you my way, caze das de onlis way I know. You jes' teck de line off en dat pole o' yourn an' I'll fix it on one o' my kine o' poles."

"But, Uncle Dave, father won't like it if I don't use that rod; he bought it for me just before we came down here, and paid ten dollars for it."

"Whew! Ten dollars? Well, I s'pose you's right ef it cos' dat much; yo' pa mout not like it sho' 'nough ef he come back an' foun' you wan' usin' it. We kin fix it den. You jes' pull off 'bout 'nough line to re'ch half-way 'cross de river, an' I'll go git a rock fer to res' de pole on; caze I never is seen no use settin' up hol'in' a pole whin you kin le't res' on a rock ur stick it up in de san'."

Uncle Dave brought a large rock and dropped it beside the one on which he had been sitting, then he brought a smaller one and placed it about a foot in front of the large one. "You see," said he, "I guine put de en' o' de pole sorter up un'er de big rock an' le't res' on tother one. Is you done onwine de line yit, son? Well, han' me de pole den."

The little boy gave him the rod and he soon had it placed on the rocks; then taking the line in his hands and beginning with the reel end he piled it up on the sand; when the other end was reached there was on it an artificial minnow; this he cut off and handing it to the lad said: "You kin put dis toy minner back in yo' box now."

"All right, Uncle Dave, then what kind of bait shall I get out for you?" the little fellow asked.

"You wait a minute, I guine fix 'bout de bait. You ain' got a plain nekit (naked) hook wid none o' yo' tricks, is you?" Being answered in the negative, the old man continued: "I reckon I kin scrape up one in some o' my pockets, den. I giner'ly cyars one ur two mo' en I needs in case I hangs a root ur sech a like." He rummaged around in his pockets and finally produced an old shot-bag, out of which he took a hook and an old iron screw-tap; these he fastened to the end of the line.

"Now I guine git de bait." So saying, he drew from the water a small cone-shaped fish-trap made of white oak splits. It was literally swarming with minnows; he took out one and then let the trap, which was fastened to a grapevine, back into the water.

"Now wa'ch, son, how I puts dis minner on de hook: fust, hole him so he cyarn slip, den stick de hook right thu' he lips, but allus thu de lowus one fust. Now, stan' 'side whilse I fling him out in de river."

This having been accomplished, the now fellow-fishermen seated themselves on their respective rocks to await developments; nor did they have long to wait, for before the rocks had made known to them that even a standing posture would result in more comfort, Uncle Dave had a bite. He watched the line sway and jerk for perhaps a half minute, then quietly pulling the pole out of the sand, he gave it a slight backward jerk, then dropped it and began hauling in the line hand over hand.

"Jes' what tho't," he said, as he lifted the fish up on the bank, "tain' nuttin' but a ole cat—wa'ch out, son, don' put yo' han' on—dar, now, what I tell you!"

Uncle Dave's warning had been disregarded. The little boy not only put his hand on him but took him up in his hand, and got stung; thus passing through an experience which, as Uncle Dave afterward told him, was necessary before one could become a good fisherman. The little fellow did not cry; indeed, he did not speak, and it must have been this silence from which Uncle Dave drew the conclusion that he was suffering, for without saying a word, he went out into the field and soon returned with a few leaves in his hand.

"Dese will fix it all right," said he, handing them to his companion, jes' mash dese th'ee kine o' weeds up toge'er an' rub it on de place whar he stuck you; arfter dat gits dry you kin put a little black clay on it, an' I guan'tee in five minutes you won' never know you got stuck."

After having produced the medicines and advised the lad as to the manner of treating the wound, Uncle Dave proceeded to take the still jumping catfish off the hook. "Now," he said, as he caught the fish by the tail and threw it back on the sand, "I hope dat hot san' will sting you wus en you stung him, you big-mouf varmint, you."

He then rebaited his hook and after throwing it out in the water, came back to his seat.

"Son, is de mis'ry lef' you yit?" he inquired.

"I don't believe it hurts at all now, Uncle Dave."

"I tole you 'twan' gui lars long, didn' I? Dem th'ee kine o' weeds an' de clay, ef you's whar you kin git it, will kyo mos' any kine o' sting; hit never fail, ef you pu't on quick ernough, an' it don' cos' nuttin' neder, cep' de gittin' ob it."

"What kind of weeds do you get, Uncle Dave?" the little boy asked.

"Don' mek no diffunce what kine, jes' so 'tis th'ee diffunt kine; arry one un em by hissef wouldn' do no good; de virtue's in de th'ee, heap mo' en 'tis in de kine."

Being too young at that time to take issue with the old man concerning whether the medicinal properties of weeds were qualitive or quantitative, the lad hastened to change the subject by asking him why it was that the bass didn't bite. Hardly had the words been spoken and before Uncle Dave had had time to answer him, his rod gave a sudden jerk and bent heavily down toward the water, the reel making such a clattering noise that he was unable to understand his companion, who he saw was trying to tell him something. It was his first bite, and he was too excited to heed Uncle Dave's advice, even if he had heard it; he thought there was but one thing to do: reel in the line as quick as possible; and this he began doing.

" 'Tain't while to tu'n so fars," quietly said Uncle Dave. "You ain' got him. You pull too quick; I tole you fer to le' him have it a while, but dat ole thing wuz meckin' sech a fuss I couldn' hardly heah myse'f speak."

By this time the little boy had reeled in enough line to see that there was no fish hanging to the end of it; even the bait was gone. With the corners of his mouth drooping, and his eyes beginning to swell, he turned to Uncle Dave and was about to speak, but Uncle Dave spoke first. "Now," said he, his voice carrying conviction as well as sympathy and encouragement, "ef we bait ag'in right quick an' fling him in, 'bout de same place, dat ole bass will try it ag'in 'fo' long. I kin tell fum de way he bit he wuz a big un, an' a minner ain' gui sa'isfy him; he's layin' out dar now jes' er waitin'!"

"Uncle Dave," the lad asked, after the hook had been baited and thrown back in the water, "how was it that I missed that fish; wasn't that a good enough bite to pull at?"

"O, dat wuz a numbered bite, but you pull too quick, son, you see, 'tis dis erway: a bass allus kech a minner by de tail when he fust keches him, an' he run wid him in he mouf dat erway fer sev'al yards, den he stop an' start tu'nin' de minner 'roun' in he mouf till he git him in head fo'mus; whin he gits him in dat 'sition, he swallows him. Now, you see de hook is thu de minner's lips, an' whiles de bass is got de minner by de tail, dar ain' no use pullin' caze de hook is jes' es fur fum de bass' mouf es de minner's lips is fum he tail.

"Don' never pull at a bass whin he fust bite, jes' le' him have all de line he wan', an' den whin he stop an' start tu'nin' de minner you'll see de line trimble a little; whin dat trimblin' stop, he's done tu'ned de minner an' got him in head fo'mus—den you pull, an' dat bass is yourn."

The little boy was an attentive listener to these principles of bass fishing, and when Uncle Dave finished, he remained silent for several minutes, absorbed more, however, in brooding over his disappointment at missing his first bass than in attempting to remember the instructions which would render improbable a repetition of the occurrence.

While still in this reverie, he was startled by the sound of the clicking of the reel and saw his rod bend as it had done before; fortunately, he remembered what Uncle Dave had said about not pulling when a bass makes the first strike, so he simply held the rod and gave the fish free play.

"Dat's right," said Uncle Dave, when the clicking had stopped, "now wa'ch de line how it trimble; he's tu'nin' de minner now. Don' ju'k him yit—wait till de trimblin' stop."

He evidently thought that his companion's excitement was such as could not be controlled, for he continually cautioned him not to pull until the line had stopped trembling.

"Now, gin him a ju'k," he said, as the line became still.

The lad did as instructed. The response was such a clattering of the reel as he had never before heard. Intuitively he knew that the fish was hooked, but try as he would he could not reel him in; he could prevent him from taking out any more line, but whenever he tried it the rod would be almost jerked from his hands. Finally, the little fellow became frightened, and called to his companion: "Here, Uncle Dave, you take it, quick!"

The old fisherman took the rod, and, with-

*Uncle Dave helps the Boy land his first big bass* out showing the least excitement, bent it until he could catch hold of the line, then dropping it, he began pulling in the line hand over hand, and in a few seconds the fish was safely landed. "Das de way I pulls em out," said he, his tone bespeaking pride. "I don' know nuttin' 'bout dem reels; you have git yo' pa to show you 'bout dem. Whin I hangs a fish, I don' wan' fool wid no reels, I jes' kech de line in my han's an' sna'ch him in. Heah yo' bass," he continued, as he held the fish up after disgorging the hook, "an' he's a buster, too; I spec he'll weigh nigh six poun'. I boun' yo' pa won' beat dat dis day. Cyar him back out dar whar I tho'd de ole cat, an' den we'll bait up ag'in an' see ef 'tai' some mo' jes' like him prancin' 'bout out dar in de river."

Upon putting the bass beside the catfish, the little boy was struck with the marked dissimilarity of the two; the one being a type of finny beauty, the other a type of finny ugliness.

"Come here a minute, Uncle Dave," he called, "and see how much prettier my fish is than yours."

"I know 'idout comin' back dar dat de bass is de bes' lookin';" the old man replied, "de ole cat is de ugl'es' fish in de worl'; but ef it hadn' been fer de bass de'd a been jest es good-lookin' es a'yuther fish. 'Twuz all Mrs. Bass' fault; but den I 'spose de cat 'served it, caze he's allus been a mighty quar'lsome fish."

"What do you mean, Uncle Dave; was the cat ever as good-looking as the bass?"

"Yes, indeed, son, de cat wuz jes' es good-lookin' es a'y fish in de river, long time ago."

"Well, why is he so ugly now?" asked the little boy, evidently doubting whether there could have been such a metamorphosis.

"'Twuz all on account o' fightin'; ef he hadn' been sech a fightin'-natu'd fish, he'd a been jes' es good-lookin' es de res' on em."

"Won't you tell me about it, Uncle Dave?"

"I don' min' tellin' you 'bout it, ef you'll b'lieve what I tells you," Uncle Dave replied, "I didn' see it myse'f, but I know hit all happin, caze de circulstantion evidence is dar to prove it."

"Well, long time ago dar wan' no diffunce twix de catfish an' a'yuther fish, 'cep'in' de cat allus had stickers; an' why de Lawd put stickers on de cat an' didn' put none on de yuther fish, is sumpin I ain' foun' out yit. Howsomever, dey wuz on him, an' he wuz pow'ful proud on 'em, an' he never los' a chance to show hese'f off whin dar wuz any crowd aroun'. So, one day all de fish wuz 'sembled at a big meetin', an' Mr. Cat, he ac'in' big an' doin', w'en all 'roun' pickin' a fuss wid fust dis one an' den dat one, but wouldn' none un 'em 'spute wid him, caze mos' all un 'em had done pars licks wid him befo', an' dey knowed dey couldn' stan' 'ginst him. Well, at larst he step up to Mrs. Bass. 'Good mawnin', Mrs. Canible,' he say, 'how many o' yo' chillun is you done et dis mawnin'?'

"'I's not et none o' my chillun, Mr. Pole Cat, an' ef I has, what business is it o' yourn?'

"'Oh! You needn' git sassy, Mrs. Canible, I jes' ax you fer to see ef you wuz gui 'ny dat yo et yo' chillun. I takes a snack on my chillun sometimes, an' I tho't mebbe we'd swap some mawnin' fer a relish.'

"Den Mrs. Bass she say: 'Look a heah, Mr. Pole Cat, you jes' talk to me dat erway caze you think I's feared o' you. Does you think I's guine stan' heah an' let you call me Canible, an' talk to me 'bout swappin' yo' chilluns fer mines? You 'sults me, suh, an' I don' 'pose to stan' it.'

"'Hol' on, now, Mrs. Canible,' Mr. Cat say, 'you better not git het up, caze you mout meck me mad, an' whin I gits mad right, I don' stan' back fer man ner 'oman.'

"'I don' kere how mad you git, you need'n think caze you got dem stickers you kin run over me.' Wid dat she tu'ned aroun' an' bus dat cat up side he head wid her tail jes' hard es she could lam. 'Teck dat,' she say, 'an' dat,' es she gin him another crack, 'I'll show you 'bout goin' 'roun' 'sultin' women folks.'

"Mr. Cat he kep' right quiet an' didn' do nuttin', an' arf' Mrs. Bass hit de fust two licks, she sorter danced off. Den Mr. Cat he low: 'I ain' hit you yit, Mrs. Canible, but I's guine to hit you, an' I's guine to hit hard, too, caze you's done made me mad; but befo' I starts on you, I wan' have a 'greement wid you. I'll meck dis 'greement: If I whips, you is to gin me six o' yo' chillun fer my breakfas' nex' Sunday mawnin'; an' ef you whips, I 'grees to gin you six o' mine. Ef dat is 'greeable, we'll 'p'int secon's an' let de fight start.'

"Well, Mrs. Bass tho't dat wuz a fyar 'greement, an' she ax Mr. Sucker fer to be her secon'; Mr. Cat he ax Cap'n Eel fer to be his'n. Den Mr. Sucker an' Cap'n Eel got toge'er an' made all de 'rangements fer de fight. Dey talked to deyse'f a while, den dey come out an' ax all de fishes fer to stan' back an' lef a roun' place in de middle whar de fight would be.

"Well, arfter ev'y thing wuz fixt, Mr. Stonetoter, he drapt a rock, an' dat wuz de sign fer de fighters to come out in de middle. Mr. Cat he come out fum he side, an' Mrs. Bass fum her side; dey met in de middle an' shuck fins, an' den boff wen' back whar dey start fum. Den Mr. Stonetoter drapt anuther rock, an' dat wuz de sign fer de fight to start.

"Well, suh, dey runned at un anuther wuss en two bull dogs whar been chained up in de Winter-time. Mrs. Bass, she start bit'in', an' hittin' wid her tail, an' Mr. Cat, he jes' kep' movin' an' dodgin' like, waitin' fer a chance to git in a lick wid he stickers. I cyarn tell you 'bout dat fight, but I knows 'twuz de greates' fight dat ever wuz in de river—sech a swishin' an' a swashin' o' de water never wuz seen befo'; an' ev'y time Mrs. Bass put in a good lick, all de fishes whar wuz lookin' on clap dey fins an' jump up out'n de water fer joy, dey wuz dat glad; but Mr. Cat didn' had no frien's a tall fer to clap fer him, an' all de 'couregement he got wuz fum seein' de blood run fum Mrs. Bass ev'y time he stuck her.

"Well, dey fit 'long dat erway a long time, but at lars Mrs. Bass done los' so much blood dat she 'gin to weaken, an' couldn' stan' up 'ginst Mr. Cat a tall. Den Cap'n Eel an' Mr. Sucker 'cided dat de fight better be stopped, an' dey ax Gin'l Bull Frawg fer to meck de 'nouncement. Gin'l Bull Frawg den hop in de middle an' bowed to de 'sembly; den he ax Mrs. Bass an' Mr. Cat fer to stop fightin', an' shake fins, an' whin dey done done, de Gin'l he say: 'I's been axed to meck de 'nouncement dat arf' a fyar an' open fight twix Mr. Cat an' Mrs. Bass, dat Mr. Cat is been 'clared de winner; an' dat 'cordin' to de 'greement, Mrs. Bass mus' gin Mr. Cat six o' her chillun fer he breakfas' nex' Sunday mawnin'.'

"Well, dat ended de fight, an' all de crowd scattered. Mr. Cat, he wen' erway lookin' prouder en ever, but Mrs. Bass she look mighty sorry an' pitiful, her sides jes' stuck full o' holes an' bleedin' at ev'y one; but she tole Mr. Sucker dat she wan' thu wid dat Pole Cat yit—she wuz guine git him, jes' he wait an' see."

"Did Mrs. Bass ever get well, Uncle Dave?" the little boy inquired.

"Yes, indeed, she got well," replied the old negro, "ef she had er died dar wouldn' been nuttin' mo' to tell, an' what I guine tell now is de bes' part, caze hit show dat whosomever is med'l'some, whe'er 'tis fish er folks, dey guine to git in trouble 'fo' dey git thu.

"Well, whin Mrs. Bass wen' home dat night, she didn' slep' none, but jes' study an' study all night how she gui to git even wid Mr. Cat. She didn' go ve'y fur de nex two er th'ee days, needer, but jes' lay 'roun', lazy like, gittin' well an' still a stud'in' 'bout Mr. Cat. When Friday night come she had done study out her plan, an' ef anybody could a lookt in an' seen her sleepin' dat night, dey 'd a seen her laughin' in her sleep even, she wuz so glad.

"She got up betimes Sat'day mawnin' an' wen' to wuck an' she wuck harder en she ever wuck befo', 'cep'in' mebbe de time whin she fit Mr. Cat. Well, de fust thing she done, she wen' 'roun' an 'ax ole Mrs. Mus' Rat ef she wouldn' lend her her house fer a couple o' days, an' Mrs. Mus' Rat say she would. Den Mrs. Mus' Rat lef' an' Mrs. Bass wen' in an' look 'roun' a little, an' den she sot to wuck; fust, she got a great big pile o' rocks an' put 'em in de house, den she got a whole lot o' clay an' pile dat up in de house; den she wen' in herse'f.

"Is you ever seen a rock mason wuck, son?" Being answered in the negative, Uncle Davy continued: "Well, ef you hed a seen Mrs. Bass dat day, you'd a seen one. I's seen a heap o' niggers whar call deyse'f rock masons dat couldn' hel' a can'le to her, she wuck dat fars'. By two o'clock she had done jam rock an' mortar all whar de do' wuz, jes' lef'in' a hole 'bout big ernough fer a good-size baby to git he fis' in.

"How did Mrs. Bass get out, Uncle Dave; she couldn't get through a hole that small, could she?" The little boy inwardly comparing a baby's fist to the head of his six-pound bass.

"She didn' got out; dat is, she didn' got out yit. She couldn' hardly stuck her nose thu dat hole—but I'se gui tell you arfter while how she got out." Well, dat ev'nin' arf' she done finish gittin' ev'y thing straight, she wuz settin' dar lookin' out o' what wuz lef' o' de do', whin Mr. Sucker he happin to come by. 'Good ev'nin', Mrs. Bass,' he say, 'what you mean by stoppin' yo'se'f up in Mrs. Mus' Rat's house like dis?' Den Mrs. Bass ax him fer to come up clost, she got sumpin she wan' tell him.

"He come up to whar she wuz at an' den she tole him all 'bout how she wuz layin' fer Mr. Cat; den she tole him es how she been so busy gittin' ready dat she hadn' had time to git nuttin' to eat, an' ef he wouldn' go an' ax dem Pike boys to fetch her a few minners.

"Mr. Sucker wen' an' ax 'em, den he come back. 'Is dar anythin' mo' I kin do fer you, Mrs. Bass?' he ax.

" 'Yes,' say Mrs. Bass, 'you's mighty kin', Mr. Sucker, an' I hates to gin you so much trouble, but I wush you'd go an' tell Mr. Cat dat I'll have he breakfas' ready fer him tomorrow mawnin' at six o'clock; an' ef you think any o' de yuther fish will enjoy seein' what I tole guine happin in de mawnin', you kin ax 'em to come 'roun'.'

"Mr. Sucker den wen' an' tole Mr. Cat 'bout he breakfas', an' Mr. Cat he jes' laugh an' holler, he felt so proud. He call Cap'n Eel an' tole him fer to go 'roun' an' tell all de fishes to come in de mawnin' to see him meck he breakfas' on Mrs. Bass' chillun. Cap'n Eel he lef' den fer to tell 'em what Mr. Cat tole him. Mr. Sucker, he foll'd long behine, an' ev'y time Cap'n Eel tell some fish what Mr. Cat tole him to tell 'em, Mr. Sucker he'd wait till de Cap'n got out o' hearin', den he'd tell 'em what Mrs. Bass tole him to tell 'em.

"Well, Sunday mawnin' come, an' by light de fish gin to 'semble 'roun' Mrs. Mus' Rat's house so thick hit lookt like Pharoah's army. Seem like ev'y fish in de river wuz dar, sech a swishin' goin' on, dat de water fyar foam on top. I spec, son, ef you'd a been dar an' drap a hook, den snatch it up right quick, you'd cot plenty fish 'dout baitin' yo' hook.

"Well, Mr. Cat, he come prancin' up pres'n'y, an' Mr. Sucker, he wen' out to meet him; he ax him jes' to wait on de outside a minute, till he meck de 'rangements fer he breakfas'. Den Mr Sucker wen' to Mrs. Bass an' tole her dat ev'y thing wuz ready, an' he guine ax de fishes to stan' back an' meck a lane fer Mr. Cat to come thu; dey all fell back, den Mr. Sucker wen' out an' 'sco't Mr. Cat thu de lane up to whar Mrs. Bass wuz at.

" 'Good mawnin', Mrs. Canible,' Mr. Cat say, 'I hope you's feelin' well dis mawnin', marm.'

" 'Thanky, Mr. Cat, I's feelin' ve'y well, 'cep'in' I ain' got my full strength back yit. I hope you ain' suffen none fum de 'fects o' de fight.'

" 'Nor, indeed,' Mr. Cat say, 'you never hu't me none, Mrs. Canible. I never felt better in my life, 'cep'in' I am right hongry; I never et no supper lars night—wen' 'idout so I'd have a good apertite fer breakfas'.'

"Mrs. Bass, she didn' say nuttin' to dat, but she sorter smile an' say to herse'f dat 'twould be a long time 'fo' dat apertite wuz fulled ef he 'pended on her to full it wid her chillun.

"So Mr. Cat, he kep' on talkin': 'Why is yo' done shut yo'se'f up in sech a cu'rous lookin' house, Mrs. Canible? I do' know es I ever seen sech a curous house befo', an' it 'pears to me dat dis is whar ole Mrs. Mus' Rat use' to live at.'

" 'I s'pose it do look curous to you,' Mrs. Bass say, 'but I'll tell you why it look so: I borrered Mrs. Mus Rat's house so I could cyar out de 'greement I had wid you 'fo' we fit; you know my chillun is gittin' right smart size now, an' dey's sorter hard to han'l, an' I tho't de onlis way to meck sho on 'em wuz to stop 'em up somewhar; so I borrered Mrs. Mus' Rat's house an' fix it so dat onct I got 'em in, dar wan' no chance fer 'em to git out.'

" 'Dat wuz ve'y thoughtful, Mrs. Canible, but why is you done shot yo'se'f up too?' Mr. Cat ax.

" 'I come in myse'f so I could meck sho dey couldn' git out; an' o' course, Mr. Cat, it's natchul I wan' be wid 'em jes' long es I could. Hit's a mighty hard thing to see yo' chillun et up right 'fo' yo' face—but 'greements is 'greements, so whinsomever you is ready, Mr. Cat, jes' come right in an' I'll han' 'em to you one at de time ur two at de time, any way you call fer.'

"Mr. Cat tu'n 'roun' an' wink to de crowd, den he say: 'Ve'y well, Mrs. Canible, I's mighty hongry, an' I spec de sooner 'tis over wid de better 'twill be.' Den he gin anuther wink to de crowd an' start in.

"He got he head in, but de hole wan' big ernough to git he stickers in, so dar he wuz wid he head on de inside an he stickers on de outside. "Hi! Mrs. Canible,' he say, 'you didn' lef' de hole big ernough; I got my head in, but I cyarn git my stingers thu.'

" 'I's ve'y sorry, Mr. Cat,' Mrs. Bass say, 'I don' see how I made sech a mistake; jes' wait a minute an' mebbe I kin 'sist you to, git in.' Mrs. Bass sorter look 'roun' den, makin' like she wuz stud'in' some way to he'p him in. Arf' while she say: 'I cyarn see how I made sech a mistake, but I think I kin fix it dough, Mr. Cat; I'll jes' chip erway a little offen each side o' de hole, den yo' stickers will slip thu all right. But I'll be wuckin' putty clost to yo' head, Mr. Cat, an' I spec you better kep' yo' eyes shot tight right in case a little piece o' mortar mout happin to fly in 'em. We cyarn be too perticiler 'bout our eyes. Yes, das it—keep 'em shot right tight, now; 'twon' teck me no time hardly.'

"Son, dat wuz de lars minute ever Mr. Cat wuz a good-lookin' fish."

"What did Mrs. Bass do, Uncle Dave?" the little fellow asked eagerly.

"What did she done? Whin he shot he eyes, she shot down on he head wid her mouf, an' dar she hel' him—das what she done. Dat's what she done plan to do, an' das what she done. Yes, suh, jes' time he shot dem eyes, Mrs. Bass opin her mouf an' grab he whole head, an' she hel' him dat tight he couldn' even holler. He twis' an' he tu'n, but he couldn' do nuttin'; he try to git in an' he try to back out' but 'twan' no use, Mrs. Bass had him, an' ev'y time he 'riggle she prize he head dat much harder."

"Well, Uncle Dave, why didn't he fight and use his stingers?" the lad asked.

"How he guine fight whin he stingers wuz on de outside? Don' you see, son, Mrs. Bass fix it jes' dat erway; she knowed she cyrn do nuttin' wid him in a roll an' tumble fight, caze de stingers wuz too much fer her; so she made dat hole jes' right fer him to git he head in, an' de res' on him be on de outside. She wan' no mo' feared o' dem stingers den en I's feared o' lizards in de Winter time; not a bit mo', caze she knowed dar wuz rock an' mortar twix' her an' dem.

Well, dar dey had it—he 'riggle an' she prize, he 'riggle an' she prize, but Mrs. Bass had it all her way; Mr. Cat he wuz clean out done at lars.

"Dey kep' on dat erway a long time, but arf' while Mrs. Bass' jaws gin to git sorter tired an' she slackin' her holt a little fer to res' 'em, an' le' Mr. Cat git bref ernough to say sumpin'—she wan' see what he gui say.

"I don' rec'on dar ever wuz a fish dat beag hard es Mr. Cat did den; he tole Mrs. Bass he'd do anything in de worl' she ax him ef she jes' le' him go. He promise dis an' he promise dat, but de onlys answer he got back wuz Mrs. Bass' jaws sot all de harder. De nex' time Mrs. Bass gin him a breavin' spell, he didn' say nuttin' to her, but he beag de yuther fish fer to come an' he'p him. Which does you rec'on dey did, come an' he'p him ur no?"

"I don't know, Uncle Dave," the little boy replied, "but I don't think they ought to have helped him, did they?"

"Well, dey did an' dey didn'—'twuz dis erway: Mr. Sucker, a rarscal, he put 'em up up to it; he tole 'em as how dey oughtn' let one fish run over anuther one like dat, but dey ought he'p de one whar wuz gittin' de wus on it—whin he say dat he sorter rech he head up an' peep over top Mr. Cat at Mrs. Bass, an' gin her a sly wink—den he say: 'We mus' pull Mr. Cat out. We cyarn stan' heah an' heah him ax fer he'p an' us not raise a han' fer him. Now, I wan' five o' y'all to come on each side o' Mr. Cat an' each man kech holt o' one scale, an' whin I counts th'ee all pull toge'er.'

"Well, de fust pull dey made five scales come off'n each side, but Mr. Cat never move; dey tried ag'in, but Mr. Cat ain' move yit. Den Mr. Sucker tole 'em not to git miscourage', but jes' keep on tryin', dey be boun' to git him loose arfter while. De fish whar wuz pullin' sorter cot on den to what Mr. Sucker wuz up to, but stid o' quittin', dey wen' at it all de harder, caze didn' none un 'em like Mr. Cat, an' dey wuz glad to gin him little punishment whiles he wuz in sech a clost place he couldn' hurt 'em back; so dey pulled an' dey pulled, till at lars dar wan' narry nuther scale lef' on Mr. Cat, an' he been jes' slick es a rotten cucaber fum dat day to dis."

At this point the old negro drew from his pocket a large twist of "home-spun" and proceeded to leisurely bite off a chew, not that the already ample one needed replenishing, but as a means to hide an almost irrepressible smile. Finally he turned around to his companion, who was gazing at him in open-eyed astonishment.

"You look like you don' wan' to b'lieve dat, but hit's so. Step back out dar an' fetch dat ole cat o' mine heah, an' I'll show you. Now look an' see ef you kin fin' arry scale on him."

The little fellow looked at the fish thoroughly and then admitted that he could not find any scales.

"Now, don' you see?" said Uncle Dave, "hits jes' like I tell you: dey pulled he lars one off'n him, an' dey ai' never growed back sence; 'lease I ai' never seen 'em nur hearn talk o' none."

"Uncle Dave," the little boy asked, "what did Mrs. Bass do while the other fish were trying to pull Mr. Cat away from her; did she get mad?"

"Nor, indeed, she knowed what Mr. Sucker had done put 'em up to, and she jes' laugh an' 'joyed it. But Mrs. Bass wuz gittin' mighty tired by dat time; she had done been prizin' down on Mr. Cat's head fer nigh two hours, an' her jaws wuz achin' so bad she couldn' stan' it no longer, so she 'cided to le' him go.

"Well suh, whin she le' him go, he tried to back out, but he head had done been mashed so flat dat he couldn' come no whar nigh gittin' it out. Den Mrs. Bass hollered to de yuther fish dat she had done tu'n Mr. Cat loose, an' she wush dey'd teah de do' down so he an' her could git out. Dey all sot to wuk an' soon had de do' tored down; den Mr. Cat an' Mrs. Bass comed out.

"Dar wuz gre't times 'roun' Mrs. Mus' Rat's house den, I tell you. All de fish wan' git a look at Mr. Cat, an' dey crowd 'roun' him jes' es thick es hops. An' ef dar ever wuz a sorry-lookin' sight, 'twuz him—dar he sot, too 'shamed to swi'ch he tail even, an' all dem fish gazin' 'pon him like he wuz de tu'n-out at a show; an' he look pitiful too, all he scales done gone an' he head mashed jes' flat es a fridder. But he yit had plenty life in him, fer all at onct he got tired o' dem fish makin' fun on him, an' he meck a break right thu 'em.

"You jes' ought to seen dem fish fell back whin he start! Dey clean fergit 'bout de masht head an' 'bout how he been so outdone; all dey wuz thinkin' 'bout wuz dem same ole stingers; dey wuz still on him, sharp es ever an' ready fer anuther fight ef anything pestered him much.

"Well, arf' Mr. Cat got erway fum 'em, he wan' see how he look sence he got in de row, so he wen' on to he lookin'-glass."

"Do fish have looking-glasses, Uncle Dave?" the lad interjected.

"Well, dey don' have 'em like we does, but dey has 'em. Springs is dey lookin'-glasses. Whin Mr. Cat got to his'n, he jumpt up an' whiles he wuz up he look down in de water to see hese'f; he seen all he scales wuz gone, but he didn' teck notice o' he head an' mouf, so he jumpt ag'in. Dis time he jumpt so he could git a good look at he head an' mouf, an' de sight he seen mus' put'n nigh parilize him. He fell back in de water like he wuz dead, an' lay dar a long time jes' thinkin' 'bout how all he good looks done sp'ilt. He didn' min' so much losen he scales, but he'd allus pride hese'f on havin' sech a good-lookin' head an' mouf, an' 'Now,' he he say to hese'f, 'jes' look at 'em! Dey looks mo' like a pocket-book den dey does like a fish head an' mouf.'

"Well, Mr. Cat stayed dar all day jes' thinkin' 'bout how ugly he look. He wuz too 'shamed to show he face out in de river; but whin night come he creep back an' whin ev'ything got quiet an' he wuz sho wan' nuttin' gui see him, he wen' to wuck an' bury hese'f down in de mud to keep de yuther fish fum seein' him, an' dar he stays to dis day, 'cep'in' whin de water is muddy es de mud. Das why he come out today. You see de water is mighty muddy, an' I's done teck notice dat de bass don' tu'n about much whin its dat erway, caze dey know de cats is prowlin' 'roun' an' dey don' wa' git all stuck up full o' holes like ole Mrs. Bass wuz."

As Uncle Dave finished speaking the little boy picked up the catfish and while giving it a close examination he noticed the tentacles 'round its mouth. "What are these, Uncle Davy?" he asked.

"Dem? Why dem's he whiskers, son; he ain' neyer shave sence de day he got he head masht—I rec'on mebbe he think sometime dey'll be done growed long ernough to hide dat ugly mouf. Well, ef dar ain' yo' pa comin' back a'ready, an' I boun' he ain' had no better luck en we is."

# THE WISDOM OF HAGAR

## By Emily Ruth Calvin

CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

### I

### INCLUDING THE BABY

THERE were five of them, including the baby. Their names were Hagar, Tessie, Mary, Ezekiel and The Baby. Hagar knew that the baby would soon have to be given a real name, for in her limited experience she had learned that babies were a drug in the market. When there was nothing else, there was always a baby.

Hagar was eleven, and Hagar was the ruling spirit of the family. She was clever and original, a small child with great dark eyes and a low brow from which the straight hair rolled gracefully back. She loved the luxuries of life, as she had read of them, and frequently wished that she might by waving her hand have a dozen servants spring to do her bidding.

Hagar viewed everything, that is, nearly everything, with calm, critical eyes. The mere matter of relationship did not impress her. One day she spoke rudely to her mother. She did not raise her voice, she simply stated a fact which she had thought out. She had brought home from school a poor report card.

"I'm ashamed of you, Hagar," said her mother; "you are not a bit smart."

Hagar looked back at her mother, as she answered deliberately. "Isn't that conceited of you, mother?"

"What do you mean?" asked her mother sharply.

"I'm your child," Hagar answered. "I inherited everything from you. If you had been very smart, then perhaps I should have been smart."

"Hagar!" her mother said sharply again.

"Don't you see, mother," continued Hagar, relentlessly, "that it is very conceited of you to expect me to be smart. It is as much as saying that you are smart."

The mother looked helplessly at her child. She told the father that night. After supper he invited Hagar for a walk.

Now Hagar was passionately devoted to her father, yet there was no haze about her devotion. He was tall and handsome, and very clever. Hagar knew that. She had heard people say that he was a cultured man. She also knew that they were poor, but that her father bore himself like a king through his poverty.

When they had started on their walk, Hagar's father turned suddenly to his daughter.

"Hagar," he said, "your mother tells me that you spoke in an impudent manner to her today."

Hagar looked up quickly.

"You know, father," she said, in her soft tones, behind which so much power lay, "you know that mother is very aggravating at times. You have not lived with her all these years without finding that out."

The man beside her looked away. He did not know quite what to say. Then a little hand stole into his.

"Father."

"Yes, Hagar."

"When you tell me what to do, what is naughty and what isn't, doesn't the same rule apply to you?"

"I think so, Hagar."

"Well, mother has often told me that she doesn't want to hear tales. You know, father,

> 'Tattle Tale Tit, your tongue shall be split,
> And every little dog in town shall have a little bit.'"

"That's different, Hagar," her father said, that's different."

Hagar looked up to his troubled face. She would do some things differently, she knew, but she loved him very, very much.

"I love you, Daddy," she said, fervently, stopping suddenly and kissing his hand.

"I'm very glad, little daughter," he answered.

Then they returned in silence to the home.

Hagar had already learned the character of her sister Tessie; dear little innocent Tessie with big blue eyes and rosebud mouth. Everybody loved Tessie; Hagar loved her well, but she did not refrain from trying to teach her many things. Tessie was nine. She was a home girl. She carried the baby, washed him sometimes, crooned him to sleep at night, and did many other little domestic services. But when it came to things of responsibility, Hagar was depended on. When another baby made its appearence, Hagar took the reins into her competent hands. There were many things that she didn't like to do, so with ingenuity she inveigled Tessie into their performance. If Tessie objected, then Hagar commanded, always in that still voice with the iron will behind it. Tessie wheeled the baby in his perambulator till her little feet ached and the salt tears scalded her eyes. Hagar wheeled him till she felt tired, and then pinched him and took him crying to his mother. She did not hesitate in the least. She pinched him on a soft part and not very much, as she explained to horrified Tessie, but just enough to make him want his mother. And this was entirely right, according to Hagar.

Yet—yet when that small baby lay dying, Hagar carried him in her thin arms for five hours, soothing him and issuing commands to those about her.

"Tessie, run across the street and tell the doctor to come again. Tell him baby curls up his toes. Mother, you put on the hot water and get the bed ready. There, there, darling, Hagar is here—"

Hagar sat on the front stairs after the baby had gone home, her big eyes looking out into the future.

"Are you sorry, Hagar?" Tessie's voice was low. "Are you sorry now that you used to pinch him?"

Hagar did not move as she answered:

"No, I'm not sorry. If he had lived it would have been good for him. He should have learned to bear hardships. And you don't understand, Tessie—you never do. It wasn't a hurt pinch, but just enough to rouse him."

But then there came another baby, and nobody knew that Hagar thought of the little dead baby every day, because few understood her.

Before the last baby came, Hagar's mother told her suddenly to run downstairs for Mrs. Cunea. Hagar did not wait, for in her childish innocence she knew all. Then her mother told someone else to go for the father.

Hagar sat on the stairs and waited for him. She sat with her elfish face buried in her hands, a quaint little figure. When she heard the door open, she crept slowly to her father and hooked her hand in his arm.

"Daddy," she said slowly, "Daddy."

"What is it, Hagar?" he said, looking down at her.

"Daddy, can you bear it?" she aked again, "I think—I'm sure there's going to be another baby. I've learned the signs, Daddy," she concluded wearily.

"The signs, Hagar—"

"The signs, father. Mother sends me for Mrs. Cunea; then she sends for you; then they shut me out; then you come and finally say: 'Hagar, you have a new little brother—or perhaps sister.' "

"You don't like it, Hagar?" The man's tones were wistful.

"What, the baby, father? I don't like it much in the beginning, but after a while I do. But then at first it means no school, father, meals every two hours for mother, washing the children and sending them to school, and lots of arguments with Tessie as to how much work she should do. But I'm sorry for you, father. It's a blow, isn't it?"

The man suddenly stooped and kissed his daughter. But he did not answer and passed on upstairs, where Hagar's worst fears were confirmed.

One day Hagar propounded a question to Tessie

"I'm looking at nothing, Tessie," she said, her eyes fixed vaguely into space. Do the same thing."

Tessie endeavored to look at nothing, Hagar watching her keenly.

"You're looking at the clock now, Tessie," she insisted. "Now you're looking at the wall."

Tessie patiently fixed her eyes again, but the relentless Hagar went on:

"You're looking at the dishes now; now you are just staring at the floor; now at the ceiling."

Tessie looked again at her sister.

"I don't believe you looked at nothing," she finally cried, "do it again."

Hagar ingeniously fixed her eyes again, and Tessie watched her with awe.

"Now you do it if you can," Hagar said.

Tessie fixed her eyes upon everything in the room, Hagar taunting her with:

"Now you're looking again at the clock; now you're looking at the bookcase."

Poor Tessie, with one of the quick bursts of temper that sometimes escaped her, shrieked at the top of her voice and grew purple, her sweet blue eyes filling with tears and her mouth trembling.

The mother came rushing in. In her arms she had the baby, who was crying at the top of his voice.

"What's the matter?" she asked.

Neither child spoke. At this inopportune moment Mary and Ezekiel entered, quarreling, Mary crying and Ezekiel scolding at the top of his voice.

"The only way to do with you children," said the exasperated mother, "is to whip you all. March into the bedroom."

Tessie began to beg; Mary said she had meant nothing; Ezekiel rubbed his fists into his eyes, but Hagar flung her head up and headed the procession to the bedroom.

But Hagar sought the closet. She pulled her mother's dress about her, while Tessie was too afraid to get beyond the middle of the room.

The mother entered later. She had a strap in her hand. She systematically whipped each child, then started for the closet for Hagar. She wielded the strap, and with each lash Hagar's voice rose in protestation.

"Don't do that, mother; I wouldn't if I were you; I'll not be any better for it, I can tell you."

Then the tired woman scolded them well and left the room. Hagar emerged from the closet untouched.

"Why did you do it?" asked the astonished Tessie, for she knew her sister was always the soul of honor.

"Because, Tessie," Hagar said, "because I should dislike her intensely if she hit me hard when she was mad. I don't want to dislike her, and I thought I'd rather pretend, much as I hate to; I'd rather hate myself than my mother, you know."

"O, Hagar, you are a naughty girl," Tessie began.

Hagar took her by the chin and turned her face up to the light.

"Look here, Tessie," she said, "can't you ever understand? Is it better to dislike her or to pull a dress around my legs?"

Poor Tessie looked admiringly but uncomprehendingly at her sister.

"It's better, Hagar, to pull a dress around your legs."

Sometimes Tessie told tales, and then Hagar disliked her for the time being. The evening of the whipping-bee, Tessie sought her father and pulled him to his chair at the table. Hagar was carrying in a dish of potatoes.

"Father," Tessie began, holding tight to his hand, "Hagar made me look at nothing today."

Hagar stood still in the middle of the room, the potatoes poised in one little hand.

The father looked puzzled.

"Yes, father," Tessie pursued, "she made me look at nothing, and finally I got angry."

The father could not make a sin out of that, and Tessie was not clever enough to tell the entire story. So he looked reprovingly at the little girl.

"Hagar meant nothing wrong in such a simple thing, Tessie," he said. "It was silly of you to get angry."

Hagar placed the dish of potatoes at her father's elbow, but she did not deign to look at poor, humiliated Tessie, who crept silently to her seat at the table and shrank whenever Hagar's big eyes sought hers contemptuously.

## II

## COALS OF FIRE

HAGAR sat fanning herself, her foot on the baby's cradle. The fan she held was a round piece of cardboard with a painted lady. The handle was a stick. Tessie entered the room and Hagar commenced to hum.

"Look here, Tessie," Hagar said, "just listen to the lady sing."

Innocent Tessie paused. Hagar wafted the fan so that the edges of the cardboard caught her breath and a peculiar hissing sound ensued. Tessie's eyes opened wide.

"She does sing, doesn't she?" she said in awe.

"I said she did, didn't I?" Hagar answered coldly.

"Let me try," Tessie said.

Hagar handed her the fan. Tessie waved it before her and began to sing in her thin little voice, but the lady on the fan remained silent.

"Show me how, Hagar," she said.

Hagar took the fan again, and the same strange sound proceeded from the lips of the lady.

Tessie tried several times, then finally she became angry. "I'll tell mother," she said.

Hagar did not answer. She still moved the fan and the lady still sang.

"Do you hear, Hagar?" said Tessie, stamping her foot, "I'll tell mother."

Hagar looked at her sister. "What good will it do you?" she asked, "what good will do you? You'll say to mother: 'Hagar made the lady on the fan sing, and I couldn't.' Is that a sin?"

Poor Tessie! She was not subtle enough to tell the entire story of Hagar's teasing. She crept silently out of the room, and Hagar resumed her singing.

Hagar always took the children to Sunday school. Her mother insisted upon this. Sunday school was held in a little mission some fifteen blocks from where Hagar lived. Hagar liked her teacher very much, but she disliked to take the children with her; Tessie on one side, Mary on the other and Ezekiel tightly clutching Mary's hand. It was rather hard on Hagar, for Ezekiel always became tired after he had walked five or six blocks, and absolutely refused to move. Hagar would pick him up in her arms and carry him to the Mission, and it was usually a very white and tired little girl that sank into her chair next to the teacher. For she was her teacher's favorite. Indeed, the child's strong personality attracted all with whom she came in contact. The first Sunday that Hagar appeared with the three children, Ezekiel covered himself with disgrace by going to sleep during the superintendent's talk. Hagar looked across to the infant class, and her eyes widened with horror when she saw him. Suddenly during the singing of a hymn, Hagar sprang up and crossed the room to where her brother slept. She put her hand on his shoulder and shook him well.

"Ezekiel, Ezekiel," she cried, "wake up, wake up. You are here to listen to the Word of God. Oh, what shall I do? what shall I do?"

A very agony of embarrassment filled her; for was she not responsible for the children's behaviour? But Ezekiel, tired little boy, slept on. He did not want to listen to anything. Hagar, with a courage and desperation born of the situation, lifted the heavy child and left the room. She walked rapidly toward her home, her thin arms breaking with their burden. When she finally staggered into the kitchen where her mother sat, she let the child roll to the floor.

Hagar sank down beside him. She was not a strong child, and the weight had been too much for her. But suddenly she put head down on her folded arms and great sobs shook her body.

"Oh, mother, mother," she gasped, "Ezekiel went to sleep in Sunday school."

The mother sat aghast. To see Hagar cry was an unusual occurrence. The father came in from the little sitting-room and took his daughter in his arms.

"There, there, Hagar, daughter, don't cry," he said; but a very tempest shook the child. Poor little Ezekiel, the cause of it all, sat up and looked at his sister.

"What a matter, ma?" he asked.

"You naughty boy," the mother scolded, "Hagar says you went to sleep in Sunday school."

"Didn't! I didn't!" the boy shouted. "Naughty Hagar, tell 'tory. Ezekiel pretend; just shut his eyes."

But Hagar could not be comforted. Her father gently removed the little worn coat, and then chafed the child's hands. He whispered words of tender love in her ear. He loved this daughter, this daughter who was a very child of him. He loved her naughtiness, her nobleness, and her sensitiveness. Soon he had her quiet and carried her to bed. He sat beside her till the tensity of her body relaxed and she just lay and stared at him, and wondered dimly if there could be any comfort left for her.

"Can we outlive it, father?" she asked, finally.

"Yes, Hagar," was all he said in his wisdom.

"I can never go to Sunday school again, Daddy," she said, weakly. "It is dreadful to sleep when the Word of God is going on."

But later the teacher came to see Hagar. And she talked for a long time, and two Sundays later Hagar, to please her, crept, a shrinking little figure, into her seat at Sunday school.

Tessie and Hagar slept together in the same bed. Near the window stood a smaller bed in which Mary and Ezekiel slept. Owing to Hagar's advanced age, she was allowed to remain up longer than the other children, a fact which Tessie greatly resented.

Hagar enjoyed the hour that she remained up after Tessie had retired; but she did not enjoy going to her cold place next to Tessie. So when she stepped into bed, she pushed her sister into the cold place and lay down comfortably in the vacant warm one. Tessie was a sound sleeper, and beyond an unconscious murmur, did nothing.

But the second night the shock was so great when she rolled into the cold place, that she set up a cry which awakened her mother, and caused her to start from bed and inquire into the cause.

Tessie indignantly told her. Hagar lay with her dark eyes staring at the ceiling. Finally she spoke.

"Isn't she selfish, mother, that she won't let me get warm?"

"Hagar," the mother answered, "you have no right to push your sister to a cold part of the bed. You are the selfish one."

"I don't think so, mother," Hagar answered judicially, "Tessie has been warm for over an hour now, and she ought to be willing to let me get warm. Besides, I'm thinner than she is."

"I'm not going to argue every question with you," the mother answered impatiently. "But the next time you push Tessie onto a cold spot, I'm going to whip you. Remember, I'm good as my word."

Hagar did not reply. She simply raised herself and silently pushed Tessie back to her old place.

"I'd do it for you, Tessie," she said, finally, when the mother had left the room. "If you were cold or hungry or sick, or anything like that, I'd make you warm, I'd give you my last crust of bread, and I'd nurse you."

Tessie did not reply. She simply went to sleep.

The next day Hagar did not speak to her sister, but toward evening Tessie crept humbly to her, and kissing the dark velvet cheek, asked forgiveness. Immediately Hagar passed her arm about her sister's waist and returned the kiss.

Hagar and Tessie took the younger children to kindergarten every morning. So many errands had to be done—two rooms had to be dusted, beside dressing the baby—that it was usually very late before Hagar started away with the children tagging after her.

It was a very cold morning, and tiny Ezekiel clung desperately to Hagar's hand. Tessie walked as usual next to Hagar, and Tessie was cross. She did not like to help take the children to kindergarten, although she did not have to call for them at noon. Hagar did that. So when Hagar asked her a simple question, "Is my nose red, Tessie?" she snapped out the answer.

"No, it isn't."

They had proceeded a few steps when Hagar again asked:

"Did you say my nose was red, Tessie?"

Tessie looked at her sister's nose.

"It's getting red," she answered surlily.

So every few steps Hagar repeated the question, till Tessie had reached almost the end of her endurance. Had she been at home, she would have screamed. As it was, she had simply to boil within. Finally Hagar put the obnoxious words to a monotonous tune, and at suitable intervals sang:

"Is my nose red, Tessie?"

At one time the tune ended on a high note, at another it sank dismally. Then Hagar, who was nothing if not original, trilled the question, ending with a la, la, la.

Poor Tessie! She could not break away and run, for she remembered sundry warnings that had been given and dire threats that pursued her even now. So, for several blocks she had to endure the terrible question. When they left the children at the kindergarten, Hagar simply hummed the tune; but as they parted at the school-room door, her last question was:

"Is my nose red, Tessie?"

Now Tessie knew of no redress, as she passed raging to her seat. She knew now how it would sound to say to her mother:

"Hagar asked me this morning if her nose was red."

She could see Hagar's indifferent face as she told her mother this, and she could see the surprise on her mother's face. Why should Tessie become enraged at such a simple, innocent question? So a dire plot formed in her mind, and after school she proceeded to unravel it. Hagar was eating a piece of bread and syrup. She had the eternal baby in her arms and she was listening to her mother's voice as she talked to a neighbor.

Then Tessie came in. Her mother turned to see that she hung up her coat and hat.

"Mother," began Tessie in a determined voice, "Mother, Hagar pushed me out of my place again last night."

Hagar gasped. She had not done so, but she did not answer.

"She did?" the mother answered. "Hagar, what did I tell you? That I would whip you?"

"Yes," answered Hagar, as she swallowed the last crumb of bread, "but you've said that before, mother, and then you haven't done it."

This answer doubly exasperated the mother.

"Well, this time, young lady," she said, "I'll not forget. Go and remove your dress. Tessie, bring me the strap."

Tessie, with her courage screwed to the sticking point, brought the strap. Hagar *would* ask her a million times if her nose was red!

Hagar removed her dress. Her little thin arms lay against her cotton petticoat. Her dark eyes looked steadfastly at her mother.

"A hard whipping, mother?" she asked anxiously. Hagar could not bear physical pain, and she knew that her father had asked her mother not to whip her.

"Wait and see," said the mother. She thought she was doing her duty. Hagar must be taught to obey.

She struck her several times on the back, and each time the girl winced. Then she laid the strap heavily on the child's legs. Hagar did not cry. Her little face grew paler and her eyes shadowed with fear, but she said nothing. Little Mary cried and tried to fling herself around her sister. But the mother pushed her away. Tessie looked on, but said nothing.

When it was over, Hagar crept to her bed and lay down. She wondered why Tessie had told the lie. Then suddenly she knew. After the stings had passed away, Hagar still lay thinking. She knew that Tessie would eventually confess, and Hagar hoped that it would be soon. She knew then that her mother would be sorry that she had whipped her unjustly. And Hagar realized that she could assume the attitude of a suffering martyr, than which nothing would please her better. She could pull down her lips at the corner and open her eyes wide and look sorrowfully at her mother and shrinking Tessie. Yes, the whipping was worth while.

That night at supper, when the father sat at the head of the table, little Mary burst out:

"Daddy, Daddy, Mother—"

"Father, may I have coffee tonight?"

It was Hagar's voice that broke in on little Mary's eager recital. She did not want the child to tell that she had been whipped, for she remembered distinctly her father asking his wife not to whip her.

The father, unconscious of the little byplay, answered:

"Not tonight, Hagar, it isn't good for you."

But poor, sinful Tessie cried herself to sleep. Hagar had already assumed her title role, and whenever she looked at Tessie she smiled bravely, but Tessie saw the heartbreak behind the smile.

Next morning Hagar gave her a piece of candy that she had been saving for some time. She desired to hasten Tessie's confession so that she might more openly take her part.

The candy did what was intended. Immediately Tessie began to cry. The mother looked around.

"What's the matter now, Tessie?" she asked.

"Oh, mother, mother," the child gasped, "I told a lie on Hagar; she didn't push me out of my place that night. I told a lie, and you whipped her for nothing."

Perplexed, the mother stood and looked at the children. A quick remorse filled her that she had unjustly whipped the child.

"I'm ashamed of you, Tessie," she began, when Hagar interposed.

"Never mind, mother," she said gently, her voice quavering artistically, "I deserved it, I suppose." Her voice faded away. Hagar was in the height of her enjoyment. She had created a situation and was living in it.

"Come here, Tessie," the mother said again. As the child stood before her, she went on. "See how good and kind your sister is. You'll never do it again, will you?"

"Oh, never, never, never, mother," the girl sobbed, "I'll be awfully good now."

So for a week Hagar preserved the same

gentle expression, the same sweet reproach dwelt within her eyes, when they rested on poor shrinking Tessie. She daily heaped coals of fire on her sister's undeserving and shrinking head. And when, with unerring touch, she placed her finger on Tessie's sore spot and again asked: "Is my nose red?" Tessie answered sorrowfully, "No, Hagar," for she understood that Hagar knew.

And until the poignancy of the situation wore off, Hagar starred successfully.

## III

## CUTTING TESSIE'S HAIR

THERE was nothing that Hagar would not attempt to do. So, when in a family council it was decided that Tessie's hair should be cut short, Hagar at once determined to save the quarter that the operation would cost. She did not say this to her mother, but when the first opportunity presented itself, she seized it.

The mother went down town, leaving Hagar in charge of the children. Then Hagar said to Tessie:

"Mother says that your hair is very thin, Tessie, and will grow better if it is cut. I'm willing to do it."

"I'm not willing to have you," said Tessie, shortly.

Hagar looked at her reproachfully. Then Tessie remembered the unjust whipping.

"Very well, Hagar, if you think you can do it all right."

Hagar was sure that she could. And she was very willing to give good measure.

"If the baby sleeps long enough, Tessie," she said, "I'll tell you what I'll do. I'll fix your finger-nails, too."

"Fix my finger-nails? What do you mean?" asked Tessie.

"Well, you know," said Hagar, "a girl at school told me that her mother has her nails manicured. I'm willing to manicure yours. It's beautiful. Don't you want me to do it?" she asked, as a shadow fell on Tessie's face.

"Yes, yes," Tessie said, "but does it take instruments?"

"It takes a file and a polisher. I've got both. I borrowed them."

Hagar's triumphant announcement caused Tessie's eyes to open.

"Where did you get them?" she asked at once.

"This girl lent them to me. Well, come, Tessie, and let me cut your hair. You know if we want to do anything, the baby always wakes and cries."

"Mother told you to put the beans on for supper," Tessie said, trying to avert the fatal moment.

"Plenty of time for that," Hagar replied, calmly. "Come here and kneel before me."

Hagar did not hesitate at all. What others could do, she could do. Even if she were not a barber, she knew that it required little skill to cut the hair short. She combed Tessie's thin locks out, and then ran the scissors through them. The hair fell to the floor. Now came the most important part of all.

"Do you want it very thin in the back, Tessie?" Hagar asked. "Remember, that's your responsibility, so think it over well."

Tessie paused. Then: "Not too thin, Hagar. Just nice."

Hagar pursed her lips in a thin line and took the hair up through the comb. She felt that she had snipped off too much, as the right side of the head was almost bald. So she proceeded to the left side.

Here she was more careful. But still the hair resembled steps, so Hagar clipped and clipped, till a few more bald spots appeared.

"Is it all right, Hagar?" Tessie asked anxiously.

"Don't I know how to do everything?" Hagar asked.

"Yes," said Tessie, "but make it nice, Hagar."

Hagar turned her attention to the front.

"Do you want bangs, Tessie?"

"I think so."

Hagar proceeded to cut the front hair. Inadvertently she cut the hair too short, so that unless bangs grew on one side, Tessie could not have bangs. So Hagar cut the hair squarely across the top of the brow. She treated the sides in the same way. Her heart failed her when she saw the result, so she clipped here and there, till Tessie's head looked like a moth-eaten rug. The bald spots predominated, and the hair was cut squarely across the front sides and back. Then Tessie arose to look in the glass.

"Don't you think it is beautiful?" said Hagar.

Tessie did not reply. She saw the image

of a childish face staring back at her; a little bald, round head with the hair in patches, a veritable caricature. But Hagar was mistress of the situation, as usual.

"I could have cut it exactly as a barber would, Tessie," she said, "but I know you like things original. It looks very French, and that's all the rage."

Still Tessie did not answer. Then she pointed a lean finger at a spot above her forehead.

"That's bald, Hagar," she said.

"Exactly as I intended, Tessie," Hagar replied, "don't you know when the hair is cut very close it comes in curly."

"Honest?"

"Of course it does."

"But now where it isn't bald it's bristly," said Tessie.

"Well, if you are not perfectly satisfied," said Hagar, "I'll fix it for you after I've done your nails. You come away from the glass and go back after awhile, then perhaps you'll like it better."

Hagar really had to confess to herself for a moment that unless she made the entire head bald she could not fix the hair, but she put that perplexing question away from her.

She started on Tessie's nails.

"They'll be very beautiful, Tessie," she said, finally. "You'll be proud of them."

She cut the nails straight across, and then filed them down nearly to the quick. Several times Tessie pulled her hand away with a howl of pain, but Hagar insisted upon going on.

"They'll be all right after I get through with them," she said confidently; "you see I'll polish them well."

When she had cut them all as short as possible, she started to polish them. Tessie's nails were thin and the friction burned her. But soon the job was ended and Tessie viewed the work dubiously.

"Don't they look nice?" Hagar demanded.

Poor, innocent Tessie! She looked first at Hagar and then at what remained of her nails.

"They hurt a little bit," she said.

"Do you mind the hurt when you know they look so well?" Hagar asked.

"I guess not," said Tessie. "Now I'll look at my hair again."

Tessie looked in the mirror. The caricature that was reflected therein frightened her for a moment. A coquettish tuft of hair lay on one side surrounded with bald spots. In the back where any hair remained, it lay in steps. Suddenly as the horror of it burst upon Tessie, she opened her mouth and howled.

"I'll be ashamed to go to school," she cried.

Hagar spoke calmly.

"You love your parents very much, don't you?" she asked; "you've saved them a quarter, and yet you are not satisfied."

Tessie held her peace for a moment. Then she put her hands to her shaven head, when she immediately howled again.

"What's the matter now?" Hagar inquired.

"I can't scratch my head, my nails are so short," she cried.

"A lady never does that, Tessie," said Hagar primly.

"What if it itches?" Tessie paused for a moment.

"It never itches if she's a lady," Hagar replied.

"Well, mine does," said Tessie, "and I can't even scratch my face. I've got no hair and no nails!"

She cast herself down on the floor and burst into bitter weeping. Hagar was really hurt. She had intended to do her best, and the result had been disastrous. The baby wakened now, and she started to attend to him. Then she called to the sobbing Tessie.

"Sister!"

No answer. The shaven head was still bowed.

"Tessie, do you want to cut my hair?"

Tessie paused for a moment.

"Because, if you do, you may do so. You know glasses are always deceiving, and your head looks awfully cute."

"It's patchy, and you know it," said Tessie, resentfully.

"Well, if you think I did it purposely, you can cut my hair," said Hagar.

Tessie thought for a moment. There was some excuse for Hagar cutting her hair, because it had been decided that the hair should go, and Hagar had tried only to save some money. She decided that it was safer to leave Hagar's hair where it was.

The baby suddenly looking at Tessie, hid his little face on Hagar's shoulder and howled in terror. This was too much for poor Tessie, who ran shrieking from the room.

And the quarter was not saved. Tessie

was sent to the barber's to see if he could make her look less fearful. All he could do was to shave the entire head, and poor little Tessie had to wear an oil cap for several weeks.

"Was it wrong, Daddy?" Hagar asked the question falteringly.

"It depends, Hagar. Did you cut Tessie's hair for the fun of it—"

"Oh, no, no, father. Because I really wanted to save you a quarter."

"Hagar, the motive is always what counts. But you must not think that you can do everything. You have caused Tessie humiliation and pain."

Hagar was very sorry. She was extremely kind to Tessie, and did all that she could to make up to her.

When Tessie was hailed derisively by her schoolmates, Hagar would step to her side and with blazing eyes say:

"I did it, I cut her hair. You let her alone, or you'll have to answer to me."

Before the fury of those black eyes the children would turn away, and poor Tessie was left alone.

It was at this time that Hagar suffered as never before. One morning her mother sent her to the store to buy some butter. She gave the child five dollars, teling her to be very careful. When Hagar had purchased the butter, she found that she had just three minutes to reach school. She remembered her teacher's warning, to the effect that if she were late again she would be suspended. Poor Hagar! She stood between two fires; her mother on one side and her teacher on the other. She knew, too, that if she were suspended her mother would take the "disgrace," as she often termed it, very much to heart.

Hagar decided to go to school, first tucking the money carefully into her stocking. She thought her mother would understand that this was what she had done. But at ten o'clock, when Hagar was reading aloud, a knock was heard at the door. The teacher opened it and disclosed Hagar's mother. She silently beckoned to Hagar. The child went to the door, and fearfully drew her mother into the hall. She thrust the money into her mother's hand, hearing but dimly the scolding words that were addressed to her.

Then she went back to her seat, her cheeks flaming, for what would the other scholars think of her? Hagar's pride was very great.

At noon she walked slowly down the street. She thought, if she could arrange it, that she would never go back to school again. She stood on the doorstep for a few moments before going upstairs. Suddenly her attention was attracted by the sound of a whip swung in the air.

Hagar, a child of tender heart, turned and saw a man abusing his horse frightfully. A great sob rose in her throat. Her feelings were greatly wrought upon, and the hot tears came to her eyes. With every lash, she shrank, and finally she thrust her closed fist into her mouth to prevent screaming. Then, as the man launched a kick at the suffering animal, Hagar flew toward him. She threw her small body upon him and beat him with her tense little hands.

"Let that horse alone," she cried, still hitting the man blindly. "Let him alone. Oh, oh, I hope God sends you to hell. I hope He makes you a horse with a cruel devil to beat—beat—beat you."

Then, with her strength almost gone, she ran back to her home. She pushed open the door, not noticing with her tear-blind eyes that her father sat at the table with his head resting on his hands. Her mother was talking rapidly and emphatically, but Hagar did not wait.

She flung herself upon her father and poured forth the story, her childish heart almost broken.

The man did not place his arm about her. He had been listening to recriminations for a full half-hour. His face was drawn and weary. He turned to Hagar and pushed her from him.

"It would be better for you, Hagar," he said coldly and deliberately, "if you would have as much feeling for your mother."

Hagar felt every drop of blood freeze within her. She drew a long, sobbing breath and looked at him with sorrow-stricken eyes.

"Daddy!"

"You cause her all sorts of unnecessary trouble," he repeated mechanically. "I say it would be better if you would show as much feeling for her as you do for a horse."

The child stared at him a moment longer. He, her best beloved! Her daddy, who had never failed to comfort her, the one she loved above all! The childish face was drawn and the thin shoulders stooped as if a heavy burden had been placed upon them.

Silently she crept from the room. Poor little stricken child. Never in the years following did she suffer so deeply.

She heard her mother send Tessie back for the forgotten children at the kindergarten. She heard them sit down to luncheon, but Hagar lay on the bed staring at the ceiling, wondering in her anguish why she was forsaken.

The grief of a child thrown back upon itself — God alone knows the pity of it.

## IV

## "DADDY—MY DADDY"

HAGAR was ill. Hagar the delicate, yet the one who had never really given up. Her mother had found her lying on the bed; but when she spoke, and told her to get ready for school, Hagar did not reply.

Then the mother shook her, but still the child lay motionless. Frightened, the mother knelt beside her and felt the cold hands. In a great fear she called Tessie.

"Rub her hands, Tessie," she cried, "take off her shoes. Oh, Hagar, Hagar, what is the matter?"

But Hagar could not tell. Hagar was beyond all tenderness for the time being.

"I think, mother," Tessie said, "I think we'd better send for a doctor."

Even at this critical time, the poor mother stopped to think. Another doctor's bill. Every month she had to pay something to the doctor. But, as Hagar still lay motionless, she cried:

"Yes, yes, Tessie, go for him quick. Tell him to come at once."

When the doctor came, he looked gravely at Hagar. Then he turned to the mother.

"Have someone telephone for Doctor Gary. I need help."

The two doctors worked over Hagar for hours, as it seemed to the mother. Then one came out and said gravely and pityingly, "The child has not been a strong one, and we cannot rouse her. We cannot use desperate means. Has she a father?"

Hagar's mother broke down.

"Tears do no good," the doctor said. "Send for her father at once."

Tessie went for her father. Once the mother stole in to look at still Hagar. The doctor spoke briefly: "We can do nothing. Her nails are turning.

Tessie ran as fast as her little feet could carry her to her father. At the sight of her, he looked up. He was pale and very unhappy. The sight of Hagar's face haunted him. He had spoken cruelly to her, and he remembered that the sensitive mouth had quivered at his words.

"Father, father, the doctor says come at once!"

He caught Tessie roughly by the arm.

"What is it? Hagar—"

"Yes, father, Hagar. The doctor says you should come at once. Oh, father, she won't speak."

Tessie began to cry and her thin voice rose shrilly.

"Oh, father, I wish she could cut my hair, or ask me if her nose was red. I wish she could, I wouldn't get mad—"

The father said nothing. Quickly he left his work and started for home. Oh God, if this first-born girl-child should be taken from him! He remembered her quaintness, her mischief and her great love for him. A very frenzy seemed to fall upon him. Suddenly he flung Tessie's hand from him, and started to run, his father-love urging him on. Breathless, he burst into the house. The mother, walking the floor, held up a forbidding finger. The doctor in the sickroom looked around, but the father did not heed, did not care. He must get to his child, his little girl.

He sank upon his knees at the bedside but Hagar did not welcome him with her strange, sweet smile. Her black eyes did not look back into his eagerly, lovingly. She lay so still, so quiet, and the doctor whispered that—that—

"No, no," the man cried, there is hope, she shall not die. My girl—"

"There must be quiet," the doctor commanded, "the child is in a stupor, and—"

Suddenly the father rose. He looked down at the tumbled hair of Hagar, the long lashes sweeping the cheek—

"You don't understand," he said, almost calmly, "you don't understand. I can't be quiet—she is my child. They put her in my arms when I was a very young man, and she cuddled up to me — yes, cuddled up to me, and—what, be quiet? I can't! Hagar, Hagar—"

He flung himself upon the still body. He caressed her hands; he kissed her cheeks, her mouth, her eyes:

''Hagar, Hagar, Daddy is calling you. He wants you, wants you. Speak to Daddy, to father. Come back to me, daughter. Oh, God, God, give her back to me, give her back to me, to cherish, to love — ''

Hagar slowly opened her eyes. What the skill of doctors could not do, her father's love had done.

Slowly she turned to him and smiled.

''Daddy, daddy,'' she said, ''do you remember I beat you at pachisi?''

But he did not answer. He grasped her little fingers in his, and in his heart he uttered a prayer of thanks.

Hagar's recovery was slow. She lay a very weak and white little child for months. But what a blessed thing that illness was. It brought Hagar and her father very close together, and it made Hagar's understanding keener.

For two months Hagar did not attend school. Then, her strength returning, she commenced again.

One day Hagar's mother sat listlessly in the kitchen. It was very cold—and there was no fire.

Hagar came in from school.

''What's the matter, mother?'' she asked.

The tired woman looked up. The baby was crawling at her feet.

''Nothing you can help, Hagar.''

''Maybe I can.'' Hagar felt within her the power to cope with anything.

''Well, your father has been expecting some money that did not come. We are poor, Hagar, so poor right now that we haven't a stick of wood in the house.''

Hagar did not say anything. She lifted the baby in her arms and walked to the window.

''Does—does father know it's so bad?'' at last she asked.

''He knows that I can't provide the house on next to nothing.''

''I'll get some wood, mother,'' Hagar answered in her steady little voice. ''Let me take an axe and a basket.''.

The discouraged mother looked around as Hagar left the room.

''Don't hurt yourself, Hagar,'' she said.

Hagar started away. She walked until she came to a large, empty lot in which grew a number of trees. At once she began to strip the bark from the trees. Her little arms ached with the effort, but her determination was great. Soon her basket was filled. She was just able to stagger under her load.

''Here, we can start a fire with this, mother,'' she said, as she once more entered her home. ''I'll go again if Tessie and Ezekiel can go with me.''

So the children made many trips, bearing back the fuel for the stove.

''Mother,'' tired Hagar said at last, ''I would rather you wouldn't say anything to father about this.''

The mother nodded.

The father did not come home to supper, but remained away until midnight.

''What does father stay away for so much, mother?'' Hagar asked.

''He is trying to make money, Hagar,'' the mother replied, ''he is working very hard, and if I didn't have so many children, I'd help him.''

A scheme formed itself in Hagar's mind. After school she paid a visit to a confectioner's store half a mile from home.

She opened the door, with no fear at her heart, and immediately proceeded to interview the proprietor. He was a kindly German, and made most of his money from the high school boys.

''What can I do for you, little girl?''

Hagar straightened up. She was now twelve years old and tall and slim. Her big eyes looked into the man's face as she said:

''I would like a position.''

The man smiled.

''A position? You are only a child!''

''I have lots of sense,'' Hagar answered shrewdly, ''and besides, the boys like me very well at school. They might come to your store oftener if I waited on them.

''Of course,'' Hagar hastened on, ''I can only come after school, but I'll bring my supper and work for you until about eleven o'clock.''

''And how much do you want for that, little girl?''

''Five dollars a week,'' Hagar answered, at once, ''and all the soda water I can drink.''

The man burst into a hearty laugh. But Hagar did not join him. Oh, if he would only consent. How much five dollars a week would help her father.

''Well, I'll tell you; I'll try for a week, and, excepting the soda water part, we'll consider the wages later."

"Very well," said Hagar, triumphantly. When she told her mother, that good woman sat and stared at her.

"Your father won't allow it for a minute," she said at last.

"Mother," Hagar spoke earnestly, "I'm going to do this, and father need know nothing about it. I can get home before he does at night, and I'm so anxious to help him."

"But how will he know he's being helped?"

"I'll give the money to you, mother," said Hagar, and father doesn't notice things much. He dreams a lot. You just tell him that you can make ends meet on a little less than he's giving you. It'll be better for you, too, you know."

The mother consented, and that night Hagar began her duties.

At the end of a week she had proven herself such a competent, quaint little body that her employer gave her five dollars willingly.

The high school boys now came in regularly after school for their soda water and candy, and prim little Hagar waited upon them in her old-fashioned way that made the boys nudge each other and try to win a smile from her.

But many a time the little feet twinkled down the dark streets toward her home, their owner frightened at the shadows that loomed near her. Often she put a weary little head down next to Tessie, and once in school she nearly fell asleep.

The children were all sworn to secrecy, and once at Tessie's earnest solicitation Hagar took Tessie with her to the store.

"This is my sister Tessie," she announced to her employer. "I'm going to give her the glass of soda water that I should have taken today."

"Very well," the man answered good-naturedly.

Hagar drew the soda water and placed it before Tessie. Tessie tasted it gingerly.

"Do you like it, Tessie?" Hagar asked.

"Yes," Tessie answered ecstatically.

"Well, make the best of that," Hagar said, 'you can't have any more."

"I didn't ask for any more, did I?" Tessie inquired, resentfully.

"No, but I saw you hurrying with it, and I know you of old."

Just then a customer came into the store. He was a tall lad of fifteen. He blushed when Hagar looked at him.

"Give me ten cents worth of chocolates," he said.

Hagar weighed the candy and passed it to him without a glance. She knew nothing of such subtleties, but the old German realized her value. For she was a strangely attractive child with her quaint ways.

"You may run home now, Tessie," Hagar announced.

"I don't want to," Tessie replied calmly.

"You'll never come again if you don't go home now."

Tessie's face darkened.

"If you don't let me stay I'll tell father."

For a moment Hagar's eyes flashed fire. Then she turned away from her sister. Several times Tessie spoke to her, but she elicited no reply.

"Can't I stay?"

No answer.

"Hagar, just for a little while."

No answer.

Several times Tessie tried to gain an answer from the stern-visaged Hagar, and finally she played her trump card.

"Give me a penny's worth of caramels, please, Miss Storekeeper."

For a moment Hagar was nonplussed. If Tessie was transformed into a customer, she must attend to her. Then her natural wit came to her.

"We have little dog's tongues prepared especially for tattle-tales," she said, her head in the air; "would you care to try those instead of caramels?"

Tessie's volatile temper came to the surface, but she knew she dared not give vent to it in the store. So, with a last dark look at Hagar, she left the place.

Three times Hagar had put a five-dollar bill into her mother's hand. But one night her father came home at nine o'clock.

He sat for some time watching the baby, when suddenly he walked toward the children's bedroom.

"I haven't seen Hagar since Sunday," he said.

The mother stood silent for a moment.

"I don't think I'd disturb the children," she said.

"I'll not disturb them," he answered.

He passed into the room. A moment later he returned.

"Where's Hagar?" he asked sharply.

The mother did not reply for a moment. She knew that the truth must be told, however.

"She's working," she said briefly.

"What?" The father sat down hastily. "My little girl—working?"

The woman turned to him.

"Hagar wanted to help you," she said. "You know how she can argue 'round a point, and I thought it was all right."

"Where is she working?" he asked again, seizing his hat and coat.

She named the place, and without another word he left the house.

Hagar sat near the soda fountain. She was very tired and she wished that it was time to go home. The door opened and her father entered. Hagar had never seen him look so stern. Her heart contracted for a moment, then as he neared the counter she stood up.

"Good evening," she said, "what flavor would you like?"

Complete silence reigned for a moment. Hagar looked at her father, and he back again at her. Then he said:

"Come home."

"I can't yet, father," the child answered. "I'm on duty till eleven. You know how it is," trying to smile bravely. "When you're working, you've got to have your employer's interest at heart."

The tears forced themselves to the father's eyes. He did not speak for a moment, and the innocent proprietor came into sight.

"I desire my daughter to come home with me at once," Hagar's father began.

The German looked his surprise.

"I'm very sorry," said Hagar, stepping forth and removing her apron, "but my father doesn't like to have me out so late."

The proprietor spoke hastily.

"You'll come back. She's a very good girl, sir. I was going to raise her wages."

"She cannot come back," the father answered. "I'm waiting, Hagar."

"He's been very kind to me, father," Hagar said.

"I'm thankful to you for being kind to my child," said Hagar's father, turning suddenly to the other, and it was at once apparent where Hagar obtained her winning personality, "but I cannot think of letting her return."

Together the father and daughter left the store. It was raining. The father raised his umbrella, then he crooked his arm.

"Take my arm, Hagar," he said, and his voice still held a quaver.

Proudly Hagar nestled against him. He was treating her as if she were a grown-up daughter.

"You came home alone every night?" finally he asked.

"Yes, father."

Silence again.

"Daddy."

"Yes, Hagar."

"Are you angry at me? I wanted to help out, daddy. There's so many of us. It's hard on you. As mother says, so many mouths to feed—so many backs to cover—"

"Don't, Hagar. I'm glad to have you—I'll make up to you—"

But Hagar drew closer to him. She looked into his worn face and her voice was happy.

"Daddy—my Daddy."

## V

## LOVE'S YOUNG DREAM

TESSIE was washing the dishes; Hagar was drying them. This was their night work always. Hagar enjoyed it for reasons of her own. It was one of several thorns in Tessie's flesh.

Tessie had once washed and dried the dishes herself. The mother, on taking the dishes to set the table, found several that were not entirely clean. Tessie's ear was well tweaked to help her memory.

Hagar stood by the kitchen table near Tessie. Tessie was drawing the water and arranging the dishes alternately. She had a scowl upon her face, for she anticipated trouble, trouble out of which she could see no way. For her reputation, as far as her mother was concerned, was gone. So it was of no use to appeal to that quarter.

"Are you ready, Tessie?" Hagar at length asked.

"In a minute. Why are you in such a hurry?"

"Because I want to read."

Tessie lifted the dish-pan to the table. Hagar flourished the towel. Tessie plunged the plates into the water. Then, after washing them, she laid them in the rack.

Hagar took one up in her hands and proceeded to dry it without comment, Tessie watching her fearfully out of the tail of her eye.

The second one Hagar slipped back into the water.

"It's not clean," she said.

Tessie washed it again, and placed it back in the rack.

Every other plate Hagar slipped back into the dish-pan.

"That's not clean," she announced in the same sing-song way.

Tessie bit her mutinous lip. At least she was learning patience.

Carefully she washed the front of the plate and the back, holding it up to the light before placing it on the rack. It was slipped again into the water by the vigilant sister.

"That's not clean."

Tessie swallowed hard, and again washed the plate, which passed muster and was dried. But, alas, the next plate was again slipped back with the same monotonous accompaniment.

"That's not clean."

Suddenly Tessie turned around.

"If they are dirty, put 'em back without saying anything."

Silence ensued. Then Tessie stacked the cups and saucers. But silently now, every other cup was slipped back. A dull red crept about Tessie's neck, and her veins seemed on the point of bursting. Suddenly, as the sixth cup found its way noiselessly beck into the pan, she burst out:

"I'll tell mother."

"Very well, Tessie," Hagar's calm voice answered. "Maybe I'd better tell her, and save you the trouble."

This was the last thing that Tessie wanted; but before she could reply Hagar was telling the story.

"Mother, Tessie doesn't like to have me put the dirty dishes in her pan again. What shall I do?"

The mother's voice echoed from the front room.

"Tessie, do you want your ear tweaked again? Wash the dishes clean when Hagar puts them back."

Tessie's voice answered plaintively:

"But mother, she always says something when she puts them back."

"What does she say?"

"She says, 'That's not clean.'"

"Should I say it *is* clean, mother?" Hagar's anxious voice inquired.

"Of course not. Tessie, don't let me hear anything more from you. If you'd wash the dishes clean, there'd be no more trouble."

So miserable Tessie went on.

"You're not satisfied any way, are you, Tessie?" said Hagar, sadly, "if I say something you get mad, and if I say nothing you get mad. What do you want?"

But Tessie was beyond replying. Sullenly she washed and rewashed.

"I'm afraid, Tessie," Hagar went on, "that there'll be no flowers left on the dishes if you don't learn to wash them clean the first time."

Tessie wheeled around at her, as she placed a dish in the rack.

"If you find that not clean, I'd like to know it."

Hagar looked the cup over. Near the handle she found a tiny shadow.

"There, Tessie," she said patiently, "I don't blame you, though. Your eyesight may not be as good as mine."

The poor cup received the revenge that Tessie longed ardently to bestow upon her sister, and it emerged from the pan with a chip.

It was at this time that Ezekiel proved beyond doubt his relationship to Hagar. He took it into his small head to run away. He had for a companion another boy of his own age. The children were gone nearly all day, and the two mothers were frantic. Hagar started out one way to look for the lost children, Tessie another, and the two mothers went together.

But toward evening the culprits turned up. Ezekiel had told the other lad just what to say. He had even rehearsed how each was to make his dramatic entrance into the house.

"Burst in, Willie," he said, flourishing his hand, "burst in and pant. Pant hard. Then when you get your breath, begin this story:

Willie listened and straightway put his lesson to the touch. Ezekiel meanwhile went home thoughtfully; but when he neared his door he paused for a moment.

Then he burst in and panted as per schedule.

"Mother, mother," he said dramatically, as he fell into a chair, "a man kidnapped us, but I was smart and scared him, and we both runned home.

The mother looked at him sharply.

"Where did he kidnap you, near the house?"

"Near the house, mother," the child answered. "He came up to me and says: 'I want you and Willie.' I wasn't frightened, ma, honest, I wasn't. But he just yanked us off and took us 'way into the country. He kept us there all day, without anything to eat, and then, when his back was turned a minute, I caught a hold of Willie and we runned all the way home. Ain't you glad to see me, ma?"

The mother said nothing, and Ezekiel began to feel a little uncomfortable.

But at this critical moment a knock was heard. Hagar answered and a guard from a near-by street car line entered.

"I came to tell you, ma'am," he said, addressing the mother, "that your little boy and another stole a ride on the cars today. I told him twice when he jumped on that I'd come and tell you. I knew you didn't want him brought home minus his legs."

Ezekiel said nothing. He simply twisted a very soiled cap in his hands.

When the man had gone, Hagar looked at her mother.

"I think he's sorry, mother," she said. "Aren't you, Ezekiel?"

"Yes, ma, very," the child answered, "I'll never do it again."

"I've a good mind to whip you," the mother began.

"Oh, mother, not this time," Hagar cried. "Promise quick again, Ezekiel."

"Cross my heart, ma, I'll never do it again," Ezekiel answered.

But not so Willie, who was soundly punished and sent to bed.

Next morning Willie came to visit Ezekiel.

"Did you get licked?" Ezekiel at once asked.

"Yes," said Willie, feeling himself reminiscently, "did you?"

"Yes, I should say I did," Ezekiel answered at once.

Hagar and the mother stared at this bald statement, and when Willie had gone, the mother turned to her boy.

"What made you tell such a story?" she asked.

Ezekiel looked up, his innocent eyes wide.

"For your sake, ma," he said, winningly. "I wanted Willie to think that my mother took enough interest in me to lick me when I deserved it."

The mother turned away. There was nothing for her to say, and cherubic Ezekiel picked up his cap and went out whistling.

But Ezekiel was fortunate, for he was never kidnapped again.

At fourteen, Hagar came suddenly into the possession of an admirer. His name was Jack, aged sixteen, and he sat near her at school. One day when he was carrying her books home, he said:

"May I come up to see you, Hagar, some night?"

"I'll ask father," Hagar replied.

Her father smiled a little sadly when he heard her question; but her clear eyes looked straight back into his.

"I don't know why he wants to come to see me, Daddy," she said, "but I said I'd ask you."

"Tell him he may come," the father said.

So Jack came. He appeared one evening about eight o'clock, and was shown into the family sitting-room. The children were all in bed. Hagar introduced him primly to her father and mother. He sat and talked to them all for half an hour; then rising and blushing to the roots of his hair he said he must go.

But he came again and very soon. He held in his trembling hands a box of candy to be presented to Hagar. He thought that perhaps he might be allowed to sit near her and eat candy out of the same box. But upon entering, Hagar's father greeted him very cordially.

"Glad to see you, Jack, my boy," he said. "Do you play chess?"

Jack said that he did; he had played chess with his father for over a vear.

"That's right; we'll get to work."

So the father took down the chess set, and put the board in place. He drew blushing Jack to the table.

"What's this?" he asked, touching the box in Jack's hand.

"Candy, sir," said Jack, with chattering teeth.

"O, very well," the father answered. "Thank you very much."

He proceeded to open the parcel and placed it on the table near his elbow. As the game progressed, the father helped himself to the candy, and condescendingly invited Jack to eat some.

Poor Jack! This was courting with a vengeance. When his time came to depart, he stood up rather shakily.

"I'm sorry, sir," he said, "that I can't finish the game, but I guess I've got to go now."

Hagar's father patted him on the back.

"It *is* rather late for children to be out," he said; "come again, Jack."

Jack gulped hard at this insult, and with a last agonizing glance at Hagar, departed.

"It's strange Jack doesn't come now, isn't it, father?" Hagar asked one night. "Doesn't he like me any more, I wonder."

"Don't think of that—yet," said her father wistfully. "He may come again. Do you feel sorry?"

"No," Hagar answered brightly; "but I thought maybe you liked to play chess with him."

But her father was silent.

The next day at noon Jack asked Hagar where she slept.

"On the south side of the house, in the front," she answered, wondering what he meant.

But Jack did not tell her. He was burning with a fervor and love for her that could find no expression in words. He could not go to see her; he had saved for a month to buy a box of candy—for her father; he had thought all day with accelerated heart-beat of his visit to her in the evening, only to be compelled to play chess—with her father.

"He wants to know where I sleep, father," Hagar said.

"Did you tell him?"

"Oh, yes," said innocent Hagar.

Her father knew then that the fond lover was going to keep watch. His sense of humor prompting him, he went downstairs at nine-thirty and saw a slim figure whose ardent eyes gazed into the bedroom window above him.

For half an hour he paced beneath that window; his gusty sighs could be heard by the father. Once he blew a kiss toward the window in the most approved fashion. Then, throwing his coat about him, and pulling his slouch hat over his eyes, he departed dramatically into the cruel night.

It is a matter of interesting conjecture where the lover's kiss landed, for in that little bedroom reposed four children. But the fond one never knew, as he kept his nightly vigil beneath that window. It might have dampened his ardor a trifle could he have known he was sentinelling not only for Hagar, but for three others.

One night he heard an unearthly scream escape from the window of his beloved. Once he thought he would scale the wall and rescue her. But he thought better of it. And he never knew the cause of that wail. It was simply Tessie being removed gently but firmly from her warm place by his beloved Hagar.

But love is ardent when it is so young.

# LIBERTY

JACKALS may vex the lion when old age
Deadens his brain with slumber, though his eyes
Brood through half-open lids to scorn surprise
And he lies stretched at length as if to gauge
The occasion for the blow. Though dead the rage,
The kingly fire, the tireless enterprise;
Though gone the purpose, love of life, the wise
And perfect strength, his cubs have learned to wage
The ancient battle. But himself beware:
Lest his fierce youth relume itself—as late
Drawing too near, a famished pack which planned
To catch the lion sleeping, felt the air
Stir with the dread omnipotence of fate
Ere the huge paw did crush them in the sand.

*Edgar Lee Masters*

Photo. by Ezra W. Reid

EXTERIOR OF MRS. EDDY'S HOME, "PLEASANT VIEW," CONCORD, N. H.

# GREAT GATHERING OF CHRISTIAN SCIENTISTS

### By Alfred Farlow

THE dedication of the Extension to The First Church of Christ, Scientist, in Boston, the Mother Church of the Christian Science denomination, combined with the regular annual communion service, was perhaps the most significant public event in the history of the Christian Science movement.

Looming up in the Back Bay district, in the very center of the Universe's Hub, like a stupendous white monument towering skyward, strong and beautiful in its architecture and modern in its construction, stands this great Christian Science church. Its seating capacity is 5,012; its height 224 feet and its style of architecture Italian Renaissance. Its walls are Concord granite and Bedford stone; its interior wood-work and finishings are mahogany. Stately, dignified and impressive, it is already recognized as one of the landmarks of Boston, and its sweet-toned chimes are a delight to the entire neighborhood.

When Old Sol first showed his head above the horizon on the morning of June 10, his rays fell upon 5,000 Christian Scientists, who at that early hour were already in line to attend the opening service in the magnificent new auditorium. At seven o'clock the doors were opened and at 7:10 the house was filled and thousands more were gathered about in waiting for the next service.

Promptly at 7:30, the appointed hour, the service was opened by the first reader, Mr. William D. McCrackan. It consisted of the customary opening form, the regular lesson-sermon which takes the place of the usual clerical discourse, the dedicatory address by the Discoverer and Founder of Christian Science, Rev. Mary Baker G. Eddy, and the silent communion during which the entire audience knelt in devotion. In addition to the 7:30 service, meetings were held at 10:30, 12:30, 3:00, 5:30 and 8:00 o'clock. They were all identical, each successive service being a repetition of the first. It is estimated that in all about 33,000 communicants attended. Train-loads of Scientists came from all parts of the United States and Canada, and there were representatives from England, Ireland, Scotland, Germany, France, Italy, Holland, Spain, Switzerland, Australia, South America, the Bahamas, Hawaii and other foreign countries.

The annual business meeting was held on Tuesday, June 12. This meeting was also repeated in order to accommodate the crowds who desired to attend. On this occasion encouraging reports of progress in Christian Science work were heard from all parts of the world.

It was anticipated that a large portion of the visiting Scientists would remain over to attend the regular Wednesday evening meeting, and ten halls were provided to accommodate the overflow from the large auditorium. These were all filled and many were unable to find standing room. At these meetings testimonials were given by the beneficiaries of Christian Science. Men and women from various professions and localities told in grateful, earnest and eloquent terms of the benefits of Christian Science. No event in the history of the Christian Science movement afforded the public so excellent an

Photo. by T. E. Marr.

DRAWING ROOM IN MRS. EDDY'S HOME, "PLEASANT VIEW," CONCORD, N. H.

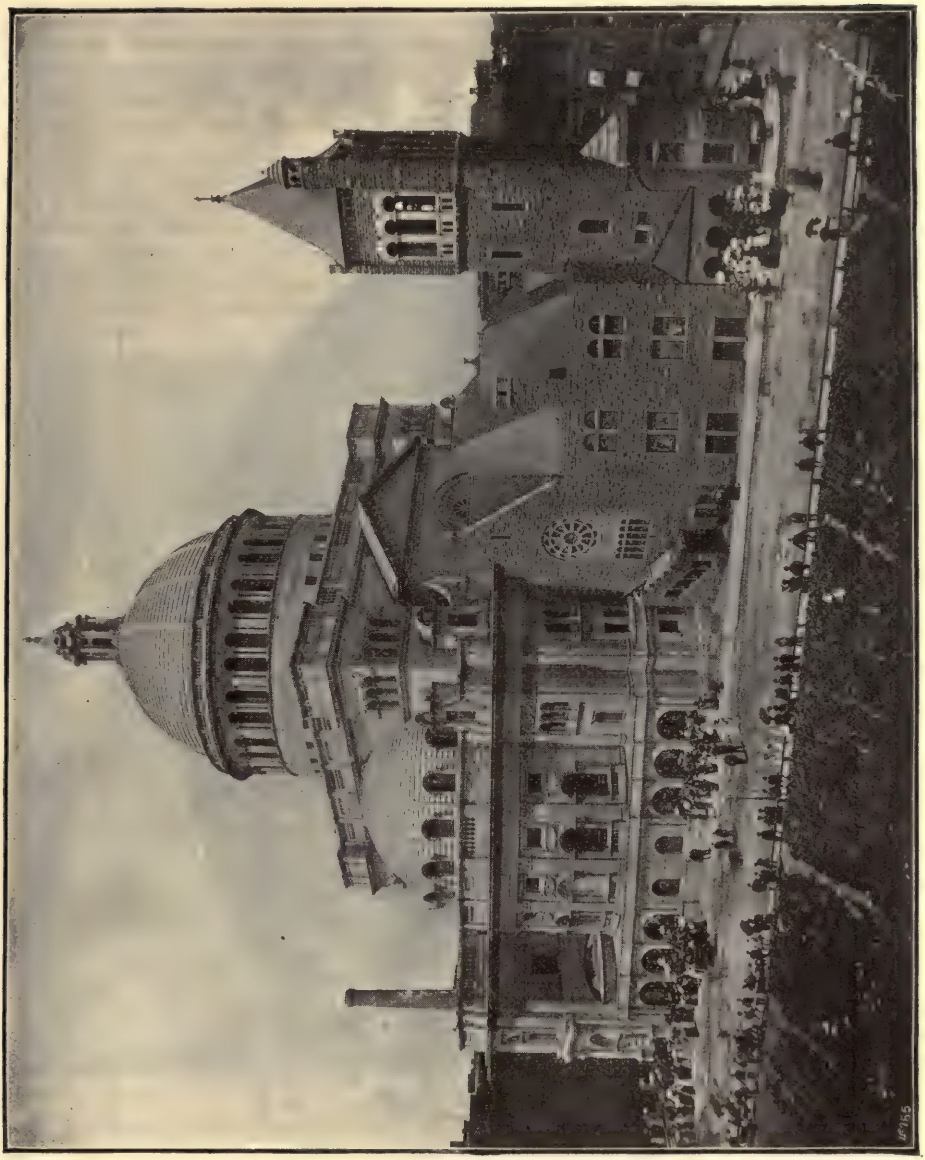

Photo. by T. E. Marr

THE FIRST CHURCH OF CHRIST, SCIENTIST, THE MOTHER CHURCH OF THE CHRISTIAN SCIENCE DENOMINATION

opportunity to learn what Christian Science is accomplishing in the healing of sin and sickness.

None can fail to recognize that to the skill of Mrs. Eddy as an organizer, and to her wisdom as a religious leader, is due the impetus of the Christian Science movement which has led up to the demand and supply of this splendid edifice so early in the history of the church; and this beautiful and commodious structure may be considered a symbol of her great achievements along spiritual lines, for the funds which were thus expended have been no less a spontaneous expression of appreciation and love for Mrs. Eddy than in recognition of the needs of this great movement. She it was who initiated and has successfully guided this enter-

REVEREND MARY BAKER G. EDDY

prise to its satisfactory completion; and to those who have followed the course of the Christian Science propaganda, her far-seeing wisdom, initiative insight and executive ability have become more and more impressive.

It has been just forty years since Mrs. Eddy discovered Christian Science, and she organized her church on July 4, 1879, only twenty-seven years ago. Its growth at first was slow, and ten years later it had only eleven branches. In 1889, sixteen years ago, there were only 450 members in the entire denomination. Today there are about 80,000, but that there are multitudes interested in the movement outside of the actual church membership is evidenced by the large attendance at Christian Science services and the fact that over 402,000 copies of the Christian Science text-book are at present in circulation.

Christian Scientists are too busy solving the great problems of life according to the definite outline of Science to waste time and money on any indefinite schemes, or to carry out an enterprise that is not advisedly planned, and the building of this edifice has come about in a logical and natural manner. It has come not only to supply an imperative need, but to be a fitting monument to the leader of this eventful movement, and an enduring symbol of the great redemptive truths for which Christian Science stands. The church had outgrown its quarters and there was no adequate place in which to hold its annual meetings, and the Christian Scientists were sufficiently interested in the welfare of their cause to note this fact and provide means for a structure sufficient to the demand. It was built by contributions from Christian Scientists in all parts of the world. The sacrifice was scarcely felt by them as they considered that they were doing no more than to offer a small material return for inestimable spiritual benefits, a small expression of gratitude to the one whom God had prepared to lead them out of the bondage of human beliefs into the understanding of spiritual life.

Photo. by T. E. Marr

A CORNER IN THE LIBRARY AT "PLEASANT VIEW," THE HOME OF MRS. EDDY, AT CONCORD, N. H.

"MAUD MULLER"
Photograph by Mrs. Fanny Van Duyn, Tygh Valley, Oregon.

# JAPAN'S MODERN NOVELISTS

## By Yone Noguchi

Author of "From the Eastern Sea"

TOKYO, JAPAN

UNHAPPILY and universally, a writer cannot build a golden castle, except in dream, from his earnings. There may be some possibility of it in America. But in Japan it is hopeless, and would sound ridiculous. All the Japanese writers, the firmly established, first-class novelist included, say a sad word complaining of their hard life. Must I apologize to you for talking about money from the start? No Japanese gentleman did speak out about dollars and cents, at least twenty years ago, without risking his dignity as a gentleman. But today it is quite the fashion to raise your voice about your little money. I should say that the Japanese writers are the most miserably paid among the writers of the whole world, and again I should say that they are the most miserably paid Japanese among the people of Japan. Fancy, their monthly earning reaches very rarely above one hundred yen! And one hundred yen in Japanese money makes only fifty dollars in American coin. Is it possible that the best Japanese writers, of the rank of William Dean Howells or Mark Twain in America, cannot earn more than fifty dollars in a month? So it is in fact. However, Japanese one hundred yen are more serviceable than American two hundred dollars. Everything is very cheap except the smile of a geisha girl and the smell of *saké*. And there is nothing cheaper than wisdom and knowledge. Is it because we Japanese are wise and clever? Really I do not know about that. I have a great sympathy with the Japanese writers, and I make hue and cry toward their advancement in living. Their usual average monthly earning is said to be somewhere about sixty or seventy yen, and they must be first-class story writers. They are paid from one yen fifty sen for one page of four hundred words. The second-class writers will be paid under one yen for the same page.

Japanese will not easily believe that writers like Kipling or Richard Harding Davis are paid above four cents for one word. Four cents, yes, eight sen in Japanese money! That is over thirty times their own earning. They are looking enviously over the seas. It is their usual programme for a year to turn out two newspaper serials, each one lasting for forty or sixty days, and seven to ten short stories for the magazines. And one newspaper serial will bring them one-hundred-fifty yen (fancy, only seventy-five dollars for some two months work), and the magazines some three hundred yen in one year. Some of them draw money from the country papers. All of them, with a few exceptions, are living from hand to mouth and their finances do not permit them to await the returns twice a year from the book publishers, so they usually sell their work outright. And the publishers are scarcely too generous.

It is a recent phenomenon among some of the richer writers—say, those having a few thousand yen in hand, and no worry about next month's rent — to begin arrangements with the publishers on a percentage basis. But you must remember there's no reading public in Japan like the American public that welcomed Mr. Churchill or Irving Bacheller. Shunyodo, the foremost novel publishing house of Japan, which published Tengai Kosugi's *Makaze Koikaze*, the most successful story of modern Japan, told me the other day that two thousand yen is the highest mark a Japanese writer could possibly reach. The late Koyo Ozaki, one of the most distinguished literary figures that modern Japan has produced, did not leave much in money, or perhaps anything, except six or seven large volumes and five or six brilliant students who are figuring today as eminent novelists. It is the most remarkable thing in the literary history of Japan that he had many a budding genius around him. It was the greatest honor that could be given him and his influence was mighty. Fuyo Okuri, Kyoka Izumi, Shunyo Yanagawa and Kayo Yamagishi are the best novelists among his students, and they are successful. Mr. Ozaki must be smiling from a lotos flower in paradise, I should say, seeing his students doing remarkably well.

There's no question that our Meiji literature is young in every respect. Ryuro is a writer of tragedy and the sad entanglement of life and the world, but it seems to me that he unnecessarily chooses such an unhealthy, tearful phenomenon, as a double suicide or the like, and voluntarily, however artistically, exaggerates it. There's no doubt that what he depicts enthusiastically is a true picture of one side of the modern Japanese life. Shoda Iwaya has been aptly called a Japanese Anderson. His fairy stories are a wonderful demonstration of his genius; he turns out a new child story almost every month, and the fountain of his fancy and wisdom seems inexhaustible. By the way, I am told that he was the biggest money maker of 1904. And how much did he earn, you ask? Why, his monthly average was two hundred yen,—yes, a shabby one hundred dollars in American money. However, it was an extraordinary achievement for a Jananese writer.

You may be disgusted with me for talking too much about the writers' financial affairs. I believe it is not the less an important matter, and I'd like to show you how they stand in this particular. Today is the real dawn of the new Japan, and every writer is attempting to get an honest photograph of the transition age. Some of the writers call themselves realists, and follow after Zola's fashion of story. (Beside Zola, Daudet is the most beloved and widely read among the French authors, and lately Maupassant.) There is no more favorite subject for such a writer than that of a modern Japanese girl who meets all sorts of temptations at each corner, and her freedom, which she gained only yesterday, will be the source of

MR. ROBAN KODA, A FAMOUS JAPANESE MAN OF LETTERS

her moral downfall and tragedy. Till recently she was a bird in a cage, or a doll in a box. The author is often successful in depicting her love and marriage, which are managed in a different mode from her mother's. The girl is always ready to accept any new thought and action, and naturally she is on the verge of recklessness and danger. All the newspapers are denouncing the morals and slovenliness of "the modern girl," who is usually some girl student. Mr. Kosugi's *Makaze Koikaze*, mentioned above, is the story of a Japanese girl student. She is the newest thing in Japan. Girl student there was none until only ten years ago, in the proper meaning. Beside Kosugi, Fuyo Oguri is another apostle of love and writer of the modern Japanese girl. His *Sei Shun*, (Youth) is widely attracting attention in the *Yomiuri*, the best literary paper of Tokyo. And here is Roan Uchida, who is the great Tolstoi scholar and observer of humanity.

MR. SHOHA IWAHA

But after reviewing all the writers in every line, Roban Koda is the gigantic figure today, as he was ten years ago. He will occupy the extensive pages of the modern Japanese history of literature with the late Ozaki. He is a moralist and philosopher before being a novelist. His ideal is purely Japanese, and it quite often shows itself exactly agreeing with the European ideal. His understanding of humanity and how our lives move on is deep and sound. One of his distinctions in literature is healthiness and cleanliness. His diction is poetical. He will not take any second place in all the Japanese history of past literature, and possibly he will be regarded as a giant in the future. And there is Roka Tokutomi, whose novel *Namiko* has been translated and published by a Boston firm, and he works out somewhat the same ideal from a European point of view, since he has been a constant student of the foreign writers. His intention is to depict a black tide (by the way,he has a great novel called *Black Tide*) running through the human world, and his story is the expression and reflection of a real life. He declared that a novel is nothing if it does not make the world and human life better and more beautiful. He is not writing his story for story-telling sake, nor for art's sake like the others. His father was of the Confucian school and a Chinese student, and he is like his own father in the European way. His *Namiko* ran up to the sixtieth edition, and it has been played on many stages in Japan. But he gets no material benefit from his book—the publishers get that. It is said that he sold the story outright for a small price. Today he is living in a little

MR. DOPPA KUNIKIDA

DR. TSUBOUCHI, THE DEAN OF LETTERS IN JAPAN

cottage on the outskirts of Tokyo. One of his hobbies is to care for his dwarf plants. He has a good library, containing every good and great work in English, and this is a rare possession in Japan.

Doubtless the writers' hardship in living and scanty earning is the fault of the public to a great measure. The public used to regard them as excusable prodigies, and forced upon them such an unreasonable proposition as that a writer's poverty proves his pride and virtue. However sadly, they accepted it. And it will be a long time before their work will be looked upon as a necessity of life. The Japanese public is shamefully indifferent toward them. It politely respects them and keeps at a distance from them, as in a Japanese proverb. The writers find readers among the modern educated women and young students. The older people think of novel-reading as a mark of degeneration or imbecility. And it may not be worth while to urge them to read, since the most of the novels are not to be called true pictures of life and the world in the wide meaning.

There's no political novel worth mentioning. And we have no sociological novel. The writers are turning out only a love story, quite often dangerous in morals, which will be welcomed by their young readers. And there is quite a hot discussion as to whether any novel should be permitted to enter into the schools. The young people do not know why they read such a story except from impulse of passion and dream, and also they do not know what they desire to read. Their minds and thoughts are wandering over vague seas without having any oar. They do not find their "soul" at all. And also the writers—yes, some of them—are in fogginess in their aim and thoughts. They are not a real thing, but merely a reflection and ghost. They must study out the riddle of the human world more deeply and scientifically, and lead the work, showing every course of our life.

Today our Japanese literature is in a chaotic condition like the time in the Japanese mythology when the first god and goddess stood upon heaven's floating bridge. And the god and goddess stirred the sea waters with a wand, and there an island appeared. Oh, what will come out from the sea waters of the Japanese modern literature that has a definite form? Island of the real life and faith? Yes, it must be that. Today we feel ourselves to be a Columbus party sailing through the darkness and gloom. There would be no time for the Japanese literature like today. Why, the old literature is dead! And yet we have no new literature that has two feet solidly on the ground. But the dawn is near. Do you not see the rising light far away in the East? At least let us hope so. And in fact we hear somewhere the happy, fresh voices amid the trees. And the crickets have stopped as the dawn is near. We shall have soon the typical Japanese literature from which we Japanese can make ourselves hopeful and courageous, and which will be the beacon light of our lives. Then we shall surround it and drink the inspiration. Someone might say that to denounce the darkness of the modern literature is to be too pessimistic and to exaggerate unreasonably. "Haven't we Mr. Koda, Mr. Hirotsu and Mr. Tokutomi?" he will say. Yes, they achieved no small thing and reached their own height within the limits of their power, and under the circumstances. But we look for a typical literary giant in the near future who will spread his wings fully to the four winds. Let us be pessimistic today and hopeful for the future! To be pessimistic means that we are youthful. Dissatisfaction leads us to a glorious achievement in the future.

Japanese art has been mightily influenced by the European art, and light and shadow have been adopted and the clever effect is achieved. The charm and beauty of the Japanese art, combined with the realism of the European art, would be perfect. So with the Japanese literature. I believe that we speak Japanese with the Occidental thoughts and faith. We must build the Japanese story upon the Occidental method of characterization. It would be the only way to make our Japanese literature universal. To make Japan the Japan of the world is our present ambition, and a proper one, too. Kenjiro Tokutomi used the Occidental way of novel-writing in his *Namiko*, and it proved to be not so alien to American readers in the translation, and it was successful. I believe that our future story must come out like *Namiko*. Mr. Tokutomi showed a good example, and we will patiently wait for literary perfection in some future writer. There's nothing better than the clever combination of occidental and oriental—it would be superior to either of them. And it would not be impossible of accomplishment, since East is West and West is nothing but East. Already Katai Tayama and Doppo Kumikida are coming to the front. Mr. Kumikida's *Doppo Shu* can be compared with sketches of Daudet or Coppée. That means a great deal. I found such a joy and charm in *Doppo Shu* as I had not known for a long time.

It is true that our literature has been changing markedly since the beginning of the war with Russia. The study of the foreign literature has been taken up seriously, especially the study of the Russian literature. (By the way, Mr. Roan Uchida is translating Tolstoi's *Resurrection* for the *Nippon*, a Tokyo paper.) And also it is a new phenomenon that we are eagerly reading the modern American novels which hitherto were neglected. The American invasion came so late. And it is the fact that the proud Japanese paid little attention and less respect to the American writers, blindly denouncing them as inferior to the European authors. But today we need the American cleanliness in moral, and a good humor and wisdom which shines like sunshine. A day or two ago I passed by a bookstore in Ginza, the Tokyo Broadway, and observed that a clerk was bringing out Mrs. Rice's *Sandy* from a large box which was freshly

MR. RYURO HIROTSU

arrived from New York—yes, many dozens of them. And I am told by Roan Uchida as a literary adviser of the *Maruzen*, a publisher and the biggest importer, that it was only two years ago when his company did not know what to do with half a dozen copies of Mrs. Edith Wharton's *Valley of Indecision*.

Today things are different. Shall we have the literary glory of the Elizabethan days after the destruction of the Armada? We tore the Russian ships to pieces, and the country arose wonderfully like a rising sun. Shall we have Milton, Dryden and even Shakespeare? Let our future tell all about it.

I do not think that our Japanese literature will make any sudden glorious change, and I believe that it will keep up the road of advancement it has started on, and lift its head slowly till it will reach its final goal.

# BALLADE OF TIME

I AM the future and the past,
The fact and the phantom of today;
I am a shade by the dial cast,
Moon and the stars and the tides I sway;
The four winds whistle my roundelay
The tread of centuries waits for me,
My heart is young though my hair is gray;
I was; I am; and for aye will be.

I am the first, and I the last,
And all who follow shall me obey;
I ride the storm with its bugle-blast,
I lead, I tarry, I save or slay;
And whether you feast or fast or pray,
Whether you face me or turn and flee,
None at the end my power gainsay:
I was; I am; and for aye will be.

I am a wraith by ages glassed,
Seen for a moment and whirled away,
I am the fetters that hold you fast
And all despite of your Yea or Nay;
I toy with worlds as a cat might play
With helpless mice from her paw set free,
As one who at leisure will betray:
I was; I am; and for aye will be.

*ENVOY*

Prince! men in my grasp are shapes of clay
And I am older than sun and sea;
The cycles vanish, the gods decay:
I was; I am; and for aye will be.

*Ernest McGaffey*

# HOW THE SIEGE WAS RAISED

## By F. A. McCormick

BOSTON, MASSACHUSETTS

ALL Souls Church used to have a statue on the steeple, and when the statue came down I got my "Cross of Proved Courage."

You know the Produce Exchange Building is next to All Souls, and it is nearly as tall as the steeple. When it was built a great many of the good people thought it was presumptuous for the corn and bacon men to erect such a structure, and that too, so close to their well beloved All Souls. But the time when the church was the special and only attraction of the town had gone by; the town had become a city; the city had become as mercenary as cities ordinarily do; the produce men found their supporters, and when the building was finished, towering one hundred and fifty feet above the pavement, and within twenty feet as high as the steeple of the church, it found its defenders, and was soon as much a sight for the peasants and tourists as the old church itself.

Then came the wars and the conscription. and I marched away, a down-hearted, poor thing. I was sure I should be killed at the very first engagement, and having carefully nursed that idea for several days, at length looked forward to the time when the first engagement should occur, and it would be all over. The first ray of hope was the meeting of my old comrade, Jean Pirault. He had gone to the Polytechnic, had graduated and been assigned to the engineers of the line as a lieutenant, but promotion had been slow, and he had been very glad to take the captaincy of the company of conscript sharpshooters. It was a merry greeting he had for me, and we were both pleased to find I had been assigned to his company.

Of course we saw service. The first engagement came and went. I saw blood drawn. I saw batteries gallop into action. I saw the enemy's huzzars charge down upon us. I saw the poor, mangled fellows after the fight had been won, lying on the field. And worst of all, I saw the surgeons, with their gleaming instruments, at their bloody work.

After three months campaigning, our company had been reduced one-half, so you may see that we had been in some warm places, and then, of all things in the world, our brigade was thrown into the home city, with orders to hold it at all hazards.

Torch and powder soon levelled all that part which had grown up outside the walls of the old town, and we had made as ready as possible with our resources for the siege we all expected.

We did not have long to wait, for one bright morning the bear-skin shakos of the enemy's grenadiers were seen by our officers from the roof of the Produce Exchange. They advanced and took a position on the little hill you may see to the north, and leisurely prepared to cook their breakfasts. At this moment it was discovered that the grenadiers were not an advance guard, but that a flying column of chasseurs had been thrown around to the east, while a couple of light batteries had taken position on the hills to the west and south, commanding the south city gate. So it was going to be a siege and we were not over well prepared for it.

The days dragged on, and while we soldiers received our rations regularly, it was rumored that among the humbler citizens want and hunger had put in an appearance.

Then came the sortie, and the brigade could have fought its way through if it had not been for one machine gun; a thing that was new to all of us; and the way it swept its ugly little muzzle from left to right, and from right to left,throwing a steady stream of fire and death, was terrifying to our brave fellows. They could not storm it, for at every attempt they fell like grass. Then the general ordered an attack on the battery by night, thinking to surprise them, but once again the machine gun prevented us from gaining any advantage.

The next night Pirault came back from a scouting expedition, with the information that we had accomplished something in our two raids,—meaning that all but one of the original crew of the machine gun had been either killed or were in the hospital. Machine guns were not in general use at that date; it was the first one we had ever seen, and its workings were not understood, as now, by the light artillerymen. So, with the exception of one man, they had no one capable of using it.

Three or four days went by, our situation rapidly grew worse, and Jean was at work all the time with his engineering instruments. Then half a dozen of us were directed to erect a scaffolding on the extreme southwest corner of the roof of the Produce Exchange Building. Two uprights, twenty feet in air, of 3x2 joist, with a cross-bar about three inches from the top and separating them about six feet, were thrown up on the edge next the steeple. Two more, ten feet to the rear of the first pair, next went up, some cross-bars connecting the last two and some planks forming a platform were laid. Jean now directed our best shot to mount and see what he could do. He was a mountaineer, with apparently no more nerves than the rocks of his native hills. He fired three shots, and then, pale and trembling, fell back on the roof. He had glanced down and the sheer drop of one hundred and seventy feet to the pavements below had been too much for him. Then Jean climbed up, carefully keeping his eyes turned upward, his glasses flung over his shoulder, and on reaching the platform, examined carefully the embrasure through which the slender barrel of the vicious little monster could be seen. He looked discouraged, and well he might; for could he have posted a good rifleman ten feet to the left, he would have been squarely in front of the embrasure, and provided he were good enough shot to hit a fifteen-inch target at that distance, could pick off anyone attempting to work the gun, and also prevent the enemy from dragging it away. Suddenly his eye lighted on the steeple of All Souls. There was the statue resting on a pedestal about two feet in diameter. Could he place one of his men where the statue was, the gun could be prevented from opening fire; a sortie could be made with some hope of success, and the brigade saved.

Jean did not look twice. He was off the scaffolding and on his way to the roof in an instant. A pulley block, with a stout line through it, was soon attached to the cornice of the building. One of our twelve-pounders was dismounted and was quickly on its journey of one hundred and fifty feet from the pavement to the roof. Its carriage quickly followed. All hands were ordered off the roof with the exception of Jean and an old artillery man. There was a roar: the building shook with the concussion and St. Peter was dismounted from the pedestal he had occupied these many years. Then Jean's voice could be heard,—

"Tell the general that the machine gun is out of commission. I will answer to him with my head that it does no more of its horrible work, and that he can order his sortie at once. All I want is my company here."

Then the general came quickly, almost before Jean had ceased to speak, and briefly he was shown how, with one of our expert riflemen on the steeple, the machine gun would be worthless.

Soon the trumpets were heard in the streets below. The battalions of infantry were formed on the streets leading to the South up to the gate, the horses giving signs of their short rations but still making a brave showing. All was ready, waiting for the signal from Jean on the top of the Produce Exchange. He had been working like a madman to piece the remaining planks and timbers together so as to form a sort of bridge from the scaffolding to the steeple. It was finished, tested, raised to the scaffolding, and dropped into place. The signal was given. The gate was raised. The huzzars were half through the gate in columns of fours when the battery opened, and curiously, not at our huzzars, but the elevated muzzles of six guns were pointed as straight as their gunners could point them at the top of the Produce Exchange. At the second discharge the bridge went. Jean turned like a flash and called, "Max"! Obediently I stepped forward. He led me to the edge nearest the steeple and explained. I was to mount the scaffolding, leap for the steeple, take my position on the pedestal lately occupied by the statue, and prevent the enemy from working the machine gun, while our fellows made their assault.

The rest seems like a dream. I was not afraid, but the thing seemed physically impossible, and I wanted to urge it. In the most matter-of-fact tone and manner, I pointed out to Jean that there were others in the company better fitted for the service. There was not the slightest element of fear, but I was stout; I weighed nearly two hundred pounds; I had led a sedentary life; the chances at best were one in ten that the leap could be made successfully from the top of the scaffolding; if I were to fall in the attempt, the spectacle of my body, lying crushed and mangled on the pavement below, would be a deterrent; it would be difficult if not impossible to get another of our men to undertake it; there were better shots in the company than I; there were naturally cooler heads than mine; there was Jacques, the mason; he was accustomed to working at great heights and equally as good a shot. Jean listened to me impatiently, and then half frantically said:

"My dear Max, it is our only hope. If you cannot do it, no man can. Granted that you are not in as fit condition as some of the others; granted that you are not as good a shot as some of the others; there are none of them that can accomplish what my old friend Max can. If you will say that you can do it, it can be done. Think of our brave fellows going to certain death. Think of the disgrace to me."

I talked no more, but asked for a fresh cartridge belt, threw my rifle to my back and climbed the scaffolding. The battery had turned its attention to our fellows marching out on the plain, so gave no more trouble, but there I stood, twenty feet above the roof, one hundred and seventy feet from the street, and ten feet of a leap before me with but a bare two square feet for a resting place when the leap was accomplished. It would never do to leap for the pedestal itself. I must jump so that the pedestal, which looked about the size of a mushroom, would come just below my intercostal arch, then sieze the further edge with my hands and the tapering spire with my feet and legs. I waved my hand to Jean and the company on the roof, and with no more thought than if it were a leap on the green, sprang forward. My judgment was good. The edge of the pedestal came against my stomach, the momentum of the spring threw me forward, and by an intense muscular effort I grasped the steeple. It swayed from the impact, once, twice, and then became steadier. Jean cried out to me to beware of the copper edge of the top of the pedestal. The elements had worn it thin, and parts of it crumbled in my grasp. The taper of the steeple, slight as it was here, gave some sort of resistance to my knees, and I brought the stock of my gun around where I could use it as a hammer, and carefully broke the cornice bit by bit, so that what was left was firm and solid, but the top was as smooth as polished marble.

A spring,—again the rocking of the steeple, and I was perched on the pinnacle. With my feet and legs twisted about the steeple, I brought my rifle to the front, lifted it to the shoulder, adjusted the telescopic sights and fired.

"Not enough allowance for windage," from Jean of the scaffolding; "that drifted two feet further to the left than you calculated.

I expelled the shell, loaded and fired again. This time a man who had been looking out through the embrasure of the machine gun fell.

"Congratulations! A better shot that time," from a very assertive corporal, followed by what might pass for a cheer.

Then I turned my head. Jean was standing on the scaffolding; his lips were blue, his face was pinched and the color of a corpse. The roof was crowded with the men of our company together with as many of the city people as had been able to force their way up.

I spoke slowly,—"'I am ready, Jean; proceed."

He could not open his mouth to speak, and as I was about to rally him on his lack of nerve, a bullet whizzed by my ear, followed by a perfect storm. Two companies of grenadiers were drawn up back of the machine gun and were firing at me by platoons. Vaguely I wondered why they had not hit me at the first volley, and I wondered too, if when I had been hit and killed I should fall, or if the shot would end it so quickly that my muscles would retain their rigidity, as I had seen one of our fellows stiffen when hit, and I would keep my perch on St. Peter's pedestal. And then I smiled. I was a poor usurper, for I could not expect to retain my elevated position and my good looks as long as the saint. The wind and weather would work their way with me, and the poor clay of which I was composed could not stand the conflict as well as the solid granite image of the saint.

But I was not there to moralize; I was there to watch that machine gun. They had not been able to use it yet, and again my rifle came to my shoulder and again a man dropped.

"Brave work, Max! Whoever would have thought when you were practising at the town rifle range that you would one day have such a mark and such an audience."

There were no more men to be seen near the machine gun, and the grenadiers were firing more slowly. "What poor marksmen they are," I thought. I was getting used to my position and turned to look about me. I could cover almost the complete circuit by turning my head alone. I did not dare turn my body, for I had the range to a nicety, and did not wish to risk wasting one of the precious cartridges which would be hard to replace.

The road running east from the city came under my vision and there was a dust cloud far in the distance. I looked at it intently through the smoke of our first engagement, when the sun shone full on our cuirassiers. Could it be? No, it was imagination. At any rate I was not there to observe the east road. I was there to watch that machine gun. That was my duty, and even if there were troops approaching by the east road they were probably not of ours, and I sighed a little as I thought, "What if my effort has been in vain?" Once again my glance rested on the machine gun. It had become very hateful to me. There was no one near it. How cold the pedestal was? Could I sleep sitting there, I wondered. I would look once again at the east road. Carefully I turned my head, and there was no mistaking it now. It was a large body of men. A battalion? No, for there was a battery behind the cuirassiers. It must be a brigade. No, for the dust lifted now, and there were at least half a dozen regiments of infantry, and more coming from behind the hills. "A division," I thought, "or perhaps an entire army corps, and look! they wear the red trousers of ours."

"Jean," I cried, "our work is done for us and I may come down."

A woman's voice said: "The strain has been too much for him. He is insane." I pointed over my shoulder,—

"Your glasses, Jean, look!" But Jean seemed as one stricken. The same assertive corporal,—and I always detested the fellow, forgot his discipline, stepped forward and took Jean's glasses from his shoulder. You never can expect conscripts to behave like regular troops of the line. He whispered something to the brave fellow and a murmur arose from the crowd assembled on the roof.

It was, indeed, relief. My work was done and now to get back. We had not thought of that before. Slowly I swung around so that I might stand upright on the pedestal. Then I thought of my shoes. They were the regulation army shoe and plentifully studded with iron nails. They must come off, for I never could stand on the glassy pedestal with them on my feet. I swung my rifle to my back and reached for my knife. But why should I sacrifice the thongs with which the shoes were laced? They were the best wearing ones I had ever had, and where would I get another pair? Our people had long since stopped issuing equipment. I would unlace them and so save them. Then followed a struggle. Once again the woman's voice was heard declaring I was insane. Carefully I clung to the steeple with my left leg and drew the right foot to me. Twice I nearly toppled over backwards, and only a lighting-like movement saved me, and in each case I had to begin anew. The third time I was more successful. The foot was within touch of my hand, the knot was untied, and the thong was loosened, the shoe was off! What should I do with it? I could not drop it, because while I had not looked down, I knew a sea of upturned faces were below me. I motioned to those on the roof to stand aside, and firmly gripping the steeple with my knees, hurled the shoe to the center of the roof. It struck the corporal on the shoulder, narrowly missing his face, and I was sorry I had not struck his ever-grinning mask. He was always a most self-assertive fellow. The other shoe now, and the white-faced crowd on the roof stood aside while I sent it to join its mate. Carefully I swung about until I was face down on the pedestal, then one knee rested on it, then the other. Now one foot was on it and now I was standing upright, facing the roof. There was a stir on the roof. Someone was pushing his way through the crowd. It was the general of our brigade. Undoubtedly he had come to the roof to observe the relief column. But no, he was looking at me.

"Silence!" he commanded, "Let no one, on pain of instant death, raise his voice." I gathered myself for the leap, and then for the first time I felt a wave of fear creep over me. Why did not they get a plank to reach from the scaffolding? Why did not they throw me a rope? It was only for an instant and,—well I had no time for suggestions. My feet were as far apart as possible on the narrow space. I was standing upright, but the steeple was swaying and I was swaying with it like a drunken man.

It was done! I was on the roof again, and as my feet felt the welcome surface, Jean fell like a log. That scar on his temple you have noticed before, he got at that time.

Then the general came forward. He kissed me on both cheeks—we are an impulsive people at times—and then he gave me his own cross.

# A COUNTRY ROAD

AMID the green bewilderment
Of moss-rimmed lake and wooded plain
The yellow windings fall away
O'er rolling hills and meadows gay.
Steeped in a sleepy, warm content,
The days like endless Sabbaths reign.

Across the uneventful calm
No equipage of fashion hies;
A blackbird posting through the blue,
With nothing in the world to do,
Is all. A robin's noonday psalm
Floats up from emerald Arcadies.

Tall weeds, the roadside vagabonds,
Drowse in the sun, a worthless crew;
The white balloons of thistledown
Soar on their way to Hushville Town
Above the drooping chestnut fronds,
That hide the village spire from view.

Above the hills an idle cloud
Halts, melting into nothingness;
The hum of industry within
A flower-bell comes; and comes the din
Of tiny saw-mills buzzing loud
From bugs and insects numberless.

In fragrant apple blossom days
A drove of sheep may travel down;
A pair of lovers breathing vows
May ride beneath the meeting boughs;
When Autumn hides the hills in haze
The fruit carts rattle toward the town.

And oft, upon a Winter night,
The Moon's pale immortality
Looks down, and sees an open sleigh
Alive with singers, on their way
Along the road's pure vestal white
To country ball or spelling bee.

The changing aspects of the year
Bring but the farm-team with its load;
The auto, whirling dust and gas
In deadly speed will never pass
This way, to make the scene a fear—
Most happy sylvan country road!

*Jasper Barnett Cowdin*

# THE BOO-JAB

## By Edmund Vance Cook

THERE'S a mystical, musical, marvellous tongue,
The most irresistible spoken or sung;
It is older than Babel and yet is as young
As a "Bwij-a-ba-ba-a-gwa-boo-blab."
If that is beyond you, 'tis perfectly clear
You must study with one, who is known about here
(From the style of his speech) as the Boo-Jab.

His forehead runs round to the back of his neck;
His eyes are so wise and his nose is a speck,
And his talk is like language that's been in a wreck,
Or, perhaps, it's some sort of a new gab;
And he makes the most strenous efforts to teach
Everybody he meets this remarkable speech:
"Bidje wa-wa, ba-ba, an a Boo-Jab."

The distinctions he makes are remarkably fine,
For supposing you ask, "Are you ready to dine?
"Do you wish to be walked, or desire to recline?
"Will you ride in your old, or your new cab?"
He ponders a moment, a moment he waits
And then, with precision he solemnly states:
"Blodja bidge, an-gwa, an a Boo-Jab."

And when we have met in some moment of dread,
As, perhaps, when he bumps his redoubtable head,
Or again, as he works to the edge of the bed
And rolls over, as I grab and you grab;
And then, as we hurriedly look for his hurts,
What a joyous relief, when he softly asserts,
"Bwidje ba-wa, ang wa, an a Boo-Jab."

Is it Welsh? (I have heard it connected with wails.)
Is it Choctaw, come down from the Indian trails?
Is it rooted 'way back in the Anthropoid tales?
Is it Yiddish—a sort of a Jew-blab?
Whatever it be, Russian, Prussian, or Dutch,
I never can hear it too often, or much:—
"Bwidje ba-ba, ang wa, an a Boo-Jab!"

# The K·K·K

### By C. W. Tyler

CLARKSVILLE, TENNESSEE

## CHAPTER XVIII—(*continued*)

"You can't fool dat old man. I'm afeerd to try it. He'll twist honest testimony into all kinds of shapes when he stands befo' de jury, but he won't tech no bogus testimony. Dat goes ag'in his stomach."

"Pass me dot plack pottle ag'in, Sam," said the old gentleman. Having taken a second drink more copious than the first, he corked the bottle and set it down beside him. The liquor seemed to depress his spirits, for he began soon to shake his head and hold forth in a melancholy way.

"Mine shile, mine poor shile in de shail! De tam lawyer took my money, and vill not let de vitnesses speak vot vould set mine shile free. He haff my money, and vill not vork for my money; dot is not pizness. Oh, mine Cot! tese lawyers, tese lawyers, tese tam, rascally lawyers. Tis man Perlaffer, Sam, he is one tam scer-roundrel."

"You and him for dat," replied the negro. "I ain't gwy fool wid him."

"He take my money to free my shile," continued the old man, "but do he free my shile? Mine Cot, no. My money in his pocket, and mine shile in de shail; dot is not pizness. Pime-py, he say to me, pime-py your shile be free as te pird dat fly, and fly, and light vere he tam please. Pime-py, pime-py. Mine Cot! I haff vait, and vait, and pime-py haff not come allretty. De vitness for to hang your shile, he say, vill not pe on hand next time. Mine Cot! ven de next time come de tam vitness he is on hand. Pass me te pottle, Sammy."

"Pass him the jug," said Mr. Hardrider. "Let him fill up and be done with it."

"Dar's de bottle right by you," said Sam. "Help yourself."

The old gentleman again raised the black bottle to his mouth and swallowed a liberal portion of its contents. When he had replaced it by his side, he eyed the card-players for a few moments in silence, then he accosted them with an air of half-tipsy gravity:

"Shentlemen, I vish to say something."

"Say on," replied Mr. Hardrider. "Two and two, and my deal, Sam."

"Shentlemen," continued the old man, "dere is a person in dis country vot makes himself too busy vid vot don't concern him. His name is—ah—his name is—ah—Perryerson. Vot you call?"

"Pearson," said Sam. "Ran Pearson, dey calls him. He got a pooty good 'oss, but de stable do' is double-locked, and dar's a bull dog dat prowls round de place constant. I trumps dat ace, sho."

"Tam te 'oss, and te pulltog, and te ace," said the old gentleman.

"Wot den?" inquired Sam.

"Dis man—vot you call?—Perryerson, he too tam busy vid vat don't concern him. He haff de vitnesess at coort de last time, he vill haff dem dere de next time. My lawyer say no, I say yes. Py te plood of te prophets, I say yes. He vill heff te vitnesses on hand, dis man Perryerson. Mark dat, Sammy. Mark dat, Artriter. Tis man vill fetch vitnesses to de coort to hang mine shile. He is a tam scer-roundrel."

"Meb-be so," replied Sam.

"I vish he vos dead," said the old gentleman. "Amen," cried Mr. Hardrider.

"Shentlemen," continued the old man, regarding the two gamblers more narrowly than might have been expected from one in his seemingly inebriated condition, "if dis man Perryerson vould mind his own pizness my child vould pe free terreckerly. Tink of dat."

The two men played on in silence.

"If he vos tead," the old gentleman went on, "mine poor shile vould pe free terreckerly. Mine shile, mine shile, he vould pe free as te 'appy pird."

"Won't do," said Mr. Hardrider. "I'm in the horse-trading business."

"I've tried my hand at fust one thing and den anudder," said Sam, "but I never has kilt anybody yit."

"Dot is right," said the old gentleman. "Stick to dat, mine frients, and you vill pe angels pime-py, mebbe."

As it was now growing late, the old gentleman laid himself down upon a blanket spread a little way off from the fire and fell asleep.

Mr. Hardrider and the negro played on with varying luck until past midnight. Sometimes they were intent upon the game, sometimes they allowed themselves to be beguiled into conversation on miscellaneous topics. They arranged the details of the following day's expedition, by which it was hoped to bring the slim racehorse to comfortable quarters in the cavern, where he might keep company with Dandy Jim. They touched once or twice on the subject which the old gentleman had last introduced, but this in very low tones, for fear his snoring might be stimulated. When they at last abandoned the game the negro was a few dollars ahead, and Mr. Hardrider a little worse off pecuniarily than when they began to finger the cards. He was naturally light-hearted, though, and it would have taken a very heavy and persistent run of ill luck to depress him.

"Damn the difference," he said to Sam before retiring. "I just play anyhow for the excitement of the thing."

"Me too," replied Sam, tying the evening's winnings up carefully in a rag.

"I never tried life in a cave until I was sent down here to help out the old man," said Mr. Hardrider, "and I find it lonesome as the devil. I've read 'Jack Sheppard' through three times in the last week. If I stay here much longer, I'm going to get me up a library."

"Dat's past me," replied the negro; "I can't read."

"I ain't even allowed to sing," continued Mr. Hardrider, "for fear the sheriff will come listen. All I can do for amusement is to play cards, and somehow I have hard luck at that. If I play with you, you make a pretty good hole in my pile; if I play with the old man, he takes it all."

"Luck will change, luck will change," answered Sam, striving to comfort his friend.

"Oh, blast the odds," said Mr. Hardrider cheerfully. "It would all go in a lifetime anyway. Old Vanderbilt had to leave the world, and didn't take a dollar with him. Rain, shine, good luck, bad luck—'twill all go in a lifetime, Sam."

With this cheerful reflection, the young horse-trader untied his shoes and laid down to rest. Sam followed his example, stretching himself at length on a different pallet. They too must have been favored with sound digestion and clear consciences, for soon they were wrapt in deep sleep, and nothing disturbed the silence of the cavern but the snoring of the old man and the occasional stamping of Dandy Jim as he pined in his rather lonely stable.

## XIX

## THE OLD FARMER ATTENDS A BUSINESS MEETING OF THE K. K. K., AND HEARS SOMETHING NOT TO HIS ADVANTAGE

THE fox that hid in the cedars on Dead Man's Knob was disturbed by another gathering of human creatures at that secluded spot. Again the Grand Cyclops donned his ghostly robe; again some applicant for admission into the klan stood before him and the mummery of initiation was gone through with. But the klan had business of more importance than the mere admission of new members into a society which was already sufficiently large to accomplish the purpose for which it had been organized. Tonight the grave question to be discussed and decided was whether the time had arrived when the midnight murderer of a good old woman in their midst should be taken by force or stratagem from the authorities and held to account for his monstrous crime. Nearly a year had elapsed since the flames from the burning Bascombe home lit up the sky and the neighborhood about the place. A full year would have elapsed before the brute who committed a cruel and causeless murder there could be arraigned to answer for his deed. More than this, after three times visiting their county seat to testify against him, the witnesses familiar with the facts must now be dragged to another county town—a full day's journey from their homes—before they could be heard to tell their plain tale in court. That there should be indignation among the good folk of the Marrowbone Hills was natural. That they should fail to understand why the authorities proceeded at a snail's pace to bring a heartless scoundrel to settlement, and apparently befriended him in his effort to shirk investigation, was natural. The blood of old Granny Bascombe cried aloud from the stained earth for vengeance, and good men and women fretted over the fact that it had cried so long in vain. Good men and women fretted over the fact till wrath and indignation took possession of the community, and many there were who censured the secret organization that had been instrumental in snatching a murderer from the hands of those who would have visited swift punishment upon him and placing him in a situation where, they were convinced, not even tardy justice would ever reach him. That such an organization existed in the community was well understood, though the individuals that composed it, its meeting-place and even its objects and purposes, were altogether conjectural.

Again the circle was formed on Dead Man's Knob, and when a few novitiates had been duly installed members, the tall Grand Cyclops announced that the Ulema, or court of the order, would convene. The three judges gravely took their seats on the flat stone against the bluff and listened to arguments and appeals for action in the case of the murderer, Johan Ankerstrom, alias Cross-eyed Jack.

Many members addressed the court, some in a rambling way, some much to the point. All the speakers without exception urged that something must be done. Even those who at the last meeting had advised against interference with the public authorities now admitted that the limit of patience had been passed, and that if the murderer could be wrested from the jail where he lay he should be brought at once before the klan for trial.

The Grand Cyclops, whose appropriate figure and grave deportment had made him the head of the order, delivered on this occasion a few impressive remarks. The objects of the order, he reminded the august tribunal before him, were threefold. First, by promptly taking charge of persons suspected of grave crimes, to prevent mob law, which from excitement and lack of method often punished the innocent, and which tended to encourage rather than check those prone to disorderly acts. Secondly, to turn these suspected persons when arrested promptly over to the authorities, and to aid the authorities in bringing them to speedy hearing so that justice in each case might be promptly and openly done. Thirdly, where the authorities failed, after reasonable time had been allowed, to bring any offender to open trial, then the klan should resume its control over such offender and deal with him as right and justice might demand. These objects, said the Grand Cyclops, addressing the

Dreadful Ulema, were all such as law-abiding citizens could not fail to approve of. Rash and furious mob law, striking blindly after a grave crime had been committed, could not be justified by any right-thinking person. In a community where there were court-houses and courts, the opportunity to deal with flagrant offenders should always be given the public authorities before outsiders would be justified in interfering. But crime must be punished, society must be protected, old women and young girls must be allowed to retire to rest at night without fear of molestation. If the proper authorities could not afford the necessary protection, good citizens must band together to aid the authorities; and if aid was not sufficient to attain the desired end, then good citizens must assume the entire responsibility, and by punishing guilty persons protect themselves and their neighbors from further outrages. The time had now come, the Grand Cyclops maintained, when the klan, having relied on the law long enough, should resume charge of this man, Ankerstrom, and administer justice to him. He had not given the poor old woman whom he roused at midnight time to say her prayers before he murdered her. The good people of the vicinity should be given to understand that if there was not strength enough in the courts to punish such monstrous crimes, there was strength enough in a voluntary society, organized for the purpose of maintaining peace and good order in the community. It was preposterous to say time enough had not been allowed for the courts to make a thorough investigation of the grave case before them. The speaker knew nothing of the technicalities of the law, but taking a common-sense view of the matter, he would say that where monstrous crimes were committed, prompt trial and punishment must follow or the whole effect of visiting the consequences of crime on the offender would be lost. The law as now administered was certainly a failure. Maybe it was nobody's fault, but the fact was the law was a failure, and the question remained as to whether there was any power anywhere to punish crime.

The Grand Cyclops, a plain young farmer, undoubtedly voiced the sentiment of those present when he urged that speedy action be taken in the Ankerstrom case, and that the courts should no longer be relied on to deal with the murderer. Others followed along the same line, and Teddy McIntosh spoke vehemently as usual.

"Why, look a here," Teddy argued, "are we ever going to do anything about this business or not? If we are, it's time we were about it; if we ain't, let's disband and go home. What have we done since we organized this klan to right things about here? What have we done, most Dreadful Ulema, what have we done? We've trapsed around the country in our shirt-tails, so to speak, and skeered a few niggers out of their wits, but have we put a stop to the villainy that's going on around us? When was there ever such a state of affairs in the Marrowbone Hills as there is right now? A good horse stolen on court day right under the nose of the judge, and Billy Metcalf's fine racehorse took out of his lot one night last week. This together with a whole lot of other devilment not worth while to name. What are we going to do about it? Why, if it please the Dreadful Ulema, the lawyers and the judges in the court-house couldn't dilly-dally worse than we've done. This is putting it pretty strong, I know, but I leave it to all the members of this klan if I ain't right? We banked a heap on mystery when we first organized. This Brotherhood was to be so secret, and keep things so dark, that everybody around would stand in awe, and folks would only know there was such a society as ours when they found the mighty things we'd done. Well, sirs, now how does the matter stand? Which side has got the mystery in it, if you come to mystery? A horse took in the broad, open daytime, not two hundred yards from the court-house, with court in session and a thousand folks in town. Who took that horse, and where was he carried to? Smuggled out of the country by some sort of hocus pocus, and the smartest man in the Marrowbone Hills couldn't say when or how. They waylaid the roads, and the horses hadn't left by any road. They sent off telegrams, and the horse hadn't been seen at any of the places where a thief would have been likely to take him. So it is with Billy Metcalf's race nag. We've scoured the country up and down, far and wide, and if that critter is on top of ground we can't find him. One thing is certain, though, one thing is certain. The scamps that are putting up jobs like this ain't much afraid of the law. They ain't much afraid of any kind of law. Court-house law, and K. K. K. law, they snap their fingers at all of it. It's time somebody was hung, I tell you. It's time somebody's neck was pulled. If we get the right man, amen; if we get the wrong man, better than nobody at all. Why, look-a-here. I slept last night in my stable loft. What for? Because I didn't want my saddle-horse took, that's why. He's a good horse; sire, Autocrat; grandsire, imported Imp; got a pedigree long as my arm, and I couldn't afford to have him took. That's the reason I slept in my stable loft with a shot-gun for company. I'll tell you another thing, too. If a horse-thief had come about my stable neither them fellows at the court-house nor this here Dreadful Ulema would have been bothered with his case. Not bothered at all, gentlemen; not bothered at all, I give you my word. Look at old Granny Bascombe's case, too, will you? Good old woman, kind-hearted old woman, Christian woman. Knocked in the head like a dog, and everybody knows who killed her. How long has it been since she was knocked in the head, and everybody knowin' who killed her? Close on to a year. What's been done about it? Not a thing in the world. First a whole lot of witnesses, young and old, men and women, sick folks and well folks, had to go before the grand jury. So far so good. Next the same crowd, young and old, men and women, sick and well, had to march back to court and tend the trial. They laid the case over to next term. Too much excitement, they said. Oh, yes, too much excitement. Cross-eyed Jack couldn't be tried while excitement was up; not by any means. So they laid the case over, and one more time everybody, young and old, men and women, sick and well, had to trapse to town to tend court. What then? Was they allowed to tell their tales and get back to their homes? Oh, no, by no means. Excitement being still up, the case must be laid over again, and not only so, [illegible] for trial next time in another far-away county, where it'll be hard to get the witnesses to tend. Nobody in all this here county fit'n' to set on the case of Cross-eyed Jack. He must be tried in a dead calm, and before strangers, if his lawyer ever makes up his mind to have a trial at all, which ain't likely. Well, I don't know how it is with this here Dreadful Ulema, and the balance of you fellows, but I'm tired. Some-'pn' ought to be done, and I'll just be dad-burned, ladies and gentlemen, if I haven't go to the p'int where I'm ready to say some'pn's got to be done. This here klan was got up to help out the courts, and it looks like some other kind of a klan will hav to be got up to help out this here klan, and this here Dreadful Ulema. Nobody in all this here county good enough to try Cross-eyed Jack; oh, no, nobody at all. And this here klan, and this here Dreadful Ulema, they ain't ready to take up the case of Cross-eyed Jack as yet. Oh, no, we must wait, wait, wait. Cross-eyed Jack is a gentleman of such quality that he can only be tried in a dead calm, and before strangers, and when he's ready. We've waited a year, but that don't matter. We must wait another year, and if that ain't sufficient, we must wait his convenience. Well, I for one am tired of waiting, and I'm ready to take up the case right here, right now. I want to see the case of Cross-eyed Jack, alias Dutch Ankers, alias all-round infernal scoundrel, go off the docket. I want to give him a free pass to another world right away. I'd rather send him off by the rope route, but if that can't be done, then by the pistol route, and if we can't fix it any other way, I'm willing to hire the jail cook to poison him. I tell you, I mean business about this thing. It's come to the pass in this country that rascals don't fear the law, and honest folks don't depend on the law, and that's a bad state of affairs. It's a bad state of affairs, I tell you, and some-'pn' ought to be done about it, and done quick."

No stenographer was present to take down the scattering remarks of McIntosh, but the above will give a pretty accurate idea of what he said and how he said it. On the whole, he voiced the sentiment of his brother members, though many of them would have expressed themselves in a different way. The Ulema, or high court of the order, however, still operated as a check upon the more impulsive members of the klan. Pearson, after listening calmly to all that had been said, declared gravely that while the procrastinating methods of the law were exasperating, the time had not yet arrived when violent interference with its progress would be justifiable. In the opinion of himself and the two other members who constituted the judicial tribunal of the order, to take a man by force from the custody of the civil authorities and deal with him for his transgression, was a very serious step that would only be justifiable in an extreme case. The speaker did not deny that perhaps it would have been better not to have delivered Ankerstrom to the custody of the law. The accidental presence of the sheriff partly occasioned this, and the speaker himself had favored it at the time, but possibly in the case of so flagrant an offender it might have been better if the klan had dealt with him as he deserved. Now, however, the situation was changed, and no violent action should be taken on the part of the order as long as there was hope that justice would be administered through the courts. Especially at this time, Pearson insisted, it would be unwise to interfere because there was every assurance that the accused after long delay would be forced to trial at the next term. The state's attorney had avowed that there was no legal quibble by which a hearing could be postponed beyond the next term, and the judge had practically so announced from the bench when the change of venue was granted. Therefore, the duty of the brotherhood was to exert every effort and have all the witnesses present when the court assembled. When the case was heard in open court the facts on both sides would be brought out, and the members of the Ulema, being present, could then for themselves determine whether the accused had any sort of defense to the grave charge against him. If he had none, then no technicalities of the law would be permitted to shield him from punishment or to put off much longer the hour when he must pay the penalty of his crime. Under the circumstances, the order must wait patiently and give the law one more chance. If there was interference now, it would be said that the court was just about to dispose of the case when the mob took the matter out of its hands.

"What if there's another postponement instead of a trial?" asked a member of the brotherhood when Pearson had announced his decision.

"We will then meet and determine what is our duty," was the calm response.

When this matter was disposed of, the Ulema adjourned and a discussion followed upon the mysterious disappearance of horses from the community, which had become of frequent occurrence lately. The puzzling thing about these robberies was that no man could tell to what part of the country the animals were taken, or how they were gotten out of the neighborhood where they were known, without detection. None but good animals were taken, and the thieves seemed to be operating upon a prearranged plan that baffled the authorities, and even the members of the order. Upon the subject of these depredations Pearson expressed his opinion.

"It is quite evident," he said, "that this is not the work of negroes; at least that negroes are not planning and managing this systematic scheme by which our best horses are being secretly run out of the country. It is evident also that this is not the work of common, clumsy thieves. So far we have made little progress toward discovering the perpetrators of these frequent crimes, but we have one clue that, followed up, may lead to important disclosures. At our last meeting several members spoke of the presence of an old jewelry peddler in this locality whose conduct was thought to be suspicious. It was an old white man claiming to be a book agent who stole Templeton's horse from Major Habersham's stable. He seems to have had a negro partner, but it was the old white man who put up the job. It was an old white man claiming to be a farmer who stole Miss Sue Bascombe's horse at the last term of the court. These three individuals were all foreigners, all getting along in years, all slick scoundrels, and I am convinced they were all one and the same person. The thing to do is to catch the old scoundrel, who has many disguises, and who seems to be in hiding around here somewhere."

"And the next thing to do is to hang him to a limb," interrupted Teddy McIntosh.

"If we catch him," answered Templeton, "I will agree with you that he should first be brought before the klan and his subsequent disposition then determined."

"No court-house law for him," said McIntosh.

"We'll deal with him promptly, I promise you that," was the reply. "But the first thing to do is to catch him. Now, I'm convinced this gang of scoundrels has a regular hiding place somewhere in the Marrowbone Hills, and that this hiding place is sufficient in size to secrete both horses and thieves after a robbery has been committed. They keep the horses hidden here until we have quit searching for them, and then they slip them off quietly to some distant market and sell them. This old jewelry peddler who plays farmer and Bible agent, and who is sharp enough to fool Lee Templeton and Uncle Davy, is the head of the gang, and by keeping a sharp lookout we can catch him. Let every member keep his eyes and ears open, and let the Grand Cyclops appoint some of our men to watch the roads every night. A dozen good men can watch almost as many different roads, and we can take it in turn about, discharging this duty."

"I say," remarked Mr. Teddy McIntosh, rising to address the assemblage, "if I lay hands on this here old jewelry peddler, Bible agent and farmer, there'll be no courts for him, and no Dreadful Ulema, neither. I'll save all that trouble, I will."

"No," replied Pearson, "you must not do anything against the rules of the order. If you catch him, bring him to us, and we'll deal with him promptly. Have no fear of that."

"No more courts?" asked Teddy dubiously.

"Bring him before the klan; an hour or two will be all the time required to look into his case. If his guilt is clear, and the klan says so, we'll make an example of him. Desperate diseases require desperate remedies."

"That's the talk," replied Mr. McIntosh. "Proceed on that line and we'll stick to you."

The members of the K. K. K. quietly dispersed, each going his separate way, and the stillness of night again reigned on Dead Man's Knob. When all had dispersed, and a half hour had passed without a sign or sound from any creature, a human being crawled from the dense thicket of cedars and stepping softly across the open space took his seat on the flat stone where the members of the Ulema had sat. He was of diminutive stature and alert in his movements, though even in the misty starlight gray hair could be seen straggling from beneath his close black cap. He sat on the stone a while shaking his head and gesticulating with his hands as he muttered in an undertone to himself.

"Von hour, hah? Von hour will be sufficient, hah? Mep-pe so, mep-pe so. Ven dey gits te ole man dey vill make short vork vid him. Hah, yes, yes, yes; no toubt. Ven dey gits him, ven dey gits him."

He gesticulated a few moments in silence, shaking his head vehemently the while.

"T'at man Perryerson is te pig tog. Te oders is leetle bups, shust leetle bups. Ven Perryerson go, te whole tam pizness go. Shust von hour for te ole man—ven dey gits him. Vell, vell; vell, vell. Mep-pe pime-py terreckerly dey vill git him."

There came a slight disturbance, perhaps from some night-prowling animal, and the old man slipped softly away from the stone and was gone. His retreating footsteps gave back no sound as he picked his way in the darkness down the steep side of Dead Man's Knob.

## XX

## THE EXCITING ADVENTURE OF SAM QUACKENBOSS AND MR. HARDRIDER WITH TWO HOBGOBLINS ON THE HIGHWAY

SAM QUACKENBOSS curried the race-horse down, while Mr. Hardrider sat on the ground near by nursing his knees and regarding the labor of the African with satisfaction.

"Touch him up a little under his flank," said Mr. Hardrider.

"Dat's a ticklish place," answered Sam. "Dis here hoss is high-mettled. I lay he kin outrun a skeered deer, and I know he kin kick high, bekase he done flung his legs a time or two at me. I dunno how I'm gwy keep company wid you tonight nohow. De yudder hoss is a saddler; holds his head high and moves stiddy. Dis here nag have got three pooty good gaits, and dat's all. He kin walk springy, he kin lope kinder like a rabbit, and he kin run like hell. Dat's him."

"I'll make him go all three of his gaits tonight," said Mr. Hardrider, "so put him in good trim."

"Ain't I doin' it?" answered Sam. "But don't you lope off and leave me tonight. I axes dat much of you right now. De ole man he kinder got me out'n my line, but still I'm gwy 'bey orders. My line is to curry and feed and git pervisions by fust one play and then anoder. I kin open a stable do', and lead a hoss out, too. Dat's in my line. And I kin climb up on de hoss and ride him to dis here place, and tole him up the creek ef he's a notion to hang back. All dat I kin do. Rubbin' and curryin' is in my line. Short rides is in my line. Wadin' a creek is in my line. But dese here all-night trips astraddle of a lively hoss, dat ain't in my line. Dat ain't in my line, mind you, Mr. Hardrider, but de ole man say so, and I'm gwine."

"The old man's badly rattled," said the white robber. "I never seen him in such a fix as he was last night."

"Dis mornin' you better say. 'Twa'n't lackin' much of day, I tell you, when he come in. He was dead tired, too, like he been runnin' most of de way from somewhars. He never even took off his breeches when he wade de creek, but come in de guest chamber wet as a rat and all in a fume. He shuck me, he did, and say, 'Vake up, vake up, Sammy, t'ere's hell to pay.' I done heered him a comin', so I riz, and sot up, and ax him for to 'splain hisself. He flourish wid his hands like he always do, and say, 'Git te tam 'osses retty, and move vid tem from tis tam hole in te ground.' I say, 'When? Right now?' He stamp his foot and say, 'Tonight, tonight, you tam fool. Tell Artriter. You and him git retty. Ve must move; ve cannot vait.' I say, 'What's up?' He say, 'Pime-py I tell you. You and Artriter git retty to take avay te tam 'osses.' Wid dat he tumble down on his pallet and cuss a while and fidget a while, and den he fall fast asleep; and he ain't gwy wake up till I gits breakfast and shakes him."

"Well," muttered Mr. Hardrider, "I don't know what's up, but I know I'm damned glad to get orders to move. I've lived in here so long I feel like a mole. I blink like an owl when daylight strikes me. I shouldn't wonder if we had fun tonight, Sam, and I hope we will. Anything for excitement. Maybe I'll pass in my checks, and have done with this here cross-grained world before the stars quit shining tonight, but damn the odds. Sooner or later I've got to go, and so it don't matter much when. Give me excitement while I live, that's my motto, Sam."

"S'pos'n dey nabs us?" said the negro.

Mr. Hardrider rose to his feet and slapped himself upon the breast. "Here's a gentleman they'll never nab," he remarked to Sam.

"Me nuther, den," replied Sam. "But look a here, Mr. Hardrider, don't you never leave me. You rides de race-horse, mind you, and I rides de saddler. Whatsomever comes don't you leave me."

"Wouldn't that be ungentlemanly?" inquired the gallant highwayman.

"Yas, sir, 'twould."

"If it comes to a tussle wouldn't there be more excitement in staying than running away?"

"I s'p'ose dar would."

"Then count on me for staying by you," replied the gallant highwayman. "I'm not the man to do an ungentlemanly act, and I long for excitement."

The most exciting thing immediately ahead was breakfast, and to this the two cave-dwellers were soon applying themselves with relish. Sam was a good commissary, and when he had the whole country to fall back on, and as a rule nothing to pay, it is hardly necessary to inform the reader that he kept a well-stocked table. Fried chicken, potatoes, hot corn bread and coffee are ever welcome to the hungry soul, and Mr. Hardrider and Sam did ample justice to these satisfying edibles. When they had finished, Sam, being a prudent housekeeper, raked up the chicken feathers and consumed them in the fire. "No use to leave no signs," he said to his companion. "When we all gets away from here what chickens we ain't et up I'm gwy turn loose in the woods. I'm gwy scrape dis here guest chamber so clean that a pusson s'archin' round atter we done gone would think somebody had got up a dance in here. Dar is always folks, you know, gwine way back under de ground, and fiddlin', and gittin' up dances."

"Next time I dance, please God," said Mr. Hardrider, "I hope to dance on a floor with a fine chandelier overhead, and plenty of fresh air coming in at the windows. Don't talk to me about going away back under the ground and lighting a candle to dance by."

"Still dey is folks what does dat," said Sam, "and I'm gwy fix things in here so if anybody else finds de place they'll think picnickers been 'round. Dey never will s'picion dat horse-traders been usin' dis for dar headquarters. I can't clean up all de signs and smooth over all de ground so as to make like nobody been in here, but I kin fix it so as to make like picnickers been in here. I kin clear out all de horse-tradin' signs, and I'm gwy do it."

The old gentleman slept well. He did not stir until nearly midday, and would not have roused then if Sam had not given him a vigorous shake and told him breakfast was ready. He rose briskly at this and gulped down his coffee and bolted his food as if he had fasted for many hours. When he was through he entered at once upon the subject uppermost in his mind.

"Git retty, Sammy, git retty. You and Artriter must git avay. Ah, mine Cot, yes, yes, ve can stay no longer. Ve must leave te tam place. Ven you gone I go too. Pe sure, pe sure, I vill not stay by mineself. Shust a little vile, tat's all."

"What's to pay?" inquired Mr. Hardrider.

"Te tevil's to pay, t'at's all," answered the old gentleman. "Vat to pay, you say? Vell, I tells you. Last night I vent to de meetin' uff te Kukerklux."

"Done which?" inquired Mr. Hardrider, in some surprise.

"Vent to te meetin' uff te Kukerklux. I haff shined te pand vot dey call te Kukerlux, and last night I vent to te meetin'. I vos dere allretty befo' te oders, and stayed till te oders left, so I'fe cot te whole tam thing. Te Kukerklux tomfoolery doin's I kin tell it all to you, s'help me, but I haff not time. I haff time to tell you von thing, and I will tell you t'at. Listen to me speak, for meppe you vould like to hear my vorts. Vot I zay ten? I zay tis, and you mind my vords, Artriter; you mind my vords, Sam Kervackenparse."

"Don't call me dat," remonstrated Sam. "You hurts my feelings."

"Ver' coot, ver' coot, ten; I vill not hurt your veelings. I vill tell te tale, and hurt no shentleman's veelings. I vill speak plain so any tam fool can understand. I vill speak plain, hah. Vell, den, last night, you understand, I vent to te meetin' of te tam Kukerklux, vat you call. I vent early, so to git a coot place. I hid in te bushes. I lay me flat same as von tam skeverrel on te fence rail, hah. Pime-py terreckerly here tey come; von, two, teventy, fifty. Te shentleman, te coot man vot you call Perryerson, he te pig tog. Te palance is little bups, shust leetle bups. Tey park, and park, but it signify not'ing. Te shentleman, te coot man Perryerson, he up and tell dem somedings. He zay, te coot man do, dat dere is von ole man in t'ese parts vat need to be enkevired uff. T'is ole man sell Piples, and steal 'osses; t'at's me. T'is ole man vot he speak uff likewise tress like te farmer, and steal 'osses; t'ats me. Ven dey gits te ole man vot is me t'ey vill sving him to te limb in von hour; t'at's vat t'ey say. No courts for te ole man; no shury for him. No lawyer fur to plead his case. Ven dey gits him, mind you, he svings like a tog; svings like a tam tog; ven dey gits him. Shust so, shust so. Vell, vell, no matter fur t'at. Te coot man Perryerson likewise zay t'ere is von tam nigger vot keep company vid te ole man. Ven t'ey gits t'is nigger vot vill t'ey do to him? T'ey vill skint him alive, so te coot man Perryerson zay."

"Name o' de Lord!" ejaculated Sam.

"Te name o' te Lord vill not safe te nigger ven dey gits him, and te coot man Perryerson zay he vill haff t'at nigger tead or alife. He vant t'at nigger uxspecial, te coot man Perryerson do. Ah, he is a coot man, he is a ferry coot man, t'is Perryerson shentlemun. Vere is te plack bottle? I vill trink to his helt. I vill, s'help me."

They passed the black bottle to the old gentleman and he raised it to his mouth.

"May he liff long and perrosper, t'is coot man Perryerson," he said before refreshing himself.

"May he go to the devil this week," interrupted Mr. Hardrider.

"Amen to dat," proclaimed Sam.

The old gentleman shook his head. "He is a coot man, t'is Perryerson. But listen vat furder he zay. He zay t'ey haff vatch at te wrong time. T'ey vatch too kervick. Te ole man vot t'ey vill hang to te limb, and te tam nigger vat t'ey vill skint alife, and te oder vite man vot is vuss t'an all—"

"Did they name me?" inquired Mr. Hardrider, with some anxiety in his tone.

"T'ey name no names," replied the old gentleman. "But t'ey say te robbers keep 'osses hid someveres for von veek, two veek, till te beople stop luking; t'en t'ey run te 'osses avay, clean avay from te country. T'at vat t'ey zay. And t'ey zay t'ey vill bekin right avay and vatch all te roads all te time, so t'at no man git avay vid a 'oss. T'ey zay t'ey vill vind te ten uf te robbers, vich t'ey know to pe in te Marrowpone 'Ills. T'ey vill vatch all te roads all te time. T'ey vill hang to te tree te ole man vot sells Piples; t'ey vill skint te tam nigger alife; and vat t'ey vill do to te udder vite man vill pe vuss t'an all. So poys, luke out."

Mr. Hardrider drew all the loads from his pistol and supplied the cylinders with fresh cartridges. He packed up his belongings in a small bundle, and made ready to leave the country for an indefinite period. When he had completed his arrangements for departure, he laid down on the ground close to the lantern and fell to reading "The Life and Adventures of Jack Sheppard," with which thrilling romance he entertained himself for nearly the entire remainder of the day.

The old gentleman stirred about a good deal. He and Sam hid in the depths of the cavern many tell-tale articles which they did not wish to destroy, and which could not be conveniently carried away. All signs of recent occupation were obliterated as carefully as possible. It was understood that the old gentleman would remain in the vicinity a day or two longer, so as to catch any fresh news that was stirring, and then would meet his friends at a designated spot in another state, where the business of the season would be wound up by a fair settlement. The old gentleman seemed to be somewhat moody over leaving his apartments, and indulged but little more in conversation during the day. Once when he and the negro had sat down on the ground for a resting spell he remarked gravely to the latter after a considerable interval of silence:

"Sam, t'at man Perryerson is a coot man."

The negro nodded, but made no verbal response.

"May he liff long and perrosper," continued the old gentleman.

The negro nodded again.

It was about ten o'clock by Mr. Hardrider's accurate timekeeper when he and Sam Quackenboss made ready to mount and set off for distant parts. The old gentleman accompanied them as far as the bank of the stream, where he gave them his blessing and let them go. The negro here took off all his clothing except his hat, which Mr. Hardrider advised him to keep on for appearance's sake. Strapping his raiment firmly to the saddle, he led the larger horse by the bridle, holding a lantern in his right hand. The white robber came behind mounted on the slim racer, which followed in much trepidation, but without urging, close on the heels of the other animal. They made the many slippery windings in safety, and when they reached a point which Sam knew was on the verge of the outer world, he extinguished his lantern. Proceeding a short distance farther, he came to the mouth of the cave, and here he stood on a large rock in the middle of the stream and rehabilitated himself.

Climbing into the saddle, he maintained the lead until they reached the stony road that crossed the stream a few hundred yards below the cave. Here the two men halted for a moment, and Sam, in a whisper, proposed to his companion to take a drink, saying he was cold.

"Ten mile away from here there's a spring," replied Mr. Hardrider, "and we'll take a drink there, Sammy, if we ever get there. Till then, not a drop goes down my throat."

"Mine nother, den," responded Sam in a shivering whisper.

Mr. Hardrider here took the lead, being familiar with the route. Wherever the way was broad enough, Sam rode by his side, and when this could not be conveniently done he dropped behind. When they got away from the timber and into the open country, they found it was a bright, starlight night and pleasant as one could wish. There were several houses along the road, and by these they passed as quietly as they could, like gentlemen who were in no special hurry. Between these they rode faster, but there was nothing in the gait they traveled to indicate flight. By and by they came to a long lane, with a broad field on either hand. Mr. Hardrider had always considered this a critical part of his road, for there was little hope of escape in case of interruption. Just before he entered it he drew rein and whispered to Sam:

"If anybody tries to halt you here, clap spurs to your horse and ride right over him. It's forward or backward in this place, and if you turn back they'll kill you sure."

"All right," responded Sam in a voice that was low, husky and tremulous. Perhaps he trembled from apprehension; perhaps he was still chilly from exposure in the creek; perhaps both causes combined to make his nerves unsteady.

They proceeded without adventure for a half-mile or so, and Sam was just congratulating himself that the danger line was passed, when a tall figure dressed all in white rose up by the roadside and another figure dressed in black rose up on the opposite side of the way. The figure in white was astoundingly tall, and his eyes beamed more luminously than those of an owl in the night. The figure in black, of shorter stature, began waving his arms and hopping up and down in the road, as if he was making ready to fly. Neither spoke, and their unaccountable behavior was calculated to astonish anybody.

"Oh, Mr. Hardrider, it's de Ku Klux," cried Sam in the extremity of his terror.

The highwayman did not respond to his companion nor undertake to hold converse with those in front of him. Instead of this, he levelled his pistol at the head of the tallest individual in front of him and pulled the trigger. At the flash and the report he clapped spurs to his steed, and, dashing like lightning between the white spook and the black spook, went down the road as fast as the flying feet of the racer would take him. Sam endeavored to follow suit, but to his unspeakable terror he saw as he advanced that the head of the white spook had been knocked off by Mr. Hardrider's pistol shot, while the body and legs were still cavorting about in the road. Staying no longer to question, he rolled from his horse, leaped the fence on his left, and fled the scene of action. Two or three shots whizzed over his head, but none came near him, or if so he was too badly frightened to take note of them. He ran till he was out of breath, then rested a while, and rose and ran again. When he had recovered his scattered senses, he bent his way more deliberately toward the hiding place he had just left, and from which he knew the old man had not yet departed.

Meanwhile the animal he had deserted in such unceremonious fashion wheeled in the road and would have made back in the direction from which it had come, but that the tall spook—not minding the trifling accident of having lost its head—rushed forward in haste and seized the bridle rein. It was, as has been said, a starlight night, and objects near at hand could be discerned with tolerable distinctness. When the headless ghost had laid firm grip on the rein and consumed a second or two in inspecting the captured horse, he cried exultantly to his companion in black:

"Dandy Jim, by Jupiter!"

The voice that made this announcement was the voice of Teddy McIntosh, though the stature and general make-up of the individual hardly seemed to be that of a human being at all.

"Where's my head?" inquired the spook that had appropriated Teddy's voice. "Look up in the fence corner there for it, will you? That fellow shot it clean off."

The fact is, Teddy and his companion, a member of the klan, had been assigned to duty on that particular road, with instructions to halt and inquire into the business of all travelers who might pass that way. Desiring to mix a little fun with more serious duty, they arrayed themselves in ghostly garbs and resolved, before bringing any approaching person to halt, to cut a few capers in the road such as would be calculated profoundly to impress the wayfarer. Teddy supposed this would, of course, lead to inquiry from the advancing party, and mutual explanations would follow. He was armed and had his pistol in hand, as did his companion in black, when the two horsemen came down the lane, but when Mr. Hardrider unexpectedly popped away at him, and then charged down upon him, he was for a moment disconcerted. The loss of his pasteboard head was a small matter, but the bullet came uncomfortably close to his real scalp, indeed plowed a slight furrow in his cranium, and this for the instant put him out. His friend in black fired at the gentleman on the race nag, and also at the negro as he leaped the fence, but neither shot took effect. Teddy, as soon as he came to himself, also opened up, but with little hope of doing anything more than making a racket. It was evident that they had let two bold horse-thieves and one horse get away; but as the fruit of the encounter they had saved Dandy Jim, and this to Teddy's mind was a great deal. He left his companion to stand guard the remainder of the night, being convinced that no other exciting adventure would befall, and, mounting the captured animal, set off at once for the residence of its lawful owner, Miss Sue Bascombe.

He had ten miles to go, but he reached his destination before day, and sent in word to the young lady as soon as anybody was astir that he had Dandy Jim safe and sound at the front gate, and she could come down and take possession if she had a mind to.

Miss Sue came down without devoting

overmuch time to her toilet, and having thankfully received back her own, invited Mr. McIntosh to breakfast. The young gentleman, after washing his face and hands, was of course obliged to relate the moving incidents of the night, and it goes without saying that he had an attentive auditor. Miss Sue was very fond of her horse, and she seemed very much obliged to the young gentleman who had rescued it from the clutch of the robber. She laughed when Teddy told her about getting his head shot off, and she expressed admiration for the stranger when she learned of his sudden onslaught and successful dash for liberty.

"Why, he's a bold fellow, Teddy, this robber is," she said. "I'd like to know more about him."

"I don't care to know much more about him," replied Teddy. "I came very near knowing too much last night. Look where his bullet grazed my head."

She examined Mr. McIntosh's head as he held it down for inspection. There was a bruise where the missile had touched the skin.

"You should have shot first, Teddy," said the young lady when she had completed her investigation. "It was thoughtless of you to play ghost in the road with a robber in front."

"I know it was," answered Teddy.

"But I thank you ever so much for bringing Dandy Jim back, and I won't forget you for it, Teddy."

"Till when?" inquired the young man rather ungrammatically.

Miss Sue Bascombe regarded the young man very kindly. "I'll remember you a long, long time, Teddy," she answered. "I always did like you, you know. When you worked my sums for me at school, didn't I like you then?"

"It was you worked mine," said Teddy.

"So it was," she replied. "I forgot. Anyhow, I like you, and always did like you. You know that."

He swallowed a time or two and turned rather red in the face. "Wh-a-t about Ran Pearson?" he asked, blunderingly.

She raised her head, tapped the floor with her foot, and answered deliberately; "Ran Pearson is a nice old man. He's getting bald-headed too fast–and is too pokey for me."

He looked decidedly pleased. "You like me, don't you, Sue? You said so just now."

She eyed him kindly but calmly. "I've liked you, Teddy," she replied, "ever since you used to let me do the sums for you at school."

Then the breakfast bell rang. When the meal was ended Mr. McIntosh left for his home, riding Dandy Jim, with a little negro boy behind him to take the horse back. As he rode he mused. "That girl can twist anybody around her finger," he said to himself.

It was an hour before day when Sam found his way on foot and in pitch darkness up the creek that led into the interior of the cave. He groped his way into the apartment where the old man slept by the fire, which gave but little light or heat. The negro waked him and related his experience. The two remained in the cavern all the following day. Late in the evening they effectually secreted the few remaining articles that had not been disposed of the day before.

Shortly before midnight they withdrew, each with his clothes in a bundle on his head. At the entrance to the cave they robed themselves and quietly stole away from the vicinity. Where they hid the next day, and where they lodged the following night, and for many succeeding nights, I cannot tell you. For weeks and weeks the creek flowed on through its narrow channel undisturbed by man or horse, and the snug guest chamber in the cavern was unoccupied.

## XXI

## THE ANKERSTROM CASE IS CALLED IN ANOTHER COUNTY

FOUR months is not always, and what with the plowing and the planting, and the doing of numberless odd jobs on the farm, the disgruntled folk who had come away from the court at Ashton did not find the time very long until they were summoned again to attend the court at Coopertown. It was not without considerable difficulty, however, that Sheriff Sanderson, aided by Pearson, induced the numerous witnesses to forsake their avocations at a busy time of the year and journey to a neighboring county to give evidence before judge and jury. Apprehension of being fined for non-attendance secured the presence of some of them, though there were not a few who would have remained away if nothing else had been relied on to induce their attendance. The judge in that county was a good man, of respectable legal attainments, but getting along in years, and inclined to be both unduly harsh when at all exasperated, and also unduly lenient when subsequently soothed. He would fine right and left when witnesses did not answer promptly to their names at the call of the sheriff, and as a rule remove all penalties if any sort of excuse was afterward made for their remissness. In common parlance, the bark of the old gentleman was worse than his bite, and while he would preach sermons in court about the duty of prompt obedience to process, and would grumble and fret over infractions of his many rules, he was not regarded generally as a rigid man on the bench. This being so, it was not because they stood in awe of the court, but mainly as the result of cajolement and persuasion on the part of Sheriff Sanderson, supplemented by personal entreaty from Pearson, that the major part of those notified were induced to take the long trip from their homes to Coopertown.

They were finally gathered together, however, a respectable array as they stood up in the court-room to answer to their names as the noted case of the State of Tennessee versus Johan Ankerstrom was called for trial the third time. A few material witnesses were absent, but in his earnest desire to proceed, Pearson assured the state's attorney that he would have them on hand the next day, and that official announced to the court that he was ready to proceed with the investigation of the cause. When the prosecuting attorney had so announced the judge inquired blandly of Palaver if his client was likewise ready to proceed. At this the lawyer rose from his seat and looked gravely over the crowded court-room. He then handed to the officer in attendance a paper containing a long list of names, and requested that the persons designated be brought at once to the bar of the court. This official was an undersized man, with a keen voice well adapted to pierce the noise and confusion that frequently prevails in an ill-disciplined court-room. He now mounted a chair and called aloud to the whole assemblage to be quiet. He then read the names upon his paper, and here and there as he proceeded someone in the audience responded, "Here." The sharp-voiced officer next went to a window and made proclamation, which signified to the whole town that the attendance of certain persons was desired in court. Thus he secured the presence of about half the individuals on his list, and reported that the others were not in attendance upon the court.

Upon the receipt of this information Palaver looked grave. He perused the paper carefully and frowned, and knit his brows as if in considerable perplexity. After some minutes thus consumed he remarked to the court that he was very anxious to proceed with the trial, as the case had already taken up more of his time than he could afford to devote to it, but he could not announce himself ready while so many of his witnesses remained in contempt of the process of the court. Perhaps if the officer would take a turn around town he might fish some of these from the stores, or find them loafing on the corners, and fetch them into court. The judge at this suggestion began to shake his foot and his head at the same time, which his intimates said was a dangerous sign with him. Palaver upon this looked graver still, though he was inwardly pleased, as the judge was more apt to commit some reversible error while in a pet than if he kept his cool judgment about him.

"I have no doubt," Palaver remarked smoothly, "that my client's witnesses will be in presently. They have a long distance to come, and it is now, as your honor will see, but a little past ten o'clock."

The judge here launched into a discourse upon the importance of prompt obedience to the orders of the court. He declared that business could not be transacted, and the people's interests must suffer, if the process of the court was to be trifled with in such fashion. Witnesses must be higgling in stores or loafing on street corners, but they had no right to be higgling in stores or loafing on street corners when their presence was demanded in court, and they had been duly summoned to appear in court and give evidence as to facts within their knowledge. Such wilful conduct, the judge declared, could not be tolerated, and he instructed the clerk to enter a fine of ten dollars and costs against each one of the delinquents.

Palaver, as soon as he could get a chance to edge in a word, remarked emphatically that he heartily endorsed the action of the court and was satisfied the public generally would approve of it. "Here I am," said he, "anxious to proceed with the trial of this cause, and my client—who has been languishing in jail for a year—is even more solicitous on the subject than myself, and yet just as we feel confident that we are about to secure a hearing, we find ourselves balked by the inexcusable absence of certain important witnesses, who might have been on hand just as easy as not. Your honor is exactly right," cried Palaver, lifting his voice so as to be heard over the entire court-room, "in teaching these fellows a lesson, and I hope they and others will profit by it. If there were more inflexible judges like your honor in this state, there would be less complaint about laxity in the administration of justice. Undue leniency on the part of the courts makes it impossible to proceed with the people's business, and the failure to enforce prompt trial of causes necessarily leads to mob law, for if the courts will not attend to the people's business, the people will rise up *en masse* and attend to their own business. These interminable delays are ruinous to the best interests of the country, and are well calculated to bring not only courts but the legal profession into contempt. Crime must be punished," proclaimed the lawyer, warming up to his work, "and innocent men under grave imputations must be speedily set at liberty; and how can crime be punished, and innocent men set free, if those summoned to testify wilfully disobey the orders of the court? I speak with feeling on this subject," continued the lawyer, with a touch of pathos in his tone, "and I frankly admit to your honor that my sensibilities in this particular case have been moved. Here is my client, as I have already said, languishing in the common jail with all sorts of low and vile fellows, unfit company for decent men. He is away, far away, if the honorable court please, from the friends of his childhood and his own domestic circle. The gray hairs of his venerable father are now being brought down in sorrow to the grave in consequence of his protracted incarceration. His poor wife is at this moment mourning upon her lonely hearthstone, and his little children are clinging about her knees and sobbing piteously for him who returns not. The contemplation of such a picture would be sufficient to touch a heart of stone, and your honor will therefore excuse me if I am somewhat moved as I dwell upon it here."

As Palaver was proceeding in this pathetic strain, the keen-voiced official returned into court with the intelligence that he had been in all the stores and upon the street corners, had indeed searched the town high and low, without discovering any of the absent witnesses. He further stated, giving Sheriff Sanderson as his informant, that most of the witnesses were not under subpœna, as the officers had not been able to find them in the adjoining county, where they were supposed to reside. The clerk substantiated this assertion by producing the subpœnas, which showed that the names of most of the persons sought for had been indorsed by the officers "Not found."

Palaver adjusted his spectacles and examined the subpœnas critically. "Not found! not found!" he exclaimed in astonishment. "Why, where is the sheriff of that county? Where is Sanderson?"

"I'm here, sir," responded that official politely.

"Why were these witnesses not found, sir?" inquired Palaver. "Whose fault was that?"

Sanderson replied respectfully that some of the witnesses named were dead, some had long since moved away from his county, and some, he was of opinion, had never had any existence anywhere.

"Do you know every man in your county?" inquired Palaver severely.

Sanderson admitted that he did not, though he added that his acquaintance was pretty extensive.

"And from your pretty extensive acquaintance, sir, you undertake to say that some of these witnesses never had any existence anywhere?"

"I say to the best of my knowledge and belief," rejoined Sanderson, firmly, "that no such human beings ever lived in my county."

"Ah," replied Palaver, triumphantly, "you modify your statement then, do you, Mr. Sheriff? First, you were quite sure the witnesses lived nowhere on the face of the earth, and now you give it as your opinion that they do not abide in your county. Which means, I take it, sir, that for some reason satisfactory to yourself, you have not chosen to look for them in your county."

Then without giving Sheriff Sanderson a chance to reply, the lawyer addressed himself to the court: "It is evident, if the honorable court please," said he, "that the statement we have just heard is but a flimsy excuse on the part of this officer for his own remissness. As my witnesses are not here, sir, I shall, of course, have to ask a continuance to the next term, but I wish the case set for the very first day of that term; and I wish, sir, the process put in the hands of some officer who will use his very best endeavor to bring my witnesses into court on the day set. I will now retire, sir, for a few moments and prepare a suitable affidavit in order that the papers in the case may show that I was obliged to ask for, and your honor was obliged to grant, this continuance."

With that the lawyer retired in company with his client. After the lapse of half an hour, he returned with an affidavit as long as his arm, which, having been sworn to by the defendant, he proceeded to read to the court. The judge listened gravely at first, and then with manifest impatience, and when the reading was through announced promptly and emphatically that the allegations in the document were insufficient and the case must proceed to trial. Whereupon Palaver in the presence of the court and bystanders heaved a deep sigh, and said it was a serious thing to put a man on trial for his life when none of his material witnesses were present to testify in his behalf.

The witnesses were then sworn and placed under the rule; that is, they were instructed to retire from the court-room, and to avoid all mention of the case among themselves, or with others, until they were called back to testify before the jury. The jurors who had been summoned for the occasion, an even hundred, were next called over, and a list of their names given to the prisoner's counsel. One by one they were brought to the bar of the court and each examined upon his "*voire dire*." Being first put upon their solemn oaths, they were required to state whether they were householders or freeholders of the county in which the trial was to be had; whether they were in any way related to the prosecutor or the prisoner at the bar; and whether they had formed or expressed an opinion as to the guilt or innocence of said prisoner. The first two questions were easily answered, but the third oftentimes proved a stumper to the court as well as the juror. The prisoner, as has been said, under the over-cautious law of Tennessee, was given twenty-four peremptory challenges; that is, his counsel could direct two dozen of those summoned as jurors to stand aside without leave of court, and without assigning any reason for his objection. Palaver, however, was by no means content with this liberal provision in his own behalf, but set to work to probe the mind of each man brought forward to the very bottom, and thus ascertain for himself whether he was or was not a competent juror. If the person under investigation turned out to be a complete ignoramus he usually accepted him as one fit to sit on the case at bar, but if he was of even moderate intelligence the lawyer insisted he was incompetent. He harried and worried one after another of those composing the venire until the judge completely lost his temper, and each succeeding juror as his name was called approached the clerk with trepidation. They were good men in the main, who did not wish to serve anyway, and were perfectly willing when they found themselves drawn into sharp discussion with the lawyer to take the smoothest way out of the difficulty.

"Who has talked with you about this case?" inquired Palaver, fiercely, of an honest farmer, who said in answer to the clerk's question that he had no fixed opinion as to the guilt or innocence of the prisoner, though like most everybody else he had heard some talk of the Bascombe murder.

"Who has talked with you about this case?" inquired Palaver of the juror.

"Wal, I dunno. Nobody in particular, I reckon. Jess a word here, and a word there, you know."

"Just a word here, and a word there, you say?" responded the lawyer, inching his chair up nearer to the individual whom he sought to bring into trouble.

"Yes, 'bout that way, you know. Jess a little loose talk that didn't signify."

"Didn't signify?" repeated Palaver, in his most sarcastic tone. "Didn't signify? Now, sir, will you please state to me specifically just what this loose talk was that in your opinion didn't signify. Will you state it, sir, so that I and the judge may determine whether or not it signifies. Can you state it specifically, sir?"

"Wal, squire," replied the unlucky witness, after some hesitation, "I dunno as I kin."

"Dunno as you kin?" repeated Palaver, still more sarcastically, and drawing still nearer the prospective juror. Those behind the rail now began to press forward, being confident from the turn affairs were taking that there was fun ahead. Palaver, of course, noted this demonstration, and was pleased with it. He began now rubbing his hands, and looking first toward his intended victim and then back upon the bystanders, as if to assure them they would not be disappointed.

"Dunno as you kin?" repeated Palaver. "You are the kind of fellow then who cannot be influenced in the least by loose talk, but with whom tight talk goes a long way. Is that it?"

"Mebbe so, squire; mebbe so," replied the discomforted farmer. The crowd here broke into a laugh and a disorderly demonstration which it required a proclamation from the sheriff to quell.

"Tight talk is very persuasive, but loose talk doesn't signify," pursued the facetious attorney. "That's the way of it with you, is it? That's the way of it with you? Now, sir, let us test the accuracy of the conclusion you have reached in this matter. Will you please define for me, sir, precisely the difference between loose talk and tight talk as laid down in your dictionary?"

The juror shook his head. "I wouldn't try to do that, squire," he replied. "I wouldn't try to do that."

"Wouldn't try to do that? Then, sir, I'll ask you another question, and I hope I'll be more fortunate in eliciting a reply. Will you please inform me, sir, whether you actually heard this loose talk that you say was going 'round in your section?"

"Yes, I heerd it."

"Actually heard it, did you?"

"Yes, I heerd it."

"No mistake about that?"

"No, thar ain't no mistake about it. That is," he added for fear of being led into a trap, "I don't reckon thar's any mistake about it."

At this Palaver laughed. The crowd behind the bar laughed again, and the sheriff a second time admonished them to be quiet.

"You are not deaf, are you?" inquired the lawyer of the witness.

"No, I ain't deef."

"Then you must have heard it."

"Heerd which?"

"Why, the loose talk that you say was going 'round in your neighborhood."

"Yes, I heerd it."

"You are positive?"

"Yes, I'm positive."

"Now, sir," queried the lawyer, assuming an argumentative tone, "I'll ask you if any kind of talk—loose talk or tight talk—can go in at your ear without making some sort of impression on your mind?"

"Which?"

"You have good ears, you say?"

"Yes, pooty good."

"And you have a mind, sir?"

"Oh, yes, I reckon so. Yes, I know in reason I must have. Of course I've got a mind."

"Then, sir, I'll ask you if it's possible for any sort of information to be conveyed through those ears of yours without making an impression upon that mind of yours?"

"Which?"

"Can anything go in at your ears without effecting a lodgment in your mind?"

"No, I reckon not."

"And if anything in the way of information does go in at your ears, and does effect a lodgment in your mind, then you have an opinion, haven't you?"

The judge here heaved a deep groan.

"Under them circumstances I reckon I would. I'd be 'bleeged to have an opinion under them circumstances, wouldn't I ,squire?"

"You'd be 'bleeged to have an opinion, would you?"

"Yes, I would."

"You couldn't help it?"

"No, I couldn't help it."

"Now, sir, you say you heard words passing about in your neighborhood on the subject of the Bascombe murder? A word here, and a word there, to use your own expression."

"Yes, I said that."

"And these words found lodgment in your mind?"

"To be sure."

"And made an impression which it would require other testimony to remove?"

"Suttinly."

"Then you have an opinion as to the guilt or innocence of the prisoner?"

"Wal, now, see here, squire, I—"

"Have you an opinion, or have you not?"

"Wal, now, see here. Accordin' to your way of puttin' the thing—"

"Answer my question; yes or no."

"Have I got an opinion?"

"Ye-ss," with considerable asperity. "Have you an opinion in your own mind at present as to the guilt or innocence of the prisoner? If not, sir, I'll trouble you to tell me—"

"Yes, I reckon I've got some sort of an opinion floatin' 'round in my mind. I reckon so."

"You admit that now, do you?"

"Yes, I own to that now; though at fust, you see—"

"You have an opinion as to the guilt or innocence of the prisoner?"

"Yes, I have," responded the tired juror, willing to bring the discussion to an end upon any terms.

"And it would require proof to remove that opinion?"

"Yes, it would."

"I challenge him for cause," cried the triumphant attorney, addressing the court.

"Let him stand aside," said the exasperated judge. "But I'm satisfied he has no opinion in his mind worth a shuck."

So it went all the forenoon, and all the hot afternoon, and what with the twenty-four peremptory challenges for no cause at all, and the limitless number for next to no cause at all, the sun went down, and the court adjourned before twelve good men and lawful had taken their seats in the jury-box. It was evident that Palaver had resolved to try the cause before twelve idiots, if so many could be found in the county, for he managed to get rid of every individual on the venire whose answers indicated that he was of average intelligence, or whom he knew to be of respectable standing in the community. When night came, however, he had exhausted his twenty-four peremptory challenges, and ten jurors had been chosen, so there was reasonable ground for hoping the trial might begin in the forenoon of the following day. The sheriff was instructed to fetch in a fresh panel of jurors, as every one of the original hundred had either been accepted or ordered to stand aside upon one pretext or another.

The witnesses for the state and the prisoner found accommodation for the night as best they could, and resorted to various devices to while away time until the nine o'clock bell should convene court the following morning.

(*TO BE CONTINUED*)

## ALONE IN THE WOODS

HERE in the leafy forest, where the trees
Are rugged with old age, I spend the day;
And I am happy here, for here I may
Be undisturbed by mortals. Scenes like these
Are beautiful indeed, and he who sees
No charms in this green woodland, far away
From haunts of man, has surely gone astray
From nature and from God. All things that please
The senses, in these forest glades I find:
Fair tints that cheer the eye, and soft caress
Of woodland breeze, and sound of woodland kind
And sweet companionship that soothes the mind
As nothing else can sooth, and here I dream
The hours away, in peace and happiness.

*Oscar Johnson*

## HOME AGAIN

SOMETIMES we go away from home,
  To stay a night and day or two;
In unaccustomed ways to roam,
  And see what other people do.

When we come back, the leghorns call
  And fly and push to welcome me,
And down the yard the blossoms all
  Lift gayest hues for us to see.

We light the fire, the table spread,
  And give the window-plants their drink;
With horse and leghorns housed and fed,
  We settle down to talk and think.

But while our smiles and speech reveal
  Of what we learned in ways of men,
Within our deepest souls we feel
  How good to be back home again!

*Cora A. Matson-Dolson*

⁂

## SUMMER SOUPS

THE vivifying and restorative action of soup upon the appetite and digestive organs is thoroughly established. For these reasons, it is a valuable food, and should be included daily in the dinner menu, its character being determined by what is to follow it. That is to say, if soup constitutes the main dish of the meal, it should be richer than when it precedes a heavy course of meat and other substantial foods.

During the Summer months, soup is often eliminated from the bill of fare along with meat, because many housewives are ignorant of the fact that although in the general acceptation of the word soup is composed of an admixture of meat and vegetables or has for its basis a meat stock, nourishing and delicious soups can be made entirely without flesh of any kind for a basis, as the appended recipes will show:

**Puree of Potatoes:** Boil four large potatoes, two onions, two stalks of celery and a sprig of parsley in two quarts of water until quite soft; then pass the whole through a colander; return to the fire, season to taste with salt and white pepper, stir in two tablespoons of butter creamed with one of flour, add a pint of sweet milk and let boil up once. Then turn into a soup tureen containing one cup of whipped cream.

**Cream of Tapioca:** Cover one-third of a cup of tapioca with two cups of cold water and let stand over night. Then add one quart of fresh sweet milk and cook gently for an hour. Add one pint of cream, a minced onion, two stalks of celery cut fine and a small blade of mace. Cook twenty minutes, season with salt and pepper, stir in one tablespoon of butter and serve.

**Tomato Soup:** Stew one quart of tomatoes in one quart of water until quite soft; stir in one teaspoon of soda and allow it to effervesce; then add one quart of boiling milk, season nicely with salt, pepper and butter, and cook five minutes. A thickening of flour and butter may be added, if desired.

**Vegetable Soup:** Put three quarts of boiling water over the fire in a soup kettle; add three onions, three potatoes, three large tomatoes and a small head of cabbage, all chopped fine. Cook gently until the vegetables are tender, then stir in one cup cooked rice and one pint stewed corn. Pass the mixture through a colander, return to the fire and boil up once. Then add two tablespoons butter creamed with one of flour, season with salt and pepper, stir in one tablespoon brown sugar, cook five minutes and serve with toasted crackers.

**Asparagus Soup:** Cook two bunches of asparagus and a small onion in one quart of water until quite soft, then press through a sieve. Add one quart of hot milk and return to the fire. Let boil up once, season to taste with salt and pepper, and thicken with four tablespoons of butter blended with two tablespoons of flour. Just before serving, add a cup of cream.

**Rice and Celery Soup:** Boil a small cup of rice in three pints of milk until soft enough to press through a sieve, then add to it the tender white portions of two heads of celery grated; put over the fire with one quart of milk and cook five minutes. Season with two tablespoons of butter and salt and white pepper to taste.

**Onion Soup:** Cut fine the white portion of a dozen green onions and cook tender in a pint of boiling water to which has been added a little salt. Then add one quart of rich milk. Boil up once, season with salt, pepper and butter.

**Cream of Corn Soup:** To each quart of grated corn add three pints of water, and cook tender. Then stir in two tablespoons of butter blended with one of flour. Boil five minutes, season with salt and pepper and add one pint of boiling milk.

**Cream of Spinach Soup:** Pick over and wash clean two quarts of spinach, then cook tender in one quart of water, and rub through a pureé sieve. Add to it one quart of boiling milk, place over the fire, add a thickening of two tablespoons of butter creamed with one of flour, cook five minutes, season with salt and pepper, and serve.

*Katherine E. Megee*

❧

## WOMEN'S EXCHANGES

IT is often thoughtlessly said that women exist only to be supported by men. No well-worn saying is farther from the truth. The work of women, though indeed less exploited, is none the less valuable, nay, indispensable. An old rhyme pithily says, "Man's work is from sun to sun, but woman's work is never done." And this applies not only to the ordinary routine of life, but to the priceless influence of mothers and sisters over the younger generation. Her sphere has wonderfully widened and deepened, not only since the coming of Christianity, which emancipated her from slavery, but notably and with increasing steadiness during the past century, till, notwithstanding the extravagances and mistakes of so-called "woman's rights," she has come to realize the sphere of woman's *duties*—a far more important thing. She is at the heart of the family, and the church is largely made up of her sex—it is only positions in the state that are usurped by men, and much of the latter's power is stimulated by the influence of good women. As a rule, women are very modest and unpretentious, and their way is not won by vulgar advertising, and is often quite unrecognized except by results accomplished.

Perhaps in no channel in recent years, aside from literary, religious or purely benevolent work, has she shown herself more capable or successful than in woman's exchanges, until in some form or under one name or another, they have multiplied till they are now spread over large tracts of the country, not only in large centers, but on a smaller scale in lesser cities, towns and even villages through the eastern, central and western states. In Boston and New York their work has been particularly successful and beneficent. The Women's Educational and Industrial Association of Boston was organized in 1880, and has grown to be a great power for good. It has a long roll of influential directors and officers, with printed annual reports. It supports regular lecture courses on hygienic and educational topics, and at times has given large fairs to befriend the women public, thus increasing its revenues for distribution. But its usual work is more quiet, intimate and personal. Here and in New York the city is divided into districts, each under the immediate supervision of a competent and experienced woman, and thus responsibility is definitely located and success attained.

Lest such work, however, seem too vast or vague to be readily understood, let us take an average example of the work of such societies, an exchange in a small New England city, which has developed its work from small beginnings to a considerable size in the twelve months last past. It was started without flourish of trumpets by a modest, retiring but thoroughly competent business-woman, who had sustained some financial reverses and borne many trials through severe and long-continued sicknesses in her family, which, to an ordinary woman, would have been quite sufficient to deter her from further and outside effort. She began by opening the library of her home as a room for the collection of art work by women to be sold for their mutual benefit. She adopted the name of The Woman's Art Exchange and Industrial

Union," and issued printed tickets of membership at one dollar each, payable annually, bearing the owner's name and not transferable. There were no cumbrous articles of association or legal formalities. At first the art feature was emphasized, and indeed there was little else. But the idea grew in strength, and soon it was found necessary to develop the industrial feature by converting her laundry rooms into a domestic and kitchen department, which soon almost supplanted the art feature. Consignors were added from time to time as the scheme grew in knowledge and favor, and at the end of a year some 120 consignors' tickets had been issued. Any consignor is entitled to contribute for sale by the exchange any article, culinary or artistic, of her own making, and the exchange is entitled to a percentage of ten per cent. on the sales, sometimes adding a further percentage, to be paid by the purchaser. No article of women's handicraft is rejected, after inspection by the management to test its worthiness.

Monthly settlements are made with the consignors. All varieties of bread, cake, pies, jellies and preserves are accepted, and in the art department all the products of woman's handiwork, from oil paintings and decorated china to bed coverings, embroideries, needlework of all kinds and burned wood work and designs in leather and basketry. Duplicate lists are required to be furnished by consignors of all work consigned, and each of them has her registered number, and a personal debit and credit account is kept. The goods are always kept insured against fire and theft.

After an eight-month experience, the work had so increased that the house was no longer adequate to hold and display the goods, and rooms were rented nearer the center of the city, which in their turn were soon abandoned for a larger and more central and commodious apartment, on the second floor of a large mercantile building, directly opposite the railway station, and close to the waiting room of the electric street railway. A force of four assistants, all women, is now employed, beside the manager herself, who still retains the constant oversight. An employers' agency, with a directory, has been added for the mutual benefit of mistresses and servants, and this feature has been found very satisfactory. The exchange is intended to act as a friendly intermediary, the charge for service being merely nominal.

The goods are tastefully displayed under glass show-cases and on tables and walls about the room, and it is desired to make the quarters, which are on the main line of the street cars, a convenient spot for meeting and resting while shopping here or elsewhere. One end of the large room is screened off for cooking, and a daily printed menu is provided of eatables and dainties at very moderate prices. Quite lately the privilege has been secured from the railway managers to send uniformed boys to meet all incoming trains, carrying sandwiches daintily wrapped in paraffine paper, and pure Jersey milk in bottles, delivered on trays for the refreshment of passengers *en route*.

The plan has now reached that point which necessitates the transference of its management from a person to a corporation with divided personal responsibility, and a meeting of the consignors has been called for organization, for that purpose. The idea has certainly and abundantly justified the original right and claim to existence and support, and has proved that, as "large oaks from little acorns grow," so large results will flow from the patient, quiet and unremitting labors of associated women.

*Edward Lowe Temple*

## SALADS FOR HOT DAYS

**Cucumber and Tomato Salad**:—Wash and crisp one head of lettuce. Pare a sufficient number of fine cucumbers and place in ice water for an hour. Pour boiling water over two or three ripe but firm tomatoes, then remove the skins and stand them in pounded ice to chill. At serving time, arrange the light green leaves on individual salad plates; cut the cucumbers first into thick rounds, then into quarters, heap in the center of the leaves and sprinkle lightly with salt and white pepper. Cut the tomatoes into thin lengthwise sections and use as a garnish. Over all pour a good salad dressing.

**Macedoine Salad**: For this most appetizing dish use remnants of cold cooked vegetables in palatable proportions; or, dice one cold cooked carrot, one beet and one potato; cut a few cold cooked string beans and asparagus tips into half-inch lengths. Toss all together lightly, add a few cold stewed peas and a small onion chopped very fine, marinate with French dressing and stand on ice to chill. Then heap in tiny mounds on crisped lettuce leaves for individual serving; dress with mayonnaise and garnish with radish ribbons. To make these "ribbons," cut a small turnip-shaped breakfast radish round and round into thin narrow strips, being careful not to break the strips.

**Cottage Cheese Salad with Tomatoes**: Break the cheese into grains, moisten with rich, sweet cream, season with salt and white pepper, and rub with the back of a silver spoon until thoroughly blended. Wash fine, ripe tomatoes and cut into thick slices. Place each slice on an individual salad plate and cover it with the cheese, well heaped toward the center. Dress with mayonnaise and garnish with sprigs of water cress.

**Shredded Cabbage Salad:** Select firm, white cabbage, shred very fine with a sharp knife and sprinkle lightly with salt and white pepper. Rub the yolks of three hard boiled eggs smooth, then blend with them two tablespoons sugar, one of ground mustard and one-half cup of butter slightly warmed. Stir this mixture lightly through the cabbage, then add a cup of good vinegar. Cut the whites of the eggs into rings for garnishing the salad, placing in the center of each ring a tiny beet cube cut from cold cooked beet.

**Beet and Potato Salad:** Cook four medium-sized blood beets tender; plunge them into cold water and remove the skins. Chill on ice; cut into small cubes and sprinkle lightly with salt and sugar. Have ready four cold boiled potatoes, diced and salted to taste. Wash and crisp the inside leaves of a head of lettuce, and line a flat salad bowl with them. In the center of the bowl heap the diced potatoes, surround with a border of beet cubes, and dress the whole with a rich salad dressing.

**Cauliflower Salad:** Remove the outside green leaves from a small head of cauliflower; cut it into quarters; then let it lie in salt water for an hour, to destroy any possible insect life or eggs not dislodged by washing. Drain, tie in a clean cheese-cloth bag, and cook one hour in boiling water to which has been added one teaspoon of salt. When done, take from the bag, break into flowerets and chill on ice. At serving time, line a salad bowl with crisped lettuce leaves, heap the cauliflower in the center, dress with French dressing, and garnish with tiny cheese balls.

**Spinach Salad:** Wash the spinach through several waters, or until free from grit, and cut off the stalks; then boil it in a closely covered saucepan without water for thirty minutes. Drain and chop fine with a sharp knife. Add the chopped whites of two eggs and marinate with French dressing. Have ready a sufficient number of individual molds or small cups. In the bottom of each place a slice of cold hard boiled egg; fill up with spinach, packing in closely. Stand in the refrigerator to chill; then unmold and serve on a bed of lettuce leaves. Dress with mayonnaise.

**A Breakfast Salad:** Hull and rinse one quart of fine strawberries. Pare three oranges and break into thin sections, taking care to remove each portion of the white fiber. Place the strawberries in the center of a salad bowl and garnish with the orange sections. Pour over the whole the juice of a lemon and sprinkle with sugar.

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# LITTLE HELPS FOR HOME-MAKERS

For each little help found suited for use in this department, we award one year's subscription to the National Magazine. If you are already a subscriber, YOUR SUBSCRIPTION MUST BE PAID IN FULL TO DATE IN ORDER TO TAKE ADVANTAGE OF THIS OFFER. You can then either extend your own term or send the National to a friend. If your little help does not appear, it is probably because the same idea has been offered by someone else before you. Try again. We do not want cooking recipes, unless you have one for a new or uncommon dish. Enclose a stamped and addressed envelope if you wish us to return or acknowledge unavailable offerings.

## A LAMP HINT

By MRS. J. H. SNEIDER

White Bear Lake, Minnesota

Fray the lower end of a lamp-wick about an inch and it will give a brighter and stronger light.

## FOR USERS OF SPECTACLES

By G. O. M.

Tacoma, Washington

To prevent the sudden clouding of eye-glasses, in change of atmosphere, on entering the warm store or car from the cold street: wash the glasses or spectacles in warm, soapy water. The instrument men in the surveyors' camp on Puget Sound find this a help to their instruments in the fogs of early Spring.

## AN ECONOMICAL HINT

By HARRIET L. SISSON

Unadilla Forks, New York

Do you know that apples for pies are much better if not pected? In mince pies, especially, as the skin adds wonderfully and both the meat and apples may be cut with the Enterprise meat chopper. When apples are worth one dollar a bushel, this is worth trying.

## FRIED MUSH

By MRS. M. J. BAILEY

Custer, South Dakota

When making mush for frying put a little milk in the water. It makes the mush fry a much nicer brown.

## REMEDIES FOR POISONS

By HELEN M. HOBBS

Los Angeles, California

Here are a few ideas that all who expect to go to the mountains for their vacation would do well to remember:

Chloroform is a sure cure for rattle-snake as well as all other snake bites. It will cure even if not used for several hours, though the sooner the better. Bind a cloth over the wound and wet thoroughly with chloroform. Repeat several times. The bottle may be carried inside of one's waist. I never left our tent without it.

For poison oak dissolve one teaspoonful of concentrated lye in one quart of boiling water. Cool and use when ready to go out on a tramp, washing the hands, face, ears and neck with it. One of us forgot to apply it to her neck, consequently the eruption appeared there and nowhere else.

For bee stings and bites of poisonous spiders apply concentrated ammonia.

## TOMATOES

By MRS. CAROLINE VINTON HENRY

Chicago, Illinois

Tomatoes should be freely used when in season. Served ice-cold on a hot morning, with a little olive oil, salt and pepper, they cool the system and reshen appetite.

Peeled, sliced and stuffed with minced onion and bits of cucumber and their own pulp, in crisp lettuce leaves, with a heaping spoonful of mayonnaise on each, we have a salad that is tempting for mid-day luncheon. Peeled, chilled and left whole,with mayonnaise,they are a delicious dinner salad.

A sharp knife should be used to pare them. I do not approve of pouring hot water over them to remove the skins. Put them on ice and chill them thoroughly.

Stuffed tomatoes: Choose firm, round tomatoes, cut a small piece off the stem end and scoop out all the seeds, sprinkle the interior with salt and turn upside down to drain. Equal parts of chopped meat and boiled rice makes a good filling. The seasoning must suit the filling. Onion juice and chopped parsley and a few drops of catsup are generally liked; moisten with melted butter, fill the shells with the selected mixture and bake until tender, but do not allow them to lose their shape.

# CIRCUMSTANTIAL EVIDENCE

## By Ellis Dorr Kinsman

HE was a well-known business-man,
Who at the restaurant table sat,
Nor noticed that a handsome girl
In jaunty continental hat
Another table near him chose,
Oblivious — as I'm a sinner
Of everything in sight except
The daily paper and his dinner.

She ordered—well, t'was something light—
A modest lunch as women will
When dining solus, finishing
Just as her neighbor paid his bill.
His coat from off the rack he took
And quickly donned it—then his tile,
But when he his umbrella seized,
She stopped him with an icy smile.

"Your pardon, sir,—my parasol—
I'm very positive it's mine;
You'll find my name upon the band
Engraved in script — *Amelia Klein*."
He stared, as waking from a dream;
Then, comprehending what she said,
Intent the ferule scanned — 'twas hers!
And blushes all his face o'erspread.

"I beg your pardon, madamoiselle—
The name is on it, as you say;"
He handed it — "but mine so much
Resembles it"—she snapped "Good day!"
And then his memory recalled
That his umbrella, mained and rent
In a late gale, to hospital
With other cripples he had sent
For full repairs. Shifting his watch,
"I'll call and get them all today,"
He mused, "for they'll be needed soon;
Another storm is on the way."

It happed that when his car he took,
(The sheaf of parasols so fine
In renovated silken guise
Beneath his arm) Amelia Klein
(The car was full,) stood near the door.
He cast a glance along the aisle,
But failed, as he had done before
To notice her within the file.

His destination reached at last,
She touched him with her well-gloved hand,
And gazing with derisive scorn
At the umbrellas he had spanned,
Remarked: "Your business seems to pay;
For after all, my thrifty friend,
You've had a most successful day —
You'll have umbrellas now to lend."

# THE GIRL AT THE GATE

## By L. M. Montgomery

CAVENDISH, PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND, CANADA

SOMETHING very strange happened the night old Mr. Lawrence died. I have never been able to explain it and I have never spoken of it except to one person and she said that I dreamed it. I did not dream it . . . I saw and heard, waking.

We had not expected Mr. Lawrence to die then. He did not seem very ill . . . . not nearly so ill as he had been during his previous attack. When we heard of his illness I went over to Woodlands to see him, for I had always been a great favorite with him. The big house was quiet, the servants going about their work as usual, without any appearance of excitement. I was told that I could not see Mr. Lawrence for a little while, as the doctor was with him. Mrs. Yeats, the housekeeper, said the attack was not serious and asked me to wait in the blue parlor; but I preferred to sit down on the steps of the big, arched front door. It was an evening in June. Woodlands was very lovely; to my right was the garden and before me was a little valley abrim with the sunset. In places under the big trees it was quite dark even then.

There was something unusually still in the evening . . . . a stillness as of waiting. It set me thinking of the last time Mr. Lawrence had been ill . . . nearly a year ago in August. One night during his convalescence I had watched by him to relieve the nurse. He had been sleepless and talkative, telling me many things about his life. Finally he told me of Margeret.

I knew a little about her. . . . that she had been his sweetheart and had died very young. Mr. Lawrence had remained true to her memory ever since,but I had never heard him speak of her before.

"She was very beautiful," he said dreamily, "and she was only eighteen when she died, Jeanette. She had wonderful pale golden hair and dark brown eyes. I have a little ivory miniature of her. When I die it is to be given to you, Jeanette. I have waited a long while for her. You know she promised she would come."

I did not understand his meaning and kept silence,thinking that he might be wandering a little in his mind.

"She promised she would come and she will keep her word," he went on. "I was with her when she died. I held her in my arms. She said to me, 'Herbert, I promise that I will be true to you forever, through as many years of lonely heaven as I must know before you come. And when your time is at hand I will come to make your deathbed easy as you have made mine. I will come, Herbert.' She solemnly promised, Jeanette. We made a death-tryst of it. And I know she will come."

He had fallen asleep then and after his recovery he had not alluded to the matter again. I had forgotten it but I recalled it now as I sat on the steps among the geraniums that June evening. I liked to think of Margaret . . . . the lovely girl who had died so long ago, taking her lover's heart with her to the grave. She had been a sister of my grandfather and people told me that I resembled her slightly. Perhaps that was why old Mr. Lawrence had always made such a pet of me.

Presently the doctor came out and nodded to me cheerily. I asked him how Mr. Lawrence was.

"Better . . . better," he said briskly. "He will be all right tomorrow. The attack was very slight. Yes, of course you may go in. Don't stay longer than half an hour."

Mrs. Stewart, Mr. Lawrence's sister, was in the sick-room when I went in. She took advantage of my presence to lie down on the sofa a little while, for she had been up all the preceding night. Mr. Lawrence turned his fine old silver head on the pillow and smiled a greeting. He was a very handsome old man; neither age nor illness had marred his finely modelled face or impaired the flash of his keen, steel-blue eyes. He seemed quite well and talked naturally and easily of many commonplace things.

At the end of the doctor's half-hour I rose to go. Mrs. Stewart had fallen asleep and he would not let me wake her, saying he needed nothing and felt like sleeping himself. I promised to come up again on the morrow and went out.

It was dark in the hall, where no lamp had been lighted, but outside on the lawn the moonlight was bright as day. It was the clearest, whitest night I ever saw. I turned aside into the garden, meaning to cross it, and take the short way over the west meadow home. There was a long walk of rose bushes leading across the garden to a little gate on the further side . . . the way Mr. Lawrence had been wont to take long ago when he went over the fields to woo Margaret. I went along it, enjoying the night. The bushes were white with roses and the ground under my feet was all snowed over with their petals. The air was still and breezeless; again I felt that sensation of waiting . . . . of expectancy. As I came up to the little gate I saw a young girl standing on the other side of it. She stood in the full moonlight and I saw her distinctly.

She was tall and slight and her head was bare. I saw that her hair was a pale gold, shining somewhat strangely about her head as if catching the moonbeams. Her face was very lovely and her eyes large and dark. She was dressed in something white and softly shimmering and in her hand she held a white rose . . . a very large and perfect one. Even at the time I found myself wondering where she could have picked it. It was not a Woodlands rose. All the Woodlands roses were smaller and less double.

She was a stranger to me, yet I felt that I had seen her or someone very like her before. Possibly she was one of Mr. Lawrence's many nieces who might have come up to Woodlands upon hearing of his illness.

As I opened the gate I felt an odd chill of positive fear. Then she smiled as if I had spoken my thought.

"Do not be frightened," she said. "There is no reason you should be frightened. I have only come to keep a tryst."

The words reminded me of something, but I could not recall what it was. The strange fear that was on me deepened. I could not speak.

She came through the gateway and stood for a moment at my side.

"It is strange that you should have seen me," she said, "but now behold how strong and beautiful a thing is faithful love—strong enough to conquer death. We who have loved truly love always—and this makes our heaven."

She walked on after she had spoken, down the long rose path. I watched her until she reached the house and went up the steps. In truth I thought the girl was someone not quite in her right mind. When I reached home I did not speak of the matter to anyone, not even to inquire who the girl might possibly be. There seemed to be something in that strange meeting that demanded my silence.

The next morning word came that old Mr. Lawrence was dead. When I hurried down to Woodlands I found all in confusion, but Mrs. Yeats took me into the blue parlor and told me what little there was to tell.

"He must have died soon after you left him, Miss Jeanette," she sobbed, "for Mrs. Stewart wakened at ten o'clock and he was gone. He lay there, smiling, with such a strange look on his face as if he had just seen something that made him wonderfully happy. I never saw such a look on a dead face before."

"Who is here besides Mrs. Stewart?" I asked.

"Nobody," said Mrs. Yeats. "We have sent word to all his friends but they have not had time to arrive here yet."

"I met a young girl in the garden last night," I said slowly. "She came into the house. I did not know her but I thought she must be a relative of Mr. Lawrence's."

Mrs. Yeats shook her head.

"No. It must have been somebody from the village, although I didn't know of anyone calling after you went away."

I said nothing more to her about it.

After the funeral Mrs. Stewart gave me Margaret's miniature. I had never seen it or any picture of Margaret's before. The face was very lovely—also strangely like my own, although I am not beautiful. It was the face of the young girl I had met at the gate!

# NOTE and COMMENT

## A COMMODITY WITHOUT A MEASURE

By Egbert T. Bush

A MAN goes into a grocery store, throws down a quarter, and walks off with a pound of coffee. There is no question about it; he knows what he has bought and how much.

Then he goes to the book-seller and lays down his dollar and a half—always a dollar and a half—for what he has been led to believe is the real thing in literature, and proudly takes his purchase home, congratulating himself on his taste and discernment in literary matters. This time there is room for reasonable doubt. Of all the queer things to be found in the market, literature is the queerest. One can never be quite sure whether he has the real article or only a make-believe.

Perhaps the very next day the purchaser reads a caustic criticism, proving to somebody's entire satisfaction that his treasure is not literature at all, but something very different. Poor man! Between the claims that it is high-grade literature and the claims that it is not literature of any grade, how is he to determine what he has purchased? The only thing that he can reasonably do—the very thing that he will do if he happens to be a sensible man—is to enjoy his purchase in his own way, letting others think what they may and say what they please.

Literature cannot be weighed in the scales or measured in a bushel, and even the yardstick does not apply. It is a commodity without an accepted standard or unit of measurement. Every reader has his own, differing materially from that of every other.

These somewhat heretical observations are called forth by noting the diversity of opinion among competent critics concerning the literary merit of various recent productions. Mrs. Wharton's "The House of Mirth" has received a generous share of praise; but no less an authority than Mrs. Atherton handles it without gloves. One critic says of a recent publication, "It is great"; another, "It is passable"; still another, "It is trash."

Every one of these critics ought to know. Now, what are we ordinary mortals to do? How are we to determine whether a thing is literature or merely lettered slush?

When "David Harum" was sent back with "regrets that we cannot make you an offer on it," somebody blundered; when a great house was induced to issue any one of several books that might be selected from the recent output, it is barely possible that somebody blundered a great deal worse.

One competent critic says of a novel published not long ago: "The book is not worth while. The story is virtually told in the first thirty pages. Why read twenty chapters to find out what you can guess at the end of the second?" Another, supposed to be equally competent, says of the same work: "The interest never flags. The story holds you to the end with a grip which you could not shake off if you would."

Who is to decide?

When the writer first saw as a reprint in a daily paper that peculiar trifle, "A Message to Garcia," the little thing took right hold and held on. It was cut out and submitted to a more competent critic, whose opinion reinforced my own. Then it was handed to a bright young lady with decidedly literary tastes. She held it a month and then came back accompanied by another, and blushingly said: "We have read this thing over and over. We are sure there must be something in it, but we are so stupid that we can't find it."

The millions of copies circulated in a dozen languages seem to indicate that somebody found something in it. Yet the young ladies had no reason to consider themselves stupid because they could not see the hit. Doubtless many of the best editors in the country would have agreed with them before the "Message" won its way; and it is not improbable that some of them are of the same opinion still. There are, no doubt, people of excellent literary taste and judgment who still hold that neither "David Harum" nor the "Message" can properly be called literature. They may be right; but if these are not good literature, they are at least good illustrations.

All this merely shows that much depends on how a thing strikes the reader, and partially accounts for the strange rejection of some excellent material and acceptance of other that, to some, seems utterly worthless. Editors and professional readers are just like the rest of us—possibly a little more that way. If our work does not strike them right it may get less than it deserves; if it does, there is a chance for it to get a great deal more. We should never forget that we owe these censors not only our sympathy, but the thanks which it is sometimes hard to give. They are good friends, often, in disguise; they reject our manuscripts and save our reputations.

How critics differ in their estimation of poetry! One condemns a poem if it does not flow as smoothly and with as little gurgling as oil from the neck of a bottle; another, preferring to hear the splashing of the water and now and then the roaring of the cataract, condemns it if it does.

In the early days of Whitman harsh things were generally said of his strange and measureless verse. It was not poetry; it was not decent prose. "Indecent" and "immoral" were some of the milder missiles hurled at this strange new grazer in poetic fields.

Today Whitman is becoming something of a literary wonder. "Essentially religious," says a foreign critic, and lauds our quaint old poet to the skies. Critics on both sides of the Atlantic are vying with each other in reading into his lines meanings which he probably never intended, and beauties of which, perhaps, he never dreamed.

All this diversity does not prove critical opinions of no value. It does prove that there are as many shades of opinion as there are readers, all more or less valuable and all having a dual basis—the book and the reader.

It is better so. Nothing could be more disastrous than sameness of literary taste and discernment, which must inevitably lead to a literary dead level. When, ages and ages ago, an angered god flung the measure into the sea, he did a righteous deed. Lack of standard is the life of literature.

# THE HAPPY HABIT PAYS

## By Joe Mitchell Chapple

EVERY Friday night—the unlucky day of the week—at a certain theatre in Boston the stage is thrown open to the public, and every one who thinks he can sing a song, make a speech, declaim, do a dance, or entertain the public in any way, is privileged to try his luck before the footlights. This sounds like a tempting offer to the aspirant for histronic honors.

Strange to say; although no lurid words, emblazoned in electric lights, proclaim that this night shall be devoted to humor; yet the audience gather with a genial twinkle in the eye that speaks of enjoyment to come. And now the aspiring young man, who believes he is able to entertain the public, comes upon the stage; if he is able to perform what he has undertaken, he receives "the glad hand" and a hearty encore—but let him waver, let him be dull or prosy—let that keen-witted audience detect but the ghost of a sham, the dread word is spoken from the gallery, "Get the hook!" and, lo and behold! out from the wings glides a mighty hook, that gently gathers the luckless aspirant for stage honors into its embrace, and sweeps him—resisting or submissive, or covered with confusion—off the stage.

This suggests the old days of gladiatorial sports, when the conquered looked up to meet his fate in the eyes of the matrons of the audience; and anxiously watched for the turning up or down of the thumbs that meant life or death to him. In Boston the upturned thumbs are represented by the "glad hand," but the turned-down thumbs, represented by "the hook," do not mean death—merely good-humored ridicule, which may be turned into applause some other Friday night by more attention, more preparation, more courage, or, it may be, a less-confident demeanor. On this stage, many a young actor has obtained his or her first start in stage life. If you want to get the real philosophic spirit, the best way to acquire it is to mingle with the people, for it is among them that you catch the genial wave of optimism.

* * * *

YOU know what Kipling says about the magic of words? How one person can clothe an idea in words that are striking and forceful, while another with the same idea will fail to attract attention, because he cannot dress his thoughts in suitable language. The same is true of manner—and you may clothe your convictions in a winning manner and accomplish wonders in the way of getting people to think as you do.

We are all acquiring the happy habit; and it is encouraging to know that instead of awarding death for failure in a game, we now merely treat the aspirant for our favor to a little ridicule, which may often be good discipline.

Today the unfortunate and ambitious one is led from before the footlights in the arm of the hook, with a firm but effective seizure, which rather resembles the parental chastisement administered in our youth. After I had seen one of these entertainments, there were three things firmly impressed on my memory, "Get the Hook," "Skedoo" and "Twenty-three." Of course I should not like to say that these elegant expressions have reached the inner circle of polite society.

We are all aspirants for some kind of honor, and even the application of "the hook" need not preclude the possibility of our having another chance; I really believe our opportunities in life are a good deal like this little scene at the theatre. The point is, that the good natured performer may stumble, catch up again and again, and be forgiven by the laughing audience; while the sour, gloomy-looking chap "gets the hook" at the first slip. The hook is always ready for the disgruntled.

I noticed that a happy, good natured man on the stage, was permitted to bore the audience for several minutes before he "got the hook," although his performance was no nearer the standard than that of others who were promptly pulled off. This further emphasizes the necessity of keeping the happy habit through life, whether you get the hook or not. I think it was Henry Ward Beecher who said, that a man who could not smile should never make a speech in public, which is merely another way of saying that the people will not tolerate gloom and pessimism.

* * *

THE same old maxim re-echoed in my mind all that evening, "hold fast to the happy habit," no matter what the disappointments of life may be.

It seemed to me that this scene challenged the sentiment of John J. Ingalls' famous poem, "Opportunity," because there were aspirants who finally succeeded, though their earlier efforts had been "hooked."

That scene at the theatre reminded me of one terrible experience in my own lifetime. It was at our school exercises. I was scheduled for the valedictory, and had written an oration in which all the problems of the world were grappled with, and swung around with careless ease and grace—as I thought. But too many baseball games interfered with the rehearsals that I should have attended under the supervision of my good teacher.

On the eventful day, I mounted the platform and started out with all the confidence of Alexander the Great, prepared to conquer all known worlds. Before I had proceeded very far the lines of my oration eluded me—I grappled with them—still they slipped off into obscurity. That awful moment: can I ever forget the shame of it; the titters stealing up to me from the audience; the shocked and astonished faces of my classmates on the rostrum, as they looked down earnestly into their laps, fearing to confuse me still more by catching my eye? Worst of all, was the dreadful knowledge that my home people were witnesses of and sharers in my public disgrace. So vivid are my recollections of that awful experience, that ever since I have felt a keen sympathy for everyone who "gets the hook;" —even when they deserve it.

Tears of shame were in my eyes; and as soon as possible I left the schoolroom, to wander about for hours outside, before I could muster up my courage to face the home criticism and surprise at my failure. How I dreaded to open the door and go in, as I stood there in the dark! When I entered the first greeting was a kindly smile, then a hand was laid on my shoulder, and a beloved voice said,

"Well, son, cheer up, you will have a chance to try again."

VIEW OF BUSINESS DISTRICT, BIRMINGHAM, ALABAMA

# BIRMINGHAM, ALABAMA
## THE MAGIC CITY

By Paul Cook

Birmingham, the south's industrial center, has been aptly dubbed the Magic City. It sprang up like a mushroom some twenty years ago, faltered during the dark period of 1892 and 1893 but eventually recovered, and has since forged ahead with a sure and steady growth which shows no sign of abatement. As a matter of fact, the past of Birmingham is as nothing when compared to its future. Untold possibilities of wealth and development lurk within the hills which extend over the great Birmingham district, including coal fields with an area of 8610 square miles, estimated by geologists to contain 50,000,000-000 tons. The rapid growth of Birmingham has been phenomenal and astonishes the outside world, but the fondest dreams of her citizens cannot encompass her greatness in the future. Already she dominates the price of iron for the world, and experts who have come from foreign countries to inspect this region, having heard of Birmingham, predict that she will eventually be the iron and steel center of the United States, succeeding to the position now held by Pittsburg.

No other southern city has been so widely advertised as Birmingham and none today is more talked about. Wherever the price of iron is quoted, there Birmingham will be found to wield a potent influence. With the exception of New Orleans, no city in the Southern States is more cosmopolitan in its character, while none is so progressive. The population of the city and district is composed of people from all quarters of the earth, including Italians, Greeks, Poles, Germans, Welshmen, Englishmen, Syrians, Frenchmen, Spaniards and other nationalities. Most of these people are employed in the various manufacturing industries which are thickly sprinkled over the district, many of them being expert coal miners.

The people of Birmingham are noted for their hustling proclivities. They are busy, hard-working and thoroughly up-to-date. They insist on having the best that money can buy, whether it be food, wearing apparel or amusements. A visitor to the town is invariably struck by its cosmopolitanism and the bustle of its streets. At night he observes a bewildering illumination caused by electric signs, a brilliant electric esplanade and other lights with which the business district is made almost as bright as in the day. Energy is everywhere and "Push" is the watchword.

COKE OVENS NEAR BIRMINGHAM, ALABAMA

The wealth of Birmingham lies in her magnificent resources of coal and iron ore, most of it as yet undeveloped, and in hundreds of manufacturing plants which send their smoke skyward within a radius of thirty-five square miles. This district includes the incorporated city limits and suburban towns which cluster around Birmingham. The Alabama mineral district, of which Birmingham is the capital, ranks fourth in the production of pig iron. There are fifty furnaces in the state, thirty of them in the immediate vicinity of Birmingham. These plants are up to date and iron can be made here cheaper than anywhere else in the world. All the material is ready at hand. It is estimated that the iron ore already located in this district is sufficient to supply double the number of furnaces now in blast for a period of 350 years. Among the principal iron and steel companies here may be mentioned the Tennessee Coal, Iron and Railway Company, the Sloss-Sheffield Company, the Republic Company and the Alabama Consolidated Coal and Iron Company. All are making money and constantly expending it in improvements.

The larger steel works are located at Ensley where the Tennessee Company has extensive plants, including eleven 50-ton open-hearth furnaces, a 250-ton primary furnace, a 15-ton converter, a blooming mill, a rail mill, foundry, machine shops, steel casting plant and other works. The Alabama Steel and Wire Company at Ensley, manufactures rods, nails, barbed wire, field fencing and woven-wire fencing.

The supply of coal is practically inexhaustible and includes all varieties. There are 18,000 men employed in coal mining in the district, of whom more than 12,000 are miners. There are eighty-five mines in the district, sixty-five of which are in Jefferson County. The annual output is 12,000,000 tons.

In addition to the large steel, iron and pipe-making plants in this district, there are nearly 300 shops, factories and other plants in and around Birmingham which are not dependent upon iron as a raw material. The list of products is a lengthy one, containing a great variety of manufactures.

It is estimated that the total investment in steel plants, mines and manufactures located in the Birmingham district is more than $100,000,000. At least 90,000 people are on the payrolls and receive $4,000,000 a month in wages.

GREAT STEEL PLANT OF THE TENNESSEE COAL, IRON AND RAILWAY CO., AT ENSLEY, IN THE BIRMINGHAM DISTRICT

As a railroad center, Birmingham is preeminent. Six trunk lines pass through the city and a million dollar, union passenger station is now in course of erection in the northeast part of the town. The lines tapping this district are: The Southern, Queen and Crescent, Louisville and Nashville, the Central of Georgia, the Frisco and the Seaboard Air Line. The Illinois Central and the Mobile and Ohio systems are expected to enter this district shortly.

Birmingham has one of the finest street railway systems in the country, with 112 miles of track and finely equipped cars. Special trains are operated. The street car population is 150,000. The system reaches fourteen cities and towns in the district. The town has eleven banks with total resources of more than $20,000,000 and deposits of $16,000,000. One of these banks has a capital stock of $1,000,000 and one is managed by colored men. The wholesale business is large and constantly growing. Birmingham jobbing houses already draw trade from all the gulf states and the volume of trade is constantly increasing. A great variety of wholesale houses are doing business here, including those which handle dry goods, drugs, groceries, pianos, hardware and other lines. Birmingham also handles 100,000 bales of cotton annually. New business enterprises are being launched every day, new buildings are going up in all parts of town, and the expansion in every way is remarkable. People who go away for six months and return, find themselves confronted on every side by extensive improvements.

CITY HALL BUILDING, BIRMINGHAM, ALABAMA

The educational side of Birmingham's growth has not been neglected. One of the handsomest school buildings in the country

SLOSS-SHEFFIELD FURNACE, BIRMINGHAM, ALABAMA

and a model of convenience has been recently completed at a cost of $150,000. The most advanced theories regarding education are practiced in this building. The public school system includes eight grammar schools and a high school for white children, together with five grammar schools and a high school for colored children. The schools are in charge of Dr. J. H. Phillips, an educator who has a national reputation.

There are eighty-six churches, fifty-six of them for white people, a Young Men's Christian Association, with handsome buildings, an athletic club, the Country Club, the Southern Club, the Phœnix Club, and a host of other organizations, social, fraternal and religious in character. There are also four handsome theaters where the best dramatic offerings of the country are to be seen, and eleven city parks. A great variety of clean and healthful amusements may be enjoyed by the people of Birmingham. Two excellent hospitals and a number of private sanitariums care for the sick and injured.

The climate of Birmingham is delightful and the water good. The city enjoys freedom from epidemics and has never suffered seriously from yellow fever brought in from towns further south.

Although the census credits Birmingham with only 38,415 people, the population of the town is really about 100,000, as it long ago overleapt the original incorporation boundaries. These lines were fixed thirty-five years ago. The population of Greater Birmingham, which is a possibility of the near future, will be 200,000. The neighboring towns are so closely associated and so dependent upon Birmingham proper that consolidation cannot be much longer delayed. When this takes place, Birmingham will attain to her true rank in the list of American cities.

Photo by Chas. Oblenis.

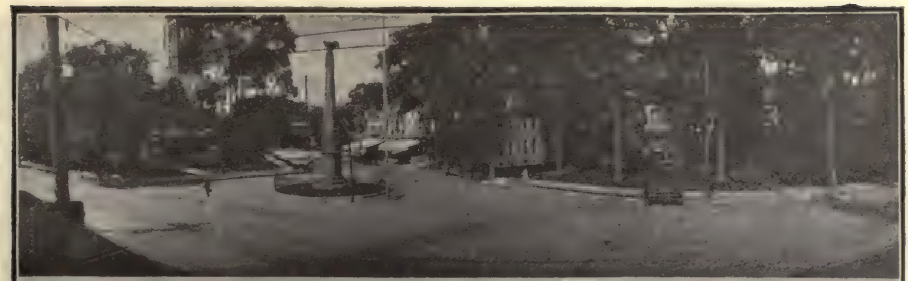
THE ARCH — GLENS FALLS, NEW YORK

# GLENS FALLS, THE EMPIRE VILLAGE

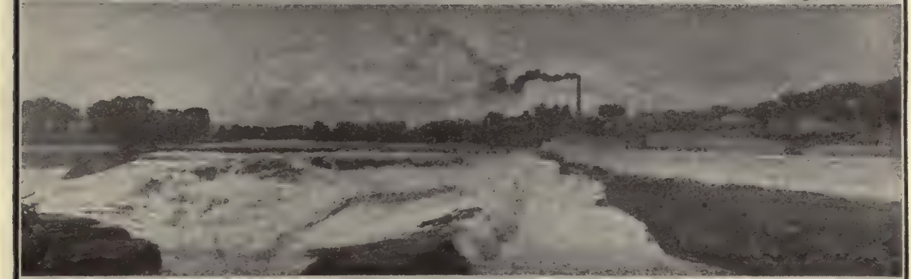
### By James A. Holden

GLENS FALLS, known as the Empire Village, is located in Warren County, New York, on the Hudson river, which at this point has an abrupt fall of about sixty feet, with a succession of falls and rapids. Here can be found the famous "cave" described in Cooper's "Last of the Mohicans." It is one of the largest incorporated villages in the country, but is so in name only, as the illustrations show it to be as up-to-date and urban in its characteristics, as any of the smaller cities in the state. Since its foundation in 1763, and its incorporation in 1837, at which time it had about 1,200 inhabitants, its growth has been gradual and healthy, and today it has a population of 15,000. Owing to large conflagrations in 1864, 1884 and 1902, the principal business section has been several times rebuilt, so that today the most solid and substantial business blocks and residences are standing on the main thoroughfares. As a result of the last great fire, the village organized a paid fire department, and now has a very low insurance rate compared with former years. The town is located in an agricultural region, while at the river are extensive quarries of limestone and black marble. Glens Falls for many years, has been noted for the superior quality of its lime products.

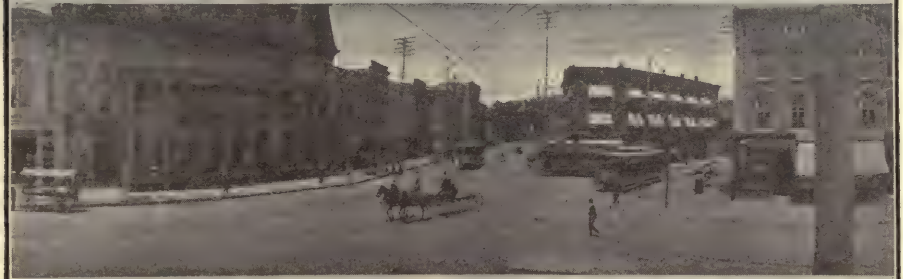
Along transportation lines, it is served by the Delaware & Hudson Railroad and the



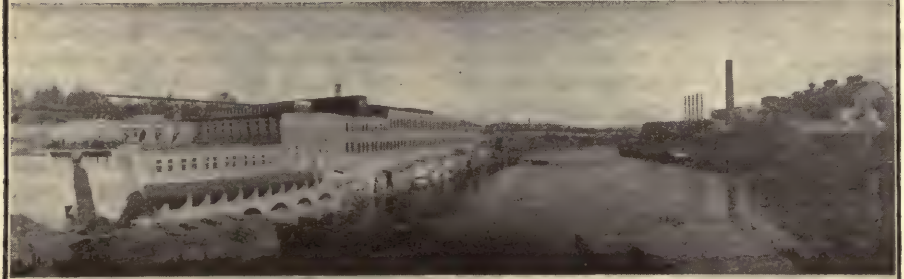
MONUMENT SQUARE, GLENS FALLS N.Y.
PHOTO BY CHAS. OBLENIS.



GLENS FALLS AT HIGH WATER ~ GLENS FALLS, N.Y.
PHOTO BY CHAS. OBLENIS.



BANK SQUARE ~ GLENS FALLS, N.Y.
PHOTO BY CHAS. OBLENIS.



PULP AND PAPER MILLS LOOKING EAST FROM BRIDGE GLENS FALLS NEW YORK.
PHOTO BY CHAS. OBLENIS.

Photo by Chas. Oblenis.

COOPER'S CAVE, MADE FAMOUS BY COOPER, IN "LAST OF THE MOHICANS"

Glens Falls Feeder and Champlain Canal. The new state barge canal will receive its waters from this point, which places the town in an enviable industrial position.

The village has an excellent free library and a public park, both given by a local philanthropist, Henry Crandall. It has three daily newspapers and two weeklies. It has a splendid system of gravity waterworks, the reservoirs of which are in the nearby foot-hills of the Adirondacks. It has gas and electric lights, an electric fire alarm system, police force, and all the accessories of a modern city. Located as it is on a plateau, it is thoroughly drained by a good sewerage system. The principal streets are paved with brick or asphalt, the mileage of which is constantly being added to from year to year. There are fourteen churches, including all the principal denominations, and a flourishing Y. M. C. A.

For over one hundred years Glens Falls has been noted as a manufacturing town. Here are located some of the largest plants of their kind in the world, and between ten and twelve thousand hands are employed by the various firms. Here are many collar and cuff, shirt and shirt waist factories, erected on modern principles, well lighted and aired and sanitarily perfect, the products of which are sold all over the United States and in foreign countries. There are two large lime plants, several mammoth paper and pulp mills, Portland Cement works, a paper box factory, mills and shops manufacturing wall paper, lumber, flour, laths, a famous make of buckboards, lanterns, machinery and foundry supplies, bricks both ordinary and ornamental, confectionery, cigars, gold and silver refining products, harness and other minor articles of commerce. Glens Falls has three national banks and one trust company, with a combined capitalization of $436,400 and deposits of $6,000,000. It is noted as one of the richest villages in the country, and its financial institutions are famous for their stability, progressiveness and safety. There is also a strong and excellent Savings and Loan Association, one of the best in the state.

Among the modern structures in the town

is the Empire theater, one of the largest playhouses in Northern New York. Other notable buildings are the new Municipal Building, which cost over $75,000, the magnificent edifice of the Young Men's Christian Association, the armory of Company K, Second Regiment, New York Militia, the home office of the Glens Falls Insurance Company, Crandall Free Library building, St. Mary's Auditorium, the new Methodist Episcopal church just erected at a cost of $135,000, and the Glens Falls Home for Aged Women.

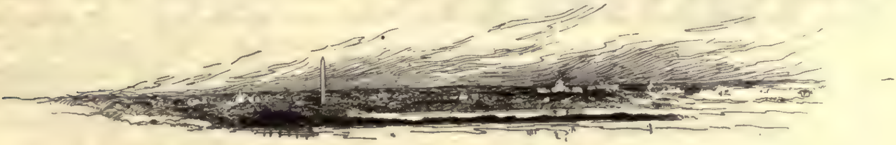
Glens Falls lies within a short distance of Lake George, Lake Champlain, Saratoga, Troy and Albany. It affords excellent opportunities in an educational way, as it has a superior union school system, for which a new high school built of sand and lime brick costing $135,000, has been erected and will be opened this September, the Glens Falls Academy, an old established private school, and St. Mary's Parochial school.

A feature of the section is its trolley system. The Hudson Valley Railroad with general offices in Glen Falls, is the longest interurban electric railroad in New York state. The road extends to Troy and Albany over two distinct routes, one by way of the historic battlefields of Schuylerville and Stillwater, and along the picturesque Hudson river, with a branch to Greenwich in the beautiful valley of the Battenkill. The other route through the world's famous resort, Saratoga Springs, and the other smaller resorts, Ballston Spa, and Round Lake. To the north, the line extends to beautiful Lake George and on to Warrensburgh its northern terminus, at the gateway of the Adirondacks. No more picturesque scenic trips in the east can be found than those along the foot of the Adirondacks. Combining as they do the historic and romantic scenes connected with the early history of the struggle for this country's existence, the territory traversed by this road offers inducements to the historical student, artist, nature-lover, hunter, fisherman, and rest and health seekers.

Nature has done her best in this beautiful region, and man has stepped in and placed at the disposal of the traveler transportation facilities of the best with accommodations to meet the requirements of all.

Capitalists looking for a new site in New York state will do well to visit this section, and this village in particular, before deciding on a location. In recapitulating the advantages Glens Falls can hold out, attention is called to the low tax rate, moderate cost of labor, freedom from labor troubles, miles of paved streets for hauling, a conservative and yet liberal banking system, excellent building sites close to water power, cheapness of electric power; supplied by the Hudson River Water Power Company, whose great dam at Spier Falls is second only to Niagara for producing electricity; and an exceedingly low insurance rate.

The confines of this article forbid mentioning here the many opportunities which the place affords to business men, but a visi to this beautiful village on the Hudson will well repay anyone interested in industrial enterprises. Its hotels are first class, comparing favorably with any city. A series of fine drives extending every direction. Glens Falls has done much in a material, industrial and educational way, but its opportunities for extension are limitless, and it must always be considered one of the leading communities of the Empire State. The streets of Glens Falls are regularly laid out, finely shaded and with exceedingly good sidewalks. Elegant residences in the midst of spacious grounds, protected from the sun by the umbrageous foliage of elms, maples and other trees, the mansions of business men and the attractive homes of the working class, owned by their occupants and mostly paid for, and all with well-kept lawns and gardens, with its metropolitan mercantile establishments give the village of Glens Falls an air of thrift, prosperity and progress, which makes it the peer, if not the superior of any village of its class on this continent.



# LET'S TALK IT OVER

WHENEVER I go to the theater—not very often—I think of the readers of the National in remote villages where they may not have the opportunity to attend the theater, and wonder what they would like best to have me write about in reference to the popular new plays of the day.

Well, I went to the theater in New York on the occasion of the five-hundred-and-sixteenth performance of *The Music Master* by David Warfield; an actor who has won his way straight to the hearts of the people. There is an attractive quality in the subtle sweetness of his voice, and a suggestion of power in the firm lower jaw, even teeth and the severity of the brushed-back, pompadour hair that makes Mr. Warfield "look the part" of an ideal music master. His rich accents and the tender flashes of sentiment that seem to leap from his eyes, add to the emotions awakened by the personality of the man. In a few swift glances the story of the emotions of the heart is told. How the actor can continue this strain night after night, without doing the same thing in exactly the same way, is difficult to understand. It is inspiring to look out over the faces of the audience during the performance.

No one who visits New York feels that he has "covered the amusements" unless he has witnessed *The Music Master*. There are few human hearts to which this sweet story of love and devotion, as portrayed by David Warfield before the footlights, does not appeal, but perhaps it comes with especial force to visitors just come from the country, where neighborly kindness and sympathy may be found more readily than in the city. David Warfield's acting leaves a good, pure and sweet memory of at least one night at the theater in New York. Yes, you have laughed and then found tears coming to your eyes, but you are glad to discover that you have not reached a time when it is no longer possible for you to weep over another's woes. The distinction between the emotions is too subtle to be analyzed, and only the sense of gratification remains.

* * *

If it were not for other contracts, *The Music Master* would probably continue in New York, breaking all records of continuous theatrical productions, for the admirers of the play who have already heard David Warfield, speak of him to their friends, who again talk up the play after they have seen it to another set of friends—making an endless chain. With so many admirers, it is no wonder that David Warfield has celebrated his six hundredth performance of *The Music Master*.

* * *

BY way of contrast, I went to see *The Girl of the Golden West*, written by David Belasco, and how those old tunes of forty-nine awakened memories of pioneer days! For the time, I believe we all felt just like "forty-niners." This play, with its setting of bygone years, has proved a very powerful magnet for theater goers in New York. One success in a certain line is sure to be the precursor of others, and during the past season the "wild and woolly West" has received special consideration on the boards of New York theaters. Scarcely a play is put on the stage that has not its wild westerner, who, struggling, it may be, with the difficulties of "his native heath," or cheerfully wrestling

# *The Doctor said*— "BACON"

—and plenty of it"

"GIVE her Bacon!
And plenty of it!" said the Doctor.
—A fine food for delicate children who need fat and up-building.
"Easily Digested?"
"Yes, assuredly!
Most easily of all fat foods!
Why? Because Bacon-fat is in *Granular* form."
"It can be eaten with impunity by persons to whom other forms of fat are intolerable."
Great for Diabetics!
Almost a Specific for people predisposed to Phthisis (Lung Trouble).
Produces strength, energy, vitality.
Not even a confirmed Dyspeptic need hesitate to eat plenty of Bacon—
*Provided*—
That Bacon has been mild--cured—
Is not too salty,
Is not too lean,
Is not too dry and stringy,
*Because*—
Bacon can benefit, or may injure, such People according to the *Quality* of meat in it, and the *Manner* of curing it.
You know poor Beef remains poor Beef—even if you Pickle it or Smoke it.
And, *Poor* Beef means poor nutrition,
So does *Poor* Bacon!
A lean Hog means a poorly nourished Hog—Poor *Quality* of meat.
Bacon from such a Hog will be dry, stringy and comparatively hard to Digest.
Fat, in Bacon is inseparable from "Good Condition"—from well-nourished Fibre.
The *Lean* meat of such Bacon will be Rich in Flavor, Juicy, Nutritious and Digestible.
That's if the nutriment in it has not been *pickled* out, by an excessively Strong; Salty, Briny, "Cure"!
Even *Good* meat can be Petrified in Salt, you know.
So that People who want—
The most nourishment—
The most Digestibility—
The Finest Meat Flavor—
Had better specify the "*Star*" grade of Armour Bacon—at a little higher Cost.
And see, for themselves, that the "*Star*" of Quality is actually burnt into the skin of the Bacon.
*Because*—
Only about *One* Hog in every *fifteen* received at the Huge Armour Plants daily is there considered *Superfine* enough to produce Armour "*Star*" grade of Bacon.
It must be a corn-fed Hog.
Because these have the firmest, sweetest flesh.
It must be a barrow Hog.
Because these have the fullest Flavor.
It must be a Young, but fully matured Hog.
Because these are tender, Fine-Grained, and Thin-Skinned.
It must be a well-nourished, fairly Fat Hog.
Because, these are the Juiciest and most Digestible.
Then these selected Flitches of Bacon must be "Cured" by a Mild, Sweet, Piquant, Armour Liquor.
Because that brings out, and develops all the fine, rich, subtle, meat flavors with an added spice.
And it does this without leaving a suggestion of that Salty, Porky taste that is noticeable in common kinds of Bacon.
Then comes the *Smoking*,—
Just enough to preserve the meat, and give a delicate suggestion of wood fire odor. These are the Factors, in Bacon, which Armour "*Star*" stands for.
Get it sliced from the piece by your butcher, or buy it "wafer-sliced," in cardboard boxes, air-tight tins or glass jars.

## *Armour's*
## "STAR" Hams and Bacon

with the bewildering city street cars, and unawed by the dour smiles and other conventionalities of civilization; comes on and goes off with a wild "Hurrah" or some mysterious cowboy talk. In it all there is a strong vitality, which is promising for the America of the future. The taste for plays of this kind is a healthy one, and shows an admiration of outdoor life. These productions are certainly a credit to David Belasco, who, despite vigorous opposition, has made his way to the front as one of America's greatest theatrical managers.

* * *

It is not a far cry from *The Girl of the Golden West*, to William H. Crane's *American Ambassador*. This is another western play giving a view of ranch life, with that flavor of westernism which has been so much in vogue in New York during the past season.

* * *

ON another occasion, I attended the Tremont theater in Boston to see a play given by Jesse Lynch Williams, which presents a phase of metropolitan newspaper life. It was so realistic that I felt impelled to go to one of the tables and grind out my "story" right there and then. The play presents the cynicism as well as the keen, lynx-eyed intelligence of the American newspaper man. There was the czar-like managing editor in his den, glancing up and down while he dealt out assignments for space, as if he really were giving out good money. The third and last acts certainly give one a thrill which is exhilarating.

The night I was there, Ex-President Grover Cleveland was in the audience, and I don't think I ever observed anyone who followed a play with keener interest; and I think I can recall the time when he did not have so genial a feeling toward newspaper men as he appears to have today.

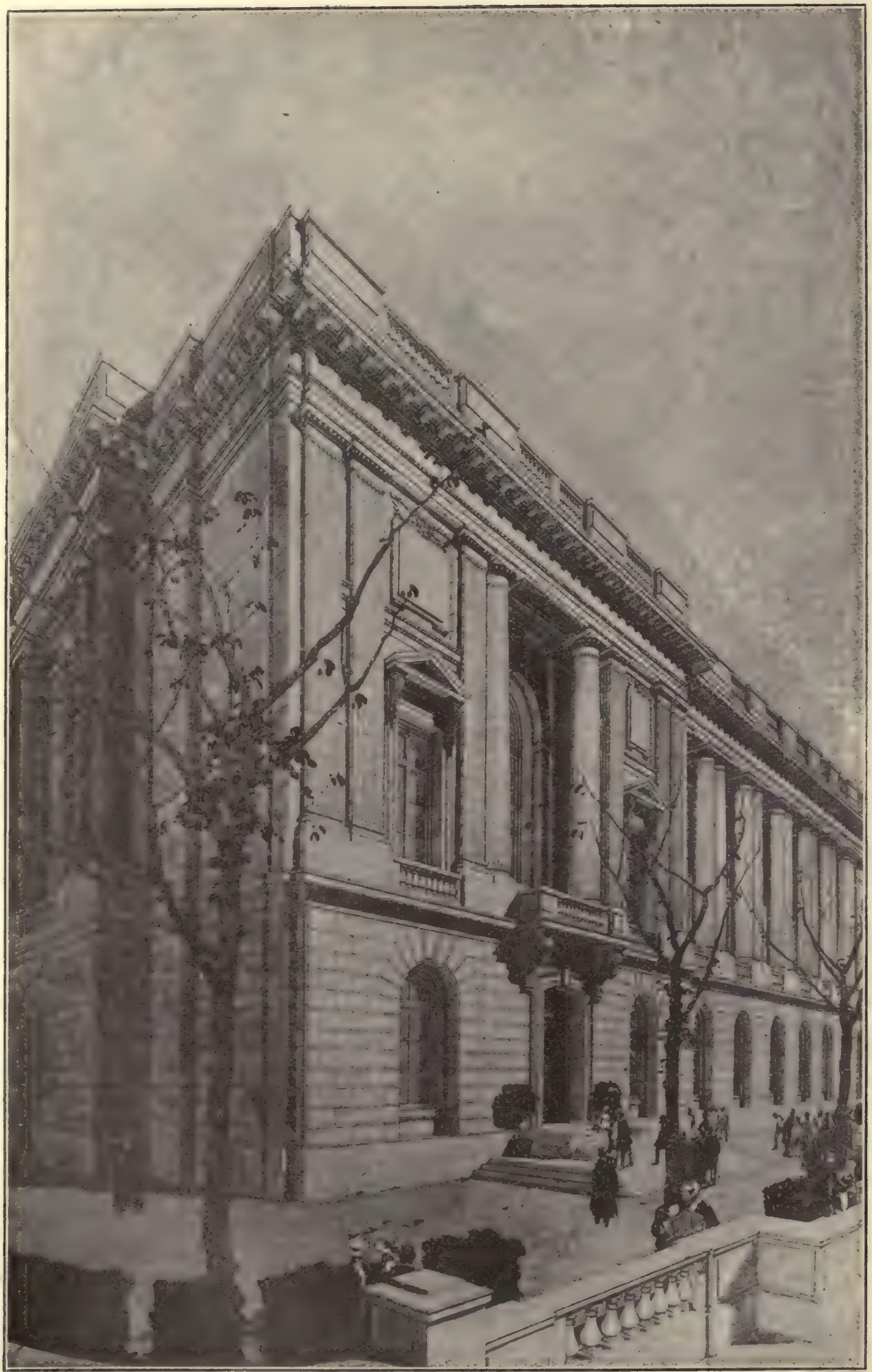
The lines of the play are satirical now and then, but through it all runs a wholesome love story. That dash made by Billy Woods, with the draft of the bill which gave him a "scoop," and played so important a part in the legislation of the Empire State was typical of the devotion which the American newspaper man shows for his work.

This play also suggested the fact that newspaper men may sometimes remain newspaper men too long for their own good. In this daily grind and search for news, the milk of human kindness seems to evaporate, and everything is levelled down to mere "copy"; and a man living this life may become hard, cynical and embittered. It is difficult for an outsider to understand that all the sweet and touching things of daily life are seldom heard of in the newspaper office. The thousands of good acts and little kindnesses are not "turned in" as news, except in the most prosaic form, and usually not at all. That is why persons who only read the newspapers often feel that the world is going from bad to worse—they find only the dark side presented in their favorite sheet, perhaps, and have not sufficient energy to search out the good in everyday life unless it is pointed out to them in print. To make a good newspaper, items must be as a thousand to one in regard to evil and good, for what would a newspaper be without a chronicle of the shadows of crime—the "spicy news,"—though there may be a flash of jovial good-nature and sunshine now and then.

I cannot coincide with the belief that newspapers which stimulate evil tendencies are the only kind that could be made popular. They certainly have a powerful attraction, but I believe an honest presentation of the other side of life would appeal quite as strongly to most people. A newspaper man has to feel a situation as well as find the focus. The working out of special subjects, the constant effort to catch the drift of public sentiment is an education in itself, and this adaptive faculty in a reporter becomes so highly developed that it seems almost like clairvoyance. Thus the reporter wields a formidable weapon in this power to give publicity to any occurrence; the wrong-doer is held at bay, breathless and abject, the moment he thinks he is likely to be exposed through the press.

* * *

No one could witness the presentation of "*The Stolen Story*" without feeling an appreciation of the American newspaper man—the heroism, excitement and thrill of real newspaper work are all brought within the scope of a few hours on the dial of the clock at the play, and as the story flashes out before the footlights, it certainly furnishes a glimpse of a phase of life which is playing an important part in the drama of existence today.



HOUSE OFFICE BUILDING, VIEW OF CORNER OF FIRST AND B STREETS AS SEEN FROM THE LIBRARY OF CONGRESS

# NATIONAL MAGAZINE

VOLUME XXIV **SEPTEMBER, 1906** NUMBER SIX

## Affairs at Washington

### By Joe Mitchell Chapple

ON a hot, humid, summer's day, I stood in the middle of Pennsylvania avenue and saluted the dome of the Capitol. Coming toward me was a congressman who was hurrying from the Pennsylvania depot to obtain more material for his summer's labor. This work on the part of the legislators means the digesting of the tons and tons of reports and hearings on measures which were under consideration in the last session of congress. Never has there been such a flood of printed matter presented for the consideration of our national legislators.

As the member talked to me, the perspiration dripped from his finger-tips and his collar slowly wilted. He pulled out a handkerchief first from one pocket and then from another, using them in relays with the right and left hands.

The vacation spirit seems each year to take more complete possession of the American people, and the facetious suggestion has been made that there will soon be a law enacted, providing a vacation for everybody every summer, making one long, workless period from July to September, and carrying out the modern prophecy that "every day'll be Sunday by-and-by." However, the Sunday period is not yet, and meantime people have business in the capital city during the hot weather.

But despite the heat, Washington has claims for consideration as a summer resort. What can be more delightful than a ride out to Chevy Chase, giving a glimpse of Greater Washington? The common impression is that the city is only interesting when congress is in session, but I must say that to really see the capital, to study it comprehensively and historically, the quiet summer days are about the best that can be chosen, and Washington should always be included in the summer vacation itinerary of anyone desiring to get a glimpse into the inner life of the American nation.

* * *

THE national capital, as planned by Washington, L'Enfant and other unnamed founders, and as described by writers, occupies but a small part of the District of Columbia. Rock Creek, flowing down a narrow valley, with precipitous banks, bounds it on the West and separates it from what was Georgetown; the eastern branch of the Potomac and the Potomac river bound it on the east and south; and a long, irregularly curved street, circling along the foot of Meridian Hill and the hills to the east of it, known for many years as "The Boundary," and now as Florida avenue, was the northern boundary of the city. Sentimental considerations should have retained this appropriate name, "The Boundary," for it marked the limits of the city as the founders planned it, and showed plainly what their successors have added.

Within these bounds are all the avenues, streets, squares and parks that were in the original design of the city, the Capitol and all of the public buildings, except the naval observatory and the asylum for the insane. The parks have been sadly encroached on for public buildings, congress, after having ordered the sale of the lots which became the share of the government in the original division, finding it more economical to seize the parks and reservations for building purposes than to buy the needed ground. While the city was yet unbuilt, and during the many years it was being constructed and had but a small population, the long avenues and streets, with high-sounding names, won for Washington the appropriate name of "the city of magnificent distances." But the epithet is no longer applicable—almost all of the original site of the city is built upon; the boundary has been overlapped in every direction, and the part of the city outside is almost as large as that within the original bounds, and is rapidly extending. After the lapse of more than a century, nothing but commendation can be offered of what the founders did, and it is marvelous how well and wisely they planned. When they laid out the city the national population was about five millions, and the area was enough for a nation of fifty millions, while the design was so beautiful and commodious that city building in our day has hardly reached up to it. In but few instances, in any line of human endeavor, has foresight done so well, and for this all thanks is due to the founders of Washington.

And now for the new capital outside of the boundary—the city that we have built since 1860, and are now building. The wise plans and foresight of the founders has been followed by the apathy and neglect of their successors. What was everybody's business was nobody's business. Because of this, outside of the boundary, the city is of the crazy-quilt pattern. Owners of tracts and parcels of land have, as their fancy and interest dictated—and chiefly the latter—laid out the ground in all sorts of irregular divisions, with narrow, short and even blind streets, these divisions being in no sort of harmony with the city within the boundary, or with each other. For more than fifty years all efforts to secure the extension of the avenues and streets beyond the original limits failed. There was no lack of effort, but congress simply would do nothing, although constantly urged by public-spirited officials and citizens of the District.

The time at last came when this new and greater Washington had to be recognized, in other ways than simply to be taxed, and the man who was able to grasp the situation, and who possessed the necessary patience and persistency appeared, and to him Washington is indebted for what order has been brought out of chaos, for new and ample parks, for the creation of new avenues and the extension, as far as possible, of the old ones, and for the dedication of the necessary land for these and for sewers and public uses generally.

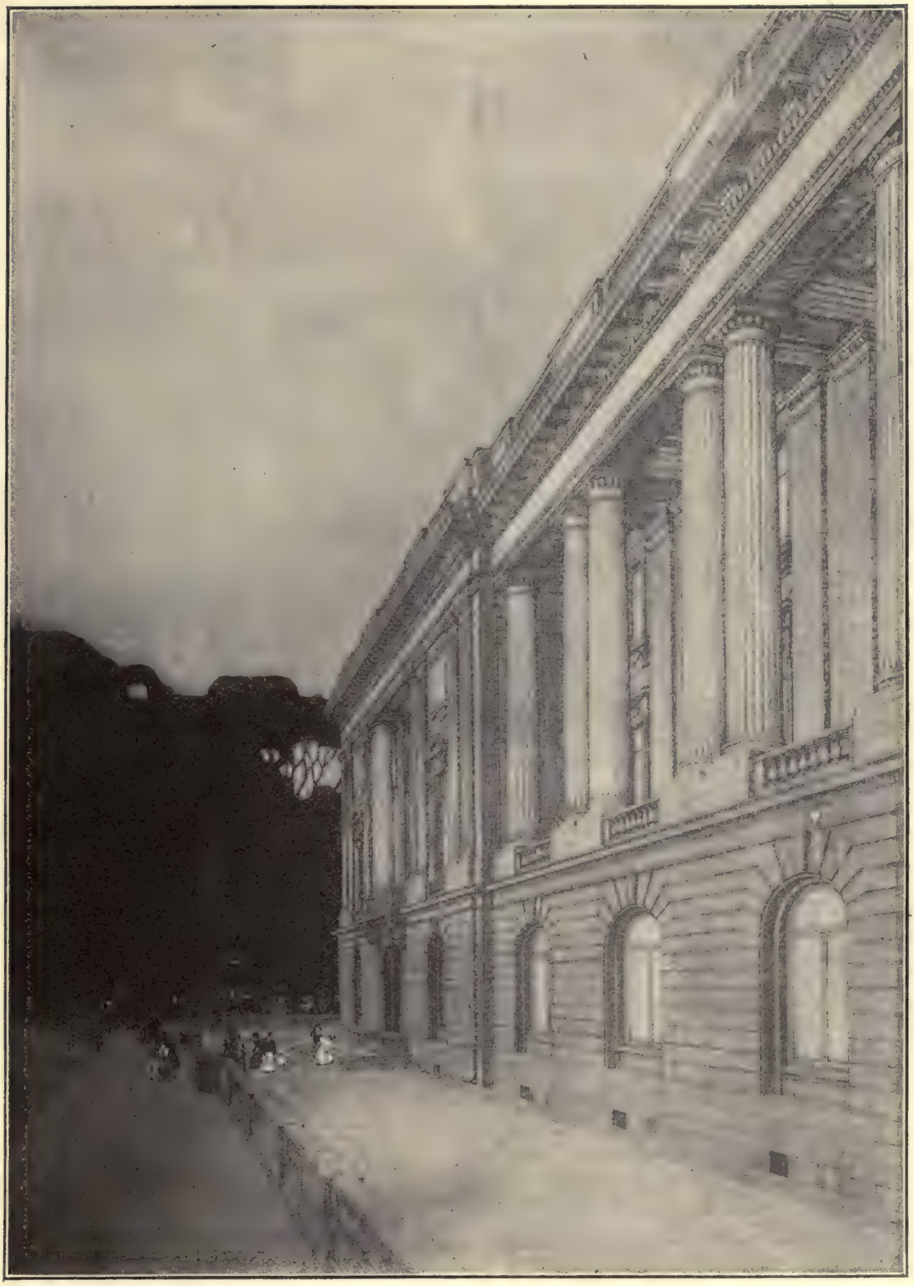
This man is Charles Carroll Glover, president of the Riggs National Bank in Washington, who has long been and still is an able successor to the founders of Washington. At this time he is arranging for an addition to the Rocky Creek Park, which will embrace the valley, and in a few decades will lie right in the heart of the city. This project means much to Washington and to the nation at large, and is simply carrying out the original idea of General Washington in nationalizing the capital.

As we talked, I could not but observe the people who passed his office, and note how genially Mr. Glover responded to their greetings, and yet kept up his business operations at a gatling gun rate. He is one of those men who might be called a "representative at large" for the District, for he has the true national spirit and is in sympathy with the feeling of all sections of the country, with a view to making Washington all it might, and will some day, be.

The national capital ought to be a rendezvous for all the rare curios of the world, gathered by the army and navy and the consular service, and contributed by thousands of private citizens; and this is what the city would be if there were only parks, museums and ample premises to receive and store such treasures. The Smithsonian and other institutions in Washington are what they are because of this effort to nationalize the capital.

On August first the work was begun in Washington on the handsome new buildings —the new homes of the House and Senate— which will be marvels of beauty and far surpass any government buildings heretofore erected in this country.

It does seem at times that Uncle Sam is entirely too modest in reference to his own interests and advantages in the way of giving encouragement to those larger projects which preserve the traditions of the past for the future. No city in the world would better



HOUSE OFFICE BUILDING. EAST END OF B STREET FRONT, AS SEEN FROM THE CAPITOL GROUNDS lend itself to heroic and artistic twentieth century embellishment than Washington, with its statues, parks, boulevards, gardens and beautiful drives. This was the idea of L'Enfant in the original plan for the city of Washington, and it now remains for such men as Mr. Glover to achieve by energy and devotion the completion of the picture.

ELLIOTT WOODS, SUPERINTENDENT OF THE CAPITOL

NEAR the close of the last session, I saw Senator Spooner standing in the center of Statuary Hall, apparently wrapped in thought, as he gazed at the statue of Roger Williams. He had just come from an absorbing debate in the senate, and the manner in which he looked at the representation of the great man before him was indeed suggestive.

"I always come out here when I want a moment's recreation," he said, "you know there is a wide field for reflection in these representatives of the traditions of the state. Look at John J. Ingalls over there, with his hand on the book, just as I have seen him in the senate, standing ready to speak! Notice that striking picture of Roger Williams—look at the majesty of Daniel Webster—note the poetic face of Samuel Austin of Texas, clad in buckskin—as finely chiselled as the face of Burns. Here," he went on thoughtfully, "I find my moments of inspiration, for the nation that can produce such men as these is worthy of the best effort a man can give. How could we fail to meet the responsibility of public life with such men as these looking down upon us?"

This gave me food for reflection, and I continued to study the statues. There was Father Marquette, Francis Willard, George Washington—and great names of all states. Every epoch of our history, from the earliest colonial settlement to the present time, is here represented in the rotunda in speechless yet eloquent marble.

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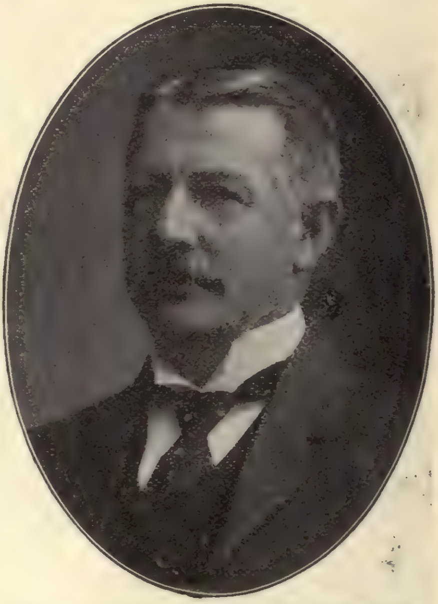
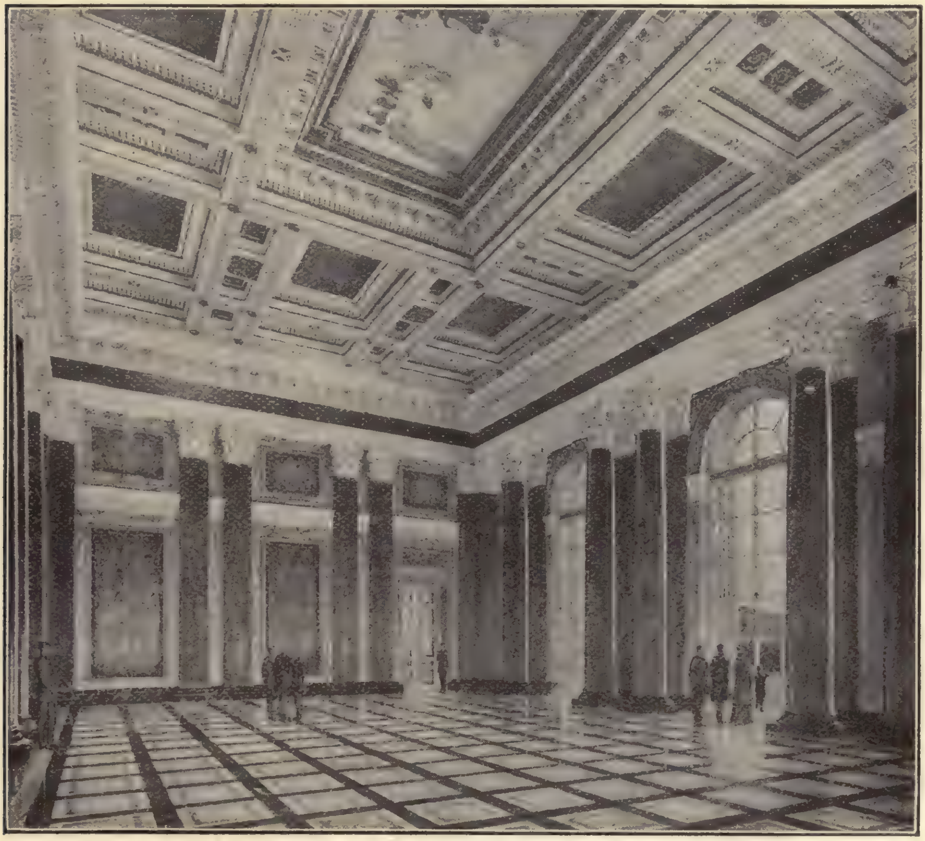
THE other day I chanced to find myself in Washington on a public holiday, so I went out to get acquainted with the boys. I found groups in every part of the city, playing baseball—and real baseball it was. Little fellows with mits as big as their heads were catching the swift balls with ease and grace, and I came to the conclusion that there can be no doubt that baseball as the national game has come to stay. An elderly ex-senator sat near me and entertained me by telling of the games played when he was a boy. He spoke of "long ball," "alley ball," "town ball," to say nothing of "four old cat." All these various games have gradually



CHARLES C. GLOVER, PRESIDENT RIGGS NATIONAL BANK, WASHINGTON merged into the game as we know it—they have consolidated and incorporated—like everything else—and now there is but one standard game, and that clings to the diamond. True, rules may vary a little—a foul tip is now a strike—but the small boy devotes his energies to learning the national game and fixes all his attention on the umpire, standing behind the bat, and calling "balls" and "strikes" and meriting the jeers of the "bleachers."

I watched one group of boys; there was great excitement when the ball was struck, and great disgust when the ball was missed and the muffer taunted with the familiar cry of "butter-fingers;" now translated "Skidoo" and "23," with an echo of "Get the hook!"

Lying sprawling on the grass, the boys expended their energy in digging their toes into the earth, throwing pebbles and debating very earnestly on the standing of the various baseball nines. Not far away was the swimming hole, and soon after the game was played and the last man was out, off the crowd of boys started for the favorite bathing spot. Happy days of youth!—with one suspender, a shirt and pair of trousers, baseball and a swimming hole, the American boy is supremely happy.



STUDY FOR THE SENATE CAUCUS ROOM

The singular thing is, that whatever exertion is required for play is all right, and no amount of energy or effort is denied to it; but the moment anything takes on a serious aspect of work, the bit becomes irksome, and lo! strength and desire for action desert the boy in a moment. Ask him to bring up coal or fill the wood-box, and he has visions of drudgery. The ebullient enthusiasm of the American youth at play is certainly contagious, and is a cheering indication for the future, if the energy and initiative exhibited in play is any sign of the force that will by-and-by be put upon more serious matters of life. Let the boys play, and have a good time, for in these bright summer days they are storing up hope and courage for years to come.

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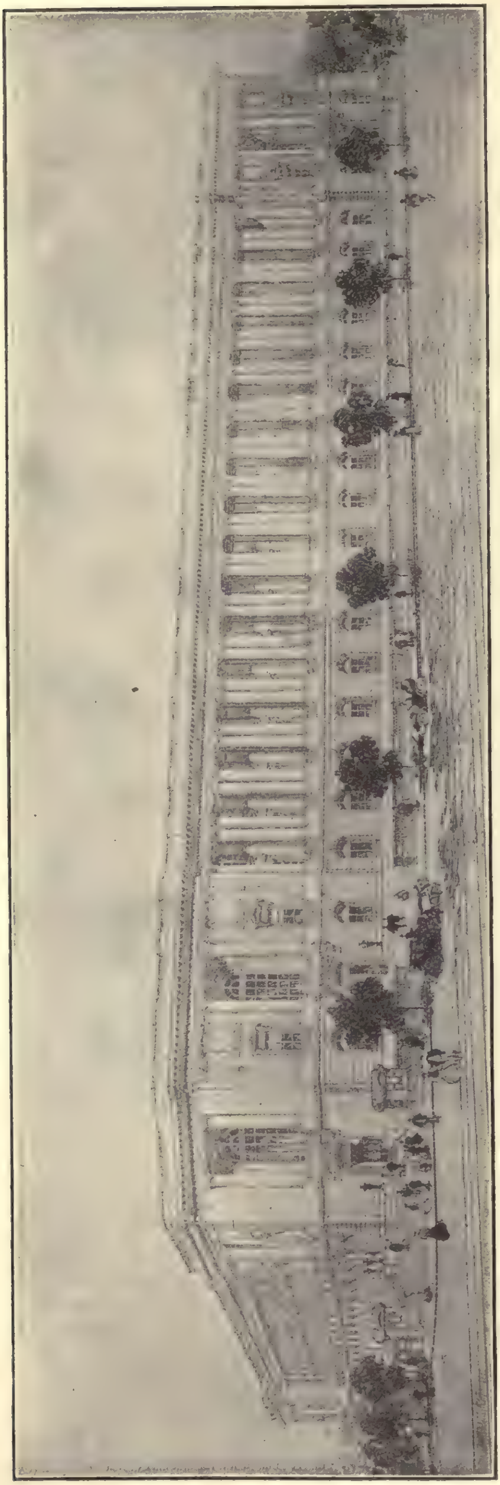
RESPLENDENT in a light summer suit, with a pleasant smile and cheery manner, Congressman G. G. Gilbert brings with him a suggestion of his home,—in the blue grass country. He always has a cheery word for everyone, and if half the people accepted his hearty invitation to visit him, there would be a general influx daily at the "old Kentucky home"; yet I am sure not one guest would fail to receive his full measure of the hospitality for which Kentucky is so famous. When I received the invitation from Mr. Gilbert, I instantly had visions of running brooks and pastures of blue grass.

Mr. Gilbert enjoys the distinction of having made the only speech in congress which was heard by Prince Henry of Prussia. He was speaking at the time the prince entered the gallery, and the fervid flow of Kentucky eloquence left a lasting and pleasant impression on the mind of the scion of royal blood.

This speech was published in many countries, and the author received copies printed at Bankok, Siam, at Hong Kong, China, at Berlin, at Manila, and other places. The prince thanked Mr. Gilbert personally for the nice compliment he paid in that speech to the German people, but the speech for which his own constituents thanked him most, was delivered in defense of Kentucky, and depicted in glowing terms some of the thrilling history and splendid achievements of his state.

Mr. Gilbert is a classical scholar and a fine type of a Southern representative. At one time a teacher, he began his political career as attorney of the county in which he was born.


VIEW OF B STREET AND DELAWARE AVENUE FRONTS OF THE SENATE OFFICE BUILDING, AS SEEN FROM THE CAPITOL

VIEW OF THE B STREET AND NEW JERSEY AVENUE FRONTS OF THE HOUSE OFFICE BUILDING, AS SEEN FROM THE CAPITOL

Mr. Gilbert, when I met him, was very much elated over his pet project, "Old Home Week." It had been a brilliant success, and he prophesies that next year the country will be amazed to learn what a notable influence the native sons of the soil—the thousands of Kentuckians scattered throughout the length and breadth of the land—have had in the upbuilding of the nation.

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STANDING in the highly decorated entrance of the marble room the other day, as I was coming up the corridor, I saw the burly forms of Senator Wetmore and Senator Dolliver. Senator Dolliver looked at me kindly and remarked, with a hearty slap on the shoulder, "Well, son, here for some more material for another letter to mother?" In this remark the senator uncovered my purpose, for there is not a paragraph written concerning affairs at Washington, that I do not feel as though writing a letter to "home folks."

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WHEN real hard work is to be done, Champ Clark of Missouri is always to be counted upon. Ever ready in debate, his training as a country newspaperman keeps him in close and vital touch with the will of the people. Mr. Clark has occupied a prominent place in the councils of his party, and is one of the men who is generally acknowledged as fitted to wield the strong hand of leadership. He is "hail fellow" whether well met or not; for if he happens to be not "well met," the infectious gaiety of his stories compels the attention of the listener. He is an intrepid debater, like all people from good old Missouri, and he "has to be shown."

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UNCLE SAM'S rent bill in Washington is growing—same as the rest of us. The amount paid out last year would mean four per cent. on an investment of $7,500,000, and this was paid for quarters not at all adapted for the purpose for which they are used. The first item on the rent roll is the payment for the storage of the models of the patent office; it is amazing that Uncle Sam does not provide a suitable building for this treasure-trove of American inventive genius. The rent for the department of the interior alone is $64,700 every year. These are matters which will come before the congress of the future, and an effort will be made to have the great rent bill transferred to a building appropriation, and the locations made more convenient for the work of the various departments.

HON. GEORGE C. GILBERT, THE KENTUCKY CONGRESSMAN FROM THE CENTER OF THE STATE

MRS. GEORGE C. GILBERT, WIFE OF THE KENTUCKY CONGRESSMAN

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WHILE in Auburn, I was the guest of Horace J. Knapp, editor of the Auburn Advertiser, and to him I owed the opportunity to see the city at its best. Auburn is the home of the Osborne Harvester, has a good shoe industry, and seems to be an ideal place for manufactures of all sorts, and here many articles are made which go forth to all parts of the world. It may be the "loveliest village of the plain," but does not resemble its classic namesake in any other respect.

We spent a few hours at the City Club, where I had the pleasure of meeting some of the merchants of Auburn. As we came home along the business streets that Saturday evening, I noticed the lines of stores, all busy with customers, and the streets thronged with people, and could not fail to see that Auburn exemplifies fully all the activities of an American city.

Mr. Knapp drove me out to the lake, overlooked by many beautiful summer homes, and the whole city, with its educational institutions, its many industries, its towering elms and its spacious lawns, impressed me as being an ideal, American, residential city.

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IN MY many pilgrimages to different parts of the Republic — and they have taken me into nearly every state of the Union —I am always anxious to visit at their homes, those senators and congressmen whose kindly invitations at parting are not the least pleasant memories of the close of a session of congress. I sincerely hope, that however surprised many of them may be at some unusually prompt visitation, they will always feel that I consider these courteous invitations as given rather to the readers of the National than to me, and remember that I greatly value every opportunity to meet the prominent men of America at home, and consider it my highest privilege to bring them face to face, as it were, with the hundreds of thousands who read the National.

HONORABLE SERENO PAYNE, CHAIRMAN OF THE HOUSE WAYS AND MEANS COMMITTEE, ENJOYING A QUIET DAY WITH MRS. PAYNE AT HIS HOME IN AUBURN, NEW YORK

ON A cosy back veranda one hot summer day, I found the Honorable Sereno E. Payne, chairman of the ways and means committee, at his home in Auburn, New York. He was enjoying his rest and recovering from the fatigue engendered by the arduous days of the long session. It seemed strange to me to see Mr. Payne anywhere else but on the right side of the floor of congress, or in the committee room, resplendent with his pink carnation, and keenly watching every move and phase of national legislation. The moment I saw his tall form, I seemed to be suddenly transported to the capital, for I had never seen him at his home before.

It is difficult for anyone not actually connected with Washington life to realize the multifarious duties which have devolved upon the chairman of the ways and means committee, who has been so successful in maintaining the protective policy of his party. As was said by one of his friends: "We hardly realize the thousand—yes, million,— details involved in tariff legislation — all of which have to be cared for by the massive intellect of Sereno Payne."

He is a type of the congressman who has served his country well and faithfully. Representing the city of Auburn, the district from which came Secretary Seward, Mr. Payne is certainly maintaining its character as the home of many of America's famous men. A native of Hamilton, Mr. Payne is a graduate of the University of Rochester. It was in Auburn that he first practised law, and he is now a member of the firm of Payne, Payne & Clark. Mr. Payne has held several public offices in the city of Auburn, and was a member of the American-British joint high commission in 1899. Elected to the Forty-eighth Congress, for over a quarter of a century he has served almost continuously, and it was a delight and inspiration to see his familiar, stalwart figure in the quietude of his own home. The chairman of the committee on ways and means is a tall man, with gray hair and moustache and kindly blue eyes. Those who have been welcomed by his genial smile, believe that it is a true index of his character. It was indeed a pleasure to hear the good opinions of his neighbors and friends who reside near and know him in his home life, and also to realize that a congressman who serves his nation well, also serves his district well.

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IT WAS a summer joke told about Secretary Taft. He has made a good start as a popular presidential candidate. It was said in Washington that he arose and gallantly gave his seat to—not one but *three* ladies. An amused ripple passed over the occupants of the other seats, as they saw what a benefactor the gallant secretary could be by standing in a car and giving a seat to three, tiny, despairing ladies at one time The good secretary weighs less than 400 pounds, and is of broad and generous dimensions, and once this story becomes known throughout districts where women exercise the right of suffrage, it is feared that other candidates will have a rough time.

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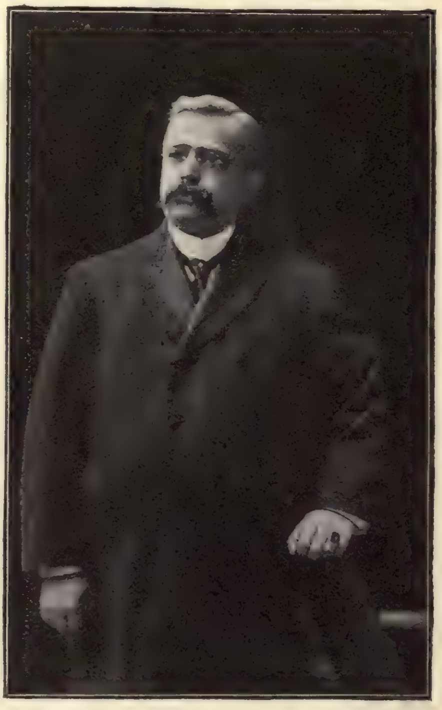
ONE of the most important committee-rooms in the house is that of the committee on accounts. It is here that the general accounting for all the measures is done. Situated on the basement floor, west corridor, overlooking the terrace, these committee rooms are easily accessible to the many callers who have business there each day. After the long table in the outside room is passed, there is a gorgeous partition which suggests a banking room. Here may be seen the seal of Pennsylvania, and the room is a rendezvous for the delegation from that state. H. Burd Cassel is the presiding genius here, and guides the affairs of the accounts committee. While here, I met Arthur L. Bates, the congressman from Meadville, who had dropped in to converse. While there are a great many committee rooms in the Capitol, artificially lighted, upon the chairman of the committee on accounts pours down a flood of daylight that enables him to watch the figures pretty closely.



CONGRESSMAN H. BURD CASSEL OF MARIETTA, PA.

Mr. Cassel hails from Lancaster County, Pennsylvania, and representing a tobacco-growing constituency has made a valiant fight on the Philippine tariff bill, and has also made other strenuous efforts to protect the interests of his constituents, following out his policy to a logical conclusion, irrespective of party or political questions. He is rather proud of the fact, that a map of Lancaster County hangs on the wall of the post-office department, as a model of what is possible to achieve in rural free delivery in the years to come, following the tremendous strides of the past decade. It is said that the service given to this county, is as comprehensive and complete as rural delivery can be made. Mr. Cassel's debate on the Philippine tariff bill includes some of the most interesting pages of the Record.

CONGRESSMAN BURKE OF PENNSYLVANIA, LEAVING WASHINGTON FOR HIS HOME IN PITTSBURG AT THE CLOSE OF CONGRESS

WHEN you speak of "Jim" Sherman, you are at once told that he is the parliamentarian of the house. He is a congressman who has served long and faithfully, and is recognized as one of the "getters," for he seems to have a special aptitude for obtaining results. With his beaming smile and pleasant manner, he can count on the lasting friendship of those with whom he is associated, and that is of as much consequence as success in argúment and debate.

Mr. Sherman is at the head of the repub-

SENATOR BURROWS OF MICHIGAN, IN HIS AUTOMOBILE, AT WASHINGTON

lican congressional campaign committee, and while it is recognized that he has a big contract on his hands, he comes to his work with that smiling suavity which we usually associate with tasks of much less proportion. Residing at Utica, New York, which was the home of Roscoe Conkling, he has long been identified with large political maneuvers, and has long ago been classed as a man eminent in national affairs.

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THREE-FOURTHS of the wire mileage of the country is used by telephones, and two-thirds of the wages for the operation of wire mileage is paid by the telephone companies.

The number of messages reported for the year 1902—and, mind you, that was four years ago and the wave of "wire talking" has increased rapidly since then—makes a nice total of over five billion. Ohio leads in the number of messages with 558,707,801, and Illinois comes next in the talk traffic with 541,161,932, but Pennsylvania with 493,617,718, is a close second. Strange to say, New York has but 360,098,123. A little figure at the bottom of the report, revealed the fact that there are 684 railroads in the United States having telegraph or telephone lines, these being all distinct railroad corporations—in name at least.

It is estimated that the above figures will probably be more than doubled before the next census, and it looks as though the talk wave might be regarded as pretty certain evidence of prosperous times. It was facetiously remarked by a congressman who sat close by, that the automobile had done more to stimulate talking by wire than any other one thing — especially in regard to long distance calls. He said a long distance message was needed to order the machine; another to find out just when it started and might be expected to arrive; another long distance message to get it into the garage, and after that long distance messages followed in quick succession if the repair shop happened to be required. Then there were long distance messages to tell the folks at home how the traveler got on; and where he was after he started on a tour, and hurry calls for bail when gathered in by the sheriff for running down dogs or exceeding speed limits,—so, automobiles have contributed their share to the great wave of telephone talk, vibrating through the length and breadth of the land.

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IT is gratifying to believe that we have discovered something, even though it may be merely some fact generally known to others, but when we realize that we have actually gripped something new concerning those with whom we have come into contact, it broadens belief in our penetrative powers.

In Chicago, I met Congressman Henry Boutell, who has run the gauntlet of several strenuous campaigns. Anyone who sits down and talks face to face with Mr. Boutell quickly discovers that he is a scholar, a well-read and high-minded man. Accounted one of the best parliamentarians in congress, he seems to enjoy the work of presiding pro tem, because he has a thorough knowledge of all the technical details in debate, from the time of the ancient Amphictyons of Greece to the present day. During the session one is quite likely to find on Mr. Boutell's desk a copy of "Grotious" or "The Federalist," or a treatise on some scientific or technical subject. If good old Bacon is right, and "Reading maketh a full man," Mr. Boutell is fairly well-orbed for public service.

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IT is generally conceded that Judge Calderhead of Kansas represents the sunflower emblem of his state. He is an irredeemable and irreclaimable optimist. He is known in Washington as a congressman in the broadest sense of the word. After a conference with a number of his colleagues of both political parties, I found that there was a general appreciation of the work of Judge Calderhead. No wonder that he has maintained a strong hold on his constituents. He somehow suggests the sturdiness of Kansas in John Brown's day.

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AN interesting incident was related to me the other day by Mr. Hubbard, concerning Grenville M. Dodge, who was born and reared in "Rooty Plain," Massachusetts. Early in life the young man anticipated the

SENATOR DICK OF OHIO, IN HIS AUTOMOBILE AT WASHINGTON well-known Greeley advice, "Go West and grow up with the country," having located at Council Bluffs, Iowa. His record is one which reads like a romance, and General Dodge is now one of the three surviving major-generals and corps commanders of the Civil war.

It was during the dark days of that fratricidal war that this incident related by Mr. Hubbard took place. It occurred while he was a boy, and during the time when he yearned to see a real major-general, but on seeing one he was somewhat disappointed to meet a young man of thirty-four, wearing simple stripes and epaulettes, whereas the sergeant of the company was resplendent in scarlet, gold braid, and gay stripes down his trousers. This major-general of a boy's dreams was Grenville M. Dodge.

It was one morning after this meeting that the news came that "Gren was shot." It reached four of his friends who were in a wagon going to work in the early dawn. The sun was rising amid the purple haze of the New England hills, and the rays slowly reached the old home place of the young man who had gone forth to win glory on the field of battle—and now —"Gren's shot, Gren's shot!" passed from lip to lip in shocked surprise.

Their pipes had been all ready to light when the news came, but they lay unheeded as the four young men rode along in absolute silence—the most eloquent tribute that could have been paid to the old friend whose untimely end they mourned. After that first pang of grief had passed, they quietly lighted their pipes and talked in low tones of the man as they had known him, recalling tender memories of the boy friend whose early death on the field of Atlanta was recorded.

But "Gren" was not dead—now, years after, hale and hearty at seventy-five, this same Grenville M. Dodge is living in the ripe and serene sunset of his long life, looking back over a notable career and greeting old friends at his birthplace—friends who never cease to feel proud and enthusiastic in their personal friendship and admiration for the soldier boy, who went out from Danvers, Massachusetts, and became a general.

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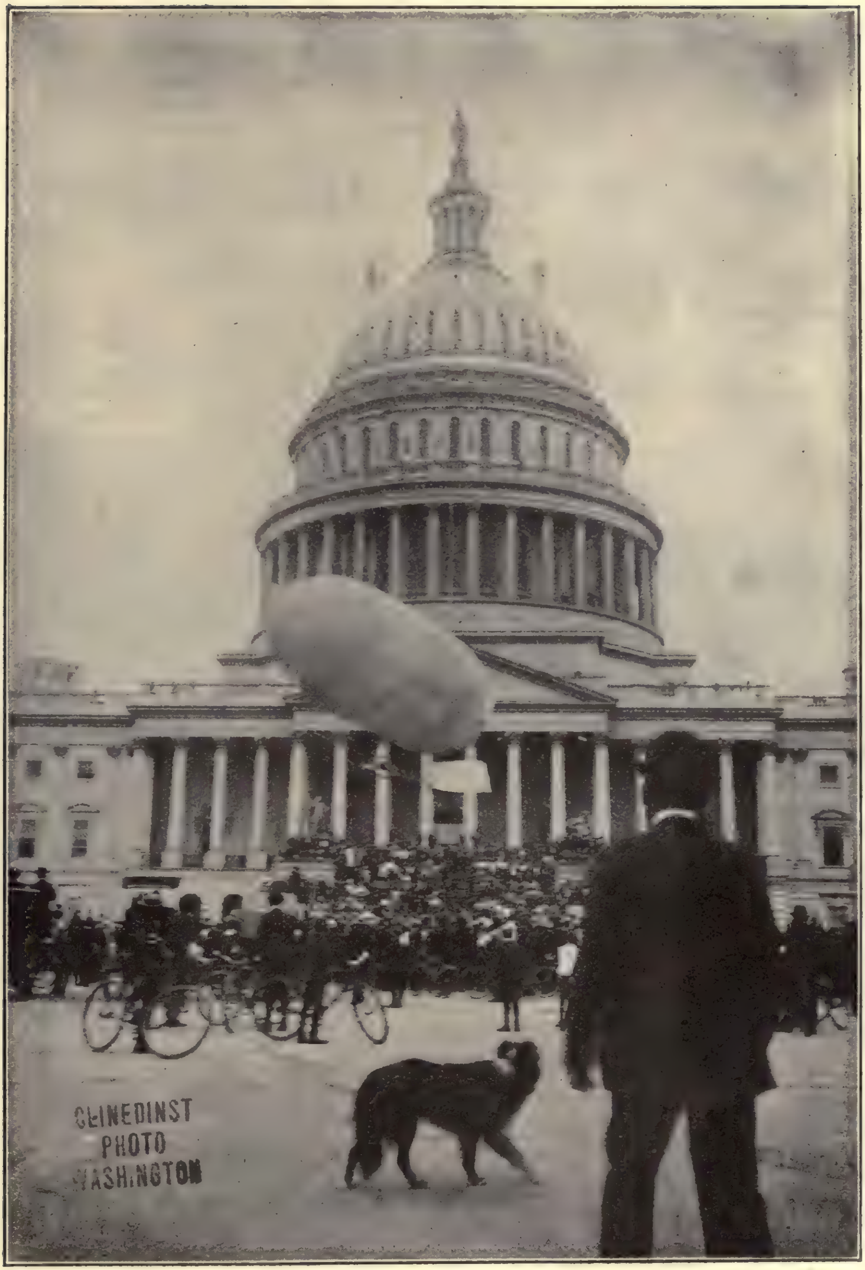
REPRESENTATIVE JAMES SHERMAN OF NEW YORK

NOT far from our office in New York, is the familiar, old, historic lunch stand run by P. Dolan & Nephew. It has been the rendezvous of newspaper men for years past, since the days of Greeley and Bennett. It is not gorgeous with carpets or rugs on the floor. The arrangement is simple, and the chief thing served is corned beef. Behind the counter used to stand Mr. Dolan and his nephew, cutting off "beef and—" which was served with beans, usually the mashed New York beans, and not the "Boston baked" variety. In these modern days Johnny T. Meehan, the nephew has succeeded P. T. Dolan, who has long since passed away. It is said that Johnny has never been outside New York state, but among his patrons he numbers many celebrities, among whom was once President Roosevelt, who, it is stated, used to go in and order his "beef and" regularly in the old days. However, there was a time when Johnny laid down the carving knife, and deserted his ruddy, appetizing corned beef to attend a presidential reception at the request of his old customer, Theodore Roosevelt.

It is understood that the good man is worth a half-million dollars, and he shone resplendent in evening dress at the reception. It was a pleasure to many there to note this mark of the forward march of opportunity



THE AIR SHIP IN WASHINGTON. CONGRESS ADJOURNED TO ALLOW THE MEMBERS TO WATCH IT ALIGHT AT THE CAPITOL AND THEN ARISE AGAIN IN ITS FLIGHT ONWARD

and democratic feeling in our country. No matter what a man undertakes to do, if he does it well, he makes a success, whether it is the preparation and cutting of corned beef or the writing of a poem. One might paraphrase the words of Tennyson, "Work must 'a gone to the getting whenever the money was got," and say, "Work must a' gone to the doing, whenever the doing was done," for it is honest, hard work that counts every time, even if it be only crushing stones for the roadway.

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THE august array of empty homes and the peace and quietude of the Washington avenues were refreshing after the rattle and noise of the New York streets; yet I felt a little lonesome as I stood considering what to write you for September. A sense of languor pervaded the air; everybody seemed to have left town, and square after square of unoccupied houses, closed and silent, told how entirely the seat of government has been moved to Oyster Bay. When congress is not in session, public matters are certain to be very prominent wherever the executive headquarters may be located.

SENATOR WHYTE, THE GRAND OLD MAN OF MARYLAND

Yes, I felt "like one who treads alone some banquet hall deserted," or like the man who returns unexpectedly for a few days to his town house, while all the rest of the family are off on a vacation. Who does not recall the ghastly quiet of his deserted home on such a return?—the dust on the dining-table that we were accustomed to see comfortably spread for every meal; the furniture covered from moths and sun; the windows all shut tight; the rooms close and hot, and no sound except our own footfall. I hastened away from this part of the city to the parks, where I discovered that, after all, it is not unpleasant in Washington during the warm months.

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So I woke out of my dream of lonesomeness and said, "*I* am here. I can look upon these stately buildings, the tall spire of the Washington monument, the glories of the Virginian hills and of Arlington across the Potomac. What city is more beautiful than our own Washington?"

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The nation's interest in government news from Washington will never wane. Even if the "Affairs at Washington" contained no more than a reference to the routine of work, and told only of clerks leisurely sauntering to and fro from their offices, dreaming of vacation days to come or that had already passed, there would still be a satisfaction in knowing that "all is well" in Washington.

# PASSING OF PRENTICE MULFORD

## By Charles Warren Stoddard

Author of "South Sea Idyls," "Islands of Tranquil Delight," etc.
CONGRESS SPRING, SARATOGA, CALIFORNIA

TWO friends of Prentice Mulford, happily my friends as well, have rendered me invaluable aid in the preparation of this brief memoir. I gratefully acknowledge my indebtedness to Mr. F. J. Needham, the comrade of Prentice Mulford and publisher of his works; and to Mr. Howell Hansel, the brilliant and popular leading man of the Castle Square Theater, Boston, Massachusetts.

Mr. Needham says:

"I first met Prentice Mulford in March, 1885, at the house of one of his acquaintances; there was to have been a lecture of some kind, but owing to the illness of the lecturer the evening was passed in an informal manner, and would have been most dreary but for the ripple of dry humor with which Prentice occasionally enlivened us. The company was composed of theosophists and spiritualists and so-called radicals. They talked chiefly of Karma, Guides, Controls, Astrals, Egyptians, Ancients and North American Indians.

"I did not meet him again until the Fall of that year, at one of his lectures in the rooms of the remnants of what was then known as the White Cross Fraternity, at No. 12 Pemberton Square. It was there I came to know him well—for my wife and I, with a very few others, attended his weekly talks—they were almost too informal to be called lectures. Every day he used to come to my photograph studio at No. 22 Tremont Row, and during the Winter and following Spring he used to talk on the line of thought he afterward elaborated in his essays.

"The building on Pemberton Square, where he first lectured, stood on the site of the new court house, and notice was given the tenants to vacate the premises. I helped him to remove his effects. I never, while there, saw more than four or five members of the White Cross Fraternity, and upon leaving the old quarters the fraternity died a natural death.

"It seemed to me a mistake for him to retain the White Cross as his symbol, but he saw in it an occult significance, and held fast to it. The fraternity, whose emblem it was, no longer existed; but when I added the golden triangle with the scarlet center and the white cross placed within it, he felt that in this sign he was to conquer and clung to it tenaciously ever after.

"His essays originally appeared serially and separately in paper wrappers, and constituted what is known as the 'White Cross Library.' They are now all gathered under cloth covers and fill several volumes. His name did not appear upon the covers of the first few numbers of the library, and naturally they were claimed by a member of the former fraternity, a woman; it therefore became necessary in order that credit might be given where credit was due, to publish each succeeding essay under his name — a custom that was continued as long as he lived. After his death it was stated in the press that his essays were dictated by the woman who claimed the authorship of the few that were issued anonymously. His essays continued to appear, year after year, under his name; but never a word was said in an attempt to prove that Prentice had received any assistance in the composition of his essays, until after his death.

"I was with Prentice daily for nearly six years. I bought all the paper he used for his copy, as he needed it. We talked constantly of his work while he was writing it—under my eye, unless he were away on some little trip. His first essay was called 'How to Keep Your Strength;' it is now entitled 'Concentration.' It was not until we published 'The Law of Success' that I was convinced of the greatness of his mission and his power to fulfill it."

It was thus that the "White Cross Library" originated; a library of wholesome wisdom and philosophy whose healthful influence has been felt in the minds and hearts of readers in many distant portions of the globe.

It was while Prentice Mulford was making his home with the Needhams, at No. 22 Tremont Row, that he developed most rapidly the faculty which ultimately became but little less than inspiration. He was of a highly sensitive organization and was easily and powerfully influenced by his immediate surroundings. No one knew better than he how much the health of one's mind and soul depends upon one's environment; more, perhaps, than does the health of the body. In the study of his tracts it will be seen that their teachings encourage the evolution of individuality; their essence is unworldliness, their object self-purification, their rule of life solitude and meditation. In the track of these lie all the virtues. In his propagandism *Thought* materializes—he says "Thoughts are Things"—therefore he believed in the spiritualization of thought.

At the Needhams' he had the range of all the rooms upon two floors, and there was not one of them that he had not used familiarly — slept in, written in, lived in, until he had absorbed all that was helpful to him — save only the developing room adjoining the studio; having gone from one room to another, making all his in turn, he would begin his round again with a renewed interest in each chamber. The room he used the longest and liked the best was about twelve by twenty, lighted by two large and lofty windows. It was remodeled and decorated to suit his fancy. From the center of the ceiling descended a drapery of corn-colored chintz, with a pattern of delicate sprays in it; a hundred yards of this, gathered at the top, and flowing wide about the walls of the room, made of it a kind of oval marquee; curtains were festooned at door and windows; a fresh straw matting was upon the floor; in an open grate he burned firewood, and when within this favorite retreat he was as far from the commonplaces of life as though he were alone within an oasis in the desert. Often he retired thither and much he wrote there; and it was there he was visited by the late Joseph Jefferson, "Rip Van Winkle", who could "stay only a minute," but was for three good hours closeted with the man whose philosophy he joyfully accepted.

Mulford was at one time seriously ill in Boston, and required constant care. During this period he was not very strong at his best; for some weeks he seemed to neither gain nor lose, and his case was puzzling. He was asked if he could think of anything he believed would help him, and he replied:—"If I could only get hold of a copy of O'Meara's *Napoleon*, I think it would restore me. I have read all else about Napoleon, but could never find O'Meara. That book would prove a tonic."

Mr. Needham at once went in pursuit of O'Meara. He inquired everywhere and also searched the second-hand bookshops of Boston, but could not find the coveted history. Standing upon Cornhill, almost in despair, he said to himself: "Is there a shop in this town I have overlooked?" At that moment his eye fell upon Bartlett's, just over the way; he crossed the street, looked in at the show window, and there, on a bracket in the corner, with one volume standing partially open, was O'Meara's *Napoleon*. He purchased it on the instant, hastened back to Prentice, who seized it as a drowning man his straw, and in three days the reader was as well as ever and ready to resume his usual Saturday Evening Talks in the studio. "Canst thou not minister to a mind diseased?" O, bloodless leech! "Throw physic to the dogs!"

While so susceptible to many and various influences, Prentice Mulford cared little for money and less for clothes. Until late in life he was painfully shy, and his followers, at first, though few, were of that emotional temperament that he sometimes found almost overpowering. It was his custom to flee, when possible, from the adulation of his female votaries, but in this he was not always successful.

In 1888, Mulford went to New York City with his friends the Needhams. It was his belief that if one is interested in a work of great importance one should work in and from the largest possible center; therefore, he settled in New York City and made it his headquarters while he lived.

A warm friend of Prentice—Mrs. Mel R. Colquitt—wrote at the time of his death:—

> "During my residence in New York, in the late 80's, I saw an announcement in the Sunday *Herald* that Prentice Mulford would lecture that evening in some private rooms at No. — Broadway. That was 'a name to conjure with,' and my husband and myself decided at once that we would go to hear the man who had so often charmed us in print. We found only fifteen or twenty people, oddly assorted, assembled to hear the lecture. At that time Prentice Mulford looked less like a litterateur than anyone I ever saw. He was rather short, burly in figure, blonde in coloring, with scant reddish hair, a thick, short-cut moustache and alert gray-blue eyes. His manner was subdued, modest, almost embarrassed, but oh! what irresistibly mirth-provoking things he did say! What drollery, what flashing raillery, what quips and quirks! all told in a voice very monotonous, in a manner almost lifeless. The effect was singular in the extreme. Here was a new kind of humorist; a man who seemed to wonder why his audience found him funny!
>
> "Sitting near him was a little girl, or slip of a woman, of striking beauty. She was small of stature, faultlessly formed, and crowned with a glorious head running over with sunbright brown hair, cut short and parted on the side. Her face was tinted like a tea-rose, her eyes were luminous and starry; she had a perfect mouth and gleaming, firm little teeth. She was the very breathing, smiling incarnation of that lovely picture, 'The Neapolitan Fisher Boy,' and she, that radiant, marvelous little creature, was Prentice Mulford's wife, and for all her childlike appearance, had been married a year or two and was over twenty years of age."

Mr Colquitt adds:—

> "At the time I knew Prentice Mulford he was writing

for the New York *Daily Graphic*, preparing among other things a column daily of electrical jottings of men and matters called 'The Doings of a Day.' He often complained of the shackles of routine work; it seemed they gnawed into his very soul. He was a born pagan, and loved the fields and waterways. I saw a great deal of him and of his bewitching little wife, and he told me much of his life and of his wanderings. I always left his company with a sense of mental gain and vitalization. Every topic he touched was illuminated with the searchlight of his superb originality, and his point of view was as convincing as it was novel."

He found freedom, the utmost freedom at last; freedom to come and go as he pleased; to wear what easy and unconventional garments best suited him; to leave all money matters to be adjusted by those who made a home for him in his later years.

Mr. Needham says:—

"From the time he first began to issue the essays, he gained in health and spirits and mental poise. He did much for himself with the very laws he laid down for the help of others. He was always considerate of the feelings of others, often going away alone, saying:'I am not good company for myself and therefore cannot be for you. These moods he steadily outgrew, and he finally overcame his embarrassing shyness and his fear of impending poverty—a fear he seems to have inherited from his mother."

As he advanced in life, he naturally made many acquaintances, but very few of them became chosen friends. The society of some people he could enjoy for a little while and then grow weary of it. These people were a drain upon his vital forces, and he received nothing in exchange from them. Many there were of both sexes who very greatly admired him and were wont to "gush "over him—and such he could not endure at all.

Hyperæsthesia has been the marring of many and the making of some. Prentice Mulford was a man of acute sensibility. He became deeply interested in the affairs of the discarnate world. The large majority of even reasonable beings discountenance all psychic research. For them the contested hypothesis is not worth the testing. They do not for a moment believe that spirits are discarnate agencies, at times made visible to supernormal vision. They take fright and flight before those stumbling blocks, unconscious mental action, subconscious mind, subliminal consciousness, and unconscious cerebration. All record of subliminal phenomena is to them a sealed book. The solemn assertion of the percipient has no weight with them. Subconsciousness and spirit agency are, in their eyes, as if they were not. They know nothing, and care not to learn anything of those delicate psychological functions inexplicable by simple hypothesis. With them apparitions and hallucinations mean one and the same thing. They cannot define material or mental vision and do not attempt to. The coincidental phenomena of telepathy does not give them a second thought. Though spiritistic elements are usually associated with clairvoyant incidents, they receive no impression, and are ever ready to fall back upon the easy doctrine of coincidences; and all who are open to conviction and accept seriously any preternatural demonstration they regard as the victims of neurosis.

Prentice Mulford was ever open to conviction. He invited honest and earnest investigation. To a noticeable degree, he appeared to possess the power of divination; his mind in its development was not limited by natural laws; theopathy was the key-note of his creed, and that is very far removed from theomancy: in one the mind and the soul are set free; in the other they are held in bondage. He was thoroughly honest in his self-communion, and was always seeking the light that is from above. In his earlier years he was afraid of reading many books. He wished to receive all his impressions at first-hand and not to confuse his mind with the individual ideas and impressions of many others. He was wise in his generation.

In order that he might remain uncontaminated, as it were, he kept aloof from the masses and often sought solitude, where he might commune alone with Nature. In avoiding books written by theorists—those who depend upon them are as the blind leading the blind—he ran the risk of following in the footsteps of his spiritual brother, Thoreau, the poet-naturalist, who gloried in his own discoveries—some of which were already well known to most students of nature.

To what extent Prentice Mulford held communion with invisible forms, he alone knew. The traditions of the ancient oracles and the fascinations of crystal gazing probably did not hold his attention very long. The evolution of his soul was something finer than idle speculation, and that he ultimately saw with the eyes of his spirit and heard with ears attuned to harmonies celestial, seems evident. It is possible that no man under certain peculiar conditions and at uncertain intervals is without his own, private hallucinations. If at times Prentice Mulford held, or seemed to hold, conversations with an invisible being, in the presence of witnesses who saw only the speaker and heard only his natural voice while asking or answering questions, it does not follow that he was deceiving himself or attempting to deceive others. There seems little doubt that he did receive communications that had more or less influence upon his later life and work. He seemed impelled to withdraw from the carnal world as much as possible. It fettered him and blinded him, and, finally, no longer appealed to him.

Prentice Mulford had the faculty of writing automatically when influenced by an external agent. One does not have to be a medium, or even a spiritualist, to do what he did. I have known some who were not convinced of spirit dominance, who, at times would involuntarily take a pencil in hand and write sentences, more or less coherent, which were not framed in their minds; and answer, after a fashion, questions some of which were mental and others written, or perhaps oral. The writers in these cases were always in a normal condition and the act apparently unconscious.

It is likely that Prentice received in this manner many signed or unsigned communications: that these communications he accepted and sometimes acted upon them. He was born on the Long Island shore; he had been a sailor and had a sailor's love of the sea. That love never grows cold. It is not in the least surprising that after the unceasing din of commercial New York had begun to deaden his senses, Prentice should have longed for a means of escape into the serene and sacred silence that the voices of nature only serve to emphasize. It is also likely that the mysterious power that guided his hand had caused it to pencil a message that made the preparations for his final voyage imperative.

Prentice Mulford had very definite ideas concerning the fashion of the boat that was to be his funeral barge—though of this he certainly had not the slightest premonition. He chose for his model a dory, such as is used by the fishermen of Gloucester. They ride the sea like aquatic birds and are very easily handled. The dory was sixteen feet in length and four in width. Mr. Needham, naturally skilled in more trades than one, fitted the little craft with every convenient and ingenious locker suggested by Prentice, including an adjustable awning that covered the whole of it, tent fashion, and made of it at night, a commodious bunk for the curtained sleeper. There was a small oil stove on board, lockers for food and clothing and his writing utensils and his banjo. The boat was painted white and had upon each side of the bow a white cross in a red triangle. It bore no name upon its bow or stern, but Prentice always spoke of it as the "White Cross."

Prentice Mulford's plan was to cruise leisurely along the southern coast of Long Island as far as his native town, Sag Harbor, at the lower end of the island. He was to cruise slowly among the many inlets that fringe that southern shore and cast anchor at night in some sheltered cove, sleeping in his boat and having, as he said, "a new backyard every evening." With rod and gun he could easily supply his table with fresh food; make such purchases on shore as were necessary, and, from time to time write Mr. Needham in New York, who could meet him at some point agreed upon and bring whatever was needed from the city.

Mr. Needham says:—

> "I started with him on his last voyage May 24, 1891, We left Hoboken Sunday morning and landed at Staten Island, an island of which he was particularly fond. Leaving the boat with an old boat keeper there, whom he knew, we returned to New York to spend the night. On Monday morning, May 25, he left alone for Staten Island to resume his voyage and pulled away for Coney Island. I never saw him alive after that."

From memoranda found in his boat, dated but unfinished, it is evident that he lost consciousness and probably died on Wednesday, May 27. No presentiment of a dread coming event cast its shadow before him. To the last moment he was the picture of health and happiness and hope.

On Saturday, May 30, Decoration Day, there were those who were strewing flowers upon the graves of the beloved—

"On fame's eternal camping ground
Their silent tents are spread,
And glory guards, with solemn round,
The bivouac of the dead."

and there were those who were seeking the quiet pleasures of the country-side; among the latter a little party of Long Islanders made a startling discovery. They were yachtsmen anchored near the shore of Sheepshead Bay. For several days they had noticed a small boat lying in the harbor and apparently unoccupied. The boat was covered with canvas from stem to stern. They had noticed it on the morning of the twenty-seventh; it was now the thirtieth, and in all this time they had seen no one in or near the boat and the canvas awning had not been disturbed. Curiosity prompted them to visit it and if possible unveil the mystery. The hem of the canopy was raised; the body of an unknown man lay beneath it. A prominent New York daily of the period in its rather brutal business-like way thus reports the discovery:—

They saw lying motionless upon the bottom of the boat, a stoutly-built man of about fifty. They hailed him but received no response. They saw painted upon the stern of the boat the name 'White Cross,' and an hour later they had notified the police authorities on shore."

The emblem of the white cross in a red triangle was painted on each side of the bow of the boat. There was no name on the stern; but this is an inaccuracy in detail that one has become familiar with in the average newspaper report. To resume:

"Policeman Corson put off in a rowboat and went alongside the trim White Cross. He spoke to the prostrate form and then shook it. There was no response. The man was dead. The little vessel was towed ashore and the body was removed to the morgue of Deputy Coroner A. E. Stillwell at Gravesend.

"The body was at once put on ice. It was terribly swollen and discolored from lying in the sun. The blankets, clothing, stove and papers found in the White Cross were inventoried, as were a banjo and a large oblong wooden case in which the instrument was kept. Among the papers were several letter-heads and envelopes upon which was printed the name of F. J. Needham, publisher of the White Cross Library, No. 52 West Fourteenth street, New York. There were pens, pencils and 'copy' paper such as is used hy journalists and literary men generally.

"There were also some receipted bills made out to 'P. Mulford.' One of these was for a blue sailor sack suit, price $30, made by Thomas H. Graham, of Nassau street. A pilot coat made by Roy, of Nassau street, bore upon the tab the name of P. Mulford. In the pockets were a $5 and $10 gold piece, two $5 bills and some small change. There was also a letter signed by a W. C. Wentworth of Jackson, New Hampshire. This letter referred to Mrs. Needham and was taken possession of by Chief of Police John Y. McKane, but was not made public. The deputy coroner thought that the body was that of Mr. Needham, and it was not until yesterday afternoon, when the body had been in his possession twenty-four hours, that a *Journal* reporter informed Stillwell that the body was not that of Needham, but of Mulford. Up to 5 p. m. no one had called at the morgue to identfy the body.

"At this hour, Needham arrived, and with the coroner and the *Morning Journal* reporter visited the morgue. Before the body was uncovered Needham glanced over the apparel of the deceased and recognized it. He also examined the boat's equipment, and then, pointing to the box containing the banjo, said, with a sigh, 'Yes, those are all Mulford's things.'

"Deputy Coroner Stillwell then removed the covering from the dead man's face. Needham tremblingly craned his neck and looked at the face of his friend and then turned away with:

"'Yes, that is poor Mulford.'

"'There is no doubt about it, is there?' asked the coroner.

"'None whatever,' replied Needham, as he walked out into the fresh air.

"Then he gave the coroner some instructions, which included the shipment of the dory to Sag Harbor, where Mulford was born, and where his only blood relatives live."

When the body of Prentice Mulford was found his boat was riding quietly where it had been anchored for three days, near Toppan's Hotel, Sheepshead Bay. His voyage in a few hours ended most abruptly, most unexpectedly, most tragically. His friend and the friend of Mr. Needham, Mr. Howell Hansel of the Castle Square Theater, Boston, writes me:—

"On a beautiful morning, the first day of June, 1891, I walked into Mr. Needham's office on Fourteenth street, New York, expecting from him the usual cheery greeting, such as I had gotten only two days before. He extended his hand in silence and averted his sad face. He motioned me to a chair. The whole place seemed changed and still. I asked no questions for some minutes—thinking the explanation would come. Finally I asked, 'Have you bad news?' A long silence followed. 'Did you see yesterday's paper?' he said at last. I had not. He handed me the New York *Tribune*—I think it was—of Saturday, the day before. There was in it an account of his own death and the finding of his body. Then he explained to me how his neighbor who lived on the floor above had brought the paper down to him the morning before. He knew at once to whom this article referred—it was to Prentice Mulford, and not to himself. The only letter Mr. Mulford had in his pocket when his body was found was one from General Wentworth addressed to Mr. Needham. Mr. Mulford had taken it on his trip intending to answer it for Mr. Needham. Hence the mistake.

"The papers described how his body had been found in a canoe. His boat was not a canoe. It was a fisherman's dory which he had had made for him in Gloucester, Massachusetts, the winter before and shipped to New York. He had taken much pleasure during the Spring in having this craft fitted up as a cruising boat.

"Prentice Mulford was born on one end of Long Island and died at the other end: Sag Harbor, April 5, 1834—Sheepshead Bay, May 27, 1891.

"The only motive power on his boat was a pair of oars, and it was not his intention to use these much. 'Drifting with the tide,' was his plan. He had set no time for leaving or arriving anywhere. He was simply heading for Sag Harbor. But he did not reach there until after he had known the change that we call death.

"When Mr. Needham saw the account in the Sunday paper, he felt sure that it was his friend who had been so strangely called away, and he at once started for Long

Island, and there made all the necessary arrangements for the proper care of the body, alone. I have often thought what a day of agony that must have been for him.

"On June 2, Mr. Needham and I accompanied the body to Sag Harbor; we went by train. The body was laid in the family vault, while the Episcopal burial service was read by Mr. Lewis. Mr. Needham and I then went to the old homestead, where Mr. Mulford's two sisters lived; a quaint old place it is, with its mohair furniture in the parlor, and the low ceilings and small rooms, like a ship's cabin. His father was a sea captain. Mr. Needham and I returned to New York that evening. The journey both ways was taken almost in silence; there was nothing either of us could say.

"Someone has said—'If Prentice Mulford could have chosen the manner of his death, I think he would have elected to go as he did.' That may be true, and yet the statement needs amendment. Prentice Mulford did not believe in death at all. He believed that sin, sickness and death are unnecessary. He believed absolutely in the literal interpretation of the words of Jesus:—"*I say unto you, if a man keep my saying, he shall not see death.*"

"Of course hours of doubt came to him when he doubted his ability to attain this degree of development; but I am sure, until the very last he believed that that would be the ultimate condition of man.

"Two of his friends saw and recognized his apparition on the day of his death; these were Mrs. Needham, in New York City, and Charles E. Nichols, in Boston: both saw it plainly in the daytime and by daylight, when wide awake. To both, he seemed in a confused and frightened state, as if having been wakened suddenly from a deep sleep; he seemed to be trying to say something, but in vain.

"On November 2, 1891, Mr. Needham and I went to Coney Island Creek and brought the boat away to Tompkinsville, Staten Island. Mr. Needham owned it for several years, but finally it passed into the hands of one of Mulford's admirers, who continued to use it as long as it remained seaworthy."

The body of Prentice Mulford was not cremated. Mr. Needham writes that Prentice thought the custom of disturbing the bodies of the so-called dead barbarous. To drive out a flickering spirit by placing the body in an ice-pack, or flooding the veins with embalming fluid, or submitting all to the consuming flames of a fiery furnace, filled him with horror and indignation. He could not forget the days when, as a prospector in the mines of California he turned over the ground in searching for "pay dirt" and came upon many a shallow and forgotten grave, where, from the disarrangement of the bones within, he felt certain that the burial must have been premature.

It is not necessary at this time to consider the bewildering phenomena of illusion. Granting that self-deception is common enough, even among the most earnest and honest seekers after truth, the fact remains that Prentice Mulford received many communications from invisible sources through the medium of automatic writing. With him, in his boat, were found some messages written by his own hand while under the control of his familiar spirit, and these seem to have been called forth by the peculiar mental conditions through which he was then passing. He, in common with all sensitive natures, was subject to periods of great spiritual depression. Not that he ever doubted the importance or significance of his mission, or his ability to accomplish it. He felt that he was a man of destiny, even as his ideal, Napoleon I, was, and with the spirit of that ideal overshadowing him, he seemed at times to lose his identity and become absorbed in it. I think he might have said as that brilliant and unhappy genius, Ada Isaacs Menken, said of herself: "The body and the soul do not fit each other."

On the eleventh day of the month in which he died his hand was moved to write, in addressing himself, "The depression you feel is the old self of six years ago; it is like your experience in California. You will soon throw it off and enjoy more than ever before. Exercise very gently and when your old condition comes out, complain in words, for you then materialize it—which helps to get rid of it much faster. Do not be afraid to write what comes to you. Take plenty of time for doing small things. Cheering rays and influences will soon steal upon you. The worst is over now."

These seem to have been days of mental distress; the transition was very near, and he may have been dimly conscious of it.

On the twenty-fifth of May, two days before his death, these lines were written: "Now you see your mind seizes immediately on trifles and makes mountains of them. I brought you under these conditions that I might more clearly show you this. It is the fear of these things, so bred in the mind, that does the injury; and your mind, in these periods of isolation, will be more readily cleared of these tendencies than in any other way. You are now fighting for thousands, as well as for yourself and me. You will find this a materially typical morning. The light is breaking. Remember the chief end and object of the boat is to help you get into an element of thought. It is not going so far with the boat—it is going into that new element. The realization of this will come to you much faster here than in the world.

Your material part does not like to get out of the world—your spiritual part does. (The body and the soul did not fit each other.) Recognize the first feeling of gloom that comes as an evil thought. Push it off directly and it is not so apt to find lodgment."

Alas and alack! good reader, "There needs no ghost come from the grave to tell us this!"

The body of Prentice Mulford lies in the Mulford-Sleight family vault in the cemetery at the rear of the lot on High street, where the Methodist church used to stand, on the hill at Sag Harbor, Long Island, New York.

Of the Church of Silent Demand, wherein was to be stored the seed of his philosophy, it may be said that while Prentice was still living and soon after the publication of his essay in which he reverently laid the cornerstone of the structure, a lady in England wrote him that it was her hope to endow such a place of worship in London, and this she did before her death. It was Prentice Mulford's belief that all contributions toward the erection of a Church of Silent Demand should be voluntary and that they would eventually come and the church be builded in some suitable locality. His followers are many and widely scattered. They are not agitators, nor was he one; but wherever the English language is read in a thoughtful and inquiring spirit, one is pretty sure to find those who are familiar with the volumes of the White Cross Library.

Mulford was in a measure a silent worker, and his influence has been felt most deeply among silent thinkers. The work of the silent workers is slow but sure, and, verily, though they rest from their labors their works do follow them. Though at times his courage may have failed him, he surely knew that he had not labored in vain; and if at last there was a faint struggle, it was purely physical, and in his heart of hearts there was no shadow of doubt. The body was no longer able to hold prisoner that aspiring soul.

# THE SOUL OF THE SINGER

## By J. A. Edgerton

WE READ the song that is written —
  A few little, grotesque signs,
Arranged in a certain meter,
  With rhymes at the ends of the lines;
And by the thought or the music
  Some chord in our hearts is stirred;
But the song in the soul of the singer
  Is never heard.

The one who best sees the picture
  Is he with the soul for art.
The one who best reads the poem
  Is he with the poet-heart.
The thoughts that are rarest and sweetest
  Are deepest from sight interred.
The song in the soul of the singer
  Is never heard.

Some yearnings may not be spoken;
  Some loves are so wholly blest,
Some dreams are so tinged with heaven,
  They never can be expressed.
We miss the intangible something
  Behind the veil of the word.
The song in the soul of the singer
  Is never heard.

We meet, but are veiled in spirit;
  Familiar, and yet unknown;
A realm of our inmost beings,
  Where we are alone, alone.
In each is a strain peculiar
  To no other heart conferred.
The song in the soul of the singer
  Is never heard.

# THE JUSTIFICATION OF ROBERT

## By Vena Dunlap Bonney

THEY had come down to Riverton to spend the Summer with Aunt Carrie. Riverton lies behind the mountains, protected from the innovations of a swiftly changing world that knows not the traditions of seven generations of Perkinses and Simpsons. It has its order of precedence based upon the length of residence in Riverton, and tacitly observed at every tea party, (Riverton dines at one o'clock and all its invitations are for tea at seven) but Robert was not called upon to master its intricacies and this history relates mainly to Robert.

Mrs. Harwood demurred when her husband proposed that they should spend the summer with his maiden aunt, but he argued that they could not stay in the city all summer, and Aunt Carrie's letter urged, with all the warmth possible to a Presbyterian pen, that she had never seen her namesake, and that Mrs. Harwood had never seen Riverton.

"Not for me," said Mr. Harwood firmly, "but you will like Riverton, and Aunt Carrie is not so bad as she seems. I led her a life of it, no doubt, and I should like to make up for it now, so you go up there with the children. Only don't let her be too hard on Robert. Caroline will get along comfortably enough. Anybody could manage Caroline, she is so good. She is like her mother. But Robert has a good deal to learn, poor little imp, and I don't want Aunt Carrie to try to teach it all to him at once."

So Aunt Carrie's invitation was accepted as to Mrs. Harwood and the children, and regretfully declined as to Mr. Harwood, in the name of business, that ever-present refuge for a hard-pressed man.

Aunt Carrie received the children impartially, with a large seed cake apiece, but her preference for Caroline immediately asserted itself when Robert scattered his crumbs with a free hand and his little sister gathered hers neatly in her tiny skirt. Miss Harwood gently called Robert's attention to Caroline's good example.

"I haven't got any lap," Robert retorted indignantly. "A long time ago, when I wore tunics, I always caught my crumbs. You can't do it when you've got pants."

The mother put an end to the controversy by sending both youngsters into the yard. Caroline tripped daintily away and Robert followed with as manly a stride as could be accomplished with very fat legs. He was black-eyed and swarthy, large for six years, resourceful in his own affairs and active by any standard.

"There is a nice little boy next door that I shall like to have Robert play with," said Aunt Carrie. "His mother belongs to one of the oldest families in Riverton and she has brought him up very strictly. He is older than Robert, but small for his age, and *so* advanced. Why that child knew all his letters before he was three. He has read the "Pilgrim's Progress" clear through, and you should hear him sing "Rock of Ages." It is truly edifying."

Mrs. Harwood silently resented the virtues of the prodigy. Not wishing to change the subject too abruptly, she inquired: "Are there any little girls in the neighborhood? I like to have Caroline play with children of her own age, but she never gets along happily with Robert and his friends."

"Oh, my dear. I should hate to have that sweet child learn to play with boys," Aunt Carrie exclaimed. "Boys roughen one so. I think a girl cannot begin too soon to guard her delicacy. Caroline is a very superior child. I do not say it because she is my niece, nor to flatter you, but because it is true. I have never seen a young child with her sweet manners and spiritual sensibilities."

No mother is proof against the flattery that praises her child, and Mrs. Harwood knew this was all true. Caroline was a credit to her, but her heart yearned for Robert, whose sturdy shoulders might well be bowed with the weight of his sins, except that he was wholly unrepentant.

"Just look at that blessed baby. She has worn that dress all day and there is not a spot on it," and Aunt Carrie pointed to her namesake, who sat on the lowest step of the veranda, laying out a tea set of acorns on her diminutive pocket-handkerchief. A sunbeam fell like a halo across her golden curls, and when she lifted her blue eyes they had such a look of heaven as would melt the heart of an infidel.

"Is that where the nice little boy lives?" asked Mrs. Harwood, seeing her son on the dividing fence.

"No; on the other side of the house. Oh, Hester, Robert must not go near that fence. They have said such dreadful things, and after our families have been intimate for two hundred years. They came to Riverton fifty years after we did."

Robert ran up to the veranda. "Give me your acorns," he said, insinuatingly, as he gathered up his sister's handkerchief. Caroline uttered a protest which threatened to become tearful.

"Aw, now, don't be a cry-baby, and you can come with me, and I'll show you some baby chickens. They've got fur on 'em and little round black eyes, and some of 'em have funny, wide mouths. Come along and I'll let you see me hit 'em with these acorns."

Miss Harwood was at the door in time to call them back. With the admonition never to go near the fence, she led them to the other side of the house, called the Prodigy over to be introduced to Robert, gave Caroline a box of bright wools, and returning to the sitting room, resumed the story of the Carters. After relating the marriages, births and deaths of six generations, she came to this last Lemuel Carter, who all at once took it into his head to raise fancy poultry. His father and his grandfather had "kept chickens," but plain brown and yellow hens had been good enough for them. "He had them hatched by an incubator," Aunt Carrie said, "and how could he expect a hen to take very good care of chickens that were not her own? Anyway, after they got to be about half grown, he began missing them, and what do you think they said? They accused Clovis of stealing them. They said some one told them he had been seen running away with a chicken in his mouth." Miss Harwood's indignation choked her. Clovis rubbed his fat sides against her dress, uttered a disdainful meow and walked out with pompous dignity. "The very idea!" she exclaimed. "He will not even catch a mouse. Nora let one out of a trap right under his nose, and he just sniffed."

In all her exemplary life, Miss Harwood had never made an enemy, and in all Riverton there were no two persons she really liked as she did the Carters; so it was hard to have them slander her—or Clovis, which was the same thing, for she was responsible for her cat's behavior.

"They never would tell me who said that Clovis had been seen with one of their chickens," she continued, "and I would not demean myself to ask. When people make charges like that against you, it is their place to confront you with the witnesses, I say."

Before Mrs. Harwood could express her sympathy, the subject of their conversation bounded into the room, howling and spitting.

"He has a fit," she screamed, hurrying to shut the children out.

Miss Harwood bent over the writhing animal and held him still enough to discover a wide rubber band stretched tightly around hismiddle. Mrs. Harwood helped her to cut it away, and then went in search of Robert, whom she found beside the horse-trough washing the blood from certain long, deep scratches on his hands.

"Robert," she said, "how can you do such naughty things? How do you ever think of them all?"

"Why, Mamma," he explained, "it's not hard for me to think of things to do. They just come to me, and then it's easier to do 'em than not."

"Where is Paul?"

"He went home. He won't walk the fence, 'cause he's 'fraid, and he won't play in the sand, 'cause it's dirty. I told him he could play with Caroline."

It was as Mrs. Harwood expected. Robert was not attracted to the Prodigy, and the Prodigy, for his part, measured Robert by the standard of his own Riverton training and found him wanting. So, in spite of propinquity, which is much to small boys, and in spite of frequent urging from the elders in both families, their attitude remained one of quiescent hostility. The Prodigy had another reason for holding aloof, which was not suspected. He had been surreptitiously admitted to the councils of certain East Riverton boys older than himself and less hampered by tradition. You cannot make a woman understand the honor "big boys" confer on a younger one when they allow him in their midst. Moreover, the Prodigy knew that Riverton has no dealings with East Riverton, so he gloried in secret and felt too important to play with Robert.

Mrs. Harwood was gradually initiated into the inner circle of Riverton society. Although she bore a magic name, her acceptance must necessarily be slow, for Riverton does nothing inconsiderately. When the Prodigy reported to his mother that Robert had never been to Sunday school, she would have been at once regarded as quite impossible except that you cannot ignore a person presented by Miss Harwood.

The day after the Prodigy made this discovery, Mrs. Perkins called and invited Caroline and Robert to the next meeting of the Little Branches of the Vine, which met every Saturday at her house. She promised to use her influence to have them admitted as honorary members. The children, she said, always voted on such matters themselves, and observed parliamentary order in all their proceedings. Mrs. Harwood declined the invitation, as her children had not been trained in the rules of debate. Aunt Carrie thought the Little Branches offered an excellent training school, but she did not persist, for she was reserving all her power for use in the question she meant to raise about Sunday school.

"I feel that it is a reflection on the family," she said to her niece, when they were alone, "and I fear it may make them indifferent to religion."

Mrs. Harwood was firm in her refusal, and would not even discuss the matter, so Aunt Carrie could only determine to give the children such instruction as she might. Accordingly, on Sunday afternoon, she called them into the best parlor, a room only opened on Sundays and when the minister came. Caroline answered with alacrity. Robert excused himself on the ground that he wanted to sail boats in the horse-trough. Aunt Carrie explained that it is wrong to play on Sunday, that the day is for higher purposes.

"Well, I think Sunday is not what it's cracked up to be, anyway," objected the rebel.

"That is because you are a little boy with nothing to distract or trouble you all the week," said Aunt Carrie gently. "When you are older you will be glad the Sabbath is given us, that we may have a day to rest and think about God."

Aunt Carrie abandoned the subject and commenced the story of Daniel and the lions, which was the lesson for that day. Robert thought this was not so bad. She taught them the golden text, "Overcome evil with good," and illustrated it with an account of a good little boy who triumphed over a naughty one. Robert was interested. She asked him if he understood the meaning of the text. He thought he did. "It means," like this," he said, "if I do anything mean to Caroline she's got to be good to me just the same."

Miss Harwood was not to be discouraged. She continued the Sunday afternoon lessons with what she knew to be doubtful results, but the more benighted Robert seemed, the more clear her duty appeared. It was always Robert who made confusion for Caroline possessed the gift of looking like an angel and speaking in monosyllables, a gift whose usefulness surpasses any virtue. The climax came the night she put him to bed. Mrs. Harwood was attending a tea party given in her honor to "the young married people," and had gone as soon as Caroline was asleep. Aunt Carrie washed his face, made him fold his clothes neatly and do a dozen things his mother never required. At last he rolled into bed when her back was turned.

"Robert, you have forgotten your prayers," she exclaimed in horror.

"What's prayers?" he parried from the pillow.

"My child, you surely know."

Robert felt that he was getting attention.

"P'raps I do," he admitted cautiously. "You tell me one and I'll see."

She knelt solemnly beside a chair, folded her hands and softly repeated, "Now I lay me down to sleep."

Robert tumbled out of bed. "Humph," he said, "I know lots of those. Here's a good one.

"Eenie, menie, minie, mo.
Catch a nigger by the toe.
If he hollers let him go.
Eenie, menie, minie, mo."

Miss Harwood was too horrified for speech. White and trembling, she tucked the clothes around Robert, determined to wrestle with that misguided mother until she promised to send her children to Sunday school. Mrs. Harwood perceived when she heard of the incident that to explain Robert's joke would only be to make matters worse. She saw the deadly seriousness of her aunt's purpose, and she considered the dreary length of a Riverton Sabbath. So she gave her consent to Sunday school with a readiness that surprised the good lady. She remembered too. that nearly everyone she met that night insisted on discussing that time-honored institution, and she feared that even Miss Harwood's secure position was threatened in that stronghold of the Presbyterian faith. After all, it did not signify much, for predestination and election could not be made intelligible to the infant mind.

The children rejoiced at the news. Robert boisterously related what the Prodigy had reported about the approaching picnic, and Caroline begged to wear her tucked dress. She was ready first and sat in her little chair on the veranda, her skirts spread out so she would not crush them. Robert was kept under his mother's watchful eye lest he tear or soil something before the Prodigy called for them. Miss Harwood tried to conceal the uneasiness she felt.

"I know Caroline will behave well," she said. "She is always lady-like."

"And I can't see but I look just as well as any little girl that has gone by," said Caroline, fondly smoothing her sash. "Folks are always nice to you when you've got a pretty dress."

The children, with unwonted solemnity, went on their journey into a new country, and the two ladies rested from their labors. Aunt Carrie had a headache which kept her from church, and Mrs. Harwood must write a long letter while she was free from interruption. Aunt Carrie soothed her jangled nerves with the blessed consciousness of a difficult duty accomplished, and deep relief in the division of her responsibility for the religious training of two little immortals. Mrs. Harwood took her pen in hand to tell a distant father all about his children. In all modesty she knew that Caroline was a credit to her, and Robert—well, Robert was a difficult child. You know what things a mother keeps in her heart and ponders there, touching her first born son. That is, you do if you are a woman.

Aunt Carrie slept peacefully, and Mrs. Harwood's pen had a merry scratch, while the hour flew by and presently the church bell rang. As its last note died away, she thought she heard someone calling in distress. She hurried to the door and fell back in horror. There were her children running wildly down the hill, Robert without his hat, a broken garter trailing from the stocking about his ankle. He held Caroline firmly by the hand, dragging her after him at her utmost speed. Her sash was untied and floated out behind and she carried her hat by its strings. Whatever had happened, at least they were not disabled. All Riverton, going to church, stepped aside to give them the way, and looked backward in shocked surprise. The children caught sight of their mother and lifted up their voices in unison.

"Mamma, mam—ma! Do—you — think we's—a-going to he—ell?"

The sound woke Aunt Carrie, and she hastened to the side of the dismayed mother.

"Oh Auntie!" screamed the terror-stricken youngsters. "Do—you—think — we's — a-goin' to hell?"

Mrs. Harwood hurried them past Aunt Carrie and into her own room. They misunderstood her agitation and their fears increased. It was long before she could quiet them sufficiently to explain that wise people differ about heaven and hell. It is not easy to discuss Calvinistic doctrine with babes of six and four, especially when you must respect the opinions of a Presbyterian aunt. At last they were reassured, and Caroline nestled in her mother's arms with a contented sigh.

"I was not really so scared about myself, mamma," she confided, "but I couldn't help being worried about Robert. Robert is such a naughty boy."

It may be that our first mother led her lord astray, as he said, but assuredly ever since Eden the daughters of Eve have been mainly concerned with the salvation of the sons of Adam. It is not for ourselves that we are anxious.

Robert was sobered. With determination in his legs, he went to the woodshed for his shovel and the watering pot, which he carried to the sand-pile. Miss Harwood watched him from a window. He fell to digging vigorously. In some uncertainty she joined him. The impression on his young mind must not be lost, but she could not tell how best to apply the lesson.

"Robert," she expostulated, "you know it is wrong to play on the Sabbath."

"I'm not playing," he asserted, as he emptied the contents of the watering pot into the hole he had made. "I'm cooling off the one under here. It goes down faster in the sand than over there in the grass."

"I think you did not quite understand your teacher," Aunt Carrie began gently.

"I know it," Robert admitted. "I was a silly. I might have known mamma would n't let God hurt me."

The dinner bell sounded a happy interruption and Miss Harwood weakly dropped the subject.

In the days that followed, Robert was left to his own devices. The Prodigy's mother no longer urged her son to play with him, and no little boys came with the ladies who called on Mrs. Harwood. But he was not without resources, and he enjoyed his newly found peace though he felt dimly that he was out of favor with his aunt. However, as he could always make Caroline ask for what he wanted, the new condition was on the whole better than the old.

Poor Miss Harwood was really uneasy. She had no fears for Caroline's future, but like Caroline, she couldn't help being worried about Robert. She knew it would be useless to urge Sunday school again, and she dared not resume the Sunday stories for very fear of Robert.

"I should not have minded so much," she said to herself, "if the Carters had not heard them."

After prayerful consideration, she determined to write her nephew, fully and freely, just how mistaken she felt he was in the training of his young son. Then, at least, she could not reproach herself for neglecting her duty, whatever might become of Robert. She sat down to her desk and began: "Dear Nephew, I dare not longer refrain from giving you a solemn warning—"

Suddenly there fell upon her ears the sound of blows, an angry voice, which she knew to be Robert's, and sobs which she thought came from the Prodigy. They seemed to be in the forbidden ground by the Carter's fence. She hurried to the door in time to see Robert land his fist in the pit of the Prodigy's stomach, and trip him as he doubled up in pain. Robert's nose was bleeding, but regardless of that, he seated himself firmly on the prostrate body of his opponent.

"You leave me alone. I'll tell my mamma," sobbed the Prodigy.

"You bet you'll tell your mamma, and my Aunt Carrie, and Mrs. Carter," shouted Robert. "I'm goin' to pound you till you do."

"You can tell 'em, Robert. I don't want to," begged the victim.

"I can't either tell. I ain't a tattle-tale. You've got to do it yourself," and Robert's fists emphasized his speech.

The tumult attracted the Carters from one side and the sufferer's mother from the other. Mrs. Harwood grasped Robert by the collar and Mr. Carter helped the Prodigy to his feet.

"I'm afraid you fouled," said Mr. Carter to Robert.

"What made you strike Paul?" demanded Miss Harwood.

"He'll tell. I'll lick him every time I see him, till he does."

"Better tell," advised Mr. Carter, his man's sense taking part with Robert, while the women bent in sympathy over Paul.

"I was just walking along here, and he hit me. That's all."

"You tell true," commanded Robert, breaking away from his aunt.

"Try again, Paul," suggested Mr. Carter.

"I killed your chickens," wailed the Prodigy, "and I told my mamma I saw Miss Harwood's cat catch 'em. The boys in East Riverton told me to. They cooked 'em in their camp fire," and Paul pointed to a pullet struggling with a kernel of corn on the end of a string.

The Prodigy's mother hurried home with her erring son, the Carters shook hands with Miss Harwood and Clovis' character was restored.

When Mrs. Harwood returned from the weekly meeting of the Riverton Browning Club, she was astonished to see Robert in a fresh suit, building a fort on Aunt Carrie's snowy bed. He used the big Bible for a block-house and erected a watch tower out of the Hymnal, the Westminster Catechism and Fox's "Book of Martyrs."

"Nora's making ice cream," he announced. "Aunt Carrie says we're to have ice cream every day, 'cause it's so wholesome, and Caroline and I can take turns choosing the flavor. I had the first choice because I'm a boy, and I said chocolate. I'm going to make Caroline say strawberry tomorrow,"

"We have all misunderstood Robert," said Aunt Carrie in a firm voice. "I have learned that he is essentially righteous."

# THE WRATH OF MISS BRUKER

## By Clarissa Dixon

ALL the neighbors professed to be afraid of Miss Elizabeth Bruker, yet no one pretended that she had ever done bodily injury to man, child or beast; but she trod with a crushing heel, like a tyrant born. She lifted her chin higher than the length of her neck made obligatory. Her life was an embodied disregard of contemporary opinions and customs. The conventions of her little public she treated with contempt sharp and naked; yet it was not an over-conventional nor a very critical public; it nestled among little dimples of valleys in the edge of certain coast-range foot-hills. A wrong-doer there, would have bared his back to the cat-o'-nine-tails, rather than meet the whip in Miss Bruker's cutting eye—especially if he had been a betrayer of women.

She was gaunt and strong, a muscular soul in an alert, leathern body. She lived like a man among men. She had her own little farm, which she cultivated herself. She cared for her own stock, marketed her own produce.

Keziah, the housekeeper, was a baby-woman who fitted Miss Bruker's angles without being broken upon them. People said she must be made of dough or honey to do that.

She was not made of dough.

Her place and position in Miss Bruker's household was as difficult to take hold upon as a problem in the fourth dimension. Now one ruled and now the other; and again they toiled together without mastership. In general, Miss Bruker ruled at the plough and Keziah at the cook-pot. In the hen-yard they were yoke-mates; in the parlor, friends, in so far as friendship is possible between two such natures: the one frank, imperious, self-poised, sure of her creed and of her virtues. The other with a thousand minor uncertainties all balanced against one supreme certainty, a certainty that molded her life without appearing upon its surface. It was a motive requiring the exercise of self-control, of prudence after her own kind, and of a species of cunning, innocent but persistent. She desired above all things to be loved by whomsoever she loved.

This may seem a simple enough ambition, and common as the earth on the highway. But Keziah had a complex, forward-running mind. She longed for reality, for security, for permanence. Besides, she loved two. One of them was a Miss Bruker, the other a William—personalities, both, with little common ground to stand upon.

Every evening Miss Bruker read aloud the life of some saint or hero, and always at the end she laid down the book with this solemn commentary:

"Lies, all lies. There are fools but no saints, devils but no heroes. Authors of books are fools who believe the lies and write them down for other fools to read."

One evening the honey-eyes were lifted in protest bordering on mutiny against this commentary.

"You don't believe it?" stormed Miss Bruker.

"There might be things in life, new—"

"New? New things in life? Life is a mill-wheel. It always grinds out the same kind of grist, though you put in each day new grains to be ground."

"But—new to you—to us?"

"Only if we are of the fools, and haven't noticed the turning of the wheel. But I see you don't believe me. Very well, you must learn for yourself. Love is as old as Eden, they say, but when it first makes a twist of the dart in your own flesh, you are ready to swear that something never heard of before is born into the universe.

"That is what has happened to you. Do you suppose I am blinded by the dust in my eyes when I go a-ploughing? I have known it a quarter of a year, and I dare say it was a half-year old when I discovered it. Don't hang your head; lovers are not all devils; some of them are only fools; but beware of marriage; no man is good enough to bear the test of it. Love is a fair enough folly for youth to waste its surplus upon, but don't get into bondage to it."

Keziah went to bed pondering. She had heard similar sermons from similar texts many times, but she had never been so deeply impressed by them.

"She says," ran Keziah's thoughts as she lay straining her eyes into the deep darkness of the night and of her own future, "she says I am not to get into bondage to love. If I could put love into bondage to me—what then? Can it be done? There is but one love that lives, they say, and that is the love of mother and child."

Keziah's notions of good were derived from her own instincts, desires and experiences, supplemented by the teachings of three women: a deserted wife, a drunkard's widow, and Miss Bruker,—with novel applications, such as would have driven her instructors to despair could they have followed the processes of Keziah's inferences, transmutations and derivations from their own texts.

"To be sure," Keziah resumed rebelliously, after she had turned her pillow over four times and tried twelve different postures without inducing sleep, "to be sure I don't believe a word of it. I shall love William forever. But the women say that a man's love never holds out after a woman's fading. That may be true; I'm not a man; I can't know it isn't true by anything inside me.

"I'm certain to fade young. There's a kind of fever in my blood. My feet dance to every beat of the music. My ear strains always after a higher note than it hears.

"I hide it all. The fever and the dance and the strain are inside. I shall go whirling through life on these unseen wings; I shall grow old quickly; then who will love me? Not William, unless these women are every one mistaken. But a child—" Keziah put her burning face in the pillow and wept the night through.

A year passed. William's visits suddenly ceased. Keziah worked on in silence. Gradually the color on her cheeks dimmed and went out. Little by little the plumpness dropped away from her neck. Sometimes a wild joy filled her eyes, and they turned to the sun, the stars, the expanses, the immensities, as if earth were too small to contain her ecstasies. But these fitful raptures were succeeded by more subdued and doubting lights, even by shadows.

On a certain mantel stood a vase that was never empty when the garden could supply a calla. One morning Miss Bruker brought in a fresh one.

"It's late and last, yet a more beautiful thing never grew," she dogmatized, plunging it into its place, while she glanced with lenient scorn at the bowl of roses which Keziah had set at the other end of the shelf. Roses were voluptuous things and stood for love. Miss Bruker was lenient toward love, but scornful toward faith in it. She turned from the rose-bowl toward Keziah, remarking:

"See how perfect my calla is—how upright—how it looks one in the face! But the roses—" she broke off suddenly. She forgot the roses and bent a searching glance upon Keziah; first a sweeping, summarizing eye, then a fixed, penetrative, unwillingly convinced eye.

Keziah met her, eye to eye, with a kind of sweet defiance. She reddened, indeed, but did not shrink or flinch.

"That is why—that is why—" there was something new, something startling, something ominous, in Miss Bruker's voice. "Oh—Oh—and I thought it might be—yes—we are all fools—more or less fools—yes—I thought that William—it was, perhaps, love!"

"Love? Oh yes!"

"You can say that, can you? He—this fond lover—we see him no more—not in six weeks. He came before—every day, was it? A man loves a woman because he suspects her of being a fool, does he? Yes, and afterward hates her because he finds his suspicion verified!"

"Listen; there are things to say, Elizabeth Bruker. Somehow I can't say them, not now. But sometime I will—when it comes into our arms—yours and mine. We shall be happy, then, so happy! It will love us both. You shall see! The love of a babe —oh,—think of that! It is—"

Miss Bruker had been growing whiter and whiter, her hands trembling faster and faster, so that she could not still them by holding hard on the twists they made of her big apron. With some strange, half-uttered exclamation in the Pennsylvania Dutch which was her under-tongue, she made a dash at the rose-bowl, gripped it as one might grip a throat in a death struggle, and flung it fiercely into the middle of the room, making wreck of it and her best carpet together.

After the crash there was silence, broken at length by Keziah:

"So—all will be alike—you and the others. You will hate me; you will hate *him;* I shall never be able to tell you the whole truth."

"Hate? No—no—not you. Why, the rose is not you; the other is you—the calla. God pity us if we don't stand by each other, we women-folk. Now, now, never another word of this till it's all over. There, there now; I'll tend you like a baby. You'll have double nerves and only half a hold on life for awhile. I'll be careful, keep a hand on myself."

"But William and I—he went away because—"

"No, don't say anything, don't explain. I understand; it explains itself. Just keep a quiet soul in you; yes, there now."

There were, indeed, "things to be said," but Keziah never said them. The new life cost high, a life for a life, and the price was paid in silence.

More than three years later a child was frolicking in the wind over the stubble of a sapless meadowland. A man leaped the fence, bounded toward the happy little one, caught it to his heart, covered its face and hands with kisses, pressed a large box of sweets into one hand and arm and a roll of notes into the other, murmured swift, passionate words into its ear, and was off again, without even seeing that Miss Bruker, with an uplifted ax in her hands and the terribleness of battle-light keen in her eyes, was advancing from the orchard.

When she reached the child, the man was gone, but his gifts remained. She seized the box; she broke it into bits; she ground each delicious morsel that fell from it into the dust of the earth, tearing away the dry stubble to make place and forbidding the weeping child to rescue even one of its treasures. The notes she thrust into her pocket with a disdainful movement, as if minded to cast them, also, to the earth. Then she took the child by the hand, led him toward the house, and soothed his fright and disappointment by promising another and larger box of sweets. He was comforted, for he already understood how carefully Miss Bruker kept a promise.

A new housekeeper reigned there now; a colored woman with deep-set, maternal melody in her voice, and no pickaninny of her own. Miss Bruker turned over the babe into the hands of this woman, pouring into her uncomprehending ears such words as:

"He has robbed me of my baby-woman; he shall not have my baby-man; no, not a hair of its head nor a beat of its heart. It shall not love him—him! How dare he? He wouldn't be alive now, if—"

She ran to her chamber for a revolver and loaded every barrel. Then she strode back to the meadow, the weapon in her big apron-pocket.

Starting from the point where she had last seen William, she followed him as only a hound, an Indian, a hunter, or a woman who has outwitted the wiles of disloyal turkey-hens, can trace and follow. Every crushed clod, every straw newly broken, every clump of dry wild oats freshly pressed, every weed that should have lain from the wind lying toward it, furnished its clue.

She reached a rocky hillock that is like a temple of nature, guarded from the encroachments of man, though surrounded by them. Not far removed from the dusty road, from cultivated fields and ugly fences, it transports one immediately, without ado to the wildness of mountain scenery. Clusters of boulders perch on one edge like great birds about to take flight from nests of California holly, monkey-flower, yerba santa, immortelle. At that time the open spaces were bristling with the dried spears of fox-tail grass, and the yerba santa stood black and stiff, like a fire-scathed forest.

With a sudden exclamation, Miss Bruker paused and put her hand in her pocket, where it remained as if forgetful of its errand.

The object of her search was before her, not fifty feet away, but he gave no heed whatever to her presence. Miss Bruker gazed at him in amazement. He was making the movements of climbing, yet the thing he was attempting to climb was a dead stalk of yerba santa less than an inch and a half in diameter and not three feet in height.

There was but an instant of the marvel; then Miss Bruker understood and dashed toward him.

A great rattlesnake was moving off into the shadow of a rock. She emptied her revolver into it. Then she seized the hand of the man she hated and sucked the poison from it, he submitting limply, too much shaken to be surprised at anything whatever.

Some days later Miss Bruker sat on her back porch in perplexed meditation, her unseeing eyes fixed on a late rose feeding its fair petals to its enemy, the south wind.

At the other end of the porch William was leaning over the end of his couch, dragging "choo-choo's" with his well hand. These were made of spools and bits of shingle, and loaded with paper people. The baby was screaming with delight between spells of piling more dolls on the cars.

Miss Bruker rose abruptly.

"Winter's come; the wind has turned south; Amelia, get the baby indoors and start a fire."

The words were commonplace, but they were jerked out in a way that startled William.

Miss Bruker had been neither gentle nor ungentle since he was brought there. A flag of truce had been flying between them night and day. She had been his nurse, and an excellent one, but for the lack of tenderness.

"You're better now," she continued, in the same tone, addressing him.

William knew that the truce was coming to an end.

"Yes, I am better. I might have gone away three days ago, only I have a great boon to ask, and I had not yet gained courage to ask it."

"I have but one thing you could want."

Her look followed his to the child turning to throw kisses from the doorway. William stretched his neck forward and devoured the babe with love-hungry eyes.

Miss Bruker's face grew white and set. "You are much better? Very much?" Her voice was eager.

"Well enough to face whatever comes," he replied gravely, turning upon her eyes that were undaunted but gentle.

Her hand wandered toward the pocket of her apron, but remained outside, as if tangled in the mazes of her thought. Her face relaxed.

"God pity the baby—he loves you."

"Yes; and you hate me—I have never quite understood why."

"Simplicity! God in heaven!"

"You meant to shoot me that day on the hill?"

"Yes."

"Why did you not let me die?"

"I couldn't let a snake do for me the thing I wanted to do for myself."

"I believe that you wrong yourself in saying that; it was an impulse of mercy; at least, for a moment, you hated the snake more than you hated me. You still cherish an intention to take my life?"

"I may do it any time—tonight—tomorrow—only—you must not be sick or helpless or have your back toward me. How dare you smile?"

"So long as it is not to be a duel, there's a humorous side to our discussing this matter together, isn't there?"

"I don't see any humor in it."

"Besides— what matters, without *her?* I have learned that life may be worse than anything else."

"Fool! Then why—but I don't believe you."

Miss Bruker rose abruptly and passed into the house. She returned shortly, laid a small package in William's hand and said jerkingly:

"Baby shall never touch your money; no, not if he were starving; but he shall not starve: I have enough for him. I'll give you time to make your will."

"Miss Bruker, you may be sure that my son shall sometime receive whatever I have to leave him. When he has grown older, you cannot prevent this; and, if you could, how dare you rob him of his birthtight?"

"I rob, indeed! Money is the least of anyone's birthright."

"Your hatred of me is very bitter. You cannot believe that I held *her* lightly in my thoughts. Her soul was as clean as a dew-washed lily. I knew that. I knew well that all our sorrow came of her way of looking at life. Our love was great; it left nothing unsanctified. She knew it was real, but feared that it was evanescent. I never reproached her with a word or a thought for my broken life. She never willingly hurt any living creature; and I never blamed her one single instant for anything she ever did."

"Blamed her! What magnanimity! You never blamed her! Saints and devils! I believe Judas Iscariot never blamed anybody!"

He did not seem to hear her. He continued:

"Yes, she thought it right and wise to send me away, to own no husband before the world. She believed—"

"Liar! She had no husband!"

"I thought—I understood—that she meant to take you into her confidence. I know now why you hate me. Miss Bruker, Keziah and I were lawfully wedded more than a year before the birth of our babe. I refer you to the county records. I know how much such things mean to the world."

"Then why did you desert her? Why—but I don't believe you. She was not your wife, else why did she not bear your name openly? There was never any need of hiding such a truth; there was much need of revealing it."

"Keziah thought otherwise. She was married for conscience sake; not for the world's approval—though she surely meant you to know all some day. Have you searched among her effects for papers—for a letter?"

"There's a little drawer I never unlocked. Somehow—I—I couldn't do it. I will, though; I will now."

What Miss Bruker found was the marriage certificate, and a piece of writing with sprawling m's and delicate slanting loops, bearing silent witness to the handiwork of her dear dead. This was scribbled in pencil, and was evidently the first draft of a letter that had been copied for sending. It ran as follows;

'WILL My Heart's Own:

"You know I love you, else I could not have married you, because without love I think it wrong to marry; and with love I think it wrong not to marry—you knew this was and is my creed. But I shall not make a home with you as other wives go and live with their husbands, no, no. I've told you so over and over. I told you before we were married. You would not listen. You thought when I was your wife I'd change my mind.

"Now the time is here when you must stop coming, stop seeing me at all.

"Heaven knows if I wrong you. Even if I do, living together with you would be a greater wrong. Better to begin doing without each other now, and get used to it. You'd never keep on loving. All the women say a man never loves his wife longer than a year or two.

"Think of being together and love fading—fading—seeing each other every day—Oh—all of life—after love is dead—such a blackness—so long, and children being born in sin, born without love. Anything is better.

"Don't write; don't come; I'll hang myself if you keep my love of you stirring fast in my heart all the time.

"*It* is to be mine, all mine; something to love me all my days.

"This breaks my heart because it is so cruel—only—if you never see the—it—you will never learn about loving it, and that will make things easier for you.

"Can it be true that you will stop loving?

"You think you are different from other men, but you are not. Others stop loving, and you will be like them. These women know. They've suffered and learned, or they've looked and listened and learned. They know. I'm afraid not to believe them.

"Yours forever,
"KEZIAH.

"P. S. I know I shall love you forever and forever; in this world and that other. K.

When Miss Bruker returned to William her apron pocket was empty. She brought the baby, wrapped in a shawl and nowise unwilling, and laid him in William's arms. She bowed over them, weeping. No one had seen her weep since she was ten years old, not even beside the open grave.

"It was I—who was a fool—and I filled her soul—with my folly. How dared I? What do I know of love—only—that I loved Keziah — and that this — this—child—is—my—heart's idol? But he is yours—your flesh and yours before the law. Here he is; take him; I shall pray for death."

The babe held out one arm for her neck. William touched her fingers.

"See, he loves us both. Let me stay here, work with you, live in your house. I cannot give him up; he cannot give you up. Shall we take what happiness may be left to us? Shall we be as mother and son, and devote our lives to his service?"

"I am given more than I deserve," Miss Bruker answered, with her wrinkled face pressed close against baby's hand, and her gray hairs tangled among his buttons.

# WOMAN IN SECRET ORDERS

## By Walter Allen Rice

PERCHANCE a few veteran lodge men, who long since earned the right to wear the emblem of "In Hoc Signo," or the three links with the charmed letters "F. L. T.", can remember when woman was strictly banned and barred from all manner of secret societies.

Man has always been notably selfish in the enjoyment and promotion of the mystic orders. In his assumed superior wisdom, he used to imagine that woman could not be entrusted with the sacred knowledge of passwords and grips which had been handed down from Solomon's time: that she would never be able to fathom the depths of parliamentary tactics, but would always vote "aye" when she ought to vote "no," and that she could never be limited to five minute speeches.

Worse yet, man was fearful that she could not keep "forever secret" those mysterious instructions and charges, or refrain from telling outside all about the journey of the "goat" with the candidate along the banks of the Jordan.

However, from a long pilgrimage through mystic rites and inner temples, it has been learned that selfish man excluded woman for none of the above reasons, but really because her presence would seriously interfere with certain ceremonies not a part of the regular lodge work.

Man realized that if woman were admitted to membership, his wife would attend all the meetings and would promptly see him home after each meeting, and, consequently, there would be no opportunity to hold an after-meeting in a neighboring cafe with the "boys."

Hence, for a long time man religiously barred woman from the mystic orders. Just as woman is gradually winning her rights on the suffrage question, and within a half century may be the chief executive of our nation (according to Justice Brewer), so has she become a most potent factor in the secret society world.

But few people are aware that we have in the United States more than three hundred and fifty secret orders, brotherhoods and sisterhoods, containing over seven million members. Although during the past century, our nation has surprised the world in its marvelous progress in manufactures, commerce, agriculture, art, science, finance, (frenzied finance) the development of the secret orders, especially those providing life insurance, has been most astonishing.

Freemasonry is universally conceded to be the mother of all modern secret societies, but while the oldest, is second in point of membership to Odd Fellowship, having 951,655 members, while Odd Fellowship has 1,111,634 members.

Very naturally from Freemasonry sprang the first society for women known as the "Order of the Eastern Star." The original order of this name was organized in Boston in 1793, and did much charitable work during the wars of the Revolution and 1812.

But the "Order of the Eastern Star" as it exists today was organized in 1851, and its ritual was written by Robert Morris, a Freemason and a poet. It is a charitable and benevolent society to which only Master Masons, their wives, widows, sisters and daughters are eligible. Its ritual is based upon the Bible. But this order is not Freemasonry, and is not in any way connected with it. Its lodges are termed chapters, and are established in the United States, British Columbia, Mexico, Central and South America, and Scotland. Its total membership is over 200,000, a large portion of which is in the United States.

Until about 1851, man despotically ruled the secret society kingdom, and could truly say with the poet,

> "I am monarch of all I survey,
> My right there is none to dispute."

It was Odd Fellowship, more than any other society, which burned away the barriers that had so long barred out woman. The Independent Order of Odd Fellows had its inception in the United States in 1819, when five of its founders assembled in a dim tavern at Baltimore, Maryland, and organized Washington Lodge No. 1. From that parent lodge has developed more than 11,000 lodges, with over 1,000,000 members, while more than $3,000,000 are annually expended for relief purposes, in caring for the sick and disabled, in educating orphan children of Odd Fellows, and in maintaining Odd Fellow homes.

In 1850, a distinguished champion for the admission of woman to the secret society world,appeared in the Sovereign Grand Lodge of Odd Fellows in Schuyler Colfax, afterward vice-president of the United States. He was appointed chairman of a committee to prepare a degree for wives of Odd Fellows, and in 1851 the Degree of Rebekah was adopted. He himself wrote the lectures and the ritual of this degree, which eminent authorities have declared to be "an epitome of Odd Fellowship in all its parts." A woman who receives the degree of Rebekah, and appreciates it properly, comprehends the true meaning of Odd Fellowship. The degree was named Rebekah because the practical workings of the order suggest so forcibly the tender and considerate action of the Biblical character of that name when she first looked upon Eleazer at the well of Nahor.

It is generally conceded that no degree of Odd Fellowship, not even the Royal Purple, equals in beauty and effectiveness the degree of Rebekah.

The ritual ceremonies are practically the same today as when prepared by Schuyler Colfax. The popularity of the degree is attested by the fact that the Daughters of Rebekah outnumber any secret society governed by women, having at last report 282,599 sisters. Odd Fellows are also permitted to join the degree of Rebekah, and the brothers number 162,978. In 1898 the Sovereign Grand Lodge adopted a universal sign of recognition between Odd Fellows and Daughters of Rebekah. The Rebekah Degree is intended to supplant the work of Odd Fellowship in caring for the sick, the widow and orphan. In the exemplification of this degree woman has demonstrated that she can preside over a lodge meeting with as much grace, dignity and ability as man, and that she is more painstaking in all details of lodge business.

The conferring of the beautiful Rebekah degree upon a candidate is not soon forgotten by those who witness it. The rich and elegant robes worn by the officers, the soldier-like movements about the hall, the earnestness with which the charges are delivered, the effectiveness of the tableaux, all form a scene more interesting than many a dramatic performance.

A close rival to Freemasonry and Odd Fellowship is the Knights of Pythias. In 1864 Justus H. Rathbone with several fraternal men began the formation of a new society at Washington, D. C., to be known as the Knights of Pythias. Its objects are similar to those of Odd Fellowship, to provide for the sick and distressed, to bury the dead, care for the widow and orphan, and through an insurance branch, the Endowment Rank, to provide a benefit to be paid to the family upon the death of a member.

Its growth tells the story of its popularity, for starting with thirteen members in 1864, it now has 600,000 members.

From the Knights of Pythias have sprung two organizations for wives, daughters, sisters and mothers of Knights of Pythias; the Rathbone Sisters, first organized as the Pythian Sisters, and the Pythian Sisterhood, but strange as it may seem, these two sisterhoods are not organized as branches by the Supreme Lodge of the Knights of Pythias.

The Pythian Sisterhood was originated by Mrs. Alva A. Young of Concord, New Hampshire, and the first sisterhood was organized in that city February 22, 1888. The Pythian Sisterhood has developed rapidly in all states. Its motto is "Friendship, Charity, Benevolence and Love." It teaches toleration in religion and obedience to law. It does not admit members of the Knights of Pythias to honorary membership, but is composed entirely of women.

The Rathbone Sisters of the World organized its first lodge at Warsaw, Indiana, October 23, 1888, or three months after the Pythian Sisterhood was organized. The

Rathbone Sisters admit to honorary membership members of the Knights of Pythias, and is very similar in many ways to the Rebekah Degree of Odd Fellows. It now has a membership of about 30,000 sisters and 20,000 brothers.

The fourth great secret society in this country is the Improved Order of Red Men, which was established at Baltimore, Maryland, in 1834. Much interest centers in this novel society, for its ritual is based upon the early days and traditions of our nation, when the white race was seeking to wrest from the Indian his possessions. While the ritual is based upon Indian legends, and the Indian garb is worn, only white men are admitted to membership. Men who join must be of good moral charatcer, in sound health, and must believe in "the existence of a Great Spirit in whom all power exists." Strangely enough, Indians are barred from membership, but this appears to be a mistake, for the real Indian could certainly assist in the war dance in a most realistic manner. The Order of Red Men numbers over 150,000.

But woman has also become interested in this order, for the Degree of Pocahontas was adopted in 1885, and began work in 1888. The idea of admitting woman to a sisterhood had met with strenuous opposition since 1852. But woman gained her rights in 1888, and since then the Degree of Pocahontas has met with considerable favor, having a membership of about 30,000. The name of the degree is taken from the historical character Pocahontas.

But it is outside the lodge room, in thousands of homes, where the lodge woman wields a greater influence for fraternity than man. By the fireside the boys are early impressed with the purposes of Odd Fellowship, or similar societies: that true fraternity means obedience to the Biblical command to give the cup of cold water to the thirsty, to clothe the naked, feed the hungry: and in short, to render assistance as far as possible to all unfortunates.

The young mind is thus trained to the true understanding that fraternity is practical Christianity, and when he crosses the horizon between youth and manhood, and steps into the arena to contest for a place among his fellowmen, he naturally enlists in the great fraternal army that encircles the world. Upon the tablets of his memory is impressed in letters of fire the divine injunction "I am my brother's keeper."

Thus, with the institution of the Order of The Eastern Star of Freemasonry, as it is known today, and the degree of Rebekah of Odd Fellowship, a little more than a half century ago, the adamantine walls that barred woman from secret societies began to be torn away.

But it is in connection with the fraternal beneficiary orders that woman has taken a most important part. These societies began with the Ancient Order of United Workmen in 1868, at Meadville, Pennsylvania, and for some time confined their membership to men, as the main purpose was to secure life insurance to provide for wife and children. Woman had but little interest in these societies, save as a beneficiary, and many women were for a long time opposed to them until 1876, when the United Order of the Golden Cross was organized at Knoxville, Tennessee. This society opened its doors to men and women alike, granting to each equal privileges and benefits. This order also had a temperance plank in its platform, forbidding the use of intoxicating liquors as a beverage. The membership of this society is about 18,590. Its membership is largely in New England, with headquarters at Lewiston, Maine.

In 1877 the Knights and Ladies of Honor entered the field, with headquarters at Indianapolis. The last report gives a membership of 76,000, and death benefits have been paid aggregating $22,525,000.

Daughters of Liberty was organized at Meriden, Connecticut, in 1875, has 60,000 members and has paid in benefits $2,120,000.

New England Order of Protection was established at Boston in 1887, admits both men and women, has 38,416 members and has paid in benefits $4,824,000.

United Order of the Pilgrim Fathers, organized at Lawrence, Massachusetts, in 1879, admits both men and women, has 19,698 members, and has paid in benefits $5,995,000.

Ladies Catholic Benevolent Association, organized at Erie, Pennsylvania, in 1890, composed entirely of women and managed by them, has 89,943 beneficial and 2,482 social members and has paid in benefits $3,941,000.

Knights and Ladies of Security, organized in 1892 at Topeka, Kansas, admits both men and women, has 48,000 members and has paid in benefits $2,995,000.

A long list of societies might be cited which are either governed by women or admit both men and women.

But the most conspicuous example of a strictly woman's society, and a remarkably successful one at that, is the Ladies of the Maccabees of the World, with executive offices at Port Huron, Michigan. This is the largest beneficiary society composed of women in the United States. It was organized in 1892, and the last report gives a membership of 124,113 who carry insurance, and 19,921 social members, making a total of 147,791. In thirteen years' existence this society has paid $3,800,000 in benefits. Miss Bina M. West, the manager-secretary, is the power behind the throne that has made the Ladies of the Maccabees so prosperous.

There is also a rival Maccabee sisterhood known as the Ladies of the Modern Maccabees, organized as recently as 1900 at Port Huron, Michigan, which has a membership of 75,000 and has paid in benefits $2,245,000.

The Modern Woodmen of America, the largest society for men in the United States, has a membership of 660,000. From this society sprung a sisterhood known as Royal Neighbors of America, organized in 1895 at Rock Island, Illinois, which has 84,538 members and has distributed nearly $2,000,000 in benefits.

But the admission of woman within the fraternal realm was accomplished only by slow process, just as she has gradually risen from the quiet of home life, and by indomitable perseverance has made a place for herself in all kinds of business enterprises and professional callings. As she has shown her ability to cope with the world in the struggle for fame and fortune, even so has her influence and ability within the temples of the mystic orders been more fully recognized.

Today there are but few organizations which do not invite her cooperation, either directly in the lodge, or in an auxiliary department governed entirely by women.

It is therefore appropriate for all brothers of the mystic orders to join in this toast to woman:—

"They talk about a woman's sphere,
As though it had a limit!
There's not a place in earth or heaven,
There's not a task to mankind given:
There's not a blessing or a woe:
There's not a whispered 'yes' or 'no':
There's not a life, there's not a birth,
That has a feather's weight of worth—
Without a woman in it!"

# THE DEMON OF DECAY

## By Edwin Ferguson

THE place: a two-bit lodging house in a new copper camp in Arizona. Outside it was winter, and inside two men sat by the heater, which was lurid.

"There was a fool, an' he was nine kinds of a fool, an' a d—d fool besides," said Smith. "Shall I mention the kinds?"

"If it amuses you," said Dawson.

"For a fellah that *could* make a human being out of himself," went on Smith, coughing a hollow, pipe-organ sort of cough and opening the stove door—"you're a bird!"

"True," said Dawson.

"Why in the name of h—l an' the billygoats, don't yo' butt in with that head of yours an' make the world feel it? What's the use of pretending you're a four-flusher, an' dropping back into y'r chair, when you've got enough cards in you to clean, dress, carve an' skin the whole push?" The tramping of the lodgers on the bare boards overhead was obtrusive. "What business has a fellah like you got with a graft like this?" went on Smith.

"Well," said Dawson, rolling himself a cigarette from wheat-straw paper and placing his folded coat on his chair-seat for easement—"well I may have seen better days, but what then? That needn't make me stick up my nose at your society, now that I've got to put up with it, need it?"

"Why didn't you hold down that job at the Silver Moon? Why didn't you stay with it an' rise in the world, instead of sneakin' back here, like a d—d lost pup, to be a tout for a bug-house, an' to associate with a class of fellahs which may be beneath you, which may be above you an' too good for you, I ain't sayin' which; but which you know d—n well ain't your own sort? Dawson, you idiot!"

Smith coughed.

"Would you had a theme worthy your eloquence," said Dawson.

"Would I had nothing," said Smith. "No matter 'bout me. I'm gone. It's *you*."

"Gone nothing," said Dawson. "But I'll tell you, Billy, about that job—and my superior talents. There was too much brass buttons. Did you ever see a skipper that knew enough navigation to put him on the bridge of a liner, but that kept on raking oysters year in and out while the wind seared his soul? Brass buttons. He preferred not. He preferred being his own man to having a corporation over him, a thousand men under him, and being an official with buttons. That's me, Billy, only I'm not saying I'm so well up in navigation."

"The queer thing about a lie," said Smith, "is that (cough) if you keep on saying it over; (cough, cough, cough) you get it all through your system. According to you, the hobo that came in here last night an' put up seven cents for a bed, claiming that he'd come in on the rods, could have come in a Pullman section — only he didn't like the polish the porter used on the slippers."

"There may be resemblances between the hobo an' me. I'm not ashamed of him, either."

"Now I ain't statin' that the big cash prizes usually drop into the baskets of the fellahs that earn 'em," went on Smith, taking no notice of Dawson and gazing into the stove. "But (cough, cough, cough) I am sayin' that there are always a few minor baubles on the tree which might possibly get into an industrious fellah's basket. (cough, cough) Bud Dawson, you've lost your grip. Why don't you go over there, an' lay down with the Chinks an' roast pills—they're your kind!"

Dawson stood it. It was kindly meant, why shouldn't he stand it? Smith's intellect was a good prod. From downright affection had he stuck to Smith. With Smith 'round, he didn't take so much morphine. Poor Smith! As for Smith, how could Smith have kept going without Dawson?

It was late now, that is, it was morning. Smith went off to bed. The saloons of Eureka, though never closed, were sometimes less busy, and the very small hours of the "grave-yard shift" were the dullest. Eureka was on the boom. The patrons of the lodging house began to come in. It had snowed and, with much stamping and shaking of coats they came in—a pretty lot! There was the thin, black-eyed man that was lookout at the faro bank, and there was the thick, jolly, moon-faced man, that presided at the stud-horse table. There was the bronzed and bent old prospector with flowing white hair, who spoke to nobody; and there was the frousy, frock-coated, little medicine man, who spoke to everybody—these and others. And Dawson, who was in charge of the place; Keyser, the originator being off looking for his wife, who had run away with another man; had to ticket and check them all and see that they got beds. Now he was hearing the story of this chap and deciding quickly whether he was a beat or one beaten; and now he was skipping up stairs to arbitrate a conflict of title. Now he took valuables and stowed them in the safe. And now he paused to survey his dormitory—fifty men from the ends of the earth, and fifty dirty cots. He came down stairs.

By the stove were two, tough-looking knights of the road who had ignored all hints to budge. Dawson demanded the price of two beds. The men conferred leisurely and in a strange tongue, making no account of Dawson. Dawson insisted. Then, the bigger chap, a dark, raw-boned Italian or Greek with one black, sullen eye, looked up at Dawson like a sleepy pig that had been punched and resumed his grunting. Dawson punched the pig again, and got a few pennies and some small change.

At last Dawson could lie down on his own cot by the stove. He shoved his six-shooter under the blanket and lay on his back "Smith was right, of course. Smith's preach-ment wasn't new. He, Dawson, was dead. As the body may remain a perfect working mechanism, yet lack that inner, inmost spark which throbs the heart and sets all going, so he, Dawson, had faculty enough for living but didn't care. He, Dawson, was dead, practically dead. A live man may have wrought robbery, adultery, murder and not needfully fall. But let that dynamic, golden-green glint, which is a fusion of self-reverence and ambition, be short-circuited within him and his fuse burned out, then he has slumped indeed. Yet what better thing would he have been in his own set in Boston?"

He turned on his side and gazed on the red-hot stove. He fell asleep. He dreamed. He saw himself again at work in the smelter up the gulch. 'Twas the grave-yard shift, and he was climbing up the hill in the dark with his dinner-pail. The tiny slag-cars ran out along the bank; he stopped and dumped them. A cataract of molten, red rock flowed languidly from them, making the gulch lurid in its descent. Overhead, the great, sullen stack of the smelter spat out black smoke, and the endless chain from the mines brought bucket on bucket of ore and rattled it into the bins. As he climbed the stair he looked up and just then the smoke was wafted aside, and he saw a star, cool and sublime 'gainst the black of the sky. He must descend into hell and work in its fumes. He put on his jumper and stood by the furnace with his sledge. He struck out the pins and the slimy, white metal with its flux oozed out from the caldron and slid along the grooves of the sand floor snake-wise. It seemed to him that he could not control that snaky mass spawning out in ramifications on the sandy floor, first white, then red, then black as it cooled, but hot enough when black to melt its way instantly through a two-inch plank. A rill of it had run onto his boot and burned through the leather. His brother workman ran to him and cut away the boot. The company doctor was bending over him. It was queer that doctor should look into his face and not dress the foot. He looked up fiercely at the doctor and saw that he was not a doctor at all, but the raw-boned Greek that had sat by the stove.

"What do you want?" growled Dawson, and he reached for his gun.

"Lefta ma shooa," said the Greek, and went off to the stove to get them.

"Well, you get 'em and get out!" said Dawson, and his gun-barrel followed the Greek out of the door into the dawn.

* * *

With the inaptitude of the vulgar, they called her Klondike. That was because she had been to Alaska in the gold craze, and had gone up Chilcoot; where her dogs fell down a precipice and broke into a thousand chunks of frozen meat—I don't just remember the story. But Dawson had learned her right name and it was Catalina, for she was of Yankee stock born in Mexico.

In low-cut bodice and long-trained gown; one slipper upon the bar rail, one arm upon the bar, she stood and gazed up piquantly at Dawson. The "Yellow Boy" saloon was thronged that night, and the tinkle of glasses, the click of ivory, the hum of the wheel and the raucous voice of the crap-man rang out dizzily above the steady murmur of the crowd. The white-coated bar-keep turned to the glittering door-screen of bottles and decanters and filled Catalina's small glass and Dawson's larger one, and the beverage wasn't milk.

"Where have you been?" said Catalina, and she looked with her keen, brown eyes right into his. "Have you been wool-gathering, as usual? The sheep men tell me there's money in wool this year at ten cents the pound.

"Then I'd best quit," said Dawson, "for it's my luck never to make money. I haven't the faculty. I come too early or quit too soon. I start in leasing; I pull out a lot of blank rock and make a big hole. Then the next man comes down into my hole and gets the ore-chute. Or, I go into cattle. The grass stops growing and I have to pay some other chap to buy the cattle. I ask Catalina to supper and, plainly, I'm too late again, for Catalina tells me she has other engagements."

Catalina laughed. "I think what you call your luck," said she, "is what you deserve for staying away from me so long. Do you want a job?"

"If it's easy."

"It's hard," said she "but you must take a brace, Buck, and be a brave man. It's the most thankless kind of a job. It's being a cook."

"Where?"

"At the 'Little Johnny'. Ransom was asking me about a cook last night, and I recommended you. All you have to do is apply.

Tell him you were cook to his majesty, the king of Siam. How I should like to see you in your white apron and cap, sizzling flapjacks on the range, and how I shouldn't like to eat them! There be cattle ranges, Buck, and there be cooking ranges, and the Lord made both; and both can be feverish hot and ague cold. But, really," added Catalina, "I think you'll do, Buck. I shouldn't have risked my reputation in recommending you if I hadn't thought so."

"Where's Ransom?" asked Dawson.

"Oh, he's round the camp somewhere trying to find you. Was in here playing pool a while ago. He expects some tenderfoot capitalists from New York out to visit the mine, and is going up tomorrow on the stage with a lot of supplies. I gave you a good character, Buck, and he wants you bad. Here's to the gallant cook at the 'Little Johnny'! May he pizen his enemies and fatten his friends! And," Catalina looked steadily at the cook, "and may he return soon to Eureka and his other friends—a happier and a wiser cook!"

Dawson made his way out through the swinging, green shutters into the small street, and Catalina remained to drink and make free with other men, for this was Catalina's business. And ever the cash-recorder clicked, and the raucous voice of the crap-man calling off the throws, rang out above the monotonous droning of the crowded saloon.

* * *

'Tis one matter to cook for men, and quite another to cook for women. Dawson had always told himself he could make a pretty good "stab" at anything. He minded the time when, convalescing from typhoid, he had washed dishes in a ten-cent chop-house, and used to drink the cream off the milk cans every morning. And now he was "stabbing" right and left, as one beset by demons. If a man cusses your coffee, you can always cuss him back and, if he doesn't take your cussing, you can give him something stronger. But what to do with a female critic! He thought of the coming of the party of inspection from New York and his pulse froze. Well, the "Little Johnny" had a prodigal larder of canned goods and fresh meat, and there was Charley, the nigger scullery-boy, to lay the blame on.

Ransom stood by the shaft house with Dale, the cyanide man. From them swept the bright, shimmering, sand-brown and sage-green desert — away to the phantom peaks of mauve and purple that jutted from the horizon where the railroad ran. The chug, chug, chug, of the hoist in the shaft-house sounded like business, and the ting, tang, tong, of the blacksmith sharpening drills rang out cheerily.

"Anybody besides those DeForest people?" asked Dale.

Ransom handed him the telegram. "The others stopped off at Phoenix," said he.

"Well, we can take care of 'em, can't we?"

"We've got a pretty bum cook," said Ransom, "but it's too late now to fire him."

"Dope fiend," said Dale.

"Cigarette fiend, you mean."

"Nope. Saw him stripped yesterday down by the mud-hole takin' a bath."

"Well, he's got to keep straight for a few days, anyhow," said Ransom, "fiend or no fiend."

It was fading twilight that evening, when the stage-driver clamped the brakes in front of the ranch-house at the "Little Johnny." Dawson looked out of a porthole in his pantry to size up the swells that were to be his cabin passengers. There alighted first from the box, a blond-bearded chap in correct, drab clothes and a white Stetson. Down came his suitcase, and, simultaneously, out came two striplings of the well-bred, original, preparatory school type.

"Mamma's boys!" murmured Dawson.

The youngsters helped their mother out from among the traps and luggage—a tall, well-knit woman, with one of those big, sweeping hats on her that always remind you of a balloon jib. But who was she? Dawson waited till she should look up that he might see. She did look up — at her husband — and Dawson's jaw dropped. Then he made Charley go out and check off the supplies. He saw double that night, and had to work with one hand behind his back in order that he might not have to work with four. There was relief for that kind of neuromania. He sought the relief and felt better. He could get up the lunch now and, with Charley, get it on the table and served.

The next morning, when Dawson had seen the camp through its breakfast, and Charley was hustling the dishes, he took a walk. He went up on one of the knolls, away from the mine settlement, and sat there rolling cigarettes and taking in the air. From his perch, too, he could see most that was doing. He could see Ransom conducting the party of inspection from ranch-house to mill, from mill to roaster, from roaster to the shops and electric power-plant up to the shaft-house and the mine. And he could see *her* — a tall, well-gowned, conventionally-spoken woman with her smart-Aleck of a husband and her two big loose-geared kids. Last night, in passionate ecstasy, he had wanted to make himself known to her and carry her off like a bandit. He would put his claims, his past claims and his present ones, so that she must come, so that she must leave all and come. Did he not know Eleanor, the Eleanor of their youth, did he not know her better than she knew herself? And would she not answer to her name? The intervening past was a mistake, and could be thrust aside or reckoned with as to its claims; but nothing should fetter two souls that should travel together. But now, as he smoked his wheat-straw cigarette and looked off at them from his knoll of vantage, as did the other wild beasts that were without the settlement; the ghosts within him counselled differently.

"Is that what you went so daffy over," said the Spirit of Gumption, inside him, "that thing in the tailor-made suit?"

"She had a fair form and a fair name. She was of your set and knew how to conduct herself," said the Demon of Decay, also inside him

"A woman who really loved you would have known her own mind, and sent the other fellow about his business," said the Spirit of Gumption, with a sniff.

"There was undue influence," said the Demon of Decay.

"Undue fiddlesticks!" sniffed the Spirit of Gumption. "Besides a real live woman wouldn't be so changed by marriage — wouldn't let her mind grow to weeds with nothing ahead but her children, and her calls and her dinners. See, what does she get out of this miraculous desert, now? She's looking to see that her skirt hangs properly and wishing she were back in her Pullman. Little, stuffy, pinched heart—how can it take in the great expanses of the West and of America?"

"I don't see that the expanses of America have done much for Dawson's heart," said the Demon of Decay.

"You wait. It's all there in him," laughed the Spirit of Gumption.

"He's always looking for a job or being batted around from pillar to post. Why doesn't he make his own job, if he's so clever, why doesn't he create his own opportunities? Look at her husband, now, he's president of a bank and an insurance company, has underwritten several trusts, and is director of about everything worth directing in New York. He and Dawson started even."

"Oh! bother your banks and trusts," said the Spirit of Gumption. "Just look out on that desert will you? It's spring, smell the flowering mesquite and the fragrant sage. See the weird cactus-shapes that twist their pulpy, spiny bodies and try to keep their lips moist in the face of this relentless sun? See the little lizards down here, and the cottontail and the coyote and the rattler off there, that drink the smell of last year's dew? The soil that will grow cactus and sage and cottontail without water, wants only water to grow golden wheat and green alfalfa."

"But Dawson couldn't get the water," snapped the Demon of Decay.

"See those purple peaks over there?" said the Spirit of Gumption, ignoring the slur.

"They're all purple," growled the Demon of Decay. "Which peaks do you mean?"

"Those I'm pointing at. See that hog-back which runs down into the plain, and that canon in there to the left of the hog-back? Well, there's a wee stream runs down that canon from white snowbanks up on the north reaches where the sun never blinks; and Dawson's friend Rice who's on the Geodetic survey, says that three dams could be put across that canon, one above another, to impound the water that flows down in the July freshets; that the cost of the dams would be under half a million, and that 115 billions of gallons of water could be saved."

"That's too many," grunted the Spirit of Decay.

"Now," went on the Spirit of Gumption, still taking no notice of his fellow," now 115 billion gallons of water should easily irrigate 150,000 acres of land allowing fifty per cent. for evaporation and waste. And land out there can be got in one way or another, at, say fifty cents an acre; an outlay of, say $80,000 for the land."

"I wish you could realize what a bore you are," broke in the Demon of Decay.

"Now we'll allow another $100,000 for ditches and laterals," persisted the Spirit of Gumption, taking no notice, "and we have a total cost of $680,000. Then we'll add maintenance for three years at $20,000 a year and interest on the whole for the same period at five per cent.; that would total; let me see; that would total about $777,000, wouldn't it?"

"Well, what of it?"

"Well, went on the Spirit of Gumption, "you want to spread that cost out on 150,000 acres of land. That would make the cost of improvement per acre about $4.50, wouldn't it, and the sale of an irrigated acre, in twenty-acre tracts, should net, say $50.00 in the market. That would make a gross profit on the venture of, say 45 by 150,000 or $6,750,000. Not bad is it? Oh, there would be money enough in it! Dawson could have a model, rural town, twenty-three miles long and ten miles broad, with 2000 people therein, working in harmony and in joy. Lots of things could be done with a town like that. Think of the folks round old Mulberry Bend and Hester street! Beats mining!"

"But Dawson's no financier," said the Demon of Decay. "He's spoiled himself with dope so that he hasn't any head any more. Takes a chap with a head to put through a deal like that."

"Dawson comes of a race of financiers," said the Spirit of Gumption, "and Dawson played full-back for a college where they never give in till the referee calls time."

"But he hasn't a cent of capital, nor a pennyweight of pull," said the D. of D.

"I told you about Dawson," said the S. of G.

"Besides," remarked the Demon of Decay, "Dawson needs a woman."

"Well, there's Catalina," said the Spirit of Gumption, thoughtfully.

"Catalina hasn't a fair name," sniffed the Demon of Decay.

"Fair moonshine," snapped the Spirit of Gumption. "Catalina has a brave and jocund soul and would make a fit mate for any man! I know Catalina."

"But she doesn't love him," said the Demon.

"He never tried to find out," laughed the S. of G.

Then the Demon of Decay kept his peace and bided a future opportunity, and Dawson, feeling that the dialogue was done, tossed away his cigarette and made for his galley and—dinner.

* * * *

"Well, I'm off," said Dawson to Ransom next morning.

"Off!" exclaimed the manager in dismay. "Why, didn't you tell me you were a cook, and haven't I given you everything to cook with? Why, man, you've got the handiest kitchen and the best-stocked larder in the Southwest. But—if there's anything lacking—just say the word."

"There is," said Dawson.

"Well?"

"I can't eat my own victuals; I want somebody to cook for me."

Dawson came into Eureka on the noon stage.

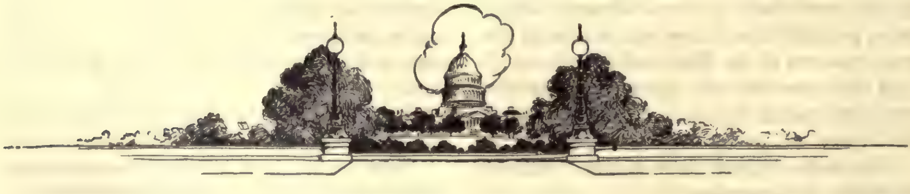
"Where's Klondike, John?" said he, setting his grip down inside the "Yellow Boy" and bearding the proprietor.

"Up in her room, I reckon, Buck. Sit down an' have something. What's your sweat?"

Dawson went behind the bar and leapt up the stairs. Catalina was seated by a window reading.

"Come!" said Dawson. "Let's go away—you and I—out there!"

Catalina laid down her book, unsurprised. "Yes," said she, "I'll come. I've been waiting for you all the morning. I thought you'd get tired of cooking."



# THE TRIUMPH OF A FAILURE

## By Florence Martin Eastland

"HOWDY, Darius?"

The rider checked his horse at the edge of the ford and glanced up with frank curiosity.

"Howdy, Jerry," came the mumbled reply, as Darius removed several nails from his mouth. "How do you like that?" He pointed proudly to an overhanging tree-trunk on which a sign advised in large, uneven letters,

WHEN THIS IS UNDER DON'T GO OVER.

"Well, in the name of—" began Jerry Hamilton, while Darius continued:

"This orter b'en here fer twenty year. Every Spring, when Turkey Crick gits on a rampage, somebody is nearly drowned from not knowin' the ford. We old-timers, o' course, don't need the sign; but it will be a sight o' help to strangers."

"More'n likely," returned Jerry with a chuckle. "But why ain't you keepin' school today?"

"I'll make it up Sat'day. We was plum out o' meat at home, an' I jest had to take today to butcher."

"I say, Manley." Darius straightened himself suddenly. His surname was used so seldom that on such occasions his anxious demeanor was evidence of misgivings. "Have you heard from your certificate?"

"Not yit," came reluctantly. "There was a good many took the teachers' examination last time an' the results 'll be slow comin'."

"Think you'll pass?"

"I can't say. Ef it was only a question o' what is in the tex'-book, I could answer off-hand; 'Course I'll pass.' I can cipher any sum or parse any sentence you can put before me. I know Greenleaf's arithmetic from beginnin' to end, an' I can say by heart pretty much all Lindley Murray has put in his grammar. But that ain't what is wanted, I guess. So many of the questions don't seem to have any sense. Under Theory and Practice we was asked 'What new branches have you introduced into your school?'"

He paused to drive his last nail which gave Jerry an opportunity to ask:

"How did you answer it?"

"I said 'None; the same old hickory has laid on top of the blackboard for five terms, but I can bring in some new branches if you want me to.' Now what did they want to know that fer?"

Jerry shook his head.

"You orter know; I don't. You ain't kep' up with the times, Darius. You jest be'n settin' still. Nobody'd take you fer a school-master. You may know your grammar, but you don't talk any better'n the rest of us."

"Because I've be'n associated with the rest o' ye so long I've drapped into your ways o' speech. But your children learn from me the right way o' talkin'." Darius spoke eagerly yet gently. "Ye can't say I ain't done well by 'em, Jerry." he persisted.

Hamilton shifted his eyes uneasily. As president of the school board, he was requested to advise Darius that another failure to pass the teachers' examination would necessitate the employment of another teacher. He cleared his throat for a reply.

"Well, Darius," he began slowly. "Why, man, what is the matter?" he concluded in alarm.

Darius had grasped a low-lying bough with his right hand, while his left was pressed against his breast. His face was gray and drawn and he could scarcely steady himself against the tree. Jerry assisted him to an easier position. Snatching off his broad-brimmed hat, he flapped violent gusts into Darius' face. He ceased his fanning to dip some water from the tiny stream.

"Not—water," interrupted Darius. "Rub

—my hands to git up the—circ'lation. The trouble—is here," pointing to his left side. Jerry followed the suggestion with gratifying results. In an incredibly short time, Darius feebly picked up the hammer.

"I can git home now, but I won't be able to do much work fer a few days. I wonder who I can git to teach fer me."

"Ida came home yest'day," returned Hamilton reluctantly, yet with an odd expression of satisfaction.

"Idy? Well, now ain't that lucky? When she used ter help me at school sometimes I always told her she was a better teacher 'n I was. O' course Idy'll help me out fer a little while. What's she home fer?"

There was no answer. Strangely enough the news had not reached Darius. Possibly of the whole neighborhood, he only was unaware that Ida Hamilton's home-coming during the first term of her senior year at the normal college, was due to her father's losses occasioned by the burning of his granaries; and that her hope of graduating that year lay in the remote chance of being able to teach in some outlying district and to keep pace with her class at the same time.

Darius, after a weak protest, mounted the horse. With Jerry leading, they moved slowly across the wind-swept, fire-blackened prairie to the desolate spot Darius called home. The fertile acres he had homesteaded in the creek bottom were sold in seasons of need. His lack of thrift was often discussed by his more prosperous neighbors. Drought, grasshoppers, cyclones and ague had reduced his holdings to the handful of bleak acres on which stood his mud-daubed cabin. He glanced at the empty rail pens as he passed and observed with satisfaction:

"Now ain't it a good thing I got my hogs killed this mornin'?"

An anxious-faced woman ran to meet them. "Has he had another spell?" she inquired breathlessly.

"I'm all right, Hannah," came reassuringly. "I was jest tellin' Jerry that while I ain't as active as I used ter be, I'm good fer many a year yit."

Hamilton helped him into the house and went out, after seeing that his services were not needed. He made a little tour of inspection in the tottering stable.

"Jest as I thought," he muttered. "The old mare ain't got enough feed to last two days. I'll bring over a load of fodder in the mornin'."

Darius sat in the old rocking-chair with his head laid wearily against a pillow. His thin gray hair clung to his clammy forehead in unwonted disorder. His face had greatly aged, and his wife, who was wrapping a patch-work quilt around his feet, regarded him apprehensively.

Jerry came back to repeat his offers of assistance, which were kindly declined.

"I don't want to bother anybody," declared the old man "but there's one thing I forgot to tell ye. We was plannin' to have an exhibition Friday fortnight. I want you should ask Idy to hear the children say over their pieces beforehand."

"I know she will," said Jerry hastily.

"Idy's learned a heap about ellycution there at the normal school. Mebby she'll speak too the night o' the exhibition."

"Most likely. An' now, Darius, take your time 'bout gittin' back to school. Ida will be glad of the experience an' won't charge you nothin' fer teachin'."

"Did ye notice, Hannah," observed Darius, after watching Jerry gallop across the prairie, "that he is p'tic'lar never to say 'Idy' any more? I wonder—" and an anxious note crept into his voice—"if everybody but me is movin' ahead."

The days crept slowly for the feeble old man whose strength seemed to have departed so quickly. Quietly he lay in his bed, uncomplaining but silent. The food his wife so carefully prepared remained untasted, till she burst out one day:

"There, Darius, you never touched them spareribs. I've got up all your fav'rite dishes, an' you never took a bite o' one of 'em. I'm plum discouraged. How you goin' to git strong ef you don't eat?"

"That's so, Hannah; that's so. Here, let me try again." He ate a little with evident disrelish and lay back languidly, though murmuring with a smile: "You're right, Hannah, I feel stronger a'ready. Leave the things on the chair an' I'll try again bimeby."

But if the days were long to the old man, they were correspondingly short to the bright-faced, enthusiastic girl who was filling his place at school. She reorganized his classes in conformance with modern ideas, and applied her normal training to bringing order and system out of chaos. Her enthusiasm begot enthusiasm in the pupils. Matters were running very smoothly the last school day of the week, when the new county superintendent made an unexpected visit.

As he quietly opened the door and walked in, his surprised glance swept from the orderly room and the busy pupils to the straight-backed, comely figure placing a writing exercise on the blackboard. "Do unto others—" smiled forth the precept from under the zigzagging of the blue sleeve. She faced around on hearing a step, and come forward with extended hand.

"How do you do, Mr. Peabody? You may not remember me, but I met you at a teachers' reunion at the close of the Institute last Summer."

"Assuredly I remember, Miss Hamilton." The superintendent forgot his burden of official dignity, and smiled into the sweet face and held the warm hand much as any other young man might have done, until recalled to himself by the crash of a heavy book in the last aisle. He dropped the girl's hand, after one quick look that comprehended the scowling countenance of the biggest boy in school.

"Where is Mr. Manley?" he asked abruptly.

"At home very ill." She lowered her voice, and a shade of anxiety lined her smooth forehead. "I am afraid he will never be out again. I saw him last night, and was shocked at the change. He has had slight attacks before, but the doctor thinks this is serious."

"I am truly sorry," returned Stephen Peabody. "He is a fine old man although wofully behind the times. I came to visit his school today to see if I could possibly issue him a—"

"Hush!" she whispered softly. "The pupils may hear. Let them know only the best about him; and O! there is so much best."

The afternoon was gone before the superintendent realized it. When the duty of an office is combined with the pleasure of watching a most attractive young pedagogue, the passage of time is a thing to be deplored. The sharp Autumn wind was robbing the earth of the sun's benediction when he helped Ida from his buggy in front of Darius' door. During the long, slow drive over the half-frozen, muddy road, Ida championed the old man's rights; and because the young man was tender-hearted, notwithstanding his advanced ideas on pedagogy, and because a moist-eyed, magnetic little woman filled his soul with her bubbling sympathy, he went to Darius not with a flaming sword, but with an olive branch.

When they entered the old man turned a shade grayer, if possible, and his greeting was perfunctory. His dark eyes met Ida's questioningly. Stephen, seeing his anxiety, and divining its cause, dispelled it with the cheerful information:

"You need not be uneasy about your certificate. I shall bring it when I come this way again, which will be soon. Miss Hamilton was coming to see you, so I persuaded her to allow me to bring her."

Two grateful tears rolled down the wrinkled cheeks as Darius replied;

"I 'bout concluded you wa'n't goin' to issue me any; but sence you have, why I'll try all the harder to deserve it. I'm goin' to the Normal Institute next Summer an' learn some new ways o' teachin'; an' next month I'll send my subscriptions fer a couple o' teachers' papers. I'm bound you shan't regret givin' me the certificate."

During the visitors' brief stay, Darius appeared to regain his cheerful loquacity. Hannah followed them down the path to the cottonwood tree, where the horse was tied.

"You've done Darius a heap o' good," she observed gratefully. "He ain't be'n so peart sence he was took down."

"Keep him in as long as possible," advised Stephen. "Miss Hamilton is representing him nobly."

The early twilight hid the girl's blush. She called a cheery good-bye to Hannah, adding as an after-thought, "I will be over again soon to report matters at school. Tell Mr. Manley I am counting on his presence at the entertainment. We don't want to have it without him."

The two associate school-directors of the district called at the tiny frame school house on Monday afternoon following. Though coming from different directions, their arrival was timed so exactly that they dismounted together at the knife-marked hitching rail. The teacher greeted them cordially, but with some surprise. It was plain she could not account for their visit during Darius' absence, which was of course known to them.

But she called up her classes in the usual order. The lessons were recited much as if visitors were common events. Only the pupils knew that more people called during Ida's few days of teaching than had been registered in as many preceding terms.

The oldest pupil, a son of one of the directors, obtained permission to get a pail of fresh water. During his absence Ida remarked to the father:

"Have you observed Taylor's improvement? You must be glad to see how well Mr. Manley has succeeded in getting him interested."

"Well," returned the father slowly, "I hev noticed 't Taylor seems to take to books more; but it ain't be'n long—not more'n a week."

"But you know how quickly a person will change when once he is prepared for it," she urged hastily. "Sometimes it requires years of work to establish the receptive spirit."

The man appeared unconvinced. He tipped his chair against the wall, and dubiously contemplated the cowhide boot on his left foot which he laid across his right knee. His colleague, feeling the awkward pause a demand on his conversational resources, briefly stated the matter upon which both were agreed.

"Miss Idy, we ain't satisfied with the way Darius is runnin' this school. What we want is somethin' newer."

The girl was tactful as well as unselfish.

"Being progressive, of course you do. And I know Mr. Manley is equally desirous and ready when you have told him just what you want him to do."

"That ain't what we are able to do. We can't jedge o' what we want till we've seen it tried. Anyhow," he concluded doggedly, as he saw Ida's eagerness to score a point, "we are sure of one thing. We've had Darius fer twenty year, an' we know we don't want him."

During intervals of rest in the rehearsal for the coming entertainment, she noticed with troubled interest the directors' conference by the hitching-rail. She watched them ride away together and talk earnestly to several farmers they met in the road; and after she locked the door and slipped the key under the step, she found herself saying: "They shall not do it. I will help him some way."

The evening of the entertainment recorded a large and an early gathering. The associate directors remained outside. As the farm wagons arrived, the head of each family represented was treated to a private interview, at the close of which he placed his signature on a mysterious paper.

Jerry Hamilton was among the last to come. He went at once with his wife to a seat near the improvised stage. Scarcely was he seated before the other board members took places behind him and thrust their papers into his hand with the words, "Have a look at them, Jerry."

The familiar phrase, "To whom it may concern," proved to be the introduction to a much-signed petition, asking Darius' resignation and the election of Ida as his successor.

Jerry's face was a study. There was an evident struggle, which prevented his ready acquiescence or his prompt disapproval. No doubt the others had cunningly pitted his paternal pride and need of financial assistance against his friendship for the old teacher.

"I—I don't know what ter say," he stammered. "Ye can see the fix I'm in. As president of the board, I'd orter be in favor o' this; but sence this distinctly says Ida—"

He paused undecidedly. In his perturbation, he unconsciously drew out his corncob pipe and stuck it between his teeth.

"Why, Jerry!" At his side came a wifely remonstrance, accompanied by a nudge from a peaked elbow. He jerked his pipe from his mouth and jammed it into his pocket again.

"One of us 'll read these tonight," remarked one director, "an' we kin state 't you was no party to it. We want to git the deestric' vote afore we see Darius. I heared he wasn't able ter come 'tnight."

The conversation was interrupted by a slight bustle at the door. The people separated to form a passage, and a hush descended as the old schoolmaster unexpectedly appeared. He was bundled in shawls and moved slowly, leaning on the arm of Stephen Peabody, while his wife closely followed. Coldly curious glances marked his slow progress to the front.

The directors drew apart like conspirators. From a hole in the curtain Ida saw his entrance and hurried forward to greet them. She installed Darius in his straight-backed, comfortable chair by the stove near the platform. When she could do nothing further for his comfort, she turned to welcome the superintendent, who was rather impatiently biding his time.

"This is another surprise, Mr. Peabody. We were not expecting either you or Mr. Manley."

"I had to come," he answered with such emphasis and so long a pause that Ida's blush betokened a personal application of an obvious reason. His eyes twinkled as he added, "to the entertainment, of course," with a quizzical look which Ida disregarded, "and to bring Mr. Manley's certificate. I drove by his house and induced him to come. Happiness is the best medicine for him, and I have an impression you will fill the prescription."

"I wish I were an apothecary with only such prescriptions to fill," she smiled brightly.

The entertainment opened auspiciously. During the many years of Darius' residence on the plains he had never missed an opportunity for conducting a singing school. The young people grew up with correct ears and tuneful voices. The presence of Ida's cabinet organ added much to the musical numbers.

Darius' thin voice quavered ever so little as without rising, he read the opening number.

"The fust thing on the program, I see, is 'Auld Lang Syne.' This wa'n't the piece I'd picked out, but ef Idy—I mean Miss Hamil—all right then, Idy, sence you so wish it—ef Idy made a change in the program 'twas because she had somethin' better in its place. What's that? O! she says we are all to jine in like old friends an' neighbors who've loved and sorrowed together."

Ida's expressive fingers played the prelude. From every part of the room and from the overflowing entries beyond, swelled the melody. "Should auld acquaintance be forgot?" Deep into the hearts of the singers sank the line's significance.

Before the first stanza was finished, a few of the older ones here and there stopped in confusion and shot a guilty glance at Darius, whose eyes responded genially as his knotted hands beat the time.

"The next," said he, "is a recitation by Sadie Bennett. Sadie always says her piece up good and loud, but sometimes a leetle mite too fast. I don't believe she's goin' to say it so fast tonight.

Sadie trod the boards self-consciously. She paused for a moment which gave Darius a chance to suggest in an audible undertone:

"Make your obeisance, Sadie."

The child hung her head and twisted her fingers. "Miss Idy said we mus'n't," she stammered apologetically.

"Ef she said so," returned Darius loyally, "it is all right, an' I want ye should pardon me fer interruptin' of you."

As the exercises proceded, the old man grew less conversational, although never neglecting an opportunity to commend his favorite, the young substitute. A great shadow seemed to envelope him. He rallied to say: "All the pieces that was put down here has be'n said; but I want to make a little speech. Afore I do, however, I know everybody present wants to hear a recitation from Idy herself."

A loud clapping confirmed the words, and drew the girl to the stage. Without preface or hesitation, she announced her selection, "Carleton's 'First Settler's Story'." Avoiding popular elocutionary exaggerations, she won the hearts of the audience by her simple earnestness and pathos. Many a tear-dimmed eye was turned toward Darius after she closed with the lines.:

"Boys, flying kites, haul in their white-winged birds;
You can't do that way when you're flying words.
Thoughts unexpressed may sometimes fall back dead;
But God himself can't kill them when they're said."

Ida smilingly shook her head in response to the continued calls and pointed to Darius. He rose to speak. When his hearers noticed the startling change in his appearance a wave of pity and regret stilled the noise. As he grasped the chair unsteadily, some kindly voice cried out, "Set down, Darius. We kin hear an' see you 'thout you standin'."

"Thank you; thank you, Sam. I can't see ye, but I know yer voice. But I won't set down. I'm goin' to say jest a few words, an' I'm able yit to stand, praise be to God."

He took a steadier position, however, with his elbows on the top of the high-backed chair. His eyes filled as he looked at the familiar faces.

"Now friends, the program is ended, except for a word from me. I've be'n settin' here tryin' to figger out how long it would 'a' took me to git up sech an exhibition as we've jest had; an' I'm free to confess I couldn't 'a' done it in forty year. Yit Idy here, had only two weeks.

"Now friends, none o' ye would think o' hesitatin' 'bout pullin up the root of an old corn-stalk to make room fer a healthy young plant. I'm the old dried stalk with my usefulness gone forever. I'm long past the producin' period, I've be'n goin' back'ards fer a many a year. Idy is the young plant full o' vigor an' promise fer a rich harvest. So I've made up my mind not to stand in her way.

"I come here tonight with my teacher's certificate in my pocket, expectin' in the course o' the evenin' to draw it out triumphantly an' show onbelievers that the old man's day was not over yit. An' I intended to back it up with an honest effort to keep up with the march o' progress. But I see my mistake. Ye can't teach an old dog new tricks.

"Don't think, though, thet I am belittlin' my work of the past. I done jest the best I knew how. There is some of you 't I can p'int to with pride, an' a feelin' thet your success was due in some measure to the thoroughness with which I drummed the rudiments into ye. Idy is one of 'em. Ef I'd 'a' be'n blessed with a daughter, I couldn't 'a' wished fer one nearer perfect 'n what she is. She's always be'n an' always will be my dear little girl.

"But I jest realize now 't I'm makin' a failure every day—nothin' but a failure. Even this certificate ain't a contradiction of it. I'm afeared I got it more out o' pity than jestice.

"So, friends, without waiting fer you to express a feelin' 'at you'd ruther have somebody else in my place, I take this o'casion to resign as teacher in favor of my dear little girl, Idy Hamilton."

A hush followed the conclusion of the speech, but only for a moment. His "dear little girl," whose nimble wits read the hesitancy on the faces around, sprang upon the platform with the undried tears on her flushed cheeks. Choking back the sob in her throat, she held out her hands appealingly.

"Don't accept his resignation; don't. He is yet weak from his illness, and after awhile he will feel strong enough to take up the work again.

"Don't believe him when he says he has outlived his usefulness. We know he has not. How many of us draw regularly from his wells of inspiration and kindly philosophy? What person, child or adult, ever goes to him burdened with disappointment or smarting from wrong, who does not come away eased, consoled and comforted? His white life is a lamp to our stumbling feet.

"We cannot spare him. The little ones need his hand to guide; his character to emulate. We older ones need him to keep alive our charity by his constant example, although we should need no other reminder than the memories of his tenderness. Some of us remember when we were almost babies that first term of school; when our tired little bodies and minds were refreshed by sleep while he gently held us against his breast. And we cannot forget how he used to carry us across the ravine when the 'branch' was high, wading back and forth till all were landed with dry feet . Hundreds of other incidents might readily be recalled.

"Truth and love are old-fashioned qualities; yet we would not care to exchange them for modern substitutes. Where can we find a better example of both than our dear friend and teacher?

"Friends, we cannot spare him. All who are in favor of ignoring his resignation, say 'aye.'"

A thunderous "Aye!" drowned Darius' protest. The reactionary feeling touched all. Where two legal-looking documents had lain in front of the directors, fluttering bits of white paper bore evidence of a change of spirit. Streaming eyes regarded Darius sympathetically.

"Those opposed say 'no'." A moment's breathless silence. "Thank you, friends. And now the program is really concluded."

"Not quite," spoke Darius weakly. His face was white, but a happy smile illumined it. "I want to thank my little girl for her brave, comforting words an' to ask her to sing the beautiful hymn she sang t'other day. What was the name of it, Idy? 'One Sweetly Solemn Thought'—yes; that is it."

He leaned his head against the back of the chair and closed his eyes while Ida softly played and sang the hymn. His head relaxed and turned toward his shoulder as if in peaceful sleep.

At the conclusion of the lines Ida stood up and motioned the audience to pass out quietly; and not even she guessed the passage of a soul to a realm where earthly failures are impossible.

# NAST'S HISTORICAL PAINTINGS

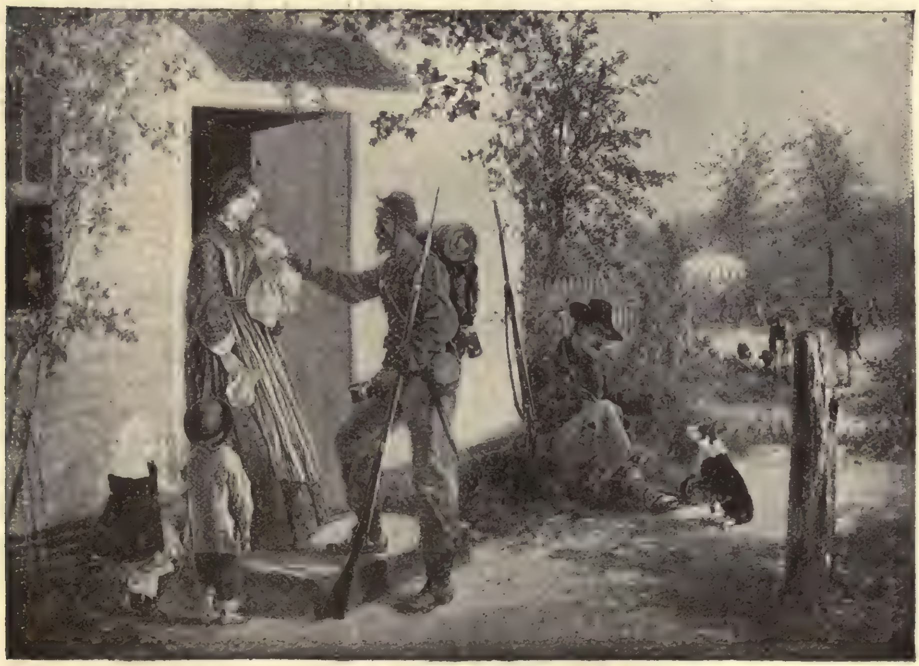
## By Leigh Leslie

THOMAS NAST'S name is associated in the popular mind with cartoons, and it will go down in history as that of a pictorial satirist. The fame that Nast won with his pencil was great and merited, and it was gratifying to him. It was not satisfying to him, however. He wished to be known to future generations, not only as a pictorial satirist, but as a historical painter as well.

I do not know whether Nast was gifted with great talent for that higher form of art in which he aspired and labored to win distinction. But I do know this, that he valued highly his paintings of historical association, and I suspect that he never quite forgave his own generation for persistently denying him that claim to greatness as a painter which it so readily allowed him as a cartoonist.

"*Lincoln Entering Richmond*," one of the paintings of historical association which Nast did, was the one, I think, which he regarded as his best; and the failure of the efforts put forth by one of his good and faithful friends to get for him, from the legislature of Illinois, a commission to do this canvas life-size for the state capitol at Springfield, was a keen disappointment to the artist,—one of the keenest of the disappointments that crowded and made the later years of his life so sad and pathetic.

In one of the numerous letters that I received from him in those later years, Nast expresses



*"The Halt," Painting By Thomas Nast*

a desire to get the commission, and says some things that shed an interesting light upon his hopes and aspirations. This letter was written at his home in Morristown, a few days before Christmas in 1896, and in it he says:

> "I have been desirous of getting a commission to paint the Lincoln picture life-size for the state capitol at Springfield, and I thought there was a good prospect of my doing so, but the fact of the building (capitol) costing more than was anticipated, and trouble in the family of Mr. I. Harley Bradley of Chicago, who was trying to get the matter through for me, has put it off. I hope to get the commission some day, though. I do very much want to have my historical pictures in public buildings, as I feel that I am well equipped to paint them, having lived all through those stirring times, knowing so many of the people so well, and being familiar with the scenes."

This letter bears testimony to Nast's faith in his own talent as an historical painter, and shows clearly how ambitious he was, even in that late period of his life, to work and to win fame with his brush. He was desirous to earn money, too, for his purse was at that time sadly depleted; but money was not then, and never was, a prime consideration with him in matters affecting his art.

In the Summer of 1885, Nast met I. Harley Bradley at Paris, and the two friends fell to talking on art. Bradley had just made a tour of Europe, and, agreeably impressed with the historical pictures he had seen in public buildings in all the capitals and important cities there, he said to Nast that public buildings in the United States ought to be adorned with pictures representing heroic and historic scenes in the life of this nation, and suggested to him the idea of a great painting for the capitol at Springfield, wherein Lincoln should be the central figure.

Nast pondered the idea suggested to him by his friend, and the more he thought about it the stronger it appealed to him. He recalled the life of Lincoln. The martyr president had been the central figure in many historic scenes. Which of these would best yield to artistic treatment? The dramatic reception he was tendered on his visit to Richmond a few days before Appomattox,—the artist paused when he came to that. He pictured to himself that scene at Richmond: that figure of the century walking through the streets of the fallen capital, surrounded by joyous, shouting men, women and children of the race he had liberated. There was poetry, sublimity, immortality in that scene. Nast saw its artistic possibilities instantly, and resolved to paint it.

The circumstances under which Lincoln came to visit the capital of the confederacy were singularly interesting.

*After spending several days in the latter part of March with Grant and Sherman at City Point, whither he was accompanied by his wife, his little son "Tad" and a personal aid, the president boarded Admiral Porter's flagship, the *Malvern*, for a few days' cruise up and down the river. He was enjoying this cruise when the joyful tidings reached him that Petersburg had fallen, that Jefferson Davis, president of the confederacy, had fled from Richmond before the advance of Grant, and that General Weitzel, commanding a corps of colored soldiers, was marching into the confederate capital.

"Thank God that I have lived to see this!" said Lincoln, fervently. "It seems to me that I have been dreaming a horrid dream for four years. Now the nightmare is gone. I want to see Richmond."

Accordingly the river was cleared of all obstructions and the *Malvern* steamed up to the fallen capital.

A number of negroes were at work behind a little house on the landing when the flagship arrived at Richmond. The foreman, an old, white-haired man, was the first to catch sight of President Lincoln. "Bress de Lord!" he exclaimed, "dere's de great Hessiah! I knowed him as soon as I seed him. He's been in my heart fo' long yeahs, an' has come at las' to free his chillun from deir bondage. Glory hallelujah!" — and, falling upon his knees, the aged negro kissed the feet of his liberator. Meantime the attention of the other colored men had been attracted to Lincoln, and, coming up, they removed their hats, fell upon their knees, and invoked the blessing of God upon the president.

Lincoln was visibly affected by this greetting, and, looking down upon the freedmen, he said in a voice tremulous with emotion: "Do not kneel to me. This is not right. You must kneel to God only, and thank Him

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* For the material for my description of the reception tendered President Lincoln at Richmond, I am indebted to Admiral Porter's *Incidents of the Civil War* and Coffin's *Four Years of Fighting*. Nast read these two books carefully for the purpose of gathering material for his painting, *Lincoln Entering Richmond*.

"Peace Again," Painting by Thomas Nast

for the liberty you will hereafter enjoy. I am but God's humble instrument, but you may rest assured that so long as I live no one shall put a shackle on your limbs, and you shall have all the rights God has given to every other free citizen of the republic."

"Yes, Massa," said the old man, tears streaming down his furrowed cheeks, "but aftah bein' in de desert so many yeahs widout watah, it am mighty pleasant to look at las' on our spring ob life. 'Scuse us, sah; we mean no disrespec' to Massa Linkum: we mean only lobe and gratitude."

Then joining hands, these happy freedmen sang:

"Oh, all ye people clap your hands,
And in triumphant voices sing;
No force the mighty power withstands,
Of God, the universal king."

Lincoln listened to the singing in silence. Then he set out to see the conquered city. Six marines with fixed bayonets, marched in front of him, Captain Penrose, Lieutenant Carroll and four armed marines brought up the rear, while Admiral Porter, in full uniform, and little Tad Lincoln, walked beside him.

Meantime hundreds of colored people of both sexes and of all ages, sorts and conditions, attracted by the singing of the negroes at the landing, had come pouring through the streets, and gathered around President Lincoln, weeping, laughing, clapping their hands, and filling the air with shouts of joy. They broke through the line of marines that acted as escort to the president, in their eagerness to kiss the hand or touch the garment of the Great Emancipator, and for a time made it impossible for him to go forward.

"My poor friends," said Lincoln, "you are free,—as free as the air. You can cast off the name of slavery and trample upon it; it will come to you no more. Liberty is your birthright. God gave it to you, as He gave it to others, and it is a sin that you have been deprived of it so many years. But you must try to deserve this precious boon. Let all the world see that you merit it, and are able to maintain it by your good works. Do not let your joy carry you into excesses. Learn the laws and obey them. Obey God's commandments, and thank Him for giving you liberty, for to Him you owe all things. There, now, let me pass on. I have but little time to spare. I want to see the capital, and must return to Washington at once, to secure to you that liberty which you seem to prize so highly."

The president and his escort moved on, but they moved slowly, the crowd of colored people increasing in numbers at their every step, and frequently blocking their way. Negroes came pouring into the streets from every quarter of the city, to see and to pay tribute of gratitude and love to their deliverer.

In Nast's painting, the grouping of the figures in this scene is simple, yet highly dramatic. Lincoln wears a plain suit of black and a silk hat of the style of the war period, and his tall form towers above his escort and the rabble surrounding him. His lips are tightly compressed and his homely face wears a look of sadness. Just behind him is Admiral Porter, while little Tad Lincoln clings, as if for protection, to his father's left hand. The marines are there, but the colored folk have broken through their line, and are massed about the man who struck from their limbs the shackles of slavery. A mother, with a babe clinging to her breast, is kneeling and kissing his hand. Another, smiling and happy, raises her little one high above her head that it may see his face. Men who have grown stooped and tottering in slavery take off their hats to him in respect and reverence. These members of the race he has liberated are there with the light of a new-born happiness in their eyes, and with faces radiant with love and hope. In the background, however, is a face of different aspect—a face in which is reflected neither love nor hope: a white face, the face of an ex-slaveholder. The picture would not be complete without it.

Nast took up his brush to do this canvas with enthusiasm. He had known Lincoln intimately and loved him passionately, and as vividly as if he had posed for him in his studio, he drew the tall, ungainly form, and the kindly, care-worn face of the martyr president.

Hermann H. Kohlsaat, the well-known capitalist and former newspaper publisher and editor of Chicago, gave Nast a commission to paint *Peace in Union*, which represents Lee's surrender to Grant at Appomattox. Kohlsaat and Nast met in London in the Fall of 1894, and spent several weeks together there. Kohlsaat was born and reared in the quaint old Illinois town of

*"The Departure of the Seventh Regiment of New York, 1861," Painting by Thomas Nast*

Galena, and was a boy there when Grant was an obscure clerk in his father's leather store. He cherished a tender sentiment for Galena, and three years before he had given her an heroic bronze statue of Grant. He now proposed to give her an historical painting, in which the great soldier should be the central figure, and Nast was commissioned to do it. Nast was given *carte blanche.* After his return to his home he devoted considerable time to research and study, and then shut himself in his studio and took up his brush. On April 9, 1895, the thirtieth anniversary of Lee's surrender, the picture was finished, and on April 27, the seventy-third anniversary of Grant's birth, it was formally presented to and with impressive ceremonies unveiled at Galena, Nast and many other distinguished men witnessing the unveiling. The canvas, which is life-size, hangs in the public library at Galena, where it has been viewed by thousands of visitors to the town.

*"Faithful Unto Death," Painting by Thomas Nast*

For the better understanding of this picture, let me briefly recall to the reader's mind the events leading down to the surrender which it represents.

The Civil war virtually ended on Palm Sunday, April 9, 1865, at Appomattox Court House, Virginia, in the surrender of Lee to Grant.

April 7 Grant had sent this note to Lee:

HEADQUARTERS ARMIES OF THE U. S.
5 P. M. April 7, 1865.

General R. E. Lee,
Commanding C. S. A.

The results of the last week must convince you of the hopelessness of further resistance on the part of the Army of Northern Virginia in this struggle. I feel that it is so, and regard it as my duty to shift from myself the responsibility of any further effusion of blood by asking of you the surrender of that portion of the Confederate States Army known as the Army of Northern Virginia.

U. S. GRANT,
Lieutenant-General.

To Grant's note Lee sent this answer:

April 7, 1865.

General:—I have received your note of this day. Though not entertaining the opinion you express on the hopelessness of further resistance on the part of the Army of Northern Virginia, I reciprocate your desire to avoid useless effusion of blood, and therefore, before considering your proposition, ask the terms you will offer on condition of its surrender.

R. E. LEE,
General.

Lieut.-General U. S. Grant,
Commanding Armies of the U. S.

To Lee's answer to his note Grant sent this reply:

April 8, 1865.

General R. E. Lee,
Commanding C. S. A.:

Your note of last evening, in reply to mine of same date,

PEACE IN UNION
BY THOMAS NAST.

APPOMATTOX.
PALM SUNDAY COURT HOUSE, VA
APRIL 9th 1865.

Lincoln Entering Richmond," Painting by Thomas Nast

> asking the conditions on which I will accept the surrender of the Army of Northern Virginia, is just received. In reply I would say that, peace being my great desire, there is but one condition I would insist upon; namely: that the men and officers surrendered shall be disqualified for taking up arms against the government of the United States until properly exchanged. I will meet you, or will designate officers to meet any officers you may name for the same purpose, at any point agreeable to you, for the purpose of arranging definitely the terms upon which the surrender of the Army of Northern Virginia will be received.
>
> U. S. Grant,
> Lieutenant-General.

Notes continued to be exchanged by Grant and Lee until April 9, when Lee requested a personal interview with Grant which resulted in the surrender.

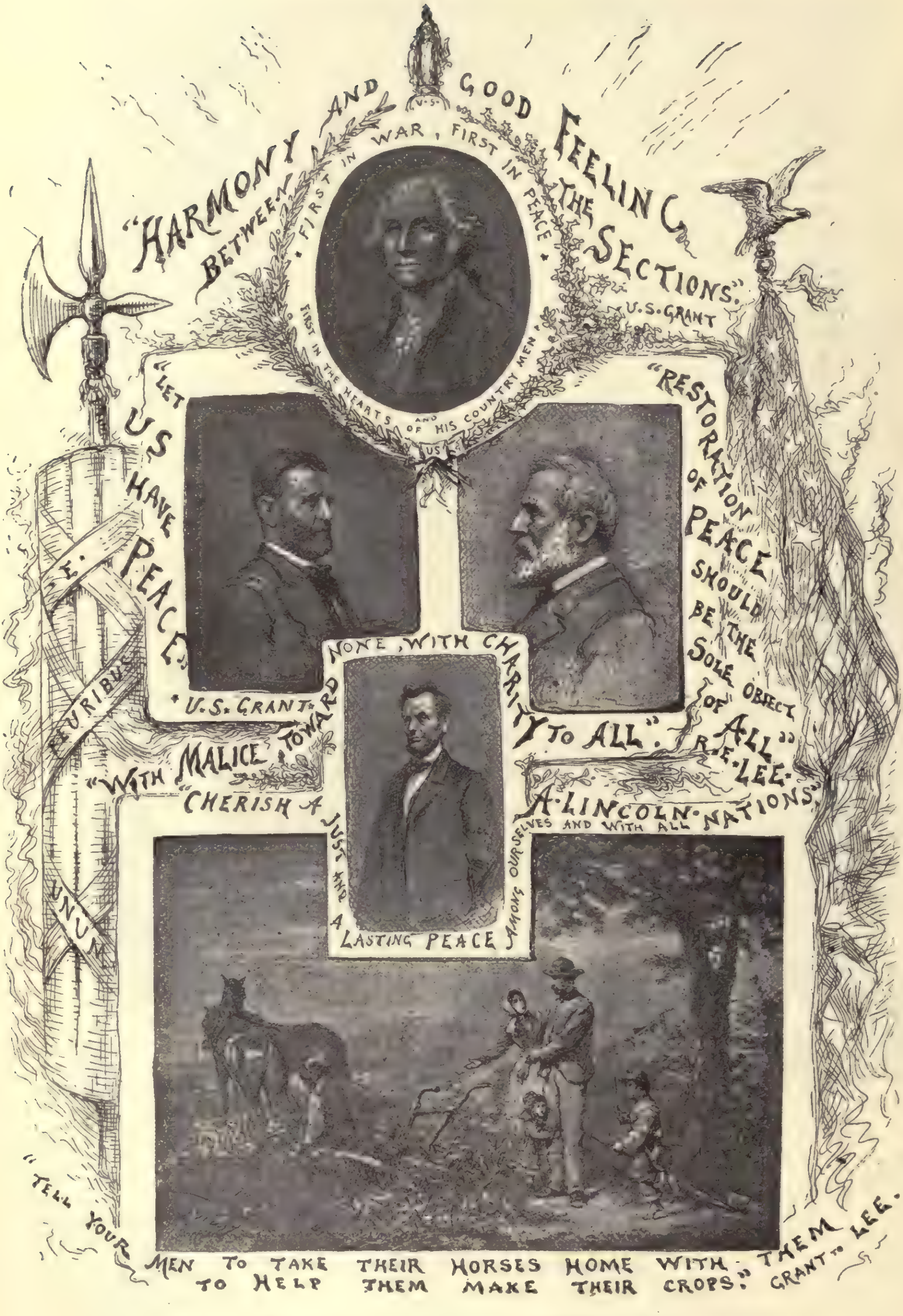
Grant says in his memoirs that Sheridan's troops were fearful lest Lee's notes to Grant were only a ruse. "But," Grant goes on to say, "I had no doubt about the good faith of Lee, and pretty soon was conducted to where he was. I found him at the house of

*"Saving the Flag," Painting by Thomas Nast*

a Mr. McLean, at Appomattox Court House, with Colonel Marshall, one of his staff officers, awaiting my arrival. The head of his column was occupying a hill, on a portion of which was an apple orchard, beyond a little valley which separated it from that on the crest of which Sheridan's forces were drawn up in line of battle to the south. I had known General Lee in the old army, and had served with him in the Mexican war; but did not suppose, owing to the difference in our age and rank, that he would remember me; while I would more naturally remember him distinctly, because he was the chief-of-staff of General Scott in the Mexican war."

The story of the surrender is told by Grant in his memoirs in this wise:

> "When I left camp that morning I had not expected so soon the result that was then taking place, and consequently was in rough garb. I was without a sword, as I usually was when on horseback on the field, and wore a soldier's blouse for a coat, with the shoulder straps of my rank to indicate to the army who I was. When I went into the house I found General Lee. We greeted each other, and, after shaking hands, took our seats. I had my staff with me, a good portion of whom were in the room during the whole of the interview.
>
> "What General Lee's feelings were I do not know. As


"HARMONY AND GOOD FEELING BETWEEN THE SECTIONS." U.S. GRANT
FIRST IN WAR, FIRST IN PEACE • FIRST IN THE HEARTS OF HIS COUNTRY MEN •
"LET US HAVE PEACE." • U.S. GRANT •
"RESTORATION OF PEACE SHOULD BE THE SOLE OBJECT OF ALL" R.E. LEE.
"WITH MALICE TOWARD NONE, WITH CHARITY TO ALL". A. LINCOLN.
"CHERISH A JUST AND A LASTING PEACE AMONG OURSELVES AND WITH ALL NATIONS."
E. PLURIBUS UNUM
"TELL YOUR MEN TO TAKE THEIR HORSES HOME WITH THEM TO HELP THEM MAKE THEIR CROPS." GRANT TO LEE.

*"Restoration of Peace," by Thomas Nast*

> he was a man of much dignity, with an impassible face, it was impossible to say whether he felt inwardly glad that the end had finally come, or felt sad over the result, and was too manly to show it. Whatever his feelings, they were entirely concealed from my observation; but my own feelings, which had been quite jubilant on the receipt of his letter, were sad and depressed. I felt like anything rather than rejoicing at the downfall of a foe who had fought so long and valiantly, and had suffered so much for a cause, though that cause was, I believe, one of the worst for which a people ever fought, and one for which there was the least excuse. I do not question, however, the sincerity of the great mass of those who were opposed to us.
>
> "General Lee was dressed in a full uniform which was entirely new, and was wearing a sword of considerable value, very likely the sword which had been presented by the state of Virginia; at all events, it was an entirely different sword from the one that would ordinarily be worn in the field. In my rough traveling suit, the uniform of a private with the straps of a lieutenant-general, I must have contrasted strangely with a man so handsomely dressed, six feet high and of faultless form. But this was not a matter that I thought of till afterward."

Nast has seized upon the moment when, with clasped hands, they stood looking earnestly into each other's faces, to portray Grant and Lee.

The short, slightly-stooped, carelessly-dressed figure of the one is in striking contrast with the tall, erect, carefully-dressed figure of the other. Behind the modest warrior in blue in the low-ceiled room in the McLean house, stand General John A. Rawlins, his chief-of-staff, Colonel Parker, Colonel Merritt, Captain Seth Williams, Colonel Porter, Colonel Ingalls, General Phil H. Sheridan, Colonel Badeau, General Ord, Colonel Bowers, Colonel Dent, and General Custer. Behind the haughty general in gray stand Colonel Charles Marshall, a member of his staff, and Colonel Orville E. Babcock, the federal staff-officer who had been deputed by Grant to act as Lee's escort to the place of meeting.

Before taking up his brush to begin work on this painting, Nast went to Appomattox and obtained an accurate description of the room in the McLean house in which Grant and Lee met, and of the table on which the articles of surrender were drawn. Colonel Frederick D. Grant sent him the hat, the blouse and the top-boots worn by Grant at the surrender. To the boots still clung some of the red Virginia soil which they had gathered when worn by the general. With all the officers whom he was to picture on the canvas, he had met and conversed. Of many of them, including Grant, he had contemporaneous photographs. As the work progressed he received many helpful suggestions from Miss Lee, a daughter of General Lee, from Colonel Grant, from General Horace Porter, and from Colonel Parker and Colonel Marshall. Equipped with this wealth of material, Nast did *Peace in Union*, which he regarded as one of the best of his historical paintings.

Another of Nast's historical paintings, *The Departure of the Seventh Regiment of New York*, 1861, was done in the time of the war, and it hangs in the regimental armory in the metropolis. The canvas is seven by nine feet.

The artist was an eye witness of the stirring scene he has portrayed in this canvas. "I was there at the time," he says in one of his letters to me, "and sketched the picture on the spot."

The New York *Herald* of April 20, 1861, thus describes the departure of the regiment:

> "With the band playing the national airs and the regiment's quicksteps; with the police relieving each other by turns, in frantic efforts to clear a way for the soldiery; with the line broken by the crowd, which surged backward and forward like an ocean, the march began. Through a crowd so dense that it seemed to block up the way impassably; through walls of human beings, close, compact, unshrinking, as if the police, like a modern Moses, had parted the sea of people into living walls; under a perfect canopy of flags, gilded by the sun with a glory as bright as that which they have always won and deserved; with cheers rolling along like enthusiastic thunders; past buildings whose fronts were covered with flags, and whose doors, windows, stoops and balconies were jammed with people; with handkerchiefs waved by fair hands, and as numerous as the forest leaves which the winds rustle, saluting the gallant volunteers; past Major Anderson, who reviewed the regiment from the balcony of Ball, Black & Company's building and, by his presence, reminded them of war's dangers and of its glories; with bayonets brightly gleaming in the sun; with step firm; with bearing proud and erect, as befitted the men and the occasion, the Seventh Regiment marched down Broadway. Never was a popular demonstration more brilliant and more enthusiastic."

Nast, his young heart aglow with the patriotism and the enthusiasm of the time, caught superbly the spirit of this scene, and his canvas, though one of the earliest he did, ever remained one of his favorites.

*Sherman's Marching Through Georgia*, *The Halt*, *Saving the Flag*, *Peace Again* and *Faithful Unto Death* are other of Nast's historical paintings. The scenes portrayed in them the artist had witnessed with his own eyes, and the pictures are notable for their realism.

Nast devoted much time and much painstaking care to all his paintings and he took a keen delight in doing them. While he was executing *Peace in Union*, he shut himself in his studio, denied himself to callers and worked with rare diligence and conscientiousness. In one of his letters to me he says of this canvas: "Every morning before taking my bath I would go and take a look at it. Now there is only a blank wall in its place!"

*Portrait, by Thomas Nast*

As graceful a performance, perhaps, as Nast ever did is *The Immortal Light of Genius*, which was owned by Sir Henry Irving, and which the great English actor valued very highly. In the Summer of 1895 Nast sent Irving a sketch of the picture, and so pleased was the actor with it that he promptly cabled the artist from London to do the painting for him.

This dainty canvas represents the little room at Stratford-on-Avon wherein Shakespeare was born. The room is faithfully studied from the original as it is today. There is the quaint, crumbling old fireplace, with its dead embers, the low ceiling, held in place by rafters, the famous bust of the bard which occupies the place of honor in front of the fireplace, and beside the stand which supports the bust is Shakespeare's large arm-chair. Bowed before the bust, and offering to the bard tribute of laurel wreaths, are two spirit forms, one representing Comedy in the form and garb of a jester, and the other representing Tragedy in the form and garb of an armored warrior. An aureole about the head of the bust illumines the head, is reflected in the steel armor of the kneeling warrior, brightens the particolored habiliments of the jester and penetrates the shadows of the historic old room. The illumination of the head is dazzling in its effect, and is admirably suggestive of incandescence. In its color scheme the painting is very agreeable. The tone of the picture is low, save, of course, in the beautiful and brilliant radiation of the nimbus, and there is a fine play of grays and browns about the old fireplace.

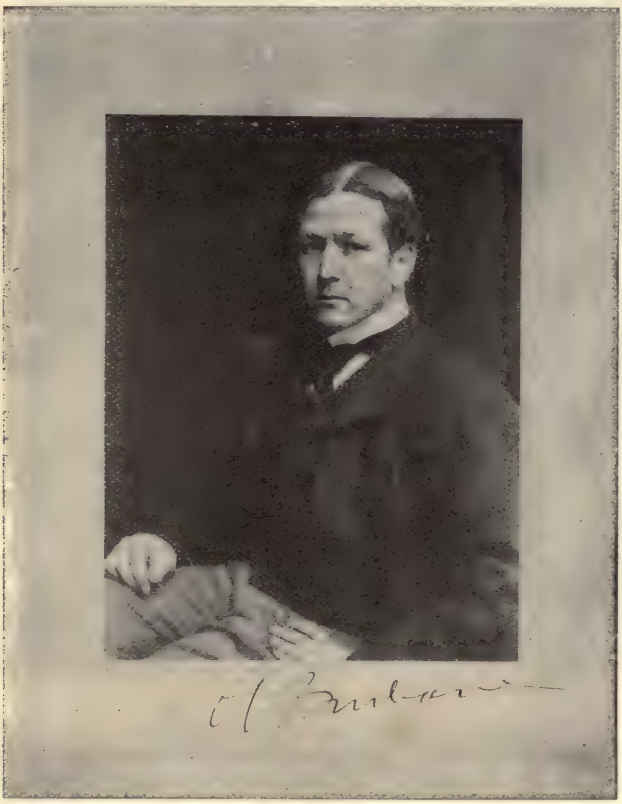
Back in the war time, when those powerful allegorical drawings of his in *Harper's Weekly*, picturing the advantages of union, the horrors of war, and the blessings of peace, were winning fame for the young artist and doing so much to inspire patriotism and to recruit the army—back in the time when he was a pictorial correspondent at the front for the journal with which he was so long identified, Nast resolved to become a great historical painter. Whether it was well or ill for him that the development of his genius for pictorial satire changed the bent of his life I do not know.

He was proud of the great work he did with his pencil for his country and his countrymen, and well he may have been; but I cannot escape the conviction that down in his heart he felt in the later years of his life that he might have won a more enduring fame as an historical painter than he won as a cartoonist, and regretted that he had not used his brush more and his pencil less.

# SIX GREAT EDITORIAL WRITERS

### By Frank Putnam

EAST MILTON, MASSACHUSETTS



ARTHUR BRISBANE

WHAT I had in mind to do was to write a brief sketch of the ablest half-dozen editorial writers in America — the men most potent in advocacy of human progress. I selected Arthur Brisbane, William Marion Reedy, Elbert Hubbard, Horace Traubel, J. A. Wayland and Dr. J. H. Tilden. It is scarcely probable that you who read this page would have chosen the same six, but you could not have chosen any six, in the spirit indicated, without choosing two or three of these men. A southerner would likely have written in the name of Joseph M. Leveque, the editor of *Harlequin* of New Orleans. Leveque with passionate sincerity prints the cold, precise truth about the grafters in the public and private life of his section, while the daily papers there, with sickening subserviency, suppress it. He fights in season and out of season for genuine democracy — the rule of the state by the people, to replace the rule of the state by professional politicians serving powerful corporations. A big man, and still growing. A reformer with a sense of humor, a keen appreciation of the beautiful. It is only because Leveque's field of influence is sectional, not national, that I do not include him in the first six. That he will in due season become a national influence, I have not the least doubt.

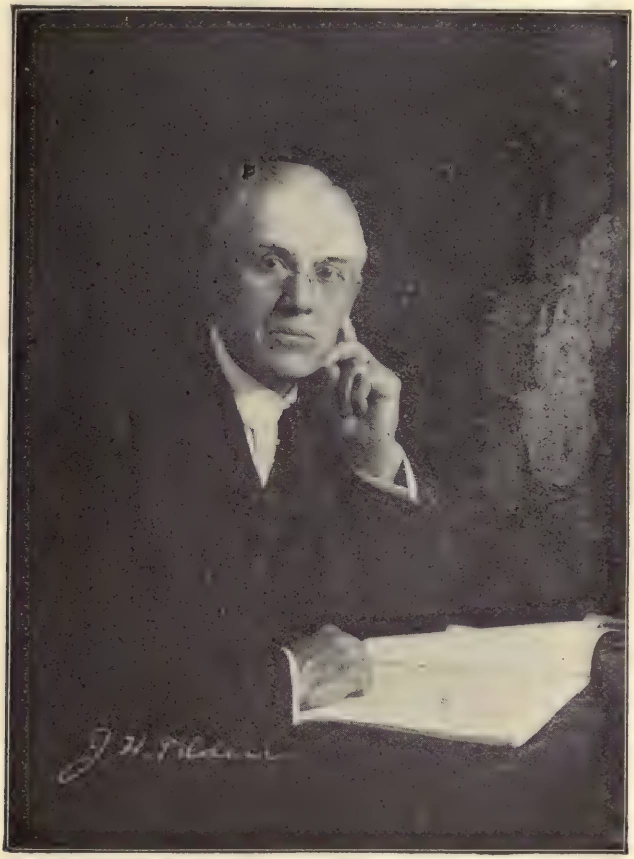
ELBERT HUBBARD

## I

## ARTHUR BRISBANE

Brisbane is the chief editorial writer for the Hearst newspapers. He addresses millions of readers every day in the year, through the Hearst daily and Sunday papers published in Los Angeles, San Francisco, Chicago, New York and Boston. I assume that you have read his writings one time or another. If you haven't, I advise you to do so at once, for you can't afford not to get next to the man who is doing more than any other American journalist to upset the reign of monopoly and Americanize the minds of the millions of new brethren coming to us from lower Europe.

Brisbane is about five feet nine, I should say, weighs probably one hundred and sixty pounds, has shoulders broad and muscular and a chest like a race-horse, round and deep. His face was tanned like an Indian's, but smooth, and, save for a few deep lines across the forehead, was unwrinkled and lit with a lively humor, when I saw him in June this year. I told him I had announced the Third Revolution, and he thought that was an amusing suggestion. "There will not be any revolution," he said, "nor any panic." The trusts, he thought, had so organized American industries that they could prevent a panic. They would know far in advance when the demand for manufactured goods was going to fall off, and would reduce the output gradually. What would become of the army of workers that should be thrown out of work during this gradual reduction of the output, he did not explain, and I, because I believed him for once to be gravely in error, did not inquire.


J. H. TILDEN

Elbert Hubbard, alluding to Brisbane in his *Little Journey to the Home of Mary Baker Eddy* (*The Philistine* for July, 1906) says Brisbane's salary is $75,000 a year. Whatever it is, it is probably far more than any other American journalist has ever found in his pay-envelope. And nobody who can appreciate the tremendous drawing power of Brisbane's editorials—to say nothing of the probable high value of his general counsel in the administration of the Hearst properties, will question that he earns every dollar that he gets.

Declaring himself a less brilliant man than his father, the late Albert Brisbane, (one of the geniuses who shared the famous Brook Farm experiment) Arthur Brisbane is certainly more forceful and more practical—in the common sense of that word. He is essentially an opportunist. He doubtless shares, in theory, the extremest views of the ultra-radicals, but he throws the weight of his influence into getting those things done that can be accomplished during his own lifetime. His program of public ownership of public utilities is far from satisfying the socialists. They argue, and justly, in my opinion, that public ownership will not be more than a half a success under capitalistic management of public affairs. However, Brisbane apparently believes that the Cooperative Commonwealth, which is the end and aim of socialism, can come in only by proving itself step by step, in action, with public ownership of public utilities as the next step in order in our day.

Brisbane undoubtedly regards Hearst as one of the strongest men of affairs now living. He believes his chief is worthy to be president, and that he will be president. Hearst, he said, did not wish to be mayor of New York city, but was obliged to run for the office, was elected and honestly tried to get the will of the majority of the voters made effective. Nor does he deeply crave the governorship of New York, though he means to run for that office, and, if elected, will give to its administration his whole powers. He does wish to be president, and his plan of campaign is to prove his fitness for the place. Obviously, if he can win the governorship of New York, he will be an almost irresistible candidate for his party's nomination to the presidency.

JOSEPH M. LEVEQUE

Brisbane's portrait does not show forth the most striking peculiarity of his countenance, namely, his overshadowing, cliff-like brow. There is something decidedly Napoleonic in the carriage of the man, and especially in this item of his cranial formation. A strong man, unmistakably, but not vain, not fooling himself with over-estimates of Brisbane, nor with under-estimates, either.

## II

## HUBBARD OF THE "PHILISTINE"

Hubbard I have never met, but his work speaks for him. I cannot tell you whether he is little or big, bodily, but I know that he measures big by mental standards. He has done more damage to the superstitions that encrust religion and education than any other American since Bob Ingersoll. His religion, I take it, is creative work. He seems to enjoy every line that he writes—and I have enjoyed every line of his that I have read. I haven't agreed with all of it, but I have enjoyed it. His best work, probably, has gone into his nutshell biographies of good men and great—and women too—collectively known as *Little Journeys*. He has written one hundred and forty of these studies of great men and women — always shrewd and keen and kindly, and frequently profound. Alfred Henry Lewis dubbed the author of the *Little Journeys* "the American Macaulay." Someone else has likened him to Plutarch—who also made a specialty of little journeys. I regard him, on this side of his work, as the man who makes greatness respectable. I fancy the average human would feel less inclination to crucify or even to ostracise a great man, after reading Hubbard's study of that great man's life. Lyman Abbott says Hubbard is a classic. That his Philistine never stales. He is one of the most popular of American lecturers. His great dream of workshops where men and women should enjoy their labor has flowered in the Roycroft shops at East Aurora, New York, where four hundred people are engaged in making things out of leather, wood, iron and paper. Works of art — even the andirons — because strong and simple and perfectly suited to the uses for which they are intended. The Chapel and the Inn of the Roycrofters at East Aurora are creations of exquisite beauty. Whoever goes to Buffalo and fails to sidestep to East Aurora misses one of the most inspiring sights to be found in all America. And all this is largely an expression of the genius of Hubbard, the Philistine. Summed up in a phrase, Hubbard is a blend of Hugo, Carnegie, Rabelais and Bill Nye.

## III

## WAYLAND OF THE "APPEAL"

J. A. Wayland is the ablest fighting man among all the American socialists. He is the editor and owner of *The Appeal to Reason*, the little four-page weekly published at Girard, Kansas, and the most widely circulated journal of socialism ever founded in this country. He printed and sold as high as three million copies for several weeks together, and would probably be doing it regularly had not Third Assistant Postmaster-General Madden forbidden him to circulate as second-class mail the two and one-half million copies that were being bought in bulk and distributed by socialists among their friends of other political beliefs. Wayland declines to have his portrait printed. He preaches socialism and admits freely that he is a capitalist. But he says that if he could exchange a private fortune of a million dollars for a guarantee from society that neither he nor his descendants would ever be allowed to come to want for lack of a job, he would make the trade in a minute. The test of his sincerity is the fact that he is doing more than any other living man (if we except Eugene Debs, and possibly Gaylord Wilshire, whose *Wilshire's Magazine*, of New York City, is the most widely circulated socialist monthly) to put an end to private ownership of social wealth. Wayland is not a narrow-minded man. Just as Joe Chapple, personally opposing socialism, is broad-gauge enough to open his pages to this article in which I urge you to make the acquaintance of socialistic papers, so Wayland quotes, without comment, the most savage attacks made upon him and his cause by the capitalistic press.

You may not agree with much that he writes, at first blush, but if you are wise enough to like to meet and know strong men, you ought to look up Wayland's paper and get acquainted with him. As the western manager of one of the industrial trusts said to me in the smoking room of a west-bound sleeping car the other day, "The time is past when businessmen can safely plead that they can't afford time to keep track of new political movements; they can't afford *NOT* to look into this socialistic movement. It is the biggest kind of a menace to everything they are trying to build up, and it stands them in hand to look into it, soon and thoroughly."

Wayland in my opinion owes no small part of the success of his paper to his managing editor, Fred Warren.

### IV

### TILDEN OF DENVER

Dr. Tilden writes and publishes in Denver a little monthly magazine bearing the whimsical title, *The Stuffed Club*. Hubbard says he is a genius and an honest physician. If you know Hubbard's opinion of physicians generally, you can appreciate the value of his compliment to Tilden. I find Tilden's editorials rich in easily understandable advice for enjoying sound health as a result of rational living. He seems to be shadowed by no superstitions and he argues that sound physical health is impossible to anyone who has not rid the mind of ecclesiastical superstitions especially. Because he expresses my own thoughts so much better than I could express them myself, and adds to them a world of suggestion beyond the boundaries of my own reading and observation, I vastly enjoy reading him and am the gainer thereby.

### V

### REEDY AND TRAUBEL

My estimate of William Marion Reedy of the St. Louis *Mirror*—the most brilliant living literary stylist—was published with his portrait in the National for June, and the July number contains my tribute to Horace Traubel of the Philadelphia *Conservator*, and a likeness of the man. I need only add here that Traubel is the most uncompromising revolutionist of the group, the most original thinker and the editor of a monthly journal that is conducted upon a loftier level than any other in America.

### VI

### GENERAL CONSIDERATIONS

It may have struck you as odd that of the six men whom I have designated as the ablest American editorial writers, only one is working on a daily paper. The reason for this is that daily papers, with a few exceptions, are no longer edited by their editors, but by their publishers, and, as a consequence, they do not afford first-class thinkers that freedom essential to the production of first-class work. Hearst's papers are the most notable exceptions to this rule, and because, to quote Brisbane, Hearst has never tried to see how much money he could make with his papers, but how much public service he could accomplish through them. If they have been financially profitable to their owner, it was incidental to his chief ambition, namely, to win the presidency of the United States by proving his fitness for it. It is possible that Brisbane might have done stronger, freer work if his employer entertained no such ambition; but on the other hand, it is probable that if Hearst were not ambitious to be president, he would never have created the great newspaper properties which now serve as the medium through which Brisbane preaches radicalism with so much force and effectiveness.

It may seem to some readers absurd that Henry Watterson of the *Courier-Journal*, last survivor of the old school of great editors, should be omitted from my list. But with all Colonel Watterson's brilliancy, he frankly admits that his editorial policy is dictated by party expediency; and party expediency never yet qualified an editor for true greatness of soul: indeed, it subordinates him, intrinsically, to the level of all mercenaries, however knightly be their bearing. Summed up in a phrase, Colonel Watterson has more admirers and fewer followers than any other distinguished American editor. The moral of that should be easily read by young men entering journalism. And it is for the young that I write, since the old are mostly incurable.

# THE FINISH

## By May Stranathan

FOR many years an old Irish organ-grinder frequented the corner of Wabash avenue and Eldridge court, Chicago; where the little Catholic church shines amid the disrepute of the neighborhood like a good deed in a naughty world. There the old man played over and over again his repertoire, in which an air from "Martha" and "The Wearing of the Green" were his standbys, and thus he managed to live on the generosity of the passers-by. Many a good Catholic, going to worship on a cold day, was moved to pity by the sight of the old man, buffeted by the wind that thrusts from Lake Michigan like an icy sword; and often the gaudy girls that came from the houses back of the church, or the men that went therein, gave their toll to him.

Dennis was weazened and weather-beaten as to his countenance, and hobbling with rheumatism as to his limbs, but he still had the soul of the optimist, and was trying to save enough money to take him to the gold mines of Tonopah and Goldfield. There was a man had gone there a year ago, with only eight dollars to his name, and now he was a millionaire; and did not Dennis Doran stand as good a show as any other poor man; much better indeed than a man who knew nothing of mining?

One evening he went as usual to a little basement cafetiere and was drinking his cup of coffee and eating his Hungarian goulash, which is one of the *noms de guerre* of an Irish stew. The coffee, of many horse power, set him to dreaming of the smiles of fortune, from which he was roused by the remark of a young man opposite. This person had glanced across the table at the old man with Irish written so plainly on his countenance, and, with a wink at the third man, said:

"That was a horrible thing about Ireland, wasn't it? The whole island swallowed up in a single night by an earthquake."

"Awful," said his companion, "it is the worst earthquake since that of Lisbon."

"You are foolin'," said the quavering voice of Dennis Doran. The first speaker took a newspaper from his pocket.

"You can see for yourself," said he, "the whole island has disappeared."

The old man took the paper in his trembling hands and stared at the paragraph pointed out to him. It was an account of a horse race. Dennis had never learned to read—had never before felt the need of it, though he had traveled to the far ends of the earth. What a waste of time it would have been for him, anyway, for he no sooner learned to speak a little of one language, than he went to some other place and had to learn another. Book learning would have been but a superfluous thing for him.

"It may be so," said he, "it may be so."

He raised his eyes to his companions' faces, which swam before him so that they seemed as a great company.

"I suppose there were millions of people perished," said one.

The old man did not answer, but he began slowly to shake his head, and slowly the tears came into his eyes.

"Since this has happened," he said finally, "there is nothing more for me in the world." And he got up and went out.

He turned toward the lake and then went slowly along Michigan avenue, carrying his hand-organ, which after a while he began to play, not knowing what he did. He walked beside the strip of park that stretches along the lake. Some urchins, climbing out on the stiff tails of the lions in front of the Art Institute, yelled at him to "give us a change of tune," but he did not hear them. On he went, past the mound where the statue of General Logan rides a charger and waves in his hand a furled flag that in the distance looks like an umbrella that has seen better days. But the old organ-grinder saw nothing before him. He was back forty years and in Cork again with Katie and the children —Katie of the black eyes and sharp tongue. He was thinking how she had said to him, after he had failed to get a start there, and had wearied her with talk of fortunes to be gained in other lands,

"For the love of God, *go*, Dennis Doran. I will get along better without you. At least I can't do worse."

And he had gone. First to India, where a fortune in ivory awaited him; but when he got there he learned that Australia was the place to make money; soon afterward, fortune was in the gold of the Transvaal; but when he had pursued it there, for a while, lo, it had flitted to America. and the year or two he had allowed for the making of his fortune and the cooling of Katie's wrath stretched away into many years—so many that for a long time he had feared to count them. He had put from him the thought that little Katie was a baby no more, and that Patrick must have grown as tall as his father.

But he intended to go back; God knows he had intended to go. But how could he go back to face Katie's scorn of the man who had left her for years to pull through alone; only to come back at last poorer than when he went away?

Never had he cherished any other purpose than to go back. But without having made some money, how could he? Perhaps they were getting along well without him, and like those wanderers of old, he feared,

> "All hath suffered change;
> For surely now our household hearths are cold,
> Our sons inherit us, our looks are strange,
> And we should come like ghosts to trouble joy."

Perhaps Tim Sheehan or Pat Melick were pestering Katie; perhaps she had even taken up with one of them; and if he had money how bold this Ulysses would have been to go in and cast out the suitors!

Often for weeks, such fears had daunted him and given him a feverish desire to be up and doing, and then would he seek pastures new. But again would the lotus of time and distance lull him to inaction; and the sirens of life are many, and Dennis had a weak, foolish yearning for sympathy; and there had been times when he had seemed to forget. But he had never forgotten, he had intended to go back, but like the couple in "The Statue and the Bust," he dreamed and dallied his life away.

His one hope had remained with him in all his wanderings—the hope of the one thing that would make all things right. Riches that would awe Katie into silent admiration, her reproaches unspoken; riches that would make his children idolize him; that would make Katie's brothers—those arrogant and sarcastic knaves that had called him a ne'er-do-well—that would make them green with envy, and his own relatives and the neighbors as well.

How many times had he dreamed those dreams!—dreams in which he went back rolling in wealth—it is as easy to dream a million as a hundred—built a house like a palace for splendor, and there fared sumptuously every day, and thence rode forth through the streets of Cork in the splendors of a barouche and a team of black horses such as were never before seen in the place. And beside him was Katie, and the children sat on the back seat, and all were resplendent in purple and fine linen.

But now the dream of his life was over. He had failed in every thing. He knew now that he was old and broken, with the fires of youth no longer able to be revived in him, and that all his hopes were an empty dream. The cord of hope that held him to life had suddenly snapped.

He had always meant to go back, and now Erin was wiped from the face of the waters, and his wife and children had gone down to death, thinking base things of him; not knowing what he had intended to accomplish for them.

He walked on, still grinding at the organ, and the tears rolled down his cheeks, but he did not know it. On he went, across the railroad tracks and to the edge of the water. On he went, out into the lake, still playing the strains of "Martha," until the cold waters of Lake Michigan closed over him.

# The K·K·K

By C. W. Tyler

CLARKSVILLE, TENNESSEE

## CHAPTER XXII.

### MISS SUE BASCOMBE TAKES THE STAND, AND THERE ENSUES A VERY LEARNED ARGUMENT ON A VERY GRAVE POINT.

THE next morning when court assembled the two additional jurors were secured with less trouble than had been anticipated. The prisoner's peremptory challenges had been exhausted, and the sheriff had brought into court a fresh lot of men, most of whom were intellectually above the standard which Palaver had fixed in his own mind as the proper ones in the selection of jurors. He would have gotten rid of each of these no doubt upon the ground that he knew, or had heard, something of the case at bar, but the judge this morning had taken his seat on the bench with the resolve to proceed with the order of business, and so he ruled several times that the individual under scrutiny had no disqualifying opinion, while Palaver insisted mightily that he had. Slowboy, who, of course, was present in court, backed up his chieftain's contention with some dry logic, and several decisions from the supreme judicial tribunal of the State, but the trial judge today had the bit in his teeth—as the lawyers said—and made no bones of holding promptly and decisively against the two attorneys as soon as the sentences from their lips had ceased to reverberate in the court-room. This judicial conduct brought grief to the older lawyer, but Slowboy was secretly pleased, for being but a plain matter-of-fact fellow he always preferred to have plain common-sense men before him to whom he could address his talk.

The twelve jurors being now chosen were called upon by the clerk to rise in their seats and raise their right hands preparatory to being sworn as triers of the cause.

"Where's the book? Where's the book?" exclaimed Palaver, testily. "We want no new-fangled notions here. Fetch the book, Mr. Clerk."

So the clerk rummaged among his pigeon

holes, and finally produced a dusty and somewhat greasy New Testament, which the first juror solemnly kissed in open court and passed to his neighbor, and so it went down the line. This grave ceremonial through, the twelve jurors resumed their seats, the indictment was read, and the trial of Johan Ankerstrom, alias Cross-eyed Jack, etc., for the murder of Mrs. Susan Bascombe was begun at last.

Miss Sue Bascombe was the first witness introduced, and she made an excellent impression on judge and jury; indeed upon all those present in the court-room. She told a plain, unvarnished tale without embellishment, without embarrassment—though surrounded by strangers—and without attempt at display. She described the location of the house in which she and her grandmother had dwelt, and, for the better information of the jurors, drew with a piece of chalk on the court-room floor an accurate diagram showing the plan of the building. Here to the left as you faced the highway was the lower room occupied as a sleeping apartment by herself and Mrs. Susan Bascombe. At the other end of the structure was the company room, which, as its designation indicated, was usually reserved for visitors, though during the preceding winter it had been occupied for purposes of study by Mr. Wiseman, the schoolmaster. Between these was the open hallway from which a narrow passage, with a locked door at top, led to the half-story apartments above. With what seemed to be unnecessary particularity the attorney-general drew from the witness the minutest details as to the plan of the old building where the crime was committed. He wished to fix vividly in the minds of the jurors the scene of the tragedy, and he saw they were all keenly intent as the girl, kneeling most of the while on the floor with the lump of chalk in her hand, answered calmly the various questions propounded to her. Here was the bed on which she had slept, and there was the one occupied by her grandmother. Close beside her couch was a window which looked into the back yard, and within reach of her grandmother's arm was a door opening into the front yard, there being one low step from the sill to the ground outside. Here was what was called the middle door, opening into the hallway and leading across this into the spare room by a door exactly opposite. A little way off from the main building—here, and here, and here—were the kitchen and smokehouse and henhouse. Running thus was the rail fence encircling the premises, and immediately back of the residence was a steep ridge on the side of which the foliage was then dense, for it was summer time.

To all this rather dry description the judge listened, the jurors listened, and even Palaver gave respectful attention. It was not usual to see a young girl in a crowded court-room drawing plans with a piece of chalk on the floor, and illustrating her sketch with verbal description as simple and direct as if it had come from a teacher of mathematics instructing a class. All the younger lawyers at the bar crowded about and looked over the shoulders of those immediately engaged in the case; and Slowboy—who by virtue of his partnership with Palaver had a front seat—sat with open eyes staring at Sue, and forgetful to make notes of her testimony on the unscratched tablet which he held in his lap.

When the diagram was completed and the descriptive matter ended, the young lady resumed her seat in the witness chair, and detailed to the jury the startling incidents of the night of the tragedy. The sash of the window by her bed that night was raised, but the blind was closed. It was about midnight when between sleeping and waking she heard a light step in the open hallway between the room occupied by herself and grandmother and the spare room used for the reception of visitors. She had been wakeful during the night, and with her faculties all on the alert she recognized this step at once as the stealthy tread of a human being. It was not the trot of a dog or the footfall of any smaller animal, for she was not unaccustomed to these, and could distinguish them at once. The intruder paused when he reached the door of the family room and seemed to stand still and listen for a few moments. Then a violent blow was struck that jarred the house, and her grandmother, awakened by the crash, sprang out of bed in a moment. In an instant, or almost immediately following the first blow, a second was struck, more violent than the first, and the door gave way. The widow Bascombe, being remarkably active for one of her years, by this time had reached the door by her bedside that led into the front yard and made her escape through that. The witness threw open the shutter by her couch and leaped through the small window into the back yard. As she did so she glanced back fearfully and saw the form of a man in the doorway that had been broken open. It was quite dark, and she could not discern his features, could not even tell whether it was a white man or a negro, but she could tell it was the figure of a human being of low stature and somewhat bulky built. There was no weapon in the house except a shotgun that rested in a rack on the opposite wall, and she did not know to a certainty that this was loaded. When her grandmother disappeared through the front door she leaped, as said, through the little window by her bed into the back yard, and ran as fast as she could up the steep hill that rose immediately in the rear of the house. Her grandmother could have escaped in the darkness through the front yard, and she thought she had done so until she was startled by her cry in the immediate vicinity of the house. The witness by this time was some distance away, but when she heard her grandmother's cry she at once turned back, determined to go to her rescue at whatever cost. She was barefooted, and the stones on the on the hill side hurt her feet, but she made the best speed she could back toward the house she had left. Suddenly a light blazed out from the building, then she heard her grandmother's cry again, the second time more startling than the first. When she neared the yard fence she heard the barking of a dog and the sound of running feet. Thinking there must be a number of ruffians about the house she paused and hesitated before advancing farther. All was now still, and the flames from the burning house lit up the scene around. Determined in her anxiety to go forward at whatever hazard, she climbed the yard fence, and, making a circuit around the flames, found her grandmother at some distance away, speechless, desperately wounded, and with her clothing and flesh badly burned. She did what she could to assist her, and in a short while was joined by first one and then another of the friendly neighbors. Briefly, and speaking from her own personal knowledge, this was all she could tell as to the horrible tragedy that cost her grandmother's life, and resulted in the destruction of the home in which she herself had dwelt since infancy.

As Sue Bascombe told her story calmly and without the slightest attempt at embellishment, she elicited the special admiration of the old judge, who remarked aside to the clerk, while she was on the stand, that he had seldom seen in the court-room a witness who so faithfully narrated the incidents within her own personal knowledge, without apparent design to affect the issue either one way or the other. The attorney-general vainly sought to induce her to strengthen her tale, and Palaver on cross-examination almost as vainly sought to lure her into some admission that would weaken it. She had said she did not recognize the man who entered the room on the night of the murder, but he was of low stature and heavily built. The State's officer urged her to refresh her memory and state to the jury whether the intruder on that occasion was a white man or a negro. He asked her whether in the dim light, she could not distinguish features far enough to say that the face of the housebreaker was white and not black. He more than intimated that this was a highly important point in the chain of evidence, and if possible she should fix her memory on the incident, and undertake to say whether as she glanced back at the figure the impression made on her mind was not that it was a white man who was forcing his way into the room. The girl replied positively and calmly that no such impression was made on her mind at the time; that as she glanced back hurriedly she saw the figure of a human being in the doorway; that it was the figure, not of a tall person, but of one whom she thought was rather below the average height. It impressed her also as being the figure of a stout man. It was a hasty glance she gave, and she could only trace the outline of a human form against the dim light in the hallway. Possibly, she admitted to Palaver, she might be mistaken as to its being a stout and not a slim figure, but she was not mistaken as to its being the figure of a man of low stature. She had seen the prisoner several times before. and knew the negro, Kinchen, quite well, but she did not recognize either of them as being the person standing in the doorway. It would not have been possible, however, for her to have recognized the most intimate friend under the circumstances.

The most hotly contested point in the progress of the trial was as to whether the statement made by the widow Bascombe shortly before her death should go to the jury as testimony. It was evident from the earnestness of the attorneys on both sides that the decision of the judge on this question was of vital importance, and Sue was given a good rest while they argued the matter at length before the court. They glided into the sharp discussion so quietly that the storm broke loose around her before she was aware of the fact that trouble was brewing. After she had detailed without interruption all of the incidents connected with the murder of which she had personal knowledge, the attorney-general in a matter-of-course way propounded to her the following query:

"I'll ask you, Miss Bascombe, whether your grandmother a short while before her death did not make a statement in your presence, in which she said that she recognized the prisoner as the man who broke into the house and dealt her the blow with an ax from which she afterward died?"

"What's that? What's that?" cried Palaver, whose attention for the moment had been diverted to something else.

"I'm seeking to introduce," replied the attorney-general, "the dying declaration of the widow Bascombe."

Palaver: "Well, well, sir; suppose we first inquire in the usual fashion whether there was a dying declaration."

The attorney-general (rising and addressing the court): "We propose to show, if the court please, that the widow Bascombe on the night of her death distinctly recognized the prisoner at the bar, had a conversation with him, told him she recognized him, and would have him punished for house-breaking and arson, and that he killed her to prevent her carrying her threat into execution; that he struck her a murderous blow with an ax, if the honorable court please——"

Palaver (raising his arm and shaking his right hand nervously): "I object, I object."

Attorney-general: "Object to what? You will surely let me state to the court what I expect to prove by this witness?"

Palaver (at white heat): "No, sir-ee. We'll do nothing of the kind, sir, Nothing of the kind. We insist, sir, that old Granny Bascombe never made any statement at all after she received the fatal blow, and if she made any statement, sir, it was but the incoherent rambling of one out of her head: that she did not talk at all, sir, and was incapable of talking if she had wished to talk, and if she did talk she didn't know what she was saying. And we protest, sir, we do most emphatically protest, against having the minds of this jury prejudiced by the astounding statements of counsel. And we ask, sir, to the end that the minds of the jurors be not prejudiced by such astounding statements, that the jury retire under charge of the sheriff while we discuss this matter before the court."

The twelve jurors having been sent from the court-room, the attorney-general and Palaver now had it up and down before the learned judge as to the admissibility of the evidence sought to be introduced by the State's officer. First Palaver insisted that he had a right to qualify the witness and ascertain from her whether her grandmother made any statement on the last day or night of her life, and if so whether such statement was made under circumstances that entitled it to be introduced now as the dying declaration of the old lady. The court agreeing with him as to this he proceeded to interrogate the young lady in the absence of the jury.

Palaver: "I'll ask you, Miss Batson——"

Witness, interrupting: "Miss Bascombe."

Palaver: "Very well, then, Bascombe, Bascombe. I'll ask you, Miss—ah—Bascombe, whether or not your grandmother made any statement shortly before her death in connection with the matter at hand—whether she undertook to tell how the blow resulting in her death was given, and by whom it was given? I'll ask you if she told at all how the thing occurred?"

The witness: "She did."

Palaver: "I'll ask you whether at the time she made this statement she was in your opinion in her right mind—whether she knew what she was about?"

The witness: "She was entirely at herself, and fully conscious of what she was saying."

Palaver: "You are quite sure, then, Miss—ah—Batson—Bascombe—that your grandmother was compos mentis when she delivered this utterance?"

The witness: "I do not understand you, sir."

Palaver: "You think the old lady knew what she was talking about?"

The witness: "I am quite sure she did."

Palaver: "I will ask you, Miss—ah—Miss ah—Bascombe, whether this utterance of your grandmother was delivered in view of approaching death—whether she thought her earthly existence was soon to terminate, and so thinking she made to those present a dying declaration in order that her testimony in the case might not be lost entirely?"

The witness: "Why, no, I cannot say that my grandmother's statement was made under the impression that she was soon to die. On the contrary, she was quite hopeful, and, I think, expected to recover from the wound she received."

Palaver: "Did she say anything which would indicate to you that she either expected to recover or considered her wound fatal?"

The witness: "Yes; when I asked her a short while before her death if she wasn't better, she replied that she was, and expected to continue to improve. And she asserted several times during the afternoon and night that it was her purpose to appear in court and testify against the prisoner here."

Palaver (inching his chair closer to the witness and putting his hand behind his ear as if he wished to lose not a syllable of her reply): "Ah—ah; beg pardon. Say that again, say that again."

The witness: "I say my grandmother did not seem to consider her wound fatal, but on the contrary expressed herself as confident that she would recover, and more than that, announced that she expected to appear in court and testify against this man, Johan Ankerstrom."

Palaver (waving his hand and smiling triumphantly): "That will do; that will do. You may stand aside, Miss—ah—Bassford."

The attorney-general: "Wait a little, wait a little. You say, Miss Bascombe, that your grandmother was desperately wounded."

The witness: "She was indeed, sir."

The attorney-general: "You all thought her wound fatal?"

The witness: "We certainly did, sir."

The attorney-general: "The doctor thought so?"

The witness: "He said so when he first saw her. After a while, though, he seemed to think there was some chance for her life, and so indeed did we all. She was so strong, and so confident herself, that she inspired us with a little hope."

The attorney-general: "Still her wound was of such a fearful nature that there could have been no other reasonable expectation from the start except that death would follow?"

The witness: "That is certainly true."

The attorney-general: "Your grandmother in her statement declared that she recognized the prisoner here as her assailant, did she not?"

The witness: "Shall I state what my grandmother said on this subject?"

The attorney-general: "Yes, go on, and tell what she said."

The witness: "She said when she saw the house on fire, and turned back, the prisoner here ran out to meet her, with an ax in his hand. She cried to him—I will endeavor to give her exact language—'I know you, you low-lived scoundrel, and I'll have the law on you for this night's work.' When she said that the prisoner used some insulting expression, which my grandmother did not repeat, and struck her a violent blow with his ax."

The attorney-general: "Your grandmother recovered consciousness some hours after the blow was struck, and, as I am informed, made a statement to those about her of all the facts connected with the crime. I'll ask you if this statement was a clear and connected one, made of her own volition, or was it drawn from her in reply to frequent questioning?"

The witness: "It was a clear and connected statement, made of her own volition. I tried to induce her to stop, thinking so much talking might injure her, but she persisted, and would not cease until she had given us all the facts within her knowledge. She was much incensed at the hanging of the negro, Kinchen, by the mob, and told her story, I think, to show what cruel injustice had thus been done an innocent person."

The attorney-general: "That will do, Miss Bascombe."

Palaver: (addressing the court): "Well if this is a dying declaration then I'm free to say, if the honorable court please, that I've been in error all my life as to what a dying declaration was."

At that the fun began, for the attorney-general promptly rose and said if this was not a dying declaration, then he was badly mistaken as to what a dying declaration was. Palaver insisted that according to all the authorities a dying declaration could only be introduced subsequently as evidence in court when the declarant was in extremis at the time of making it, and not only in extremis, but fully conscious of the fact that death was nigh, and in that solemn frame of mind which would be the necessary result of such a conviction. The serious frame of mind that would be necessarily induced by the consciousness of approaching death was the very essence of a dying or death-bed declaration. The solemnity of such an occasion was supposed to equal the sanctity of an oath in open court, and therefore the law permitted genuine dying declarations to be introduced as evidence where in consequence of intervening death it was impossible to have the declarant sworn and examined in open court. Now, here was an old woman who not only was not influenced by the solemn impression that she was about to die, but who stoutly persisted that she intended to live, and further that she intended to come to court and testify against the prisoner Her statement, whatever it was, was certainly not considered by her to be a dying declaration and therefore could not be taken here as a dying declaration. It would be a contradiction in terms to hold that she could intentionally deliver to those gathered about her a solemn death-bed statement when she herself at the time was not conscious of the fact that she was upon her death-bed. All this and much more Palaver urged with great vehemence before the court, and to him the attorney-general with much force and logic did make reply.

The old rule, he conceded, had been as insisted upon by the counsel for the prisoner, but many of these inflexible old rules had been modified, or done away with, by modern decisions. A dying declaration now was a serious statement made by one who when making it was actually at the point of death and who was soon afterward taken by death beyond the jurisdiction of the court. Such statements, no matter what might have been the frame of mind of the person uttering them, should always be critically weighed, since there was no opportunity to examine the informant in open court. But at least the reason for admitting them as evidence at all was not the fanciful one given by the prisoner's counsel, but arose from the very necessity of the case. The interpreters of the law, in weighing the offer to introduce such testimony, found in most cases that they must either reject credible statements of the highest importance in the elucidation of the issue, or they must permit, contrary to usage, the jury to weigh as evidence matter that had not been received from the lips of sworn witnesses before them. In the interest of justice the most liberal judges of the present day chose the latter alternative, but in so doing allowed the declarations received to be thoroughly sifted, so that the jury might know precisely how much importance to attach to them. If they were wrung from the dying informant by frequent questioning, if they were uttered in the broken intervals of fever, if they were in themselves contradictory, if they were inconsistent with other indisputable facts in the case, intelligent jurors would attach but little weight to them. If they were the clear and connected utterances of reliable persons, if they were spoken with no other apparent motive than a desire to tell the truth, if they were not improbable in themselves, and not inconsistent with other established facts in the case, they would be entitled to, and doubtless would receive, much consideration from the triers of the cause. To say that such statements should not be received at all as evidence would be oftentimes to screen the guilty and defeat the very purpose for which criminal courts were organized. Take the case now before us, and see how shocking to the conscience would be the application of the rule for which the prisoner's counsel contends. Here in a retired country neighborhood has been committed the double crimes of house-breaking and house-burning, two of the gravest felonies known to the law. The perpetrator of these outrages was recognized by the brave old woman whose home he had ruthlessly destroyed at midnight. Standing there unbefriended and alone with the villain, here sole thought was that the law of her State would avenge her, and she had the courage to tell him that she would appeal to that law against him. What next followed? Why, if the court please, to prevent her appeal to the courts of her State he raised his murderous ax and cleft her skull in twain. He fled, thinking he had killed her where she stood, but fortunately before she left this earth she recovered her strength a little, and delivered to those about her a plain unvarnished tale, setting forth the night's incidents in detail and informing them of the real author of the crime. It is this plain statement, which carried conviction with it, that we seek now to introduce before the jury as evidence. If your honor holds this may not be done, then Johan Ankerstrom has accomplished the very object he had in view when he slew the brave old widow in the glare of her burning home, and he has accomplished it—your honor cannot be offended if I say so—by the aid of the court.

Palaver replied, and the attorney-general rejoined, and so they had it, the counsel for the State and the counsel for the prisoner, for the space of considerably more than an hour. They strove mightily, for each felt that the final result in all probability depended on the decision of the court as to the admission or rejection of this dying declaration. They talked at the learned judge and over the head of Sue Bascombe, who sat immediately below his Honor, and facing in the same direction as he. It would have been trying to some young women to sit for such a length of time bolt upright in a high arm-chair fronting two pugnacious lawyers whose arguments were addressed, so far as the bystanders could determine, as much to herself as the court. Miss Bascombe, however, resigned herself calmly to the situation and seemed to be much interested in the discussion. She had never before heard of a dying declaration, and did not understand the legal significance attached to the term. Now she was much concerned in finding out whether it was essential that persons making such declaration should know themselves to be in extremis at the time of delivering the utterance, or whether it was sufficient if they actually were in extremis and told a connected story to those in attendance. She weighed the arguments pro and con as the discussion proceeded, and by the time the lawyers were short of ideas and out of breath had reached the conclusion in her own mind that by all the rules of justice and common sense her grandmother's statement should be allowed to go to the jury as evidence. So the learned judge, sitting just behind her, ruled when it finally came his turn to speak, and Sue was glad to find so sensible a person holding the scales of justice.

## CHAPTER XXIII.

### THE JUDGE SENTENCES THE PRISONER TO HANG SPEEDILY; BUT THE LATTER GRANTS HIMSELF A RESPITE OF A YEAR OR SO.

Ankerstrom during all the ups and downs of the long trial maintained his same stolid demeanor and seemed to be not very particular which side won in the frequent tilts between Palaver and the attorney-general. He appeared to rather enjoy the whole as a free show gotten up for his benefit, and grinned quite often at the discomforture of his own counsel when some thrust of the State's officer brought the former to grief. The theory of the defense was that the right man had already been hung for the murder, and Palaver brought forward every circumstance that would assist him in getting this notion into the heads of the jury. He bothered the witnesses no little as to the precise words uttered by old Mrs. Bascombe when she told of the tragedy. "Are you certain she said that?" "Now, didn't she say this?" he would inquire again and again in his most aggressive manner. He succeeded in working one or two of those whom he badgered into a display of temper, and that was nuts for Palaver.

"Now tell me, sir, just how this thing was," he said provokingly to one irascible witness. "Just begin at the beginning, and tell me all about it."

"I've done told you three times, and I'm not going to tell you any more."

"I'll ask you, sir, if the old lady didn't say she thought it was Ankerstrom, but it might have been Kinchen?"

"No, she didn't."

"Didn't she say positively at first that it was Kinchen?"

"No, she didn't."

"Then how did you come to hang Kinchen?

"I didn't have no hand in it."

"You didn't, hey? Well then, sir, who did have a hand in it?"

"I dunno."

"Wasn't you there that night?"

"I was standin' round, jest for curiosity like."

"You didn't take any part in the proceedings?"

"I never teched the nigger from fust to last."

"Didn't you encourage others to hang him?"

"I had nothing to do with it, I tell you."

"What was you doing there."

"None of your business."

"What were you doing out from home that night?"

"No odds what I was doing."

"You went to bed at the usual hour that night, didn't you?"

"Yes, I did."

"You got up afterwards and left home?"

"Yes I did."

"Are you in the habit of getting up out of bed and rambling about over the country at night?"

"No, I ain't. I tend to my own business and leave other folks to tend to theirs."

"You were' 'tendin' to your own business.' when you left home that night?"

"Yes, I was."

"Your business was to go out and help hang Sandy Kinchen?"

"I had nothing to do with it, I tell you."

"Don't you know you were the foremost man in the crowd that night?"

"Who, me?"

"Yes, you."

The witness here reared back in his chair, stuck his thumbs under his galluses and stared at the lawyer ferociously for a few moments. "Who said that?" he inquired of the attorney.

"Never mind who said it. I'll ask you if it isn't a fact?"

"No, it ain't no fact," rejoined the witness, exasperated beyond all measure. "It's a infernal lie, and I can whip the man that started it. If you want me I'll go farther than that."

"Well, go further."

"I b'lieve," said the witness, pointing his finger at the lawyer, "you're the man that started it."

Here there was a great guffaw behind the bar, in which the attorney-general and most of the lawyers joined heartily.

"If the court please," said Palaver, rising and addressing the judge with dignity, "I would like to have this witness respond to my questions without indulging in billingsgate here in the court-room. It is difficult, if the honorable court please, to make progress in a trial when witnesses persist in using disrespectful language toward counsel employed in the case."

"You begun it," interrupted the witness.

"Mr. Sheriff," remarked Palaver, addressing that functionary severely, "will you please give us order in the court-room?"

The sheriff here tapped the obstreperous witness on the shoulder and cautioned him to hold his tongue or he might find himself a sufferer from his rashness. The judge hastily folded the newspaper which he had been quietly perusing for half an hour and lectured the witness soundly for his unbecoming behavior. When this was through Palaver took him in hand again, and exasperated him again, and again appealed to the court to make him behave. By the time this racket had been worked on him a few times the witness was in good fighting trim, and when he was finally dismissed he took occasion to pass by the chair of Palaver, and informed him in tones not particularly confidential that he would like to see him outside the door when court adjourned. The lawyer did not respond at all to this pleasing invitation. At the noon recess he left the court-room by a side door, walking arm-in-arm with a brother attorney, and continued busily discussing with him some proposition of law until the two reached the tavern.

The trial lasted more than a week, and every inch of ground was fiercely contested by the opposing attorneys. Palaver, after the admission of the dying declaration of the widow Bascombe, fought with desperation. He was a most resourceful man, and his genius always shone resplendent when his case was well-nigh hopeless. His client possessed a countenance that would have justified a jury in inflicting capital punishment upon him if there had been no facts upon which to base such a verdict. With the damning proof against him here, however, his conviction, to every one except his sanguine attorney, seemed a foregone conclusion. Day by day the case dragged on. Witness after witness testified, and when all were through the attorneys in able arguments before the jury reviewed the evidence, gave prominence to such parts as they wished to bring out, skillfully hid damaging facts, placed violent construction upon many plain words in the English language, abused and flattered the unfortunates who had been called to testify, and on the whole so befuddled the jurors that several of these finally were at a loss to know whom they were trying, whether the prisoner, the witnesses or the judge.

The behavior of Absalom Slowboy during the progress of the trial was such as to excite both notice and comment from his brother attorneys. On the morning after Miss Bascombe testified he came into court with his Sunday clothes on and his hair parted in the middle. On the following morning he wore a buttonhole bouquet and carried on his open countenance a conscious expression, which indicated that he thought he was being observed. Once while the young lady was on the stand he undertook to propound a few questions to her, but was so embarrassed by her calm replies that he abandoned the effort in confusion. When it came his turn to address the court and jury, he forgot himself and made a strong legal argument, but was again, toward the conclusion, nearly knocked off his pins by the discovery that he had the close attention of Miss Bascombe. Altogether, his deportment, while not in the least discreditable, was unaccountable, and perhaps, in all the crowded court-room there was but one individual who comprehended the why and the wherefore of his singular behavior. That individual, I should perhaps add by way of explanation, was not Absalom Slowboy himself.

All things in this world must have an end, and it came to pass after several days of weary, forensic struggle that the judge, late one afternoon, delivered his charge to the jury. It was a long document, defining the law as to murder in the first degree, murder in the second degree, voluntary manslaughter, involuntary manslaughter, excusable homicide, assault and battery, provocation, extenuation, justification, malice aforethought, reasonable doubt, insanity, delirium tremens and divers other matters, having little if any bearing that the jurors could see upon the main question at issue. This the learned judge did, not that he thought all these things were pertinent to the issue, but that frequent reversals by the supreme court of the state had brought him to the conclusion that it was better to have too much in his charges than too little. When he had finished he sent the jury to the tavern for the night and adjourned the court.

The following morning at nine o'clock court met pursuant to adjournment, present and presiding, the honorable judge of the Twenty-second Judicial Circuit of Tennessee. Whereupon came the jury before impaneled in the cause, to wit, John Doe, Richard Roe, etc., and the defendant in custody appeared at the bar of the court.

Palaver and all the attorneys, as well as most of the bystanders behind the bar, rose to their feet as the jurors filed into the court-room and stood watching anxiously the face of each member as he responded to his name at the call of the clerk.

"Have you agreed, gentlemen?" inquired the clerk of the foreman of the jury when the roll call was finished.

"We have," responded the foreman.

"We find the defendant guilty of murder in the first degree as charged in the bill of indictment."

"So say you all, gentlemen?" further inquired the clerk; and each of the other jurors bowed his head in acquiescence.

There was a slight demonstration of approval from behind the bar, which was instantly checked by the sheriff.

"Poll the jury, Mr. Clerk," demanded the attorney-general.

"Oh, never mind," said Palaver.

"Poll the jury, Mr. Clerk," again demanded the attorney-general.

The clerk then called upon each of the jurors by name, and each when interrogated declared that he had assented to the verdict announced by the foreman.

The law did not demand the precaution of having each juror speak for himself, but if this had not been done in the present instance, Palaver would soon have had the affidavits of half of them to the effect that they were not entirely satisfied with the verdict as rendered, but would have preferred some other solution of the knotty problem before them. Such affidavits are not difficult to procure, for in the composition of every jury will be found certain good natured individuals who while in consultation will agree to any sort of verdict to oblige their fellows, and when subsequently discharged will sign their names to any sort of paper to oblige somebody else. To head off such amiable individuals, a careful prosecuting attorney will in every grave case require each juror to speak out for himself in open court, so that if any one of them should consent afterward to alter his verdict he would, as Dogberry says, "write himself down an ass."

As soon as the jury was discharged, and while most of the members were still in the court-room, Palaver got the ear of the court and asked for a new trial, saying he was utterly astounded at the verdict just rendered. The judge inquired if he wished to argue his motion for a new trial, and the exasperated attorney replied that he did not wish to do so at length. He had no other objection to urge against the verdict, he said, than that it was in the teeth of law and justice. The learned judge, at that, overruled the motion for a new trial. Whereupon the lawyer moved the court in arrest of judgment, saying his only ground for such motion was that the verdict was in the teeth of law and justice, and no judgment could be pronounced by the court upon it. Whereupon the learned judge overruled the motion in arrest of judgment, saying he thought judgment could be pronounced upon it, and would be at the proper time. Whereupon the attorney, having no other motions to fall back on, sat down in his chair and glared at the court for a while, and then bent his glance downward toward the floor like a deeply injured individual who has it not in his power to help himself.

Later in the day, Ankerstrom was brought to the bar of the court, and the judge pronounced sentence of death upon him. Palaver by this time had recovered his equanimity, and stood close by his client with a confident smile on his face. The voice of the judge trembled as he addressed the prisoner, for it is a serious thing to look a fellow creature in the face and pronounce words which when carried into execution will end his earthly existence. To coolly sentence a human being to death is a good deal like committing murder in the first degree yourself, and the humane judge in this case evidently discharged with the utmost reluctance the painful task that the law imposed on him. Ankerstrom, however, stood unmoved, and grinned in the judge's face as in deeply solemn tones he heard his own doom pronounced. He had been no doubt buoyed up for the ordeal by his attorney's assurance that the supreme court would set aside the verdict that had been rendered against him, and he knew at any rate that an appeal was his privilege, and that the hangman's grip would not be felt about his throat just yet. Having a little more time on earth, he could afford to be insolent for the present, and so he distorted his hideous features into a disrespectful grin, and listened as if to the recital of a good joke, when the judge in measured words informed him that at 2 o'clock p. m., on a certain Friday not far off, he would be taken from his cell in the county jail to a gallows that would be erected for him, and there hung by the neck until he was dead.

When sentence had been pronounced, Palaver in the blandest tone imaginable prayed an appeal to the next term of the Supreme Court of Tennessee, which prayer the judge—not having it in his power to refuse—was pleased to grant. It was understood between counsel that the bill of exceptions would be made ready for the judge's signature by the following Saturday, that being the last day of the term, and the prisoner, Ankerstrom, was thereupon remanded to jail.

As he passed out of the court-room in custody of the sheriff, a little incident occurred which removed the ugly smirk from the prisoner's face and showed him to the crowd as the ill-natured brute he was. Pete Kinchen and his little dog were among the idlers in the lower hall, and as Jineral Beauregard caught sight of his old enemy approaching, he first cocked his eye at him to make sure he was not mistaken, and then making a sudden dash upon him, gripped him with his sharp teeth by the calf of the leg. Cross-eyed Jack raised a savage yell and plunged after the dog, who had wisely taken to his heels as soon as he tasted his enemy's blood. The sheriff pursued his prisoner and brought him to a halt, whereupon the latter stamped his feet, raved, and fell into such an ungovernable fit of passion as shocked and astonished all those about him. Pete Kinchen retreated precipitately, and at a safe distance kept a fearful eye on the brute, but Jineral Beauregard fled far beyond the court-house premises, and the two friends did not meet again until late that evening, when as the negro lad was leaving town a sharp-nosed fox terrier unexpectedly joined him in the suburbs.

## CHAPTER XXIV.

### IN WHICH THERE IS MUCH RASH COUNSEL, AND SOME SAGE COUNSEL, FOLLOWED BY A PRUDENT CONCLUSION.

THE territory which comprises the state of Tennessee, like that which embraced ancient Gaul, is divided into three parts. These are officially recognized by the constitution and statute laws, and are therein termed the grand divisions of the state.

All that section lying east of the range of Cumberland mountains is styled East Tennessee; that lying between this range of mountains and the Tennessee river is called Middle Tennessee; that lying west of the Tennessee river is called West Tennessee. The supreme court of the state is a perambulating body, sitting during the late summer and fall months at Knoxville in East Tennessee; during the winter months at Nashville in Middle Tennessee; and during the spring and early summer at Jackson in West Tennessee. When Ankerstrom therefore appealed through his attorney from the sentence of the circuit judge inflicting the death penalty upon him, he by the exercise of this constitutional right suspended the execution of the sentence until at least the following December. The supreme court did not meet at Nashville until the first Monday of that month, and as it would find appeals awaiting it from every county in the middle division of the state the probability was that the Ankerstrom case would not be reached until some weeks later than the first of December, perhaps not until the Spring of the following year, as the court at Nashville usually adjourned in April. Cross-eyed Jack could therefore afford to draw a sigh of relief when his lawyer informed him that, although the unrighteous judge might order him to be hung by the neck in one brief month from the death sentence, he had it in his power, without asking anybody's leave, to lengthen that month into almost, if not quite, a year. Many good people would die natural deaths in a year, and John Ankerstrom himself, if he had been correctly informed, would have to die sometime. Therefore why should he foolishly worry now over a fate which certainly would not befall him until nearly a twelvemonth had rolled away, and which might never befall him at all. Hope springs eternal in the human breast, and the hangman's grip, which seemed to tighten about his throat when he heard the jury's verdict, now grew so lax that he swaggered and grinned as he left the court-room, thereby winning for himself with some thoughtless people the reputation of being a very courageous sort of fellow.

Even if the brutal malefactor had been inclined to give way to despondency, the buoyancy of his sanguine attorney would certainly have revived fading hope in his bosom.

"I tell you what," cried Palaver to a group of brother attorneys and others when court had adjourned, "I wouldn't have had it otherwise, for the best horse in town. It's just exactly as it should be, and couldn't have turned out better if I had fixed it all myself. It will be next January, at the very earliest, before the supreme court can reach this case. Then they are dead sure to reverse—they couldn't help it if they would—and the papers will get back down here about next May. The clerk up there of course will not send us formal notice of the decision until after the minutes of the term are signed, which will be sometime in April. Having a lot of this sort of thing to do, it will be May before he gets to us, so that the case will stand for trial again before a jury in this county at the June term next year. By that time the prejudice against the man will have died out, witnesses and everybody else will have lost interest in the case, and I'll get an acquittal as easy as winkin'. No doubt about it. Not a bit; not a damned bit."

"Suppose, colonel," asked a doubting Thomas, "the supreme court should affirm the verdict just rendered?"

"I'll suppose nothing of the kind, sir; nothing of the kind, sir. Nobody but an infernal fool would suppose anything of the kind. sir, Will the supreme court of this state eat its own words, sir? Will it overturn a line of decisions as long as the history of England, sir?"

"Our circuit judge is no fool," protested the individual who was inclined to take issue with the colonel.

Colonel Palaver looked cautiously about him before replying.

"Gentlemen," he began, lowering his voice to an almost confidential tone, "I don't wish to be disrespectful, but the old man's time is nearly out. Just at present, you see, he would rather be reversed by the supreme court than bring down on himself the wrath of two or three hundred voters. It's all right though, gentlemen—a-ll-ll right. If my man was turned loose right now, these Marrowbone fellows would kill him if they had to tear the court-house down to get at him. Next year he'll go forth a free man, and there'll be none to molest him or make him afraid. None to molest him, sir; not one, not one. Not a single one, sir; not a damned one, sir. Mark my prediction, sir; mark my prediction. The state of Tennessee will board Johan Ankerstrom another year, and then he'll be at liberty to go wherever he chooses."

Teddy McIntosh and Templeton happened to be passing hurriedly through the lower hall of the court-house, and heard the confident address of the lawyer to the group of bystanders about him. That is, they heard the most of it, but left in disgust before the lawyer ended, and soon had mounted their horses and taken their road homeward.

Palaver had another auditor, however, who was by no means disgusted with his remarks, but heard him eagerly and most attentively, to the end. This was an old gentleman of brisk manner, who, being on the outer edge of the assemblage, and little of stature, could neither see nor be seen by the speaker. While the lawyer was freely giving vent to his feelings, and making confident predictions as to what was going to transpire at the expiration of a twelvemonth, the agile old gentleman smiled and smiled, and bobbed up and down like a supple jack, and spread his hands and worked his countenance into manifold expressions, all indicating hearty approval of the sentiments being uttered. When the attorney had concluded, the little old man was no longer able to work off his enthusiasm by dumb show, but apparently felt impelled to voice his ecstacy.

"Hear de vords uff de vise man," he proclaimed, as Palaver was leaving the courthouse. "Hear him vot he say, shentlemun, for he speak de trute. A leetle vile de vicked vill perrosper. A leetle vile dey flourish like der ger-reen pay tree; den dey gits upthripped and down dey go. But de plessing off Cot vill pe upon de righteous man, and in de eend he vill holt his head up and valk proud. Mark dat, mine frients, mine coot Kerristian frients. It is de eend vot tells de tale. Pay me attention, mine coot Kerristian frients. Dis day you may pe in deep throoble, but vait for de eend, vait for de eend. Pime-py terreckerly you pe free as de 'appy pird. Zo, mine frients, let effery man pe coot. It is de best vay. Let him luff his neighbor and keep all de ten coommanderments, and de plessing uff Cot vill pe upon him, and de shuper-eme court of de state vill stand py him."

As the little old gentleman delivered this heartfelt though slightly scattering address, a few of those who heard him whispered to others that he was the father of the individual that had just been convicted, and moreover that he was a very pious old man, highly esteemed in the country from which he hailed.

Teddy McIntosh and Templeton, as they journeyed homeward, fell naturally into discourse upon the long trial, and the appeal from the verdict of the jury, and the lawyer's confident prediction as to what the outcome of this appeal would be. They were both disheartened at the certainty of another year's delay, and by the strong probability, as they thought, that the murderer of the widow Bascombe would eventually escape the gallows.

"What's the use of waiting any longer?" cried Teddy McIntosh impatiently. "You heard what that infernal old lawyer said. Another full year must roll around, and at the end of that time the chances are ten to one that Cross-eyed Jack will go scot free, instead of being made to suffer for his devilish deed. Things are going to the bad in our country because all the rascals, black and white, have concluded they can't be punished. I say let's prove to 'em that a monstrous crime like the murder of the widow Bascombe can be punished, and will be punished, if not by lawful means then by good citizens outside of the law."

"I'm half inclined to agree with you," replied Mr. Bob Lee Templeton. "Once I was dead against you fellows for assuming to take the law into your own hands, but now I see you have a good deal of reason on your side. That was a dreadful mistake in the Kinchen matter, but if we'd had our klan organized then, Kinchen wouldn't have been hung."

"True enough," responded Teddy. "We did go off half cocked that time, as you say, but nobody can accuse us of being in too big a hurry if we throttle Cross-eyed Jack a year after the old woman he murdered has been put under the ground. His crime has been most abundantly proven in open court. Twelve jurors have set on him, and pronounced him guilty; the old judge has sentenced him to be hung; and still it seems the law can't make up its mind to choke the wind out of him. I'm ready if the law ain't, and I say if we're ever going to do anything the time has come for us to act."

"I'm strongly inclined to be with you," cried Mr. Bob Lee Templeton.

"When I thought of that baboon-looking

devil striking down the good old widow Bascombe in the middle of the night, and running Miss Sue off to the woods barefooted, I was a mind to pistol him right there in the court-house. And I'm a mind now, by Jupiter, to make cold meat of the black-hearted scamp just as soon as ever, by fair means or foul, we can lay hands on him."

"I'm with you," cried Mr. Bob Lee Templeton.

"Then we'll get five of our men to sign a petition asking the Grand Cyclops to call a meeting of the klan. At the meeting no matter what Ran Pearson may say, we'll detail a dozen trusty fellows to take this murderous Dutchman out of jail and hang him. I'll be one of the dozen."

"How shall we get him out of jail?" inquired Templeton.

"Where there's a will there's a way," responded Teddy. "If folks are in dead earnest they can do most anything."

The speaker being in dead earnest, it was not many days before a request in writing, signed by the requisite number of members, was presented to the august individual styled The Grand Cyclops of the Klan, asking him to call a meeting of the brotherhood to consider business of pressing importance. In about two weeks they assembled on the summit of Dead Man's Knob, and with much earnestness debated the question that McIntosh presented for their consideration. The remarks made by Lawyer Palaver were faithfully reported and commented upon with much asperity. There was intense indignation in the community now over the law's delay, and a profound conviction, whether well or ill founded, that the verdict recently rendered would not be permitted to stand, but would be reversed upon one of those legal quibbles which were always available to shrewd attorneys who were employed to shield the guilty. Even if it was certain, it was urged, that the judgment against Ankerstrom would be affirmed, it would be much better to send him out of the world at once, and thus teach a wholesome lesson to other tramps and vagabonds who were prowling about the country, and who were fast being educated into the idea that they could commit any kind of an outrage with impunity. But as it was more than doubtful what the decision of the supreme tribunal of the state would be, it was certainly incumbent on those who had banded together for the suppression of crime to assume the responsibility for the punishment of this guilty scoundrel and not wait a year longer in the hope that the law at the expiration of that time might see fit to execute its own mandate.

Pearson and his two coadjutors listened gravely while speedy action was being urged, and so vehement was the demand that the klan should not procrastinate longer, that it was difficult for the three judicial officers to stem the torrent of indignation and announce unequivocally that they would give their sanction to no action in the Ankerstrom matter until after the decision of the supreme court. Trying as the delay had been, Pearson was decidedly of the opinion that the murderer of Mrs. Bascombe should not be taken from the custody of the law and hung by an irresponsible body of men until it was plainly demonstrated that punishment would never be administered through the regular legal channels. He deemed it inexpedient, however, to proclaim such a determination just now, and after a somewhat protracted conference with his colleagues announced it as their joint conclusion that a committee of three discreet persons be appointed, whose duty it should be to ascertain all the surroundings of the prison where the murderer lay confined, and, further, after investigation, to devise means by which—if such course should be subsequently determined upon—the klan might obtain control of the person of the prisoner to the end that he be properly dealt with. Pearson further said it was a very grave step they were about to take, or that they were considering the propriety of taking, and he himself would as speedily as possible make inquiry of certain of his acquaintances well versed in the law, and get their opinion of what the decision of the supreme court in the case probably would be. He was inclined to think that little weight should be attached to the braggadocio talk of the lawyer employed to save the prisoner from the punishment so richly deserved, but before he spoke with assurance on this point he would like to be better informed than he was at present. In the meantime, the committee suggested might make thorough investigation, and be prepared to report at a subsequent meeting of the klan, so that if any action was then determined upon it might be prompt and efficient.

This conclusion, or advice, was by no means satisfactory to the impatient men, who now longed to wreak vengeance on Ankerstrom, but they accepted it, as it pointed to a time not far distant, when summary action would be taken, and also set a few of their number to the work of preparing the way for such action whenever it was determined upon.

Pearson was convinced that their wrath would be in a measure appeased if he could postpone the time for announcing a positive conclusion, and could set a few of them at work in the interim, and thus his main purpose in making the suggestion for a committee of investigation was accomplished. The Grand Cyclops appointed a committee of three, with Teddy McIntosh at the head, and the klan adjourned to meet again a month later at a point different from the one at which most of their former meetings had been held. Some whisperings had gone abroad concerning the assembling by night of men and horses on Dead Man's Knob, and it was thought advisable, at least for a while, to shift the place of rendezvous to some other spot situated farther back in the recesses of the Marrowbone Hills.

## CHAPTER XXV.

### LAWYER SLOWBOY DISPLAYS GREAT SHREWDNESS AT THE HORSE MARKET AND THEN CALLS UPON A LADY ACQUAINTANCE.

ONE soft summer evening, when the moon was at its fullest, and brightest, Miss Sue Bascombe had left the dwelling which was now her home and gone for a quiet stroll down the shady and winding road that led away from the premises. Daylight had not as yet died away, but the risen moon shed such a splendor from the east that its rays were fast gaining the ascendency over the fading gleams which the departed sun was still struggling to cast from the opposite horizon.

Sue was not of a sentimental turn, but she could not fail to be impressed, as she wandered alone through shade and softened light, with the surpassing beauty of the surrounding scene. From some not distant wheatfield the rich note of the partridge came, lamenting perhaps that the ripened grain above its nest had been cut and its little ones scattered abroad to seek safety. Blending with this mellow call the plaintive cry of the whippoorwill, that lover of the twilight, rose so near as almost to startle her while passing close to a thicket of tangled undergrowth that skirted her path. She paused here, and stood hesitating whether to continue her walk or return to her dwelling, when she heard the sound of a horse's feet in the distance. The house in which she dwelt stood a half mile or more from the main highway, and she knew that the approaching rider, whoever he was, must draw rein at her own door, for the course he was pursuing could lead him nowhere else. She was a quick girl, and so well acquainted in her own locality that she knew the step of nearly all the roadsters thereabout. She bent her ear now to detect if possible what particular animal it was coming toward her, but for a while was puzzled to determine. It was not Ran Pearson's horse, for the usual gait of that animal was a running walk, while this quadruped was certainly pacing, and pacing very deliberately. It was not the saddle nag of Teddy McIntosh, for Teddy nearly always went in a canter when he wasn't riding faster. It was not a little negro on a mule, such as were frequently sent on errands from neighboring farms, for this was no mule's gait, and besides these persistent youngsters always clucked loudly as they came along.

The dim figure of the approaching steed could now be discerned a little way off, and Sue, after scanning it as best she could, concluded the rider must be some old lady of the vicinity who was thus pacing in leisurely fashion toward her on a gentle nag. She was at a loss, however, to conjecture what particular old lady it could be, and what urgent call could take her away from home at this unseasonable hour, and—as country folk are usually a little shy—she stepped a few feet off from the roadside so that she could inspect the equestrian on nearer approach without being herself observed. As the newcomer drew nigh, and was about passing the spot where she stood in the thick shadow of the foliage, the ambling steed suddenly got a glimpse of her and shied so abruptly that the rider, taken unawares, tumbled to the ground. Sue then saw that it was not an old woman, but one of the masculine species, and as the discomfited individual arose from the earth and began brushing his trousers-legs with his hand, she was astonished to find standing before her the youthful attorney who had taken notes of the evidence in the Ankerstrom case and had made, as she thought at the time, quite a sensible speech in behalf of the prisoner. Sue Bascombe was a youthful female of ordinary acuteness and she had not failed to discover during the progress of the long trial that the eyes of Mr. Slowboy were frequently upon her, and that they were usually admiring glances which he cast in her direction. She had noticed while she was on the witness stand that he, from time to time, suggested queries to Palaver to be propounded by the latter gentleman to her, and at one stage of the investigation, by consent of the attorney-general, he, Slowboy, had himself directly interrogated her with the view of drawing out more fully some point that he thought should be impressed upon the jury. After that he usually bowed to her when he came into the court-room after recess, and when he met her on the street, but beyond these mere formal courtesies their acquaintanceship did not extend. That she would afterward encounter him alone by twilight in the heart of the Marrowbone Hills did not enter at the time into her contemplation, nor was it at all among her thoughts on this occasion until he awkwardly tumbled from his saddle before her eyes.

What any other young lady would have done under the circumstances I am not prepared to tell you. What Sue Bascombe did was very natural, though perhaps not very polite or very kind under the circumstances. She threw back her head and laughed so heartily that she might have been heard three hundred yards away at the dwelling house, if matters had been quiet in that quarter.

Mr. Slowboy at once left off brushing his breeches leg and shied almost as vigorously as his nag had done a minute before. The young lady, perhaps concluding that she had been guilty of an uncivil act, now stepped into the open roadway, extending her hand graciously toward the embarrassed guest. "Why, Mr. Slowboy," she said. "Who'd have thought it?"

"I wouldn't," replied Slowboy with commendable candor, but forgetting to raise his own hand in response to her proffered courtesy. "I assure you I was not expecting it at all."

At that Miss Bascombe did a second time what was perhaps very natural, but not very kind or very civil. She laughed again so heartily that she was compelled to bend forward quite low as she did so. Then recovering herself, she straightened up and again extended her hand. "You must excuse me," she said to the confused visitor, "but really one does not see a feat of this sort performed every day. I was not laughing at you, Mr. Slowboy. I was laughing because — you understand—"

"I do not understand," replied Slowboy positively. "I assure you I do not. Have the kindness to explain yourself."

"Catch your horse and I will," replied the young lady, who by this time was mistress of her emotions.

Slowboy went after the animal, which was standing patiently a few yards away, and Sue Bascombe had a few moments for reflection. "As we seem to be going the same way, suppose we walk together," she said when he returned with his horse. Then she bent her steps homeward, the gallant youth proceeding by her side.

"You said you were not laughing at me," said Slowboy, by way of opening up a conversation.

"Yes, I said that," replied Miss Bascombe.

"Have the kindness to explain then what you were laughing at."

"There is a difference, as no doubt you can see," replied the damsel, "between laughing at an individual to his face, which would be very rude, and laughing at a ludicrous occurrence without reference to the individual that happened to take part in it."

"Your distinction is not well taken," said the attorney. "If a ludicrous mishap befalls an individual, and you laugh at the mishap, you necessarily laugh at him, for he is of necessity so connected with the mishap that the one cannot be separated from the other."

"I do not see it that way," replied Miss Bascombe dryly.

"I can demonstrate the correctness of my position to your satisfaction," responded Slowboy. "If the individual had not been connected with the mishap, there could have been no mishap. You cannot carve—legally speaking—two separate and distinct things out of the one transaction. The individual by himself, it may be assumed, would not be provocative of mirth. Being on horseback, however, and unexpectedly losing his balance, he is constrained to assume an attitude which, it may be conceded, is the reverse of graceful. Catching the eye of a beholder in this unbecoming posture, the beholder breaks into a loud laugh. Now, it is too plain for argument that the merriment is at the expense of the unlucky individual. You cannot be heard to say, nor by any sophistry can the position be maintained, that it was not the man, but the misfortune that befell him, which provoked the mind of the beholder to mirth."

"Well, then, I laughed at you," replied Sue. "But if you had not assumed the ungraceful attitude I would not have laughed; so after all it was your fault and not mine."

"Not so, not so," rejoined the attorney. "Laughter, or any expression of enjoyment, is never excusable when based on the suffering or misfortune of another. An Indian will laugh at, and dance around the victim who is being burned to death at the stake. He gloats, so to speak, over the pain his fellow creature is compelled to endure. When a civilized man or woman laughs at a painful accident that befalls one of the human species, it is a lingering trace of barbarism in his or her nature that excites to mirth and extracts a pleasurable emotion where only sympathy should be felt."

"Well, then," replied Sue, "I did wrong in laughing at you, and I ask your pardon."

This mild admission on the part of the young lady had the double effect of soothing the mortified vanity of Mr. Slowboy, and putting an extinguisher upon the struggling conversation. The lawyer while studious and inclined to cogitation, was not colloquially gifted, and, moreover, when he essayed the rôle of beau he was venturing upon entirely new ground. I say the rôle of beau because any person of ordinary discretion who peruses this chronicle will understand that Slowboy on the present occasion had not stumbled accidentally upon the dwelling place of Miss Bascombe, being a chance wayfarer in that vicinity, but had directed the steps of his pacing nag toward her habitation, if not—as the lawyers say—with malice prepense, at least after mature deliberation and premeditation. To be sure, later on in the evening he explained to her that being in Nashville on legal business, and having there purchased a valuable and trustworthy animal for family purposes, he had concluded to ride through to his home on horseback rather than ship his new purchase by rail and travel himself by the same conveyance. This was what he said, and Sue, being a girl of no little gumption, understood precisely how much truth there was in the story and how much fabrication.

The fact was, Solomon Slowboy had planned the whole neat scheme in his office before ever he left his place of abode. Sitting musingly there one afternoon, when he should have been studying his book, he had artfully invented a smooth pretext for visiting the girl who had drawn such a creditable diagram on the dirty court-room floor and had explained all the lines and dots thereof with such mathematical precision. This scheme he had contrived all out of his own head and had successfully executed up to the point of tumbling from his horse, which feat, I need not explain to the reader, was no part of the original program.

At the moment when the author sidetracked his narrative for the above interesting digression Miss Bascombe and Mr. Slowboy, as will be recalled, were walking slowly down the grassy country road that led to the residence of the former. The horse had shied, Mr. Slowboy had come to grief, the young lady had laughed aloud, the lawyer had become a little incensed, suitable apology had been made, and his mortified vanity had been soothed. So far so good, but meantime the particular vein of talk they had been following was exhausted, and if it had devolved on Mr. Slowboy to open and follow up another, the conversation itself must have utterly perished. This fact becoming painfully manifest after a few minutes' walk, the party of the second part—to wit, Miss Bascombe—relieved the growing embarrassment by propounding the following query:

"Mr. Slowboy, how's your mother?'.

"She is, I thank you, in the enjoyment of her usual health," replied Slowboy. "How did you know I had a mother?"

"Oh, that was easy to tell. You came into the court-room the first day of the trial with your coat and hat neatly brushed, so I knew some good woman was looking after you. You spruced up considerably when you found a young lady among the witnesses, so I saw you wasn't married. And one day I noticed a pleasant-faced middle-aged lady regarding you with fond admiration from behind the bar, and I set her down at once for your mother."

"You were right," cried Slowboy with enthusiasm. "It was my mother, and the very best mother, I venture to say, Miss Bascombe, that ever a man had upon this earth. Why you would grow tired listening if I should undertake to tell you just how much my mother does for me every hour in the day, and every day in the week, and every week in the year. She not only brushes me up every morning, so as to make me look spruce—that is, of course, you know, Miss Bascombe, as spruce as such a person as I can look—she not only does that, but when I go home of evenings I find my slippers ready for me, and my studying gown, which she made with her own hands, and if it be at all cool or damp, there is, you may depend upon it, a snug fire in the grate. My mother is a very active person, a very active person indeed for one of her years—and she's not so mighty old neither—and what with dusting and cleaning and looking after the cook—we keep a cook now—and doing a thousand other things, she never has an idle moment, I can tell you."

So Mr. Slowboy went on, and it was soon evident that Sue's query—which at first blush might have seemed *mal a propos*—was the very thing to set him going and to keep him going until he warmed up and wore off his reserve, and was ready for rational discourse on other and general topics. By the time they reached the house they had grown to be almost chummy, and so promptly did ideas rise up in the mind of the young lawyer, and so readily did those ideas find utterance in language, that the family sitting out on the front porch wondered what glib-tongued stranger it was nearing the premises. Sue introduced him as her friend Mr. Slowboy, and he shook hands all round with ease and grace, and was no more embarrassed, I assure you, than you or I would have been, who of course have been used to genteel company all our days.

After supper—for come they strangers or come they kin, there is free entertainment for man and beast at nearly every old-fashioned Southern farmhouse—Mr. Slowboy was ushered into the company room of the mansion, where he found the walls liberally decked with pictures of General Lee and Stonewall Jackson and other mighty men of valor who have passed away from earth after earning for themselves, by deeds of prowess, the gratitude of posterity. Then followed discourse of a rational and improving nature, dashed now and then with a little chit-chat for seasoning. There was some bantering—for close friends, you know, can afford to be a trifle free at each other's expense—and toward the close of the evening a little serious talk that verged on the sentimental. Mr. Slowboy, who was deep and hard to circumvent, skillfully probed the young lady's mind, to ascertain in the most delicate way possible whether this or that individual, of whom he had heard talk, stood particularly high in her estimation. He incidentally lugged Mr. R. L. Templeton into the conversation, and was pleased to learn that this youth was considered rather light-headed and frivolous, and moreover was desperately in love with a certain Polly Habersham, who dwelt a half dozen miles away. After making a conversational circuit, so as to take the mind of the young lady entirely away from this and kindred topics, he came round again, and this time learned, without her ever having suspected what he was up to, that Teddy McIntosh was kind-hearted and a frolicksome boy, but just only a boy, you know. Thirdly, and lastly, after another considerable detour, he managed to introduce smoothly and naturally into the talk the name of Randolph Pearson. He found here that there was really no apparent interest at all. Mr. Pearson stood well among the neighbors, and was no doubt a correct man in his business dealings, but he was dreadful set in his ways, and of late years getting to be quite a recluse. A man, said Miss Bascombe, might live by himself and for himself so long that he would lose not only all relish for the companionship of others, but all fitness for such companionship, and to this sad complexion Randolph Pearson had come at last.

Thus Mr. Slowboy, who, as the reader has perceived, was much more artful than a body would have thought to look at him, managed to ascertain precisely the trend of the lady's mind in all these important particulars, and at about ten o'clock concluded to bring the pleasant evening to a close. He had heard his mother say that when you called on a young lady it was both bad manners and bad policy to remain long enough to weary her, and therefore he wisely determined to withdraw while—as the saying goes—his credit was up. When he heard the premonitory click of the clock, serving notice upon him that it proposed presently to strike the hour of the night, and looking up saw the long finger on the dial creeping close to the figure ten, he rose from his seat and, remarking that he had no idea it was so late, extended his hand with the view of bidding the young lady good-bye.

"Why," said Sue, "you are not going to leave us tonight? We don't call it a visit in the country unless you have taken at least two meals with us and had a good sound nap under our roof."

"As for the meals," responded Slowboy gallantly, "I've had one, and that convinces me thoroughly of your excellent housekeeping; and as to the slumber, or nap as you term it, under your roof, I'm not quite sure that I would sleep much if I were to remain till morning."

"Indeed?" responded the young lady.

"Because," responded Slowboy, "it is a well-understood fact that pleasurable emotions tend to excite the mind, and thereby induce a state of alertness, instead of that sense of composure which lulls the faculties into slumber."

"Very true." said Sue, "but it is twenty-seven miles to Coopertown, and surely you're not going that far tonight?"

Then the visitor informed her that he had business at a little cross-roads town a dozen miles farther on, and as the moon was bright and the night pleasant he had resolved to ride that far on his journey, dispatch the matter in hand the next morning as soon as the folks were astir, and then proceed homeward before the heat of the sun made the day oppressive.

"You know the road?" inquired the young lady.

"I have but to get back into the beaten highway which runs within a half mile of your house, and following that I cannot get lost."

"It will take you across Paradise Ridge and over some very rough country."

"I can travel it," replied Slowboy. "Don't forget I was country raised."

Sue seemed to hesitate a while, then she inquired: "Mr. Slowboy, have you a pistol?"

"No indeed," replied the attorney. "It's against the law to go armed."

Sue Bascombe: "Yes, I know it, but a man traveling these hills at night ought to have a pistol. Self-preservation is the first law of nature."

Solomon Slowboy: "Why, you don't think there's any real danger, do you?"

Sue Bascombe: "I can't say whether there is or not. But curious tales are told about these hills, Mr. Slowboy."

Solomon Slowboy: "What for instance?"

Sue Bascombe: "Why, they say all manner of things. They tell some tales that would make your hair rise right up on your head. But I don't want to excite you, as you are going to ride."

Solomon Slowboy, stoutly: "Yes, I'm going to ride, and I expect to encounter nothing more disheartening than the loneliness of the route."

Sue Bascombe, hesitating again: "Well, I hope you are right, Mr. Slowboy. But I ought to tell you there are rough men in these parts. And I ought to tell you, Mr. Slowboy, that strange sights have been seen along the very road you are going to travel. I'm not superstitious, but one can't utterly disregard statements made by reliable witnesses. Once upon a time not very far from here the Bell Witch played some most remarkable pranks; and they tell me that sometimes about midnight on lonely roads up in the Marrowbone Hills witches, ghosts, hobgoblins, what you choose, can be actually seen and heard performing some sort of ceremony that no human being understands."

Solomon Slowboy: "Why, you are not afraid of ghosts, are you?"

Sue Bascombe: "I can't say I'm afraid of them, but still many unaccountable things do happen, Mr. Slowboy. Spiritualism has many intelligent believers in this great country and elsewhere. You've read of Lord Brougham's case, haven't you?"

Solomon Slowboy: "Yes, yes. Just an overheated imagination."

Sue Bascombe: "Maybe so. Then there was the Bell Witch in this very neighborhood. It disappeared many years ago, but some folks think it has come back and brought other spooks along with it. I tell you what, Mr. Slowboy, if I was going your road tonight, I'd slip a pistol in my pocket, law or no law."

Solomon Slowboy: "What good would a pistol do in case of spooks?"

Sue Bascombe: "In case of interference it would enable you to tell whether the thing obstructing your way was human or not. You are going a lonely road, and I'll lend you my pistol so that you may be prepared for any emergency."

Solomon Slowboy: "Do you keep a pistol?"

Sue Bascombe: "Why, to be sure. You don't suppose a girl would live up here in the Marrowbone Hills and not keep a pistol, do you?"

With that she left him, and proceeding up the stairway was absent several minutes. When she returned she handed him a small Smith & Wesson, which she assured him was accurate. Slowboy, thinking he might encounter some danger along the road, accepted it and dropped it in his side pocket.

"Put it in your hip pocket," said Miss Bascombe. "It's handier to get at there."

Slowboy made the necessary transfer, and his lady friend further instructed him. "If you have to shoot," she said, "remember to raise your pistol high and pull trigger as it lowers as soon as the object in front darkens your view. Be perfectly steady, and keep your forefinger on the tip of the trigger. That will make it go off easy."

"You understand it, I see," replied the guest.

"Indeed I do," said Sue Bascombe. "If I'd had a pistol the night of the terrible tragedy at our house, you would never have been employed as counsel for Ankerstrom."

Solomon Slowboy looked at her admiringly. "She's a brave girl," he thought. "She'd have made a noble wife for one of the early pioneers of this country when the Indians were prowling around." Then he looked at her again. "She's very handsome," he thought. "She wouldn't make a bad wife for Solomon Slowboy, if mother was willing to the match."

When he got to the door Sue handed him a sealed envelope, with no direction on the back. Instead the figure of a human hand had been drawn upon it in red ink, the thumb and little finger closed, the other three fingers extended. "I reckon you'll think I'm foolish," she said, "but this paper contains a charm that my aunt's grandmother said was powerful against witches. If you do not have occasion to use it, you must mail it back to me as soon as you reach home. If you get in serious trouble on the way say a short prayer over yourself and hand this paper to the next who approaches, human or hobgoblin."

Solomon Slowboy looked at her again, and her face was quiet serious.

"This is very singular," he remarked.

"I know it is," replied Sue Bascombe.

He took the paper and placed it in his side pocket. "I will mail it back to you tomorrow morning from home," he said.

"Don't fail to do it," was her reply.

Then he shook hands with her cordially, and she invited him to come back again. He promised her faithfully to do so, and Solomon Slowboy was a person who usually meant what he said. When he went out into the night Sue Bascombe locked the front door behind him and took her way upstairs, humming a quiet tune to herself.

(*To be continued*)

# FRIENDSHIP ✤ By Eli Barber

The sweet-briar grows its fair, wild rose
By lovely ways and hedges;
And cheers the traveler's footsteps on
With the sweet grace it pledges
But friendship's flower of greater power,
In calm or stormy weather,
Keeps kindred hearts and cheers them on
Through life's long way together.

# EDITORS AT INDIANAPOLIS

## By Joe Mitchell Chapple

FOR many years past—I dare not say just how many—it has been my privilege to attend the annual meeting of the National Editorial Association. I have also had the honor of representing a good many different states. On a bright Sunday in June, when the roses were just blooming, I left Boston for Indianapolis. We were a jolly party in that car, and we settled right down to be goodnatured and to enjoy ourselves. Of course, it was a sedate, Sabbath sort of enjoyment, but we had such a glory of New England scenery spread before us as of itself would have made any journey delightful. I believe I never before realized how beautiful this part of the country is. Usually the exigencies of business compel me to travel at night, but now I had an opportunity to go over the Boston & Maine, the Central Vermont and Grand Trunk lines by daylight. Looking on its varying shades of green, I could understand why Vermont had taken from her Green Mountains her most appropriate name. The landscape on every side was picturesque, with here and there tall, white church spires pointing heavenward from among the trees, telling of the worshippers within. Every rock and hill, swift brook, majestic elm, thickset copse and placid lakelet seemed to have been placed in the varying landscape so as to give the most exquisite effect to the scenery.

* * *

We had hardly finished talking over reminiscences of former meetings of the association when we found ourselves in Chicago, and dashing off on a short run to Indianapolis. Here, at the Claypool Hotel, we found ourselves in a very babel of first greetings, hand shakings and re-shakings, as the arriving members renewed their acquaintanceship and jovially recalled the introductions and events of former meetings. In the lobby of the hotel, the clamor which began with a few genial greetings swelled into a crescendo of jolly hails and replies, as the men began to pour in from all points of the compass.

These national and state gatherings have done much to unify commercial as well as ethical interests throughout the country. Men are social and gregarious animals, and there is no class of men and women not actually related, who seem so near to being blood relations as the editors of the American country and village papers. I went among them a beardless boy, but never forget them; now, after many years, I met some of them again in Indianapolis.

Indianapolis has been well called the "Hub of the West," and from here the spokes of progress radiate all through the West. The city is laid out on plans suggestive of Paris or Washington. The streets and avenues are named after states, which give a suggestion of national importance. You feel the distinction and dignity of Indianapolis from the moment you enter the city.

It is *the* city of the state, and has won renown in literature and art, as well as in the galaxy of public men which it has furnished to the nation. Presidents and vice presidents from Indianapolis have been on the political schedule for years past, and many of her people confidently hope, will continue to be for years to come. Few state capitals enjoy so much of the concentrated enthusiasm of the people, and the city is a sort of training school for celebrities. It can claim General Lew Wallace and many other well known public men. Here James Whitcomb Riley, the poet laureate of America, lives; and no list of famous Indianapolis names would be complete without that of the prosperous and successful Bobbs-Merrill publishing house, which has done so much for the development of literary talent throughout the great Middle West. Viewing the city, and talking of its great men, the hours floated swiftly away. It was luncheon time before we knew it, and then dinner and night followed quickly in their turn.

The luxury of meeting old friends at that national convention can never be forgotten. It was one continuous assimilation of ideas. There was Grandpa Herbert, as active as ever, and many other delegates who have been present year after year. The meetings were held in the large audience room of the Claypool Hotel, and the editors were welcomed heartily by Vice President Fairbanks, Governor Hanley, Mayor Bookwalter, Honorable Franklin Vonnegut, president of the Commercial Club, and others.

It is not strange to find that one's comrades and chums at a convention often come from states which are widely apart. The editors from the Northwest seem usually to find their affinities among the Southern men, and vice versa. The Western editors take especial interest in those from the East or from the Atlantic coast, and so all these conventions have played an important part in making the nation cohesive, and their influence has been felt in the renewed tendency toward federalization, manifested in congress during recent years.

In the morning, we ascended to the eighth floor of the hotel to hear the president's address, and here the guidons of the various states were located, and the delegates, duly mustered under their state banners, were introduced to the president, Honorable John Dymond, from Louisiana.

* * *

Among the delegates was Governor Hoch of Kansas, who was on his way to spend Home Week in Kentucky, his native state. He delivered several splendid addresses during the convention, and proved himself a fine type of the country editor. For thirty years he has edited a paper in Kansas, and has made a reputation that is worthy of his state. His splendid record as the governor of the Sunflower State, is well known—and that is saying a great deal for him, for the people of Kansas have exacting ideas as to what ought to be expected from public officials. A stalwart man, with jet-black hair, well-cut features, blue eyes, and firm-set lips, his every word and motion indicates the strength and sturdy vigor of the men of the prairies, who delight to trust and honor him.

The governor of Indiana and the governor of Kansas might sit for types of American character. What they said while they chummed together during the convention has not been reported; but, of course, it was not what the governor of North Carolina said to the governor of South Carolina.

* * *

We got down to business and the program for each day was carried out on schedule time. It was inspiring to hear the red-hot discussion between Captain Capeller of Ohio and Colonel Henry of Mississippi. The debates were full of fire and spirit, for editors have a way of having ideas of their own, and when there is a gathering of representatives from various states, there is apt to be a clash of notions now and then, though all friction is relieved by jovial gleams of good humor. The addresses were most interesting; giving glimpses into the experience of editors all over the country, and perhaps no career is more widely diversified than that of a country editor. He must meet in hand-to-hand grapple, the problems of the day; keep in touch with the pulse of the people, and, perhaps, between whiles, he will go to his own composing room and help set type. Every time I attend an editorial convention, I feel pretty well satisfied that my profession is a very desirable one, but I have not yet discovered the subtle process of "guiding public opinion," which is often discussed, and have yet to feel that "power of the press" which is described by our distinguished guests on such occasions as this convention. I think, for the most part, editors are sincere individuals, and are sensible of the great responsibility that rests upon them. So we discussed and debated and were lunched and dined, for the good people of Indianapolis were determined to keep us busy with entertainments of various sorts.

A ride on the street car system showed that the interurban system of Indianapolis is almost perfect.

Mr. McGowan, the manager of the great Interurban Railroad system, was our "guide, philosopher and friend", and the Terminal Building was pretty well packed with his guests until the cars were ready. On this jaunt we saw the Indianapolis soldiers' monument, one of the most exquisite and stately structures of its class in the Union. We passed the cemetery where lies all that is mortal of Ex-President Harrison; and the surrounding country furnished many a peaceful pastoral picture of the prosperity and fertility of the Hoosier State. Of course we did not fail to visit Wonderland and the Deitscher House. On the whole, this trip was one of those rare occasions in an editorial career—an oasis, as it were,—when we, in the desert of monotonous routine and labor, had absolutely nothing to do but discuss the interesting features of our work, without considering the drudgery and detail of our tasks at home. It also had something of the flavor of the old-time political convention. There were several candidates for president—all good fellows and worthy of office—and there were two suggestions for the location of the next convention, Norfolk and St. Paul; but the exposition in Jamestown appealed to the national spirit of the editors, and they decided to go to Norfolk next year.

The Propylean Ladies Club of Indianapolis, which enjoys the distinction of having erected its own building, planned a reception to the editors. Miss May Wright Sewall presided, and all the speakers were ladies, so we men had to "go away back and sit down." The speeches included one by Mrs. Fairbanks. The addresses made by the ladies were indeed a feast, for it was something new to most of us to have the ladies talk, while the men listened—reversing the ordinary and conventional scheme of things. However, the club very considerately invited a gentleman to sing, and his name accordingly graced the program. Every minute of the time was occupied with some evidence of the proverbial hospitality of the Hoosier State.

Late in the afternoon of the fourteenth, a reception was given at the home of Vice President Fairbanks, and the editors gathered on the lawn to hear a home-welcome from him. Mr. George Ade was there, original as ever, adding distinction to his fame. Meredith Nicholson also made a speech, and recalled to our minds "The House of a Thousand Candles." Miss White, author of "The Yoke," was also there. Not the least distinguished of the gathering was the people's laureate, James Whitcomb Riley, and what a splendid reception was accorded him and the other distinguished guests by the editors of the country!

At this reception the "stump speeches" of old days were almost paralleled—for the orators stood on chairs and like temporary rostrums. A tent was erected on the lawn, flags were flying, good music was furnished, and there was not a guest there who would not have voted that we had a real good time at the home of Vice President Fairbanks.

When the vice president arrived that morning, he was given a reception by the editors at the depot, and when the carriages there had all been filled, and there was nothing else left to convey the remainder of our party but the bus, we climbed into that. In Indianapolis, the bus is in demand, chiefly for baseball teams, and we had the distinction of being taken for one as we were driven through the streets.

Speaking of baseball, the first game I have enjoyed for years was at Indianapolis. It was insisted one afternoon that the Indianapolis team needed a mascot, so out trooped a delegation of editors, and sure enough, their presence at the game seemed to bring luck, for the city team won both games that day.

Of course there was an excursion to be looked after, and the corresponding secretary, Mr. Ashbrook, was kept busy. He and also two delegates from Ohio, have been nominated for congress, and if this ratio keeps up, it looks as though the next congress would have a considerable representation of newspaper editors.

All too soon, those few, delightful days were over, and trunks were packed for the early morning party to leave for the excursion through Indiana to Chicago, around Winona Lake and down the St. Lawrence and back.

Many of the editors went to visit the famous French Lick Springs, one of the best known health resorts in the country, where they were the guests of Mr. Thomas Taggart.

Only a few of us remained after the great throng had departed. How lonesome it was! I hastened through the business which had detained me there, and took my train, looking forward with eager anticipation to the time when I should meet all our good friends again, by the waters of Hampton Roads at the Jamestown Exposition.

## MAKING BUSINESS OF ERRANDS

"JOHNNIE, run over to Mrs. Smith's and borrow her meat-chopper. Quick!"

A few minutes later, Johnnie, unannounced, walks boldly into Mrs. Smith's kitchen or parlor —it makes no difference to him which—and says impudently:

"Ma wants your meat-chopper right off."

Mrs. Smith represses an angry reply and goes for the chopper with reluctance, however generous she may ordinarily be with her borrowing neighbors. She feels, all of a sudden, that it does not pay to be kind-hearted; that her past generosity has only taught her neighbors to consider her property as theirs.

Who is to blame? Johnnie's mother; although she never dreams her boy made the request in such a manner, or in such words and tones.

Suppose it had been Johnnie's first errand. It would have paid her, however hurried she might have been, to give him explicit instructions. "Ring the side door bell, Johnnie," she should have said, "and when she comes take off your cap and say politely: 'Will you please loan mother your meat-chopper?' Don't go in. Thank her and come straight home."

This bit of a lesson would have been a good start for the child in polite calling, and Mrs. Smith's temper and kindly feelings toward her neighbors would have been spared not a little.

A boy or girl's first shopping errand should be just as carefully taught, if it be but the buying of a pound of crackers. "Here is a quarter; see that the clerk gives you fifteen cents in change. If he hasn't butter crackers, the soda ones will do," the mother may say, thus teaching carefulness in money matters and preparing the child for emergency decisions. Let young girls frequently accompany their mothers on shopping trips, in order to learn the values, qualities and names of goods, as well as correct manners and methods of shopping. Unless this is done, the smartest of girls will appear "green," and have some sore trials with her bad bargains. Spare them and spare the family pocketbook.

How to present a gift, how to inquire after a sick neighbor, how to use a telephone correctly and politely, how to ask and return favors—these things may seem of little importance to grown people, and parents often think that a child will pick them up of his own accord; but the way to success is paved with *small* stones, and little things are large in the eyes of a child.

A blunder that we would laugh at, brings them blinding tears, sometimes a heart-scar borne for years. Besides, habit-forming is also character-building, and the right start in social and business life is everything. It is the bending of the twig.

Errands naturally fall to the children of a home, but instead of minimizing them, let the little folks feel that they are *matters of business* and are to be performed as such. Let them feel that they are representing their parents, and must act as they would do under like conditions; then the errands will be done well and done with pleasure. Every child likes to play at being "big."

If actuated only by selfish, present-time motives, parents should make each errand important in the eyes of the child for the sake of having it promptly and correctly done. When messages are to be carried they can often be given verbatim, thus training the memory and teaching strict adherence to truth as a part of everyday business.

The more a child is entrusted with responsibilities that are within his *capabilities*, the better; they are part of his education, and will develop him into a manly, tactful, keen-eyed, quick-witted boy—a business man in embryo. The home is the best business college in the world.

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## LITTLE HELPS FOR HOME-MAKERS

FOR EACH LITTLE HELP FOUND SUITED FOR USE IN THIS DEPARTMENT, WE AWARD ONE YEAR'S SUBSCRIPTION TO THE NATIONAL MAGAZINE. IF YOU ARE ALREADY A SUBSCRIBER, YOUR SUBSCRIPTION MUST BE PAID IN FULL TO DATE IN ORDER TO TAKE ADVANTAGE OF THIS OFFER. YOU CAN THEN EITHER EXTEND YOUR OWN TERM OR SEND THE NATIONAL TO A FRIEND. IF YOUR LITTLE HELP DOES NOT APPEAR, IT IS PROBABLY BECAUSE THE SAME IDEA HAS BEEN OFFERED BY SOMEONE ELSE BEFORE YOU. TRY AGAIN. WE DO NOT WANT COOKING RECIPES, UNLESS YOU HAVE ONE FOR A NEW OR UNCOMMON DISH. ENCLOSE A STAMPED AND ADDRESSED ENVELOPE IF YOU WISH US TO RETURN OR ACKNOWLEDGE UNAVAILABLE OFFERINGS.

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### FOR OUTING PARTIES

By F. M. SPRAGUE

Lamoni, Iowa

In setting your tent-stakes, always slant them toward the tent rather than away from it, as much as thirty degrees. They will hold much better, both from wind and rain. This can be demonstrated by driving one and pulling on it from the side to which it points, and vice versa.

### HINTS ON CARE OF DISHES

By C. E. C.

Edgeley, North Dakota

In wiping china dishes, do not pile one upon another while hot, but spread out to cool, then pack. Piling together while warm is apt to make the glaze crack.

To make glass dishes less fragile, it is a good plan to place them in cold salted water. Let the water gradually reach the boiling point, and then keep it boiling for a few minutes. Take the pan off the fire and set it aside, leaving the dishes in it until quite cool.

To brighten the inside of a teapot fill with water, add a small piece of soap and let it boil for about half an hour. Thoroughly rinse afterward, that no taste of soap may remain.

Setting dishes in the oven to warm often results in cracking them. Warm them by pouring hot water over them and there will be less chance of breakage.

Dishes which have become brown and burnt from baking in the oven may be easily cleaned after they have stood a while in borax water.

Clean brass pans with vinegar and salt before polishing. This will remove any poisonous corrosion and make them fit for use in cooking.

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### WASHING FLUID

By MISS C. B.

Clarksville, Tennessee

One-fourth ounce salts tartar,
One-fourth carbonate ammonia,
One can Gillet's lye.

Dissolve in half gallon soft water. Use one cupful to boiler of water.

Put about one pail of water in boiler; add about one-fourth pound of soap shaved fine; fill up boiler with water enough to boil clothes; add fluid, stir well, put in clothes *dry*. After they have come to a boil, do not leave on fire longer than twenty minutes. It is very important that no clothes should be put in after the water is hot, as that will "set the dirt." If you have more than one boiler of clothes, take out two or three pails of the hot water, add more soap and fluid and fresh cold water. We find it a great advantage not having to soak clothes over night; and so being able to choose one's weather for washing day.

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### TO TAKE RAW EGGS

By MRS. M. J. JAMISON

Columbus Junction, Iowa

Invalids sometimes find it very hard to swallow the raw eggs prescribed by physicians. If the following hints are observed it can be done with perfect ease. Put a few drops of vinegar in a cup, break the egg into the cup, being careful not to break the yolk, salt and pepper to taste, put a few drops of vinegar on top of the egg, throw back the head and take the egg in the mouth when it will slip down the throat almost without any effort and with no taste at all except a very slight taste of the vinegar. I have seen this very successfully tried by an invalid who had found it impossible to take this most nourishing food for invalids until this plan was tried.

## KEEPING SYRUP IN PIES

By A. C. FENTON

Washington, D. C.

Every housekeeper knows how disappointing it is to find that the precious rich syrup in her well-filled pies, upon which she depends for their toothsomeness, has run out, as she often finds is the case upon opening the oven door—to the irreparable loss of the dinner, not to mention the ugly burned blotches in the oven. Some excellent housekeepers have tried the following suggestion with perfect success, the pie browning beautifully upon the edges, despite the novel garniture. Before commencing to make the pastry, tear off a strip of thin old linen or muslin about one and one-half inches in width and long enough to encircle the pie with a lap of two inches. Wet this thoroughly, wring almost dry, and bind the edges just before putting the pie into the oven, allowing it to come well over top and bottom edges. The pie will bake perfectly with never the loss of a drop of juice, and while still hot the binding will slip off without marring the flakiest pastry.

## PASTE FOR PAPER HANGING

RALPH A. McBRIDE

Slippery Rock, Pennsylvania

When preparing paste to hang paper on white-washed walls, to every gallon of paste add one pint of vinegar, and there will be no trouble about the paper coming off. It will also save the labor of washing the walls with vinegar.

## TO CLEAN CARPET ON THE FLOOR

By MISS LUCY CORBIN

Columbus, Ohio

The following solution may be used in cleaning silk and other delicate colored fabrics. For cleaning carpet have ready a pan of the lukewarm solution and a pan of warm soft water. Clean a small place at a time, rinsing with a cloth lightly wrung out of the clear water. Apply the solution with a loufah, sponge, or cloth. I prefer the loufah, as it does not lint and wears well. I have used this preparation for several years.

1 gallon of rain water.
1 bar of Ivory soap.
½ lb. of borax.
3 ounces of sal soda.

Boil until all the ingredients are dissolved, then add two gallons of cold water and one pint of alcohol. Keep in tightly corked jugs. Will keep for years.

## METHOD OF KEEPING SILVER

By MRS. ELLEN S. SWETT

Brookline, New Hampshire

Fill a paper box with alternate layers of knives, forks, spoons, etc., and common flour, perfectly dry; if the silver is bright and dry when put away, it may be used at any time without cleaning for a year or two. After this time, the flour needs drying off. It saves a great deal of cleaning. All silver can be packed in the same way; if used frequently, wiping with a dry towel is all that is necessary.

## THE USES OF TURPENTINE

By D. N. H.

Whitesville, New York

Turpentine is excellent and soothing when applied to scalds and cuts.

It will take ink stains out of muslin when added to soap and also helps to whiten clothes if added to the water in which they are boiled.

Moths will not come near clothes sprinkled with turpentine; they seem to hate its odor.

A few drops of turpentine will exterminate cockroaches and drive red and black ants away.

Tan leather boots can be nicely cleaned with turpentine. Pour on a woolen cloth and rub.

Turpentine is a simple and safe remedy for chilblains, while it is good for corns on the feet and an immense boon for blisters on the hands.

Use turpentine in the bath water for rheumatism.

To remove stains from marble, take a wineglassful of turpentine and ox-gall, and mix into a paste with pipe-clay. Put the paste on the stain and let it remain two or three days.

Carpets can be cleaned and freshened by going over them once a week with a broom dipped in hot water containing turpentine.

## TO MAKE TOMATO SOUP

By K. H.

Boston, Massachusetts

Two teaspoonfuls Armour's Extract of Beef.
One can tomatoes,
One quart water,
Bit of bay leaf,
Two cloves,
One teaspoonful paprika,
One tablespoonful sugar
One teaspoonful salt,
One-half teaspoonful soda,
Two tablespoonfuls butter,
Two tablespoonfuls flour,
One teaspoonful finely chopped onion.

Directions for Preparing

Strain the tomatoes, add the water, and cook twenty minutes; add soda, salt, sugar and extract of beef; bring to boil on quick fire; bind with butter and flour, add seasonings. Serve with croutons.

## A TEST FOR SUMMER-TIME EGGS

By LEE McCRAE

Birmingham, Alabama

A simple test of the freshness of eggs is to drop them carefully into a pan of water. If one lies flat upon the bottom it is fresh; if it rises on end, it is stale; if it floats to the surface, it is unqualifiedly bad and can be thrown away without a tremor.

Beside giving us this proof, the eggs are washed, as they certainly need to be, for nothing quite so uncleanly comes into close contact with our cooking. Every housewife knows this. Let us both wash and test them by this simple, cooling process.

## SOME LITTLE HELPS

By MARIA DICE
Stronghurst, Illinois

### TURPENTINE FOR STINGS

Turpentine is good for a bee's sting.

### RUB SALTY BUTTER ON A BRUISE

Salty butter rubbed on a bruise keeps the flesh from turning black.

### TO KEEP MICE AWAY

Camphor placed in trunks or drawers will prevent the mice from doing them injury.

### STOP THE SQUEAKING DOORS

Squeaking doors should have the hinges oiled by a feather dipped in linseed oil.

### FURNITURE POLISH

Best vinegar one pint; turpentine one-half pint. Mix and apply with a brush.

### FOR PLATE GLASS

A soft cloth wet in alcohol is excellent to wipe off French plate glass mirrors.

### KEEP THE ANTS DOWN

A string dipped in sassafras oil, and tied around the legs of the table will prevent the ants from getting on the table.

## TO CLEAN BRASS

By MRS. M. L. S.
Riverton, Virginia

A simple and most satisfactory method of cleaning brass bedsteads, curtain-poles, andirons, etc., is to dampen a cloth with ammonia, rub it briskly over a piece of pumice soap, and then over the brass. This mixture acts like magic. Have tried it on articles thought to be beyond redemption, so black had they become, which, with the least effort, were restored to their original beauty. It is necessary only to dampen the cloth with ammonia, and with a little pumice soap rub on the brass, and the work is accomplished.

## TO REMOVE OBJECT FROM NOSE

By MRS. H. E. CRICKENBERGER
White Sulphur Springs, West Virginia

To remove any object from a child's nose, such as a bean, etc., have the child open its mouth, put your mouth to it and blow hard. This rarely fails and the doctor who successfully used it with my little boy said a very old woman told him about it and he would not take anything for the knowledge.

## HANDY HOLDERS

By KATTRON HILLON
Madison, Wisconsin

To make cloths for handling bread and meat pans when baking: take old bed ticking, double to four thicknesses about eighteen inches square, turn in edges, stitch around outside, also several times through center; use these and avoid burning your hands.

## A CURE FOR CROUP

By MRS. LILLIE M. CAYLOR
Columbus, Ohio

A very wet towel with very cold water wrapped around the neck and chest will cure the worst case of croup in five minutes. This is much better than drugs, as it does not debilitate. Hot water is sometimes recommended, but cold water is *much* quicker and effective; it breaks up the congestion at once.

### TO CLEAN A PAINT BRUSH

To clean a paint brush containing fresh paint; work it into dust or dry earth.

To clean a dry, hard paint brush; pound it with a hammer until the bristles are broken apart, then use a comb to separate the bristles. The above will save any paint brush.

### REMOVE IRON RUST

To remove iron rust from clothing; use a weak solution of oxalic acid.

### BRIGHT SUN FOR SCORCHED SPOT

To remove a scorched spot from clothing; hang in the bright sun until it disappears.

### RICE IN THE SALT SHAKER

Put a few grains of rice in the salt shaker to keep the salt broken up.

### DAMPEN DUST CLOTH WITH COAL OIL

Use a dust cloth slightly dampened with coal oil, and the dust will not fly, and the furniture will always shine.

## TO STARCH DARK-COLORED LAWNS

By R. E. S.
Camas Valley, Oregon

Some people have trouble starching dark lawns because the starch will show. To avoid this, use gum-arabic. To starch a dress, take one heaping teaspoonful of gum-arabic. Dissolve in a little warm water, then add enough water to wet the dress. This makes it crisp and it can be ironed in the same way as other starched goods.

## DRY YOUR SOAP BEFORE USING

By SALENA S. MARTIN
Chicago, Illinois

Kitchen and laundry soap will go farther if dried well before using.

### THE SUN SPOILS MIRRORS

Mirrors are spoiled if exposed continually to the sun.

### ANOTHER WAY TO REMOVE IRON RUST SPOTS

Iron rust spots can be removed by putting salt on the spot after the latter is well wet with lemon juice and then placed in the sun.

### OLD SILK LEAVES NO LINT

Old, soft silk cloths make the best dust rags for the parlor, as they leave no lint on polished furniture.

## HINTS FOR LAUNDRY

By MRS. ALICE MARTIN
Bement, Illinois

A teaspoonful of turpentine put in boiler when boiling white clothes, will keep them snow white and remove the dingy look about neck-bands, wrist-bands, etc.

Add a little pulverized borax to starch while cooking; it will give a gloss and prevent it from sticking to irons.

When washing white flannels, blue the water you rinse them in very blue and they will not become yellow. Add borax to water you wash and rinse them in, using rather warm water for both, and your flannels will always be white and soft.

In washing knit or crocheted articles, squeeze instead of wringing, and dry by laying on a clean towel, turning often, and they will be as nice as when new and will retain their shape. Do not hang on line.

### A CLEAN SWEEP

In sweeping carpets and rugs, after sweeping them and gathering up the sweepings moisten corn-meal quite wet with gasoline and scatter over them and sweep again, and you will be surprised how clean and bright they will look. I always remove all the furniture I can from the room and open doors and windows. Do not have fire in room as there is danger of gasoline igniting.

## AN EASY WAY TO CAN RHUBARB

By MRS. WARREN J. ANDREWS
Cheshire, Connecticut

Cut tender rhubarb stems into half-inch lengths without peeling. Pack in cans. Pour in cold water till can overflows and bubbles cease to rise. Seal tight and treat as any canned fruit. Fine for pies in the winter.

### TO KEEP SALT PORK SWEET

Put in your pork barrel a bunch of smartweed, or old man's pepper, found very commonly around barn yards and farm buildings. Cut off the roots and tie up in a bunch. This is an unfailing remedy. Have used it several years. Get the kind which has leaves all green. There is a variety with a black stripe in the leaf. This kind is of no use.

### TO DRIVE AWAY LARGE BLACK ANTS

Get five cents worth of tartar emetic. Mix up half the quantity with sugar and water to a thin syrup. Put it in a little dish wherever they are troublesome. It will not only drive them away for that season, but they will not come back. We have tried it and the second season has brought no ants.

## TO KEEP ICE

By MRS. N. E. TAYLOR
Perry, Oklahoma

In looking over the Little Helps department, I find that no one has mentioned the following, and I hope it may help others: To keep ice a long time, take six or eight newspapers, place them in the ice box, have the ice put on top, then wrap ice much as one would a shoe box or package; then if the ice box is not full, stuff well with crumpled paper around edges. The ice will last twice as long and do the same work.

## FOR TRAVELING

By MRS. V. O.
Portland, Oregon

The berths in a Pullman sleeper are often unbearably hot and stuffy in warm weather, and one tosses about, unable to sleep. To overcome the heat, I have found that a *hot water* bag filled with cold water (from drinking tanks in car) and placed under the back of the neck at base of skull, or used as a pillow, will give great relief. One almost feels as if one were even breathing cooler air, and soon gets restful sleep.

The same use may be made of the bag of cold water at home, and I have found that one can go to sleep in overheated rooms by taking a quick cool bath and without wiping, (except face and head) get in between sheets with the cold bag under the head.

A little linen slip on the bag, makes it more suited for invalids confined to the bed and for restless, fretting babies.

## TO MAKE STOCKINGS LAST LONGER

By MRS. F. L. BOSWORTH
Atlantic City, New Jersey

Stockings will last three times as long if the heels and toes are lined before being worn. Cut strong muslin on the bias, just enough larger to allow for a very narrow lapped seam across the toe. See that it fits perfectly; then cross-stitch to the stocking with thread of the same color. Leave the thread a trifle loose to allow for a little stretching.

Treat heels in a similar manner, making the muslin the size of the heel at the bottom of the foot, and taper to a point about four inches high in the back.

### IRON EMBROIDERY ON A TURKISH TOWEL

Iron all embroidery and laces used as trimming on a Turkish towel, placing the goods face downward, and the work will stand out beautifully. It is a very easy matter, also, to iron gentlemen's fancy vests in this way. The seams sink into the towel and no glossy streak is left as is otherwise the case.

### WHEN WASHING WINDOWS

Wash windows with warm water in which you have first placed a small amount of ammonia, and use a chamois in place of a cloth or sponge; they will not require wiping or polishing if washed in this way.

## POTATO AS A PEN WIPER

By N. H.
Woodland, California

Keep a raw potato on your writing desk, and when the pen needs cleansing, stick it several times in succession into the potato; you will find that it works like a charm.

## A GOOD, HANDY PASTE

By MRS. H. RUEL
Mason City, Iowa

Take a cold boiled potato, cut in two and rub on back of scraps for scrap book—will stick good and is always ready.

## ABOUT LEMONS

By JOSEPHINE WEATHERLY
Emporia, Kansas

Lemons may be kept fresh a long time by placing under an earthen-ware crock.

A few drops of lemon juice put into boiling rice will keep the kernels distinct and make them very white.

The juice of half a lemon in a glass of unsweetened water taken before breakfast, will ward off a bilious spell

Wash the hands and finger tips in lemon to remove all sorts of stains.

A gargle of water and lemon juice will cure a sore throat.

A slice of lemon dipped in salt will scour brass utensils. Rinse well.

Castor oil taken in lemon juice is palatable.

A few drops in fruit juice that does not want to jell will bring about the desired result.

A lemon in a dish of apples or other fruit will impart a delightful bouquet to the fruit.

After a shampoo rinse the hair in water that has some lemon juice in it. It will cut any grease that remains and render the scalp extra white.

## TO REMOVE A CORK FROM BOTTLE

By GEORGE W. STOSE
Washington, D. C,

Take a stiff piece of string, double, and insert the loop into bottle, which should be held on its side so the cork will lie on its side. Place the loop over the cork and draw toward the neck, and by slight manipulation the cork can be drawn out.

## "SIXTY SECONDS MAKE A MINUTE"

By ANNIE C. BOZZEL
Saco, Maine

When a little girl, my mother attended a "Dames" school in the eastern part of Maine, and one of the old-time verses they used to sing was the following. It may be remembered by some of the older readers of the National Magazine.

"Sixty seconds make a minute,
Sixty minutes make an hour,
If I were a little linnet
Sitting in a leafy bower,
Then I should not have to sing it
Sixty seconds make a minute."

## BETTER THAN MOTH BALLS

By CHARLES H. BISHOP
Springfield, Ohio

To keep moths from furs and woolen garments: take of patchouli leaves ground fine one-half pound, lavender flowers pounded, four ounces, ground cedar-wood four ounces, and essence of patchouli one dram. Mix and sift, and sprinkle among the clothing to be cared for, then wrap securely in newspapers, pasting the open ends together. A delicate and delightful odor clings about the garments thus cared for, instead of the odious aroma of the usual moth balls.

## A CURE FOR BED WETTING

By MRS. THOS. KENNEY
Orienta, Wisconsin

A sure and harmless cure for bed wetting is the weed known as white daisy and also known as bull's eye. It has a yellow center with white petals. You will find it in almost any back yard. It also has a smell similar to tansy. Pull weed—root and all—wash and put to steep in milk. This may be drank freely in cup-full doses two or three times a day, and kept up for several days will effect a cure.

### TO KEEP A STEEL RANGE LOOKING NEW

To clean a steel range, first wash thoroughly with soap and water and then polish with a woolen rag wet with kerosene. Never blacken the steel part. If treated in the above way, the range will always look like new.

### THE REAL WAY TO BOIL POTATOES

Does every woman really know how to cook potatoes? After you pare them, place in cold water for half an hour, and then plunge them into salted *boiling* water. (Never put them in warm or cold water to cook, as they will be water soaked); last but not least, drain them in a colander so the cold air may strike them while hot, which has the effect of drying and making them very mealy.

### HOW TO WASH A WRINGER

The rubber of a wringer which has become dirty may be easily cleaned with a clean cloth wet with kerosene. It will make it as clean as when new.

### HOW TO TELL WHEN LARD IS HOT ENOUGH

To know when lard is just right for frying fried cakes, pass a match through the grease, and if it lights it, it is just right; if it does not, let it heat a little longer, and try again, but with a *new* match.

## DELICIOUS CABBAGE

By MRS. E. D. VANCE
Worcester, Massachusetts

The inclosed directions for cooking cabbage were furnished by a physician who asserted that the dish cooked in this fashion could be eaten by persons with the most delicate digestion, as the boiling water removed the objectionable qualities which usually render cabbage so difficult to digest. The taste is also much more delicate when cooked in this way.

Cut cabbage in quarters and boil steadily in salted water for fifteen minutes. Remove from the water and allow it to become perfectly cold. Then shred in pieces, place in saucepan and cover with milk. Simmer slowly for one hour and a half. Season with butter, salt and pepper. The milk will not curdle if simmered very slowly.

## TO CLEANSE DATES

By R. F. TWOMBLY
Pasadena, California

The dates come tightly pressed together. First separate them and then place them in a colander and pour boiling water over them. This positively does not harm the dates, but removes germs and dirt.

# Around the Dining Table

### By Bennett Chapple

IN THE mellow light of evening, the members of the family gather around the dining table for the most sociable hour of the whole day. Even in the hotel or restaurant, the dinner hour presents a cheery aspect of life, though the small, scattered tables cannot have the charm that clings to the family dining table.

I sometimes wonder how King Arthur's Knights of the Round Table ever reached the heights to which they climbed without possessing a table capable of expansion. At the present day, such an order might have a table that could be enlarged as new members were added. Probably Arthur's knights, if they had not split upon some other rock, would have come to blows on the question of place at the dining table, when the knights grew too numerous to sit around the original festal board.

The dining table is an important one, for beside being the meeting and eating place, and the throne of the mother of the family, it is an essential in the life of almost everyone, from the schoolteacher to the board of directors and the executive committee. Even in the government of our country the table has its use. Meetings of the cabinet are held "round the table," and the parliamentary phrase, "Laid on the table," involves the idea of the disposition of a document, as significant and permanent as it is sometimes disappointing.

In the old days it seemed that the "*parlour*"—be sure to put it in italics, please, and spell with an "u"—was the chief consideration in the home-making; and what a musty, close place it often was! Aside from the minister's periodical call, or an occasional visit from a friend, the room remained strangely silent, stiff and gloomy, in sharp contrast to the oldfashioned dining room, where good cheer and appetite reigned supreme. The magic spell of "a place to eat," still pervades the home, but the dining room as a double charm for the modern young housewife. No more parlours for her—the living room indeed receives a share of her attention, but her heart is set on having the dining room just right, for here is the hub of the home, and here she determines to have the most beautiful dining table that her means will permit. How wise she is in this decision, for what can be conceived of that is more attractive than a mother, sitting as queen of her home, replenishing the plate of the hungry boy, or adding some dainty morsel to father's meal?

*The Hastings Pedestal Dining Table, fitted with the Tyden Lock.*

The dining table is her throne, and here she reigns supreme, wielding a scepter which bears a strange likeness to a modern teapot.

A good dining table is the first piece of furniture contemplated by the bride of the present day, and she carefully weighs the merits of round, square and oblong shapes before she purchases for the new home a table for that sunny dining room where the breakfast hour will be cheerful, the noon lunch comfortable and the evening meal cozy and homelike.

Martha Washington's "throne" was one of the oldfashioned, extension, round tables, similar to those which have recently come into popular use—and is now on exhibition at Mount Vernon, where it is revered and cherished as a relic of the old days. Even in those days the dining table held sway, as it has for centuries past. And what a variety of shapes there have been; square, five-legged tables, oblong tables, solid tables with pedestal, the top being either round or square, a shape always admired but not popular until recent years, owing to the difficulty of making a pedestal table with the extension feature so arranged that the pedestal would come together satisfactorily, without a great deal of pulling and pushing and crawling underneath to secure the hooks or other fastenings. Until five years ago, this defect was looked upon as a necessary evil, and existed as a matter of course in even the best made-to-order tables; and up to that time the pedestal table had been practically, though reluctantly, set aside because of this defect, which the manufacturers had seemed to be unable to remedy.

*Mr. E. Tyden, General Manager of the Hastings Table Company.*

*This Table is fitted with a Tyden Pedestal Lock. Easily operated; pulls and holds both top and bottom.*

One hot Summer day, when the shadows lay "dark and deep" across the dusty streets, when the mosquitoes seemed especially bloodthirsty, and the office seemed airless, despite my electric fan, I fell to thinking of how the fish would bite in the shady pools, and how delightful it would be to lie on the grass in some cool spot. I was tempted to think no more of business, but to seek a rod and line, and hie into the country, when I suddenly bethought me of an interesting visit I had long promised myself to make. So attractive was the prospect that all else was forgotten, and I made my way to the charming little Michigan town, less than an hour's ride from Grand Rapids, on the banks of the Thornapple river.

Hastings has become famous as the home of the Hastings Pedestal Dining Table and Tyden Lock, manufactured by the Hastings Table Company. A handsome monument to soldiers who have sacrificed their lives for their country and a beautiful fountain speak for the civic pride of the people, while the hum of the factory situated on the grassy bank of the river sings the song of industry as the saws tear through the lumber, making it ready for tables.

Here I found Mr. Tyden, inventor of the famous Tyden pedestal table lock. He is still young, hardly past forty years of age, and has carved his way by hard work and practical inventions on which he has taken out nearly two hundred patents.

Mr. Tyden was ably assisted and encouraged by Mr. R. B. Messer, a moving spirit of Hastings.

I was interested to learn that Mr. Tyden first met him on a vacation trip to Colorado, which proves the truth of the old adage, "If you really want to know a man, go fishing with him." The complete harmony between these two men has had much to do with the remarkable success of this concern.

*This is the Table without the Tyden Lock. See how it spreads.*

Mr. Tyden is modest about his inventions—he does not lie awake nights chasing ideas, but simply waits until he is confronted by some problem, and then he meets and solves it.

However, I had come to see how a beautiful table is made, and there is certainly a fascination in watching the process of evolution from the rough lumber to the finished product. The care and precision with which a workman matches the different boards together to get a perfect table top, is wonderful, for the expert must be capable of seeing at a glance over the rough boards how the streakings and markings will be brought out in the polishing. He lays the boards side by side, making one-half of a table top, and they are then firmly clamped together and go through the many processes, making a tour of the entire factory without being changed or separated "for weal or woe" like the marriage ties of those who will some day use the table they are to form.

The tables are made in quartered oak, weathered oak, mission oak and mahogany, and of modern style and finish to meet the demands of the trade and supply the needs of all—to furnish the modest cottage or flat, or the luxurious mansion.

Each table has three parts, the top, base and the extension leaves. The top shares the beauty of the design and markings of the base. Each half goes through a separate process, until "joined" by the Tyden lock in the finishing room, where the halves are matched so that the markings on the completed top shall harmonize.

After I had seen all the processes of table-making, of course I wanted to know the story of the invention of the best table lock in the world. I learned that one day, while visiting a large New York store, Mr. Tyden, of the Hastings Table Company, saw a beautiful, solid mahogany pedestal-table badly spread at the base. He pointed it out to the clerk, who said: "These tables all spread at the bottom. It can't be helped."

Mr. Tyden, however, thought otherwise, went back to his hotel and drew plans. These were the rough draft of the Tyden Table Lock, which operates from a little lever just under the table top, securing the base without difficulty. This comparatively simple device solved a problem of long-standing and brought joy to every woman's heart, for, given a choice, the housekeeper invariably selects a pedestal table, because of its beauty and convenience.

The Hastings Pedestal Dining Table is undoubtedly the leading dining table of the present day, and the demand has become so general that the factory is constantly pushed the year around to keep up with its orders.

In four years the business of the Hastings Table Company has steadily increased until its manufacture and sale of the Hastings Pedestal Dining Table has grown from less than 3,500 tables in 1901, to over 12,000 during the year 1905, and the future outlook is equally promising.

I left this charming little Michigan town feeling that I had visited an institution destined to play an important part in the equipment of American homes throughout the country. I was sure that readers of the National Home Department especially, would be keenly interested to know just where this new table-locking device, known as the Tyden Lock, is manufactured, for it is these little devices that serve to add to the comfort and delight of the home, and that meet with an enthusiastic reception from the American women.

Hastings Tables fitted with the Tyden Lock can now be bought at all the leading furniture stores throughout the country.

By writing the factory at Hastings, Michigan, you can obtain a very neat piece of literature, entitled "Table Talk."

# AN AID TO MODERN BUSINESS

## By Isaac F. Marcosson

THERE was a time when personality ruled business and gave it an imperishable tradition, when vast commercial enterprises sprang from one man's efforts and generations plucked the rich fruits of his endeavors. It was the era of the business men of the old school, the forerunners of the builders of our empire of industry. Perhaps it was some shipping prince whose fleet of clipper ships touched at far-away wharves to exchange Yankee products for the treasure of the storied East; perhaps it was a merchant king who turned cheese into dollars and ruled a dusty counting-room with an iron hand; or perhaps it was some mill lord from whose myriad looms was spun the glittering fabric of a great fortune. But whether the old master of trade moved with stately mien and ponderous gait through ship, mill, or store, his business was conducted after the very simple and unwritten law and in the good old way.

"Why bother about frills and secretaries?" said these old merchants, as they made their way serenely amid the changing tides of men and affairs. Personality and integrity were the very Gibraltar upon which the unyielding structure of their fortunes was reared. There was dignity and glamour about their calling. It was a very great honor to be a great merchant. These men merged their names into the history of their times, and they turned "keen, untroubled faces" upon the dangers that hurled lesser men to their ruin. When they died, their sons succeeded them. Sons came and sons went, and old businesses seemed destined to go on forever.

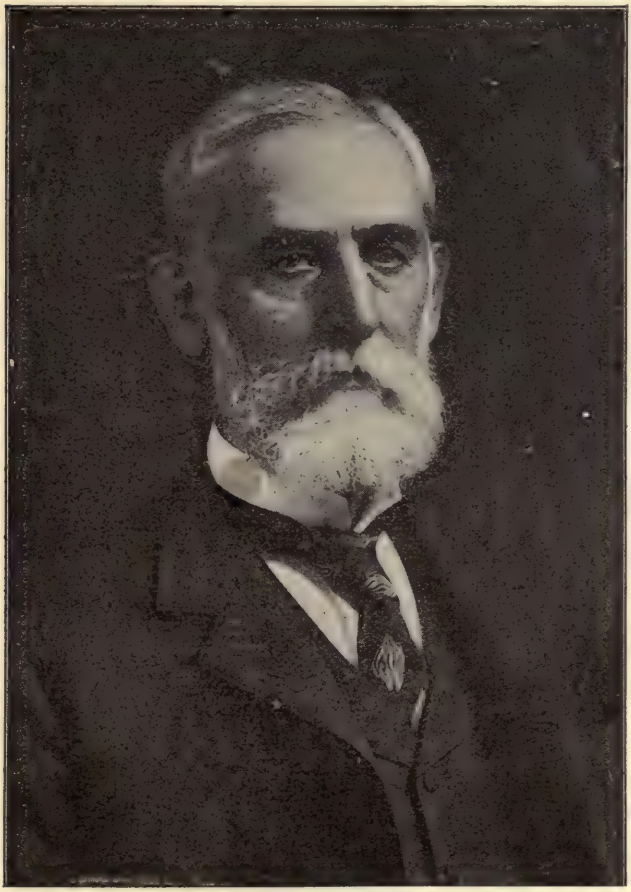
But as these old merchants faded from the market-place, swift changes were shaking the foundations of the *regime* that long years of fidelity had builded. A wonderful commercial expansion swept the country, uprooting all business traditions. It followed a marvelous development, the annexing of every state and country to the growing empire of business. Invention had come to the aid of business and sped it on with tingling leaps. A fleet of steel steamers succeeded every old-time clipper ship, pulsing factories rose where the ancient looms had whirred, and towering skyscrapers reared their roofs where musty warehouses had stood. Commerce followed the flag, and the nation was rushed into the thrilling race for world-trade. Fierce competition succeeded the dignified calm of the old business days, and the game was to the swift and to the quick.

But what of the character of business? Business underwent a complete evolution, and the last vestige, save honor, of the old order of things was swept away, with few exceptions. In that mighty evolution which had fairly hurled the United States far into the van of the struggle for world-commercial power, the very methods of business changed. Vast volumes of trade, coupled with the many-sided phases of modern industry, made new and exacting demands upon man's ingenuity and resource. The time had gone when one man could steer a great business through the swift eddies of competition and progress, to devious paths that touched at many lands. Industries with a hundred branches; railroads that employed armies, and made and unmade states; enterprises that girdled the globe,—these were the Titanic activities that man was called upon to harness.

What happened? Business became organized as never before. It became as consummate a plan of action as ever Napoleon wielded to crush the allies of Europe. In short, business became a science that had for its aim the elimination of failure and the complete enhancement of financial success.

The old-time business man carried much of the plan and detail of his undertakings in his head. His business developed itself, and he merely guided it. It was a tradition that certain volumes of business, like history, repeated. But with the new science of business came the business engineer. He was the concrete symbol of an era of organization and system; a business doctor who prescribed for a business that was ill and failing; who applied strenuous remedies. He laid out business campaigns as a civil engineer laid out the route of a railroad for a syndicate. The parallel was easy. On the one hand was an untilled business field ready to be broken for a golden harvest; on the other was a virgin country to be linked with bonds of steel.

What did the business engineer do? First of all, he revolutionized business methods. He showed men how to conduct their business better than they had done before. He showed them where waste was eating up their profits; where energy was going to naught; where concentration might increase output; and how worry, that eternal menace of prosperity and health, could be vanquished. Best of all, he did away with the old-time theory that a man had to wait six months to find out how his affairs stood. "Know how you stand every day at the close of business," said the business engineer. And he proved it. He introduced systems for the use of loose-leaf ledgers and card catalogues, by which a man, at five o'clock every day, knew just what his profits and his losses were. What is the result? No more illusions about being on the sunny side of the business street when you are in reality verging on the edge of bankruptcy.


UNITED STATES SENATOR JOHN F. DRYDEN, PRESIDENT, THE PRUDENTIAL INSURANCE COMPANY OF AMERICA.

But the business engineer did more than this. He organized great industrial enterprises, so that system ruled them just as the personality of the old-time business man dominated his establishment. He took a great manufacturing company for example, that had eighty branch stores all over the United States. He made a series of charts that covered comprehensively every phase of the business. By their use the head of the great business could sit at his desk in the morning and have spread before him the very vitals of his whole vast business. He could see what every department was doing—just how the line of output parallelled the line of sale (and this was a vastly important thing to know); he could observe at a glance just what his supply of raw material was; how many men were at work, and how they did their work. In brief, he sat there with his finger on a business pulse that throbbed in every state.

But the greatest example of business system is in the conduct of the Prudential Insurance Company of Newark, New Jersey, with its practically perfect plan of handling and recording the tremendous detail incidental to the operation of six and one-half million policies, all in force. With every labor-saving device known to modern business invention and convenience, the company is able to minimize its expenses. For example, it has its own complete printing plant, where all the enormous amount of supplies are printed, and where the company publications, which have a circulation of 3,000,000, are published. It has actuarial machines that turn out complete records in less than a minute. This annihilation of all unnecessary expense makes possible liberal dividends for policyholders. The system of recording has been brought to its highest development by the Prudential Company. Every detail of the great insurance undertaking is concentrated and recorded; so that any detail can be referred to without the least delay, which not only means system, but proclaims economy.

Business, then, has been reduced to a science. The man at the head of it was like a general conducting a military campaign. It was a fascinating science,—instead of researchers, there were alert, eager-brained business men, searching every law of demand and supply, probing every possibility, exploring new fields of commercial conquest. In the uncertain crucibles of speculation and ambition, they stirred vast enterprises into dazzling results.

Thus men built their shining structures on the vast checkerboard of business. But the grim factor, Death, had to be reckoned with. Man, however, had found a way to provide against the uncertainty of life, and the way was through life insurance. As business had made its mighty strides, life insurance had kept pace. As business had become reduced to an exact science, so had life insurance been perfected until its all-protecting arms sheltered a whole world. It put an infallible safeguard about the most sacred institution in the world—the home. Business men were quick to appreciate its value to them, for it became a sure and certain investment, an unerring means to economy; and the policy became a negotiable paper that was a sterling asset.

But how was life insurance to protect business as it was protecting millions of homes? The Prudential, of Newark, made it possible with a partnership policy that was destined to become an inseparable aid to business. Behind this great company was the personality of United States Senator John F. Dryden, who had founded and developed it until it became a monument of impregnable insurance protection. The joint-partnership policy was evolved upon this theory: "If men can successfully insure their lives for their families, why not insure for their partners or their business? So the plan of partnership insurance was evolved, in which a group of men, associated in business, could insure themselves for each other's benefit or for the benefit of the firm, and thus guarantee the integrity of the institution.

The plan developed and put into wide and successful operation by the Prudential, is as simple and economical as it is far-reaching in its beneficial effects. Brown, Smith and Jones, for example, are engaged in business in New York. They are healthy, insurable, and their business prospers. One day, Brown says to his partners:

"What would happen if one of us died suddenly?" In the midst of life, with success smiling at them from every side and the future beckoning alluringly before them, this was not a pleasant prospect. There was a pause. Then Jones said:

"I guess there would be great confusion and no one would know where he stood."

Presently Smith remarked: "We'd have to take in another partner, I suppose."

But Brown broke in at this juncture: "I have a remedy for this contingency, which is liable to come at any time and when we are least prepared. Let us take out a Prudential joint-partnership insurance in favor of the business. Then things will go on all right, no matter what happens."

So they took out a Prudential partnership policy. Brown was thirty-nine years old, Smith was forty-two and Jones was forty. Each took out a policy for $10,000. The beneficiary for the $30,000 of insurance was the firm. The combined annual premium was $993.10, which was paid out of the firm's sinking fund as a legitimate expense.

What was the result? From the day those policies reposed in the firm's safe, a keener confidence pervaded the business that was like tonic to the partners. The whole foundation of the business seemed safer and surer. These men knew absolutely that no matter how suddenly death might stalk among them, the business which they had reared with patient hands and hopeful hearts was immune from disintegration, which the death of one of their number might have caused.

But the insurance was not the only benefit that this group of policies bestowed. They had also the confidence and the constant satisfaction that protection afforded. There was still another. Their credit was enhanced. One day an opportunity presented itself for a business deal of considerable scope. A sum of money beyond that in hand was necessary, and since the greater part of the firm's available security was employed, the partners were in a quandary. Suddenly Jones had an inspiration.

"How about our partnership policy and the loan which the Prudential will make to us?" he exclaimed.

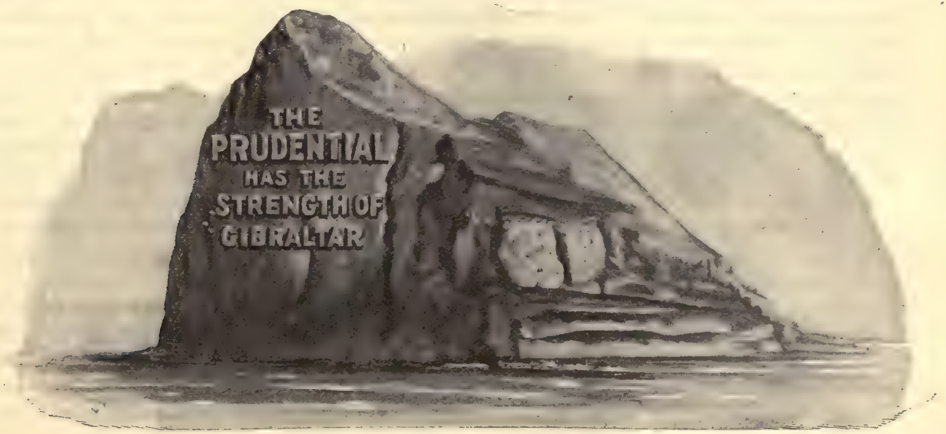
"Sure enough," replied the partners. It was put into the breach and was a ready security; the money was secured and the deal was consummated, the profit secured and the loan restored.

Then one day the tragic news was flashed to the office: "Smith is dead." He had passed away suddenly in the night. In the ordinary course of events which follow such a misfortune,there would have been endless confusion and a yawning gap in the business, to be instantly filled at any cost, or the result to the firm would be serious. Ready money is always necessary at such times. Long experience has taught, that in these crises $10,000 in available cash is worth more than ten times that sum at any other time, for it is sometimes difficult to convert assets, however valuable, quickly into cash. That is why so many rich men have large policies which provide ready money in just such emergencies. But in the case of Smith there was the Prudential partnership policy, which was the ready wedge, ready to be driven straight into the emergency. There was a check for $10,000 the next day; it bridged over all troubles, and permitted no menace to the integrity of the business.

But assume that the partners lived. The benefit would be just as great. Since the elusive Elixir of Life remains undiscovered, the uncertainty of earthly existence menaced these men as all other mortals. Yet the policy girded them with confidence and granted them immunity from worry. No matter what happened, they were protected. The policy, therefore, represented at all times, not only a safeguard, but an infallible asset for the realization of money and the building up of credit. If one of the partners or all of them, retired from business, the policies could be changed so as to make the wives the beneficiaries. The protection was continuous. Thus, life insurance has taken its place as essential to the safe and systematic conduct of business—a first and last aid to the business man.

The value of life insurance remains unimpaired. When President Dryden of the Prudential, at his own request, was summoned to appear before the Armstrong investigating committee in New York, he declared on the stand, in answer to the question, why his company maintained a large surplus, that it represented security—the first and unalterable purpose of the company. As the ratio of mortality and the expense of insurance are lessened each year, so does the attitude of the company toward its policyholders become correspondingly more liberal.

We have seen how life insurance maintains the integrity of business. So does it in a larger sense preserve the unity of the American home. It makes possible those vital forces that provide the bone and sinew of our national life. Viewed in the light of our civilization, it has taken a high and unimpeachable place in the destiny of the nation. For in the perfect security of the people, lies the real hope and safeguard of the democracy.



## By Frank H. Taylor

VESUVIUS is but one of the many ancient cones which yet persist in reminding us that we are tenants upon the thin crust of a great pent-up fire-ball, liable to jolt us, suddenly and disastrously, in regions for ages seemingly immune from danger.

It is theoretically possible to bore a well down through the few intervening miles of this rocky crust to a point which would melt the drills and put a stop to further exploration in this forbidden direction.

With all this consuming wealth of heat, however, a great proportion of the inhabitants of this globe are obliged to have recourse to the latent heat stored up through countless formative ages by the rays of the sun, in vegetation crystalized into coal or existing in the forests.

Around the waist of old Mother Earth, there is girded a belt some three thousand miles wide, within which it is decidedly bad form to introduce, as a topic of conversation, the subject of "warmth." Within this torrid zone, heat, converted into fire, is of use only for culinary purposes, lighting and in the arts of the metal worker.

Here the seductive heater catalog is as unknown as the dodo, and the price of furnace coal stirs no languid pulse. The stove agent who should stray into this favored latitude on business bent, would emulate the folly of the inventor who shipped a consignment of warming-pans to Cuba.

### *IN LANDS OF SNOW*

With the big, restless, energetic world outside of this tropical belt, however, the matter of keeping warm is ever present, troublesome and expensive, throughout half of each passing year.

As a matter of fact, the world of humanity dwelling in stove-land never has been, in all the ages, really and comfortably warm in winter. It is largely our own fault. Mankind is the only animal which employs fire in the effort to survive the cold of the winters. The hardy lower animals do not need it, however much their luxuriously enervated representatives, the dog and the cat, may enjoy it, when they have a chance.

Ancient man only got himself rid of his provident coat of hair and his sufficient latent heat, when he began to loaf around the family cooking stove and absorb the intoxicating comfort of artificial warmth. This far-away ancestor is responsible for the fact that the present-day human being, outside of the belt aforesaid, is obliged to keep close to a thermometer registering nearly or quite seventy degrees Fahrenheit from October to May, beside which he must needs wear extra clothing. This, also, is an inherited habit.

A traveler west, once asked a half-naked Indian in mid-winter, how he managed to stand the weather. The Indian replied, "Your face no got a coat. It no cold. *Indian* face all over."

But here we are, and as we are born to it we must have warmed houses, as refuges from outer desolations through the season of snows. The Gulf Stream keeps the glaciers from sweeping our civilization from the face of the earth, but does not save us from the insistent bills of the arbitrary dealer in coal.

### *PROGRESS IN AMERICAN HEATING METHODS*

The world's best brains have been devoted to the as yet unsolved problem of how to get the largest possible number of heat units out of a dollar's worth of fuel, and then to put them where they will do the most good.

American invention has placed us far to the front in this line of effort. Old Europe is generally behind us in its provisions for indoor comfort through the winters. December and January life, even in gay and brilliant Paris, is one long dreary shiver, because the Europeans buy their fuel in homeopathic amounts, and have few places in their homes for a real, honest, convincing fire.

*The old Down-East Fireplace*

American boilers are teaching the British how truly miserable they have been, with their "thrippenny" bits of smoky open fires.

In this country, outside of the cities and progressive villages, the kitchen stove at home and the old sheet-iron stove at the cross-roads store, are still the hovering points of the idle and frost-bitten.

All through the South, the soft-coal fire is burned in open grates by the rich, and the poor still cluster around the fat-pine smudge in the open.

Georgia and Florida are often more trying to the winter visitor from want of proper heat, than the northern snow-bound states from which they have come.

### *THOSE OLD FIRE PLACES*

Much has been written of the glorious hospitality of the old colonial homes. In the good old days, to be sure, the fire places were big enough, and fuel, big, thick logs from the wood lot, was plentiful. Sidney George Fisher, in "Colonial Days," draws a pen-picture of those old havens of warmth around which our ancestry gathered on nights in the White Mountains. "And such fireplaces! They were the largest in the Colonies. Eight feet long and so very deep that the children had blocks upon which they sat far within, and the child farthest in was coldest and could see the stars up the chimney. In day time, it was said, one could see to read within these fireplaces."

Down in Washington's country, the Cavalier families spent the winters, despite their formality and exclusiveness, with much discomfort, because the architecture, copied generally from mansions in the mother country, did not include adequate provision for keeping the apartments warm. Well into the last century, all over the country, notably in New England, artificial warmth in a church was a profanation and the surreptitious hot brick was an affront to the Almighty.

Far behind the Revolution, the practical mind of Franklin was often busy with this urgent matter of warmth, and in Philadelphia the visitor of today may see at the rooms of the American Philosophical Society the original model of the Franklin stove, which is still, next to a real heater, the most agreeable and practical warming device we have.

## *THE MODERN HEATING BOILER*

It is only within a brief period, that the builders of houses have been taught by the inventors to put the house-warming apparatus where it ought to be, in the cellar, along with the coal and the ash-bin, All lesser fires above stairs, saving the kitchen range, are now provided for decorative effect, and as a concession to our inherited love of the open flame, glowing amid the coals upon the domestic hearthstone, and while, with a good heater below, such fires are not essential, far distant be the day when we shall cease to find joy in their cheering radiance.

The faultless heater is expected to receive pure cold air from outside, charge it with an uniform amount of heat, and distribute it into all parts of the house, tempering each room and all its corners with a satisfying and healthful warmth. The heater, and it has not yet fulfilled its utmost destiny, has done as much probably, to increase the average good health of the people and to prolong life as any other agency.

Three systems are employed in modern interior heating: hot water, steam and hot air. Each has its champions and vested interests. The best heaters or boilers are those which supply most effectively, and with the most economical expenditure of coal the heating medium which passes from the apparatus through pipes to the apartments to be warmed. While the initial cost of a modern boiler is considerable, it pays a larger interest upon the investment through its capacity for making home "worth-while" than any other furnishing of the house.

*Style — but little heat*

# THE GREAT JUDITH BASIN, MONTANA

## By C. W. Thurston

IN the exact center of the state of Montana, and midway between the main lines of the Northern Pacific and Great Northern railways, there lies a section of country so fertile of soil and so rich in resources and surrounded by so many advantages and so few disadvantages as to almost disprove the old saying, "The Creator never gave all the good things of earth to any one place." The country referred to is the Great Judith Basin, which is that portion of Fergus County bounded by the Judith, Moccasin, Highwood, Belt and Snowy mountain ranges.

C. W. THURSTON

The following quotation from Mrs. Eva Emery Dye's story of the Lewis and Clark expedition, *The Conquest,* *gives the origin of the name "Judith" so far as it is connected with Central Montana. The story is, that Lewis and Clark were ascending the Missouri river on the twenty-sixth day of May, 1804, and as they were towing their boats along the shore, they came to a place where, "leaping out of the mountains, came down a laughing, sparkling river, the clearest they had yet seen. Its valley seemed a paradise of ash and willow, honeysuckles and wild roses. Standing on its bank, Clark mused, 'I know but one other spot so beautiful. I will name this river for my little mountain maid of Fincastle, the Judith.' Could he forsee that Judith would become his wife?, or that the verdant Judith Basin would be the last retreat of the buffalo? Big-horned mountain sheep were sporting on the cliffs, beavers built their dams along its shores, and up the Judith Gap the buffalo had his mountain home. The Indian, too, had left there the embers of a hundred fires."

For the hundred years that have elapsed since Lewis and Clark made their way to the Pacific ocean, the basin through which runs the stream to which Clark took such a fancy, has been called the "Great Judith Basin."

The first settlers came in the 70's and early 80's, bringing herds of cattle with them. The luxuriant grass which grew there, afforded most excellent grazing, and for more than twenty years the Judith Basin was a paradise for cattlemen and sheepmen.

During the past five years, the people have commenced to realize the great grain-producing possibilities of the country, and the government land where in years past the ranchers grazed their herds and flocks, has been taken up to such an extent by settlers, that the cattle and sheep industries, while still enormous, are conducted on a smaller scale than in former times. In the fall of 1903 the first railroad was built into the county, and for the first time the farmers of the Judith Basin were given a cash market for their grain. During the past two years, grain raising has taken such strides that it is now one of the most important commercial features of the county.

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* By permission of A. C. McClurg & Co., Chicago.

Sheep on Winter Range
"Coming Thro' the Rye"
In a Field of Alfalfa
Carnegie Library, Lewistown
Judith Basin Milling Co., Lewistown

Camping Scene in Belt Mountains
Hunting Party, Belt Mountains
Mountain Elevator Plant at Moore, Montana, Capacity 75,000 Bushels
Lake in Snowy Mountains

Home of C. M. Goodell, Philbrook
Old Lewistown-Harlowton Stage Coach
Hay Making in the Judith Basin
High School, Lewistown
Main Street, Lewistown

SCENES IN THE GREAT JUDITH BASIN, MONTANA

The area of Fergus County is, approximately, 9,500 square miles, making the county about the same size as the state of Vermont. The Judith Basin proper has an area of over 2,000 square miles, and is about sixty miles long by fifty miles wide.

If Fergus County were entirely cut off from all the world, she could still provide her people with all the necessities of life, together with many of its luxuries. Her mines would provide gold and silver, for money; her sheep, mutton and wool; her cattle, beef and leather; her coal mines, fuel; the richest sapphire mine in the world, rich gems; her wooded mountain slopes, lumber; her stone quarries, stone for building; her kilns, lime for masonry; her wheat fields, bread; her gardens, vegetables and her orchards, fruit. Aside from the cattle and sheep industries, every resource mentioned is just in the infancy of its development. Think of a county with resources ample enough to support half a million of people and with a population of only 12,000

In the Judith Basin the soil is a heavy, rich, black loam, with a clay, or, in some places, gravel subsoil. There is no alkali in the Basin. The sod is somewhat tough, but rots readily, and generally speaking, the ground is very easily tilled.

Every kind of grain, with the exception of corn, is raised with remarkable success. The following is a list of the principal products, showing the average yield per acre:

Wheat, 25 to 50 bushels per acre;
Oats, 50 to 100 bushels per acre;
Barley, 40 to 75 bushels per acre;
Speltz, 50 bushels and upward;
Flax, so far as grown, 20 to 25 bushels per acre;
Potatoes, 200 to 400 bushels per acre;
Timothy, 2 to 3 tons per acre;
Clover, 3 tons per acre;
Alfalfa, 5 to 7 tons per acre.

Many farmers have apple orchards and raise very fine apples of both standard and crab varieties. Small fruits, such as raspberries, blackberries, sarvisberries, blueberries, gooseberries, strawberries, currants and plums grow in abundance. Cherries can also be raised to good advantage. Vegetables, such as tomatoes, squash, pumpkins, beets, cucumbers, etc., are raised with better results than in the eastern states.

The water in the Judith Basin is free from alkali, and is exceptionally fine for all purposes. There are innumerable springs along all of the streams which furnish water the year around, and many of them are soft. On the upland farms, water is obtained from wells, the average depth being about forty feet. Artesian water has been obtained at a depth of two hundred to six hundred feet, and it is very probable that a large number of artesian wells will be sunk within the next year or two.

Many people may wonder why so rich a country as this has so few inhabitants, and the explanation is found in the fact that Fergus County never had a single mile of railroad in operation until the spring of 1904. In the early days the only way of reaching the Judith Basin was by stage coach from Great Falls or Fort Benton, on the Great Northern railroad, a distance of over a hundred miles from Lewistown, or from Billings, on the Northern Pacific railroad, a distance of a hundred and thirty miles, and all freight was brought in by teams from the same points. About 1899, the Montana railroad was completed from Lombard, a station on the Northern Pacific, to the present town of Harlowton, in Meagher County. The terminus of this road was about sixty miles from Lewistown, and as soon as the line was in operation the bulk of the passenger and freight traffic between Fergus County and the outside world went over this route. In the fall of 1903 this railroad was extended to Lewistown, but trains did not run on regular time until the following spring. The Montana railroad is now a part of the Milwaukee system, and when the Milwaukee has its line completed to Seattle, the Judith Basin will have a direct line to the coast. The Billings & Northern railroad, (a part of the Great Northern system) is now being built and runs directly through the Judith Basin, connecting Billings, on the Northern Pacific, with Great Falls, on the Great Northern. It is understood that this will be a part of a great transcontinental line, connecting the Burlington system of the Middle states with the Great Northern system of the Northwest. These new railroads will give Fergus County better freight rates and open up splendid markets for all products.

The land in Fergus County outside of the Judith Basin, is for the most part much better adapted for cattle and sheep raising than to grain farming, although in many places there is just as good soil as there is in the Judith Basin.

Just south of the Missouri river, there is a large area which is called the "Bad Lands." This is a very rough and broken region, but the bottoms afford fine pasturage. The eastern part of the county, from the Judith and Snowy mountains to the Musselshell river, has always been a grazing country; but should a railroad ever go through this section, it will open up some splendid farming lands. In the outside portions there is not as much water as there is in the Judith Basin, but all of the ranches are located on streams which afford sufficient irrigation for raising all the grain and hay necessary for feed. Many of these ranches are very profitable, and such as are for sale would make exceedingly fine investments.

The Judith Basin has an elevation of four thousand feet, which gives it a clear dry atmosphere. The winters are very mild. In fact, there is but little zero weather. The climate is a very decided improvement over that of the Dakotas, Minnesota and other northern states. The summers are never exceedingly hot, and the autumns are a particularly pleasant part of the year. Although four thousand feet above the sea, there are never early frosts to injure the grain, except occasionally, far up the mountain slopes.

Lewistown, with 3,000 inhabitants, is the principal business town, and distributing point of the county. Its stores sell probably more than a million and a half dollars worth of goods annually, and the town has always been considered the best business point of its size in the state. Lewistown has two banks whose combined capital and surplus exceed a half million dollars. It has a good water works system and an exceptionally fine electric light plant. A new flour mill of two hundred barrels capacity manufactures high grade flour. In every respect it is a fine city, and has many beautiful homes.

The second town in the county, in point of population is Kendall, the richest gold-mining camp in the state. Here are the famous Kendall and Barnes-King mines, whose combined output is close to $100,000 per month. The population is about 1,000.

Moore is two years old and has a population of 300. It is located in the center of the present wheat-growing section of the county. It has two banks, six stores, a harness shop, newspaper, two lumberyards, a seventy-five thousand bushel elevator and the finest creamery plant in the West.

At Gilt Edge, in the Judith mountains, is located the big Gold Reef mine.

Utica, twenty miles west of Moore, is one of the oldest towns in central Montana, and is a good trading point.

Stanford sixteen miles west of Utica, is at the west end of the Judith Basin, and is on the new line of railroad which is being built between Billings and Great Falls this summer. This town has always been a good trading point, and after the new railroad is completed will be one of the best in the county.

VIEW OF THE TOWN OF MOORE, MONTANA

Straw and Garneill, on the Montana railroad, have always received a liberal patronage.

Grass Range and Flatwillow are small inland postoffices and trading points in the eastern part of the county.

The past few years have witnessed a marked change in the quality of the cattle, horses and sheep raised in Fergus County. Instead of the long-horned Texas ranger, the "ratty" cayuse and the scrubby sheep of ten or fifteen years ago, we now see well-bred cattle, fourteen hundred pound horses and thoroughbred sheep. The Fergus County farmer is taking a deep interest in everything that will better the quality of his stock. A large number of thoroughbred cattle and horses have been brought into the county during the past two years, and the influence of this class of stock is already plainly seen. It would be wise for intending settlers who own good cows and horses to bring their stock with them.

All farm produce, such as potatoes, butter, eggs, and chickens, find a ready market in the towns and mining camps, at high prices. The elevator at Moore and the flour mill at Lewistown pay the highest market price for wheat. The elevator also handles oats, barley and baled hay. The hard wheat raised in the Judith Basin is all milled in Montana and commands about ten cents a bushel above prices based on eastern markets. The soft wheat, is, for the most part, shipped east. Oats and baled hay find a ready market in Helena and Butte. The new railroads will open up splendid markets for wheat and all other products at Billings and Great Falls.

Fergus County offers unparalleled opportunities for safe and profitable investments. A profit of 100 per cent. or more on money invested in farming lands at the present prices is practically assured. To men of means there has never been presented an opportunity for quicker or richer profits, than to buy some of the large ranches in Fergus County that are now offered for sale. The demand for wheat land is becoming so strong that these ranches can be cut up and sold at high figures. Those who wish to loan money can readily place their funds here at high rates, and on the best of security.

The Judith Basin must appeal very strongly to the man who is living on high-priced land in the Middle or Eastern states. If a man who owns a farm of 160 acres, worth $100 per acre, can turn his property into cash, he can come to Judith Basin, and, with the same money, buy a section of land and have money left. *Every acre of this land will return to him yearly a greater net revenue than he formerly realized from an acre of his eastern farm.* This would simply amount to trading the old farm for a property that would be more than four times as profitable, and if, in addition to the material gain, all the advantages of the old country were to be found in the new, could there be any objection to making the trade?

The Judith Basin cannot be equalled as a place for a home. With the advantages of a pleasant climate and healthful surroundings, and many other desirable features, the place is almost ideal. Here the newcomer will find churches and schools and an atmosphere of refinement that one does not look for in a new country. Fields are fenced and roads are kept in good condition. Many farmhouses are equipped with telephones.

THE BARNES-KING MINE, KENDALL, MONTANA

What a revelation it is for a man who has always lived on some dead-level plain, to come to this place with an altitude of four thousand feet, where in every direction the sky-dome rests on mountain peaks, and where mountains and broad plains join together. What a paradise one may find in the trout streams in the summer, in the grouse haunts in the fall and in the deer country after the first snows have come. What romance in Montana moonlight, when mountains one hundred miles distant are plainly visible.

Montana air is a wonderful stimulant. It arouses a man to action, clears his brain,

A. W. OSBORNE RANCH ON ROCK CREEK. ON AUGUST 8 THIS 80-ACRE FIELD OF SOD WHEAT STOOD OVER 5 FEET IN HEIGHT

gives him new life and courage and makes him hope and dare and achieve greater things. To live day after day by the side of mountains, gives one a new and grander conception of the Great Architect Who builded them, and makes one feel that surely nothing less than Omnipotence placed them where they are. There is not a man with brain so dull or soul so dead that he does not love the beautiful and long for some small part of it to come into his life. Here, even though a man be digging in the earth, he has only to raise his eyes from the clods under his feet, to catch a picture which no artist can reproduce. This is the picturesque side, but there is also a practical side. This is eminently the place for the practical man: the man who, by his perseverance, energy and frugality, has been able to make a living for himself and family and accumulate something of a fortune. Perhaps one of the strongest points in favor of the Judith Basin is the fact that it combines in the highest degree those features that make a country pleasant to live in and practical to work in.

The Judith Basin needs more people. Particularly does it need capable and energetic men; those who understand farming and who are willing to make the best use of their knowledge. To all those who will come and help in the development of this wonderful country, the Judith Basin promises a bounteous share from her great storehouse of riches.

CANYON SCENE ON MONTANA RAILROAD

Photo by G. W. Robinson

INTERNATIONAL PAPER MILLS, FORT EDWARD

# FORT EDWARD, NEW YORK

## The Gateway from the Hudson to the Great Lakes

By C. W. Bowtell

EIGHTEEN miles north of Saratoga, on the Delaware & Hudson's steel highway from Albany to Montreal, lies the prosperous village of Fort Edward, famed in Revolutionary history as the place where Jane McCrea was murdered by the Indian allies of the British, while journeying to meet her lover, an officer in the British army.

The remains of the old fort are at the junction of Fort Edward creek and the Hudson river, on the east bank of which lies the village. But this article is not of the past, but of the rustling, hustling present.

Here indeed "paper is king," as evidenced by the five large mills of the International Paper Company, whose daily product is 150 tons of white paper, eighty tons of chemical pulp and fifty tons of ground wood pulp. Five hundred men are employed.

The town is not entirely dependent on this industry, however, as its natural geographical position, transportation facilities, water, electric and other power give it the rank of an up-to-date manufacturing village.

Among its other industries are a shirt factory, employing 100 operatives; two large brick yards making both red and white granite brick; a large pottery making drain tile; a brewery, two machine shops, broom factory, textile works, grist mill and a variety of other industries.

Two modern school buildings and the Fort Edward Collegiate Institute for young ladies supply ample educational facilities. The banking and business interests are served by a live institution, the Fort Edward National Bank, and progressive stores in all lines of merchandise.

The enlarged barge canal enters the Hudson river at this point, and a corps of resident engineers and surveyors are stationed here.

The Delaware & Hudson branch line of railway leaves the main line at this point for Glens Falls and Lake George, and sixty trains pass daily. To do the necessary switching and pushing for this traffic, requires six extra locomotives and twelve crews stationed permanently at this center.

The Hudson Valley trolley line offers to Fort Edwards and Sandy Hill visitors some of the most picturesque and historic trips in this part of the state. Proceeding south along the beautiful Hudson river and through the famous battle fields of the Revolutionary war, sight-seer as well as historical student finds much of interest in a trip over this line.

The large, open observation cars operated by this company give all a chance to take in the beauties of this famed region, furnishing a twenty-minute service between here and Sandy Hill.

Owing to its excellent water supply and fire department, the fire losses for the past ten years have been almost nothing;

Photo by G. W. Robinson

FORT EDWARD COLLEGIATE INSTITUTE

the water pressure of sixty-five pounds and the numerous hydrants make it almost impossible for a fire to gain headway. A steamer is kept in reserve, while streams can be obtained at all points of the town from the canal and river and their laterals. Three hose companies, whose membership comprises the most active young men of the town, make up an efficient system.

A live weekly paper, the Fort Edward Advertiser, with a circulation of 2,000, is published, and its advertising columns teem with evidences of the life of the village.

The country adjacent is dotted with rich and productive farms. The abundant dairy products necessitate the establishment of a milk station at this point, which will, within the year be shipping a carload of milk a day to New York, five hours distant. Two first class hotels, with modern improvements cater to the traveler and make his stay pleasant and agreeable. A capacious, well-equipped opera house, with fireproof curtain, appeals to the amusement-loving public.

Photo by G. W. Robinson

BROADWAY, LOOKING NORTH, FORT EDWARD

Two miles east of the village lies the Vita Mineral Spring and Bottling Works. This water rivals the famous Saratoga and other waters, being shipped to all parts of the world.

For the future, Fort Edward is full of hope and enthusiasm. A younger generation is coming to the front, which manifests itself in the one thing needful, civic pride. At the present rate of progress of canal work, it is predicted that in five years deep water craft of all kinds will be landing New York freight at our docks the day after shipment, and taking the products of our factories and farms in return.

The only business not remarkably prosperous, is that of the physician. Our wholesome and liberal water supply and sewerage system with the natural water drainage of the river, make the village remarkably healthy. No epidemic has ever visited this community.

Fort Edward invites the stranger and the pilgrim, the capitalist and the manufacturer, the artisan and the tradesman, to partake of her hospitality and the good things she has to offer. The present population is 5,000 and there is room for as many more as desire to come.

# SANDY HILL, NEW YORK

## The Home of Many Busy Industries

By Allen Eddy

SANDY HILL — it's a misnomer. Rid the imagination of everything the name suggests, and make a mental picture of what is not conveyed to the mind by "sandy hill," and you will approach a veritable representation of the thriving northern New York village which unhappily bears that name. Just after the Hudson has found its way through the last barrier in the Adirondack range, and has passed in its circuitous route Palmers Falls, Spier Falls and Glens Falls, it reaches Sandy Hill and commences its direct southerly course to New York bay. It has gathered the strength of numberless and unnamed brooks, the score or more of lakes of the Adirondacks, the rivers, Cedar, Schroon, Sacandaga, Boreau, Opalescent and others, and has come to be the mighty current famed the world over—the majestic Hudson. At Sandy Hill the river falls ninety

Photo by Bloomer

BIRD'S-EYE VIEW OF MANUFACTURING DISTRICT, SANDY HILL

feet over a precipice called Bakers Falls. This is what gives Sandy Hill its commercial and industrial life.

For more than a century this waterfall has been used for manufacturing purposes, and yet the full power of the falls has not yet been utilized. There has been steady progress, however, and now its energy is utilized more than ever before, making labor easy and increasing its efficiency, bestowing a great boon to thousands and to the village.

It is this natural blessing which has made Sandy Hill prosper. Its greatest growth, however, has been during the past fifteen years, when it has developed from a pretty, prosperous, well-contented village, where wealth and plenty abounded, to a hustling, eager, progressive, enterprising manufacturing town of 5,300 people. Wealth and plenty remain, but there is added also a spirit of push and determination for larger things.

The principal business at Sandy Hill is the manufacture of paper and industries allied to that general business: for instance the manufacture of paper-making machinery, printing of wall paper, manufacture of paper bags, paper novelties and the like. Lumber is extensively manufactured, and this, in the evolution of the paper industry, is allied with paper manufacture.

Photo by Bloomer

BUSINESS SECTION AND PARK, SANDY HILL

Sandy Hill has the largest paper-bag factories in the world, and the largest wall-paper factories. The power at Bakers Falls is also converted into electrical energy for the lighting of the Sandy Hill and Fort Edward villages; for the operation of the Hudson Valley railway; for greater economy and convenience in the operation of paper plants, and for sale to general consumers. There remains ample power, not yet used for new industries. The principal manufacturing corporations at Sandy Hill are: The Union Bag and Paper Company, manufacturers of paper products; the Allen Brothers Company, manufacturers of paper; the Standard Wall Paper Company, manufacturers of wall paper; the Sandy Hill Iron and Brass Works, manufacturers of paper and pulp mill machinery; the Friction Pulley and Machine

Photo by Bloomer

FENIMORE MILL BRANCH, UNION BAG AND PAPER CO., SANDY HILL

Works, manufacturers of paper- and pulp-making machinery; the Kenyon Lumber Company, manufacturers of lumber and owners of immense lumber tracts in the Adirondacks; the Griffin Lumber Company, manufacturers of lumber; the Hibbard Gas Engine Works, manufacturers of gas engines.

There are numerous other industries which furnish employment to the people, and add to the industrial life of the village.

The inducements which Sandy Hill offers to investors and manufacturers looking for a location of manufacturing plants, are:

The availability of immense power converted into electricity and sold at a nominal cost; the proximity to the greatest markets of America, and through New York and Boston to the markets of the world; an invigorating climate which makes labor easy; low taxes.

A feature of life here, not to be lightly considered, is that while enjoying the advantages of the country, Sandy Hill has some of the best advantages of the city. It has paved streets, a modern sewer system, and gas and electric energy for every purpose. It is connected with its sister villages as well as with Troy and Albany by a well-equipped electric railway. In Glens Falls there is a new theater, where the best attractions of the American stage are presented. It is served by carrier system with local daily papers, one of which, the Glens Falls Morning Post, has the great news service of the Associated Press, covering the world. Sandy Hill has three national banks, with deposits aggregating more than $2,000,000. The village has free delivery of mails. It is surrounded by a rich agricultural country which makes the best products for the table easily obtainable. It has a complete and adequate water service, furnishing mountain brook water. It is governed by public-spirited men who administer affairs for the good of the people. It has a high class educational system, the schools ranking high with the department of education at Albany. It has two beautiful public parks. It has handsome churches of various denominations. Its people are cultured, awake, progressive; they are ever alert to possibilities for providing the best for their home town.

# LAKE GEORGE AND WARRENSBURG

THE VILLAGE of Lake George nestles cosily on the brink of Lake George, and exquisite views of this beautiful body of water can be had from any part of the village. Here thousands of tourists and summer boarders make a visit each season. To stop at Lake George this summer, means to be back again next season. Throughout the village, beautiful cottages, homes and hotels have been erected.

Fort William Henry Hotel occupies a lofty elevation at the south end of the lake, hidden in a beautiful park, from whose cool shade, one has an unobstructed view up the lake. The Worden and Arlington are two exceptionally fine hotels facing the lake front, and their large piazzas and modern equipments make them favorites with tourists. The Arlington is open both winter and summer. The business section of

Photo by Lake George Souvenir Co.

FORT WILLIAM HENRY HOTEL AT HEAD OF LAKE GEORGE

the village rivals that of the smaller cities. Every street is lined with giant, well-kept shade trees, while just back of the village rises the magnificent lofty peaks of the famous Adirondacks.

No section has a more thrilling history, than that between the St. Lawrence and Fort Edward, New York. Here, in the early days, the British and French fought their deadly fights for supremacy, and the Indians fought with and against them both by turns, hoping vainly to expel both from their heritage. The mountainous country and the proximity of the lakes, made an excellent war-path between the two points. Today all this is changed. In place of the bark lodge and roving, savage hordes, the whole district is dotted with the cottages of a peaceable, hospitable people. Lake George village is one of the most beautiful lake-cities in the world. From all quarters of the globe, come those who have pronounced it such.

Lake George, which only a few years ago was reached by a hard journey, has now become accessible to all because of the up-to-date transportation facilities afforded. The trolley has found its way to this queen of American lakes, and has done much to add to the popularity of this old resort. Picturesque trolley-trips are afforded to the north, almost into the heart of the Adirondacks, and south to the famous watering place, Saratoga Springs.

Until recently, people have complained that there was nothing to do at Lake George. The trolley has solved the problem, for excursions from all hotels and boarding houses are of daily occurrence. Trout brooks and ponds, hunting grounds and historical points, before almost unknown, are now visited by means of the trolley. Theater and shopping parties to near-by Glens Falls, help to make life at the resort the true vacation period.

The lake itself is thirty-nine miles long and traversed by large steamers, making connections at Baldwin, at the north end, with the Delaware & Hudson railroad, for Fort Ticonderoga, where one takes the boats for Lake Champlain. Much of the transcendent charm of Lake George is due to the exquisite harmony of color and grace of outline of its mountain environments, and to the hundreds of wooded islands, mirrored on its surface; a picture of loveliness and tranquility unsurpassed. The Delaware & Hudson railroad has a big dock at Lake George, and makes close connections with the steamers.

WORDEN HOTEL, FACING LAKE GEORGE

STEAMER LANDING AT D. & H. R. R. DOCK, LAKE GEORGE

A visit is not complete unless one takes a trip up Lake Champlain. Once aboard, the swift steamer Vermont at Ticonderoga, we push out on the broad lake. Every luxury known is at our command, and all feel as much at ease as at a country house. The groups of young and old people intermingle, talking, laughing, and the while admiring the unsurpassed panorama of scenery, as we glide northward, touching at Burlington, Port Kent and Bluff Point. We have heard of this place, for here is Hotel Champlain, the principal resort of the Adirondacks; then on to Plattsburg.

Photo by Dix

SHIRT WAIST AND SHIRT FACTORY, WARRENSBURG, NEW YORK

From this point, we take the Delaware & Hudson railroad, for a three-hour ride to Montreal. Thus the Delaware & Hudson railroad forms a direct route from New York and Albany, through the lake region to Canada. Returning, we leave the boat at Lake George and take the trolley for a beautiful six-mile run to Warrensburg, New York.

* * * *

Warrensburg is situated along the steel highway of the Delaware & Hudson railroad, six miles northwest of Lake George, and is one of the most substantial and flourishing of the many villages of the state. Being located in the foot-hills of the Adirondacks, the tall peaks form a beautiful background. Here are located a large paper mill, getting its supply of wood for pulp from the mountains, and making a high grade of paper, a large shirt industry, employing several hundred hands, a woollen mill, a shirt-waist factory, and several minor plants, employing a great number of skilled, as well as unskilled workmen.

WARRENSBURG WOOLEN MILL

All the streets are laid out with exactness and majestic shade trees add beauty to the well-lighted thoroughfares. The village has several well-equipped hotels, a bank, and some of the most beautiful homes to be found in this section. The village is also rich in tradition, as it lies in a valley, the war-path of the early warring parties of Indians, and the French and English.

Warrensburg is controlled by a wideawake class of business men, who lend a willing ear to any worthy industry or person knocking for admission.

Here, one can find as beautiful and healthful a location, for either summer or winter, as exists anywhere inland. From here, one can make excursions into the mountains, and during the hunting season the village is alive with hunters, making this place their headquarters.

The village maintains a liberal school-system whereby the younger generation receives ample education to enter any advanced preparatory school in the land. The several religious denominations have erected fine edifices.

The water supply is drawn from the cold, clear, bubbling springs of the Adirondacks, tumbling their way into several main streams, whence the authorities have drawn an inhaustible supply of clear, cold, pure water for all purposes.

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WATER FRONT AT NORFOLK, VIRGINIA

# NORFOLK, VIRGINIA

By John E. Jones

NORFOLK, with a history that dates back to the period of the first English settlement at near-by Jamestown, is closely identified with important events that illuminate nearly every page of American history. The principal seaport of the Old Dominion State, Norfolk hums with industrial and commercial activity and every phase of life here is characterized by the spirit which race-track men call "go."

On many signs that swing to the breezes over shop and office doors in the city of Norfolk, one recognizes names that have been identified with American progress, and inquiry regarding these names brings forth many stories that would furnish important additions to the tales printed of local and national celebrities.

Norfolk is situated on the north side of Elizabeth river, at the mouth of the eastern branch, and is on a level neck of land located in the southeastern extremity of the state. Chesapeake Bay and Hampton Roads are so close at hand that they can be seen from the city itself. Off to the east, a distance of eighteen miles, lays the broad Atlantic Ocean; to the north lies Chesapeake Bay, three-quarters of an hour by the electric line;

BOARD OF TRADE BUILDING, NORFOLK

and to the northwest is Hampton Roads. The city of Portsmouth is directly across the Elizabeth river from Norfolk. Newport News is reached in an hour by boat, and Old Point Comfort, or Fortress Monroe, is just beyond.

The site of the Jamestown Exposition is on Hampton Roads, and is reached from Norfolk by the electric line. Lynnhaven Roads at the entrance to the Chesapeake, Cape Henry and Virginia Beach, are all on the electric car line systems.

These are names that stand out in American history, for what school boy does not know of the wonderful Chesapeake Bay and its part in early American history? And Hampton Roads—it was here that the Monitor and Merrimac met in terrible conflict during the Civil war; and here our ships had their rendezvous at the time of the Spanish-American war. In these waters any day, one or more of Uncle Sam's great warships may be seen, and usually at the Portsmouth navy yard several of them are moored at the wharves.

In this region some of the momentous events of the Revolution occurred. In St. Paul's church, built in 1739, and still in use, a cannon ball fired January 1, 1776, at the time of Lord Dunmore's attack, is still in the wall. This quaint old church figured prominently in the War of 1812, and again in the Civil war; it was used for a time as a headquarters by Federal troops. Fort Norfolk is a point of interest owing to its part in American history. As the bathers dip and swim in the salt surf at the beaches, they rest not infrequently from the exhilarating luxury, to point out across the waters, and tell the story of struggles of Revolutionary or Civil war times; or recount the settlement of the fair lands before them.

The first of all the English settlements was at Jamestown, and it has been said that here "Captain John Smith and his men and those who followed them made out of James Fort, a town, which they called James City, and from James City grew Virginia, and from Virginia the United States."

BANK OF COMMERCE BUILDING, NORFOLK, VIRGINIA

CITY HALL, NORFOLK, VIRGINIA

At Norfolk rail and waters meet, and the transportation facilities are very extensive. Norfolk is said to contain nearly 70,000 people; at least this is an estimate by the Chamber of Commerce. There has been a phenomenal growth since the last census. The city has more than 130 miles of electric railway, and fifty-four miles of paved streets. It may be classed as a city of churches, as there are said to be seventy-six denominations worshipping here.

Along the harbor are great warehouses filled with cotton, for this city is the fourth largest cotton port in the United States. The receipts last year were 822,930 bales. Lumbering, too, is a great industry, and saw mills are numerous. The annual output is said to be about 700,000,000 feet.

The peanut business is a great industry that in itself would furnish a story of interest. Three million and a half bushels are handled yearly in Norfolk; perhaps the largest quantity handled at one place on the continent.

Four thousand persons are employed here in growing, catching, canning and shipping oysters, and the output is nearly 4,000,000 bushels annually. The value of the fish and oyster business of Norfolk is very great.

Norfolk's streets are a scene of active industry. Although the city is an old one,

ST. PAUL'S EPISCOPAL CHURCH—ERECTED IN 1739, AND STILL IN USE yet in many respects it has every appearance of a new and modern town. The population is rapidly increasing, and the hopes of the Two Hundred Thousand League may be realized before many years. Real estate values are high, and many new and beautiful business buildings and residences are in course of construction. There are many other important interests which might be elaborated upon, including the garden truck business, coal handling, etc. All these things aid in building up Virginia's great seaport city.

However interesting these evidences of thrift and progress may be, the visitor is none the less thrilled with the grace and purity of the beautiful magnolia and the crape myrtle, which appear in profuse abundance on every side; a poetic blending of great natural beauty with an historical setting that stirs the hearts of Americans.

WATER-FRONT VIEW, CITY OF BATH, BATTLESHIP GEORGIA AT BATH IRON WORKS

# BATH, MAINE

## By Henry W. Owen, Jr.

Editor Bath Daily Times

THE name of Bath, Maine, is as inseparably associated with the history of the merchant marine of the United States, and particularly with the American shipbuilding industry, as that of Pittsburg is with the iron and steel industry in this country, or that of Glasgow with marine construction in the United Kingdom. As a port of entry, Bath, which once occupied a prominent position and did a flourishing trade with the West Indies and Europe, has sunk into comparative insignificance on account of the location of its magnificent harbor so far from the great pathways of present-day American commerce; but as a ship-building center, it has retained the prestige won when its ships were on every sea and in every port of the world, in that much regretted ante-bellum epoch, when the American flag was as familiar wherever the commerce-carriers of the sea penetrated as the red ensign of the boasted Mistress of the Seas. Neither the increasing distance of the Bath shipyards from the materials which they consume, nor the partial change from wood to steel in hull construction, have operated to deprive this staid old Maine community of its still unchallenged sobriquet, the City of Ships.

It was in the customs district of Bath, though not actually within the city limits, that the first ship ever built in the New World was launched. In 1607, George Popham arrived at the mouth of the Kennebec, at just about the time when Captain John Smith was making his settlement at Jamestown, Virginia, and with two shiploads of followers, established at what is now Popham Beach, in the town of Phippsburg, the first English settlement in New England, naming it Augusta. The following spring, the survivors of that colony, decimated and discouraged by the privations and perils of the first New England winter in the experience of Britons, launched a little ship, the Virginia, which they had built to take them back to old England. She was the first American ship, and the prototype of thousands which were destined to be constructed on the banks of the unexplored river into which she was the first to slip.

Years passed, after the departure of the Popham colonists, before other Englishmen paid more than passing visits to the Kennebec valley. A settlement was made in 1645, on the left bank of the river about half way from the sea to the present site of Bath, but only to be wiped out by Indians some thirty years later. In 1713 the first permanent settlement was made, in about the same place. That grew into the town of Georgetown, from which the town of Bath was set off and incorporated in 1781, to become a city in 1847.

In the early days of the settlement of the Kennebec valley, the channel of the noble river and the ocean highway beyond furnished the easiest, and indeed practically the only avenue of communication and trade, and the virgin forest of oak and pine which crowded upon the homes of the settlers, presented ready to their hands the materials for the construction of the vehicles of their infant commerce. So, quite naturally, they early became shipwrights, and since the first quarter of the eighteenth century it is probable that few years have passed when no vessels were launched into the tide of the Kennebec. The shipbuilding industry seems to have been permanently founded in Bath by one Captain William Swanton, who, in 1762, there launched the first full-rigged ship called the Earl of Bute, following her with a ship each year, until the Revolution.

From that time on, the experience of Bath has accurately reflected the history of the American marine, the city prospering when the marine flourished and languishing when it languished. The first congress excluded foreign vessels from interstate trade and made the import duties ten per cent. greater on goods brought from abroad in foreign bottoms than those that came under the new flag, and Bath grew apace. Jefferson's embargo nearly ruined the city, and the War of 1812 prolonged the bad season of the Bath shipwrights and owners. Then came the long period of prosperity and growth of the merchant marine, which lasted until the Civil war, toward the latter part of which epoch as many as fifty full-rigged ships were often launched from the Bath yards in a single year beside greater numbers of smaller craft. In those days, ships built and owned in Bath, with Bath men in cabins and forecastles, dotted all the seas. The war began the gradual decline of the foreign-going marine which has lasted ever since, and Bath shipbuilding declined until, at the end of the eighties, the construction of steel warships began to make good the losses in merchant shipbuilding, and saved the city from the lingering death which seemed to threaten as a result of the disappearance of the American merchant fleet from the high seas owing to their inability to compete unprotected with the subsidized and otherwise coddled fleets of the Old World.

Since the United States became a nation, nearly 5,000 seagoing vessels of all classes have been constructed in the yards of Bath, and the city is still turning out from a third to one-half of all the sea-going sail tonnage built in the United States. This is a remarkable distinction for a community of less than 12,000 persons, particularly when it is considered that they now have to go to Pennsylvania for their steel, to Virginia for their oak, to the Carolinas and Georgia for their pine, and to the Pacific coast for the material for the towering masts of modern ships. About 200 vessels of the merchant marine are registered in Bath today, and a great many others are partially owned in the city. These include the largest fleet of vessels, that of Arthur Sewall & Company, which sails in the foreign trade under the American flag, the finest fleets of schooners carrying coal and lumber along the coast, and a majority of the large steamships in the freight and passenger business along the coast, among which those of the Clyde, Metropolitan and Eastern Steamship Companys, all Bath corporations, are the best known. The tonnage of this flotilla amounts to between 150,000 and 200,000 tons, and it contains, with only a few exceptions, all of the most famous vessels of the salt water marine.

Seven shipbuilding plants with national reputations are actively engaged in marine construction in Bath at the present time. Most conspicuous among these is the Bath Iron Works, which was founded in 1889, and has since that time produced some of the most noted vessels in the navy beside a long list of other notable craft. The most recently launched of these is the 14,000-ton battleship Georgia which is being prepared at the company's wharf for delivery to the navy department. On her recent acceptance trial, the Georgia maintained a speed of 19.26 knots an hour, for four hours, proving herself the fastest of the American battleships. She is not, however, the first record-breaker Bath has given to the navy, whose five fastest torped oboats and fastest monitor, the Nevada, are also products of the Bath Iron Works. So is the City of Lowell, the fastest steamship on Long Island Sound. Among other well-known products of this plant are five palatial steam yachts, the Eleanor, Aphrodite, Peregrine, Virginia and Illawarra; the only American tramp steamer, the Winnifred; that naval curiosity, the Ammen ram Kahtadin; the cruiser Cleveland and the gunboats Newport, Vicksburg, Machias and Castine of Spanish war fame.

Arthur Sewall & Company also build vessels of steel, but their yard has been engaged entirely upon a special class of work, great freight-carrying sailing ships, largely for the firm's own account. This firm has a rather notable history. Its business was founded in the early part of the last century by the grandfather of the present members, and it built wooden vessels for its own account until in the nineties, the yard was equipped for steel construction. The late Arthur Sewall, who was Bryan's running mate on the democratic national ticket in 1896, was at that time head of the firm. He was a great believer in Bath's shipbuilding future, and used to prophesy often, as he looked out of his office window down on the broad stretch of Long Beach, that some day both sides of it would be occupied by great steel shipyards. The Sewall fleet of four-masted, full-rigged ships, the only vessels of the type under the flag, except two which the firm built for the Standard Oil Company, is one of only two

Photo by Holmes

SHIPYARD OF PERCY & SMALL, AT BATH, MAINE or three merchant squadrons which have not been driven out of the foreign trade by foreign competition. These vessels are the largest and the finest of the American sailing fleet, and include such world-renowned ships as the Arthur Sewall, Edward Sewall, Erskine M. Phelps, William P. Frye and Shenandoah.

The leading builders of wooden vessels are the Kelly, Spear Company, the New England Company, Percy & Small and the G. G. Deering Company, which are almost wholly engaged in the construction of four, five and six-masted schooners for the coastwise trade and have produced many of the most notable units of the great American coal and lumber fleet.

The shipbuilding industry has, of course, given rise to other allied industries in Bath. The Hyde Windlass Company is the best known ship machinery concern in the country, and makes a specialty of a patent steam windlass which is used on a large majority of American, and a great many foreign vessels. There was a prosperous cordage factory in Bath until it was swallowed by the cordage trust, and there are still thriving block and anchor factories, and several firms engaged upon the manufacture of small boats, both ship's boats and pleasure craft. The Hyde Windlass Company, and the Torrey Roller Bushing Works, as well as several smaller concerns, make gasolene marine engines. The latter concern is one of the best known in the city, which turns out annually an immense number of name and other plates and a great variety of other articles. A shirt factory, several large umbrella mills and a shoe polish factory form the nucleus of a general manufacturing industry, which is beginning to be built up in Bath and for which the city presents very attractive facilities.

Bath has a most picturesque location on the right bank of the Kennebec river, twelve miles from the sea. In front of the city the river is nearly a mile wide, and follows a straight course for five miles between two sharp bends, one above and the other below the town. The water is deep and the banks are abrupt, and this magnificent basin could easily accommodate the entire United States navy at one time The largest vessels that sail the seas can steam directly to the wharves of the city, which would be for them the head of navigation on the Kennebec, although the river is navigable for vessels of moderate size as far as Augusta, the Maine capital, forty miles above Bath.

Bath itself is most attractive. The water front, which in most seaports is given over largely to unsightly warehouses, is there occupied chiefly by the shipyards, where hulls are always to be seen in all stages of picturesque construction. Back of them the city rises on successive ridges, so well shaded by magnificent elms that in summer, except in the business center, scarcely any of the buildings except the steeples of the churches project through the leafy canopy. The location of the industries along the river has kept the city close to the water-side, so that although the city proper is five miles long, the longest cross street does not exceed three-quarters of a mile, and it is only five blocks from the wharves to the open fields.

The business of the city occupies a few blocks exactly in the center, close by the river, which contain some fine, substantial buildings, although there has as yet been no necessity for building more than four stories above the ground. Outside of this center, the buildings are almost entirely of wood, and each one has its plot of ground, usually a well-kept lawn in front and often a kitchen garden in the rear. The houses are uniformly well-kept and look prosperous—typical New England homes. Scattered throughout the city and grouped along upper Washington street, which traverses the city from end to end, are a large number of fine old mansions which date back to the days just before the Civil war, when the merchant marine was at the acme of its prosperity and the Bath ships were paying for themselves in a voyage or two, all subsequent profits being net. These mansions were built by the shipbuilders and successful mariners of the time and are to a large extent occupied today by the descendants of the founders.

The beautiful shade trees are one of the notable features of the Bath streets, and another, which never fails to strike the stranger, because peculiar to Bath, is the plank walks. Except on the business streets, the sidewalks are almost entirely built of planks laid lengthwise. There are fifty miles of these plank walks, but the increasing cost of lumber has made the work of keeping them properly renewed so expensive, that they are to be gradually replaced with more permanent construction.

Bath is a wealthy city, one of the richest in proportion to its population in the country, with a per capita valuation of almost $600. That and the character of its leading industry, explains why the services of four national and two savings banks and a trust company, all strong and prosperous institutions, are required in a community of 12,000 souls. The city boasts of the finest retail stores in the state.

Among the conspicuous public buildings, the federal government is represented by a fine granite structure, occupying an entire square, which houses the custom house and postoffice. A fine brick building contains the Sagadahoc county offices and the quarters of the county, state and federal courts. A very artistic and very well equipped public library occupies a corner of one of the most beautiful parks to be found east of Boston. The Y. M. C. A. owns a substantial brick block, across the street from the Patten library, and next door to the Y. M. C. A. is an attractive theater. Other institutions which grace the city include the Bath Military and Naval Orphan Asylum, the home of about sixty children and grandchildren of Maine veterans of the Civil and Spanish wars; the Old Ladies Home, and the Home for Aged Couples and Old Men. The city hall is not an imposing structure, but is interesting on account of its antiquity.

Bath is proud of a highly efficient public school system, which is gradually being rehoused in modern structures. The crown of the system is a $75,000 high school building; one of the very finest in New England, a model in every way, which was given to the city two years ago by Charles W. Morse, the New York financier, who is a native of Bath and very much attached to the city and has been one of its most notable benefactors. On the grounds of this twentieth century structure and illustrating most strikingly the educational and architectural progress of a century and a quarter, stands a little, one-story frame schoolhouse which was built in 1789 and named "Erudition," and has been in continuous use for school purposes ever since. It still accommodates a primary class, but it is preserved chiefly for its historic in-

SCENE IN A BATH PARK

terest and its association with many of the leading names in Bath history. The schools are managed by an elective board of fourteen, and the professional staff includes a superintendent and about sixty teachers.

In population, Bath is a distinctively New England city. The people are largely natives, and unlike so many of the other cities of New England, Bath has no large French Canadian population. The wooden shipyards draw a very desirable class of English-speaking shipwrights from the Maritime Provinces of Canada, and the outside labor attracted to the steel shipyards comes largely from Philadelphia and other American shipbuilding centers and from the shipyards of England, Scotland and the Scandinavian countries. A large proportion of the labor employed in the shipyards has to be highly skilled, and the sources from which it is drawn are the most desirable. The labor unions have never flourished in Bath, and the almost entire absence of labor troubles makes the city a very desirable place for the location of industries. The inhabitants are industrious and thrifty in the extreme, as evidenced by the surprisingly large extent to which the shipwrights and mechanics own their own homes and the way in which these little establishments are kept up. The people are very conservative, though they are ready enough to adopt new ideas whose value is proven. They are hospitable, well educated and through their ships and connections have a close acquaintance with the world which makes them broad and cosmopolitan, to a degree which never fails to surprise the stranger within the gates.

The location of the city could scarcely be improved from a commercial point of view. It is on the Maine Central railroad, only four hours from Boston, and there is a fine daily steamship service between the two cities, the runs both ways being made at night. In addition, the city has trolley connection with Lewiston, Auburn, Portland and other Maine points, including an electric express service, and steamer connection with the cities up the Kennebec and the numerous towns and summer colonies located along and near that part of the coast. These summer resorts, which center about Bath, require especial mention for they are one of the delightful features of the city as a place of residence or a stopping place for tourists. They are in all directions, and of all sorts of characteristics, having only two things in common; their location on the salt water and their extraordinary scenic beauty. At the mouth of the Kennebec is Popham Beach, which sweeps westward in a magnificent crescent eight miles to Cape Small, a bold promontory whose towering, forest-crowned cliffs extend farther into the Atlantic than any other projection of the mainland between Cape Cod and Quoddy Head. The western side of Small Point is washed by the waters of world-famed Casco Bay, more than twenty miles wide and containing a beautiful island for every day of the year. Eastward of the Kennebec, from Bath to the sea, the rugged land is cut up into innumerable picturesque islands and headlands by all sorts of indentations and a network of waterways, which are not surpassed for beauty or intricacy in any part of the world. Boothbay Harbor, sixteen miles by steamer down the Sasanoa river from Bath—the Sasanoa rivals the Thousand Isles of the St. Lawrence in scenic beauty—is the celebrated rendezvous of thousands of yachtsmen who cruise along the Maine coast in summer; and the colonies along its shores and occupying its lovely islands contain the summer homes of several thousand people who come annually from all parts of the country to enjoy the seaside pleasures in the midst of one of the most delightful settings to be found anywhere in the world. Bath is the market for all of these resorts, and all the people who visit them pass through the city. The city itself is a most delightful headquarters for a summer outing, surrounded as it is in all directions by a country of unrivalled beauty, offering so many charming drives and steamer and trolley trips, and such unsurpassed opportunities for boating and canoeing, that it would be possible to spend a whole summer there and take a different trip each day and still not exhaust the beauties of the surrounding country.

Nearly all the business and professional men of Bath have summer homes or camps in the surrounding country, within easy reach of their places of business, yet in the most delightful of marine and sylvan scenery. The social propensities of the community are evidenced by the flourishing condition of four large clubs, one of which, the Kennebec Yacht Club, has 300 members and a fleet of about 100 pleasure craft. In addition to the clubs, there are about eighty fraternal, religious and other societies.

# AMONG THE HAPPY HABITERS

### BY THE EDITOR

WITH September comes welcome relief from the sizzling dog-days. Would you believe it, even during those trying days—especially when one must maintain the regular routine of every day work—I have seen more evidences of the happy habit than at any other time? Perhaps, since this has been recognized as one characteristic feature of the National in which our subscribers are so keenly interested, I have become more observant in regard to such matters. The happy habit is in evidence even on those typical "dog-days" when Sirius rageth in mid-heaven and a steam-like humidity necessitates about fourteen handkerchiefs and a relay of collars every hour, if one would present a moderately dry and respectable appearance—days when the perspiration drips from the finger-tips and the noon-day heat almost reduces humanity to a state of torpidity; when the corpulent person considers whether he can live through it, and is inclined to think that it is hardly worth while to live in such a state of liquidation, anyway.

Even then, when work is over, and we sit on the veranda making the most of any stray breezes that get adrift from the salt sea waves and permeate the stifling streets of the city, there is a luxury in the relief that is worth a king's ransom.

How often, as with friends at the seaside in the evening, we sat looking down upon the shore-line and the bathers happily disporting in the moon-lit sea, we have said:

"What a relief from the noise and heat of the city."

Yet, much as I enjoy these lovely seaside loiterings, I must admit that even the city veranda affords us restful hours; for there is always a means of escape when things begin to seem unendurable—something turns up, and you get through comfortably and are rested and refreshed for the next day's work.

During these hot days, I was impressed with the observations I made on people at work. True, there was not that energy and verve which display themselves in the cooler weather, but the workers kept steadily and cheerfully at it—and this is the real test. It is easy to be pleasant, when the weather is comfortable and everyone is agreeable.

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EVERYTHING depends upon our personal view-point. Those who regard work as a sheer necessity, find it hard, but those find it easy and delightful to work, who can truly say with Dr. Van Dyke:

*"This is my work, my blessing not my doom,*
*There is no other one in all the world by whom*
*It can as well be done — "*

I watched the men repairing the street railway, and, I assure you, they found energy and time to pass jokes on the little happenings of the day, and those few words of chaff and merriment revived them as if by magic. The laugh was like a whiff of cool air. In the hot, stuffy atmosphere of the stores; the languor of the airless offices; the rush of the railroad station; even among the men working in the fields—everywhere I have noticed that the people who toiled with a cheerful determination to make the best of it, did not seem half so hot as those who lamented and grumbled. More than ever I was convinced that,

> "*A merry heart goes all the day,*
> *Your sad, tires in a mile-a.*"

One never tires of a smiling face, and even amid the concentrated discomfort of life in the dog-days, a courteous act, a pleasant smile or word, creates an atmosphere of comfort, despite heat or weariness.

Even on the hottest day, with the windows all widely gaping to catch a breath of air, letters of encouragement and inspiration come to my desk. It is amazing to me that people will take the trouble to write cheering words to a far-distant magazine office, continue to pay their subscriptions and say a good word during hot summer days, when it is difficult to do anything and every effort is being made to reduce routine duties to a minimum.

I have been amused many times recently at comments made concerning the National as being "The Happy Habit" magazine. It is "honorable mention," and we hope to continue it. It has been suggested that we have a symposium on this great gospel of the happy habit, and instead of allowing Joe Chapple to occupy the platform all the time, we considerately keep "the hook" out of sight and give everyone a chance to tell what they think of the Happy Habit. Just look about you at the real happiness there is in the world, and write us about it. It will be an inspiration and relief from the surfeit of hysterical literature that has made the air yellow with apprehension and in the stifling smoke of which we have felt at times afraid of losing our bearings and wandering far away from the good, oldfashioned virtues and contentments of life.

Write us your views on the subject—some day we may publish a book on "The Happy Habit."

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HAVE you ever realized how much you can do to lessen the discomfort of hot summer days as you go along the streets? I think I never had more enjoyment in my life than I got out of twenty-five cents which I expended the other day for soda water for five little urchins, bare-legged and bare-armed, who stood gazing, with yearning eyes, at a soda fountain situated on the shady side of the street. As I listened for a moment to their comments, the leader of the band turned and surveyed me with cheerful curiosity.

"Could you drink a soda?" I inquired.

"*Could* I drink a soda?" he repeated in satirical surprise, "could I drink *forty*, bloomin' ice-cream sodas?"

I asked seriously how many he could drink, and he replied, "I could drink about twenty."

He glanced at the other boys, but no contradiction as to his capacity was offered.

"Well," I said, turning out the contents of my pocket, "let's see what money I have." The inspection disclosed only a solitary quarter. We invested that, and while the soda was being prepared one little fellow with a comical air of manliness, started the session by shaking my hand; the others all followed suit. We had a delightful time, and if you could have seen the expression on those faces as they dipped their little noses into the tall glasses, I think you would agree with me that the sight was worth far more than a quarter. I felt I had the full price of admission as well as the boys' friendship.

* * * *

DURING that same hot wave, four children escorted me down to one of the beaches, distant only a five-cent ride from Boston, — good value for the small fare paid. On this occasion I provided myself with a pocketbook containing a bill, in addition to some loose change. We arrived on that wide stretch of sand, where people of every nationality come from the hot city streets to listen to the swish of the waves and watch the white-capped breakers rolling their surf upon the shore. The bath house, Wonderland, all the amusements were crowded, and we stood a moment to consider where we should go next after our swim, and we were pushing along in the crowd. I put my hand in my pocket to draw out the pocketbook, — behold it had vanished. Every pocket was slapped and careful search made, but nothing was disclosed except one dollar and twenty cents in loose change. At that moment the Happy Habit came very near deserting me, as I thought of the disappointment of the little fellows, who were looking forward to seeing all the wonderful sights of the beach. I suppose my chagrin showed on my face, for a little hand grasped mine and a childish treble piped out, "Never mind — just play you spent it all, and we'll have a good time, anyway."

This was wholesome philosophy, and we proceeded to invest that dollar-twenty in peanuts and popcorn and other inexpensive amusements, and I think we could not have enjoyed ourselves more if we had spent five dollars. We had come prepared to spend five dollars, and we made up our minds to have five dollars' worth of amusement anyway; and though the pickpocket took our money, he could not rob us of our good time and I think we enjoyed that missing five dollars more than he did. The moral, of course, is to look happy, even when you lose five dollars at the beach.

We came home on the last crowded car, tired but happy. It had been a long day, but not once did I tire of my boys, because never for one moment did their faces relax from an expression of enjoyment, and it is truly astonishing how much can be done when a little appreciation is expressed; in my experience I have found that children have a keen sense of gratitude, and remember for years even a stranger who did them some small favor.

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NOW, I want to put in a plea for mothers working in the hot kitchen. When you plan a holiday, count on her for something more than the cooking and packing of the lunch—see to it that she has her share in the eating of it as well. Go to her when the next holiday comes, and see how her face will beam when you suggest,

"Come mother, let's have a jolly day together."

You will be surprised when you see how so small a matter will brighten her days—mother, too, can appreciate the swish of the waves, the beauty of the moonlight and the coolness of the seaside; for remember, mother was once young, and she is trying to crowd into your young days some of the golden happiness of youth she may have missed. Yes, let us see that mother has a good time.

SOMES SOUND, MT. DESERT ISLAND, MAINE

# GOLDEN-ROD DAYS IN MAINE

## By Joe M. Chapple

EACH succeeding year the ranks of recreation seekers are recruited from those who have come to understand the real philosophy of living; and whereas vacations were formerly regarded as luxuries, they are now accounted a stern necessity. Cast your eye on the northeast corner of the map of the United States, and you look upon the great playground of America, where the combination of all that is requisite for real recreation days is to be found. "Golden-Rod Days in the State of Maine" linger in the memory long after the delightful hours have passed.

For some years, it has been my intention to make a cruise along the Maine coast, and I watched and waited with pleasurable anticipation for the day of departure. The itinerary was arranged for me to go by rail and return by water. Leaving Boston at ten o'clock p. m., passing through Portland, the Gateway City for tourists to the Pine Tree State, and on to Bangor, the metropolis of "'Way Down East," after a good night's rest, I awakened in time to look upon the beautiful city of Ellsworth. Seen through the window of the train, the white spires, neat homes and farms, with fields surrounding, made a charming picture, and former impressions of Maine were vivified by this initial glance. It called to mind the fact that here was the home of Senator Hale and other distinguished men, for whom the state of Maine has long been famous on the roll call of Congress.

Another hour's ride on the Maine Central Railway, through prosperous farm lands, and I began to feel that I must have reached the boundary line of "Down East" — that imaginary limit which begins in the Rocky mountains, to those dwelling on the west coast, and then extends gradually eastward until now I felt that I—like the small boy who wanted to touch the foot of the rainbow—had reached the confines of "'Way Down East."

As I watched the sturdy farmers, driving oxen attached to old-fashioned hay-racks—inhaling the fragrance of the new-mown hay,

—I felt that these July days would have a place of honor in my "Pleasure Book;" and this trip confirmed those delightful impressions of Maine, acquired long ago in reading the Youth's Companion—those stories that had something of the power of Stevens, Kellogg, Abbott and others who make the places described live vividly in the memory years after—the old spirit of hunters' camps, of fishing and shooting was again revived.

An hour later we arrived at the Mount Desert Ferry with the golf-stick brigade. (By the way, I was several times corrected for calling this name "des-ert," like the Desert of Sahara—it should be "des-sert," like something good to eat as a last course at dinner.) On the trim little ferry steamer, Sappho, that July morning, I opened my lungs for a full supply of Maine ozone. The tide was out — the sea moss clinging to the rocks was wonderful to behold — the seagulls dipped and flitted about us — in the distance was that myriad of wooded islands, clothed with steeple-like fir and pine of every shade of green, presenting a view that enthralls the fancy even more than the first glimpse of tropical palms.

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As we approached Bar Harbor, we saw the White Squadron, lying at anchor, with yellow funnels and white sides glistening in the morning sunlight. Through the vista of scattered islands, I saw a complete panorama of beauty. Swinging around "Egg Rock," the first view of Bar Harbor impresses the traveler with its attractiveness as an ideal recreation spot on the rock-ribbed coast of Maine.

The quaint streets, leading up from the wharf, have just enough of the "olden day" appearance to be picturesque. I landed from the boat, with my thirty-pound suitcase in

hand, and ran the gauntlet of an eager line of cabmen, who, though they did not say "Keb, keb, keb," as they do in New York, ardently desired "a fare."

Walking to the Newport House, situated on the edge of the cliff, there is a view one loves to retain in memory. On the placid waters of the harbor were smart craft lying like swans at rest, or courtesying to each other as though they had absorbed the social etiquette of the place.

Never have I seen so many good horses in public conveyances in all my travels, and every driver was particularly enthusiastic over the virtues of his "hoss." Whether it be this or some other reason, it is a fact that not a single automobile is owned or operated on the entire island—notable for possessing some of the most beautiful drives in the world, as well as the highest peak of ground on the Atlantic coast, from Maine to South America.

The town was first named "Eden," and I do not wonder the early founders thought they had discovered a part of the lost garden of Paradise. As I gazed upon those rugged mountains overlooking a beautiful stretch of water, while all about were rocks in an orderly array, it seemed to me that all this had been arranged by the hand of the Master Architect — a suggestion not conveyed by the usual haphazard fashion in which the beach is rock-strewn by the forces of nature. I drove out along "Eden Road," which skirts the shore, along which the homes of President Cassatt, of the Pennsylvania railroad, and of many other distinguished and wealthy New Yorkers are located.

Arriving at Mr. Gurney's estate, I had the pleasure of calling upon General Horace Porter, formerly ambassador to France. In this home were visions of beauty, surpassing, perhaps, even the glory of mediaeval times. The grounds suggested an old English estate, and the houses, furnished with rare paintings and priceless bric-a-brac, carried out the idea. Many of the owners of these residences declare that their real home is

Bar Harbor, for it is here that they can exercise the taste for domestic life. "The stately homes of America" they may truly be called—aristocratic, if you please, but not the aristocracy of ancestry. This is the aristocracy of achievement, for be it wealth, industry or art, all have their basis in "something accomplished." There is no temptation to covet, for one feels that all this is due to the possessors because of their energy and initiative force.

Far up on the terraced hill is the home of Ex-Senator J. B. Henderson, with whom I enjoyed a brief visit. It is indeed difficult to believe that the senator is in his eightieth year, and it was most delightful to hear him relate in that beautiful sun-parlor the incidents of early days—for he began his active public career in the stirring times of Forty-eight, and represented the state of Missouri in the senate. The conversation drifted to the subject of how we can learn something from almost everything. Senator Henderson related an incident of Senator William Pitt Fessenden of Maine, who was always noted for his powers of listening. No matter how many vacant seats there might be in the senate, when a "dry" speaker was on the floor, Senator Fessenden's chair was never empty. He insisted,

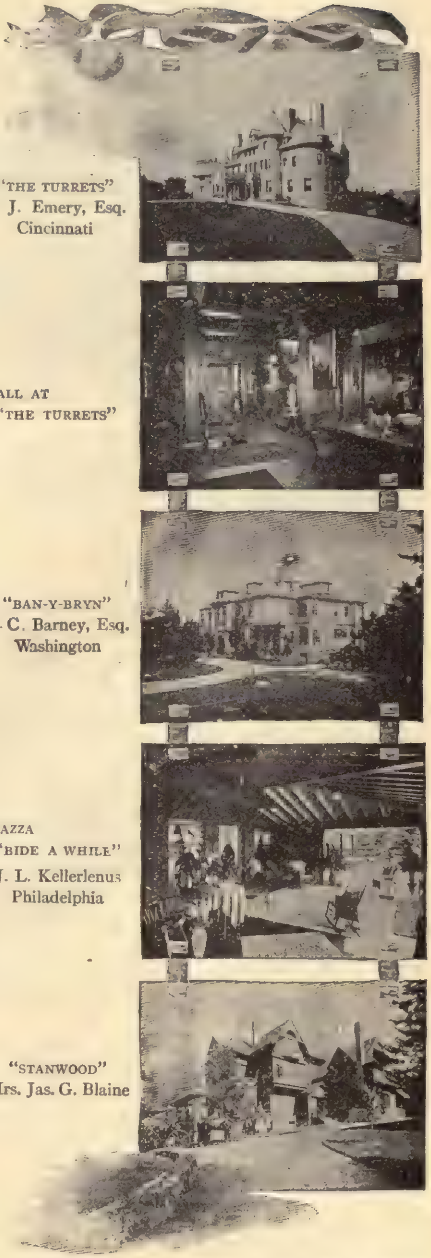
"I have never listened to anyone's talk but I have been able to learn something—either directly in information, or in a suggestion afforded by the speaker."

One day a very uninteresting speech was being delivered on the floor, and the audience gradually thinned, until only two men remained in the senate chamber, Senator Fessenden and Senator Henderson. The senator from Missouri thought that this time he had certainly found a weak place in the argument of his colleague, and while the speaker was prosing on, he went over to Senator Fessenden and said:

"Now, senator, I think you will really have to give up your proposition of learning something from every man who talks."

"Hush! Don't disturb the speaker," was the whispered response, "go back and sit down and stay there until he finishes, and then tell me honestly if you have not learned something."

The oration went on, addressed to a lonely audience of two. After it was finished, the two senators compared notes, and conclusions were arrived at. Senator Fessenden had made a memoranda of four important things which he had learned during that speech.


"THE TURRETS"
J. J. Emery, Esq.
Cincinnati

HALL AT
"THE TURRETS"

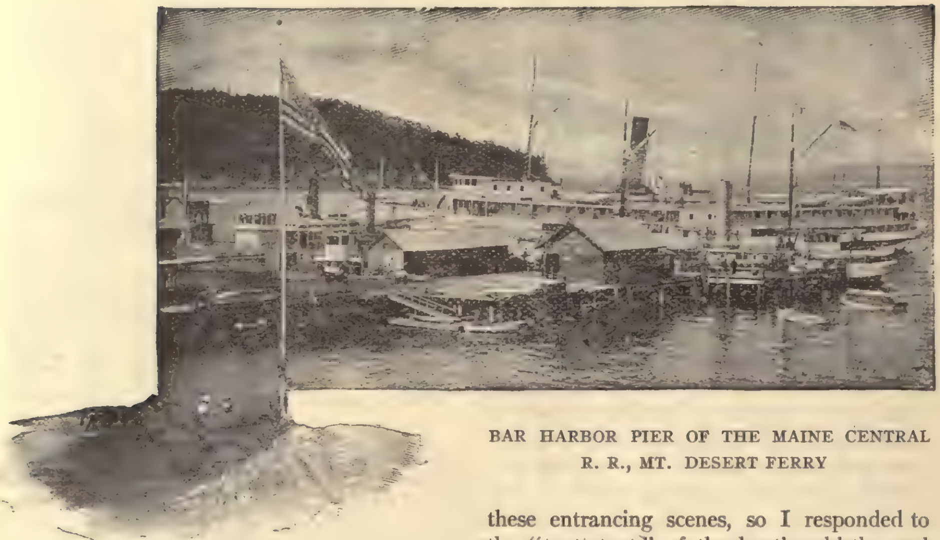
"BAN-Y-BRYN"
A. C. Barney, Esq.
Washington

PIAZZA
"BIDE A WHILE"
J. L. Kellerlenus
Philadelphia

"STANWOOD"
Mrs. Jas. G. Blaine

BAR HARBOR SUMMER HOMES

"But," said Senator Henderson, "he did not mention those points in his address."



BAR HARBOR PIER OF THE MAINE CENTRAL R. R., MT. DESERT FERRY

"No, but he suggested them to my mind, and the suggestions resulted in these conclusions," was the explanation. "Now," he added, "what did *you* learn?"

Senator Henderson was obliged to confess that even during that long and tiresome speech, he had acquired information which was very useful to him.

Mr. Henderson is one of the trustees of the Smithsonian Institution, and resides in Washington during the winter months, where he enjoys the friendship of many of the public men. He was once closely associated with Carl Schurz, in his early days, and I found him reading the reminiscences of this noted man, whom he knew when he began his career in his adopted country.

One feature in the Bar Harbor homes which especially impressed me, was the magnificent display of flowers. Not gorgeous lilies or American Beauty roses, but the simple posies of the field and forest, and such as are usually found in an old-fashioned cottage garden. Here were the dainty ferns and asparagus, and trailing vines, winding among the fragrant blossoms familiar to us in our childhood days. Every home I entered was bright with flowers, that seemed to speak of rest and comfort, suggesting the fine old country homes of Great Britain. It would not be safe for a mere traveling editor to remain too long in the midst of these entrancing scenes, so I responded to the "toot, toot," of the boat's whistle, and hastened back to the outside world.

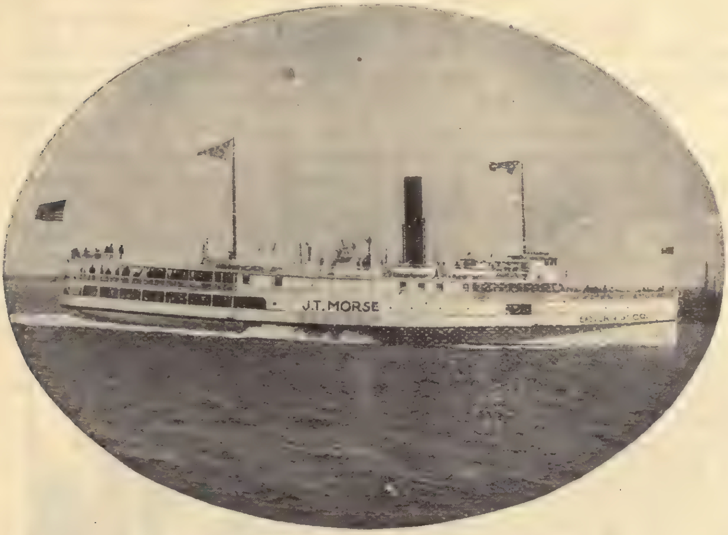
* * *

Soon the sturdy little craft, "J. T. Morse," of the Eastern Steamship Company, was ploughing along that lovely coast, giving us vistas of beauty that looked like peeps into Paradise. To describe an afternoon's cruise among the coast-islands of Maine, Bar Harbor to Rockland, is beyond my command of English. As we went along, the great bases of the islands were seen to be adorned with a white fringe of surf. On either side of us were nooks and coves, into which the sea threw its waters, that were quickly spouted out again. The famous couplet came to my mind:

> "The breaking waves dashed high
> On a stern and rock-bound coast,"

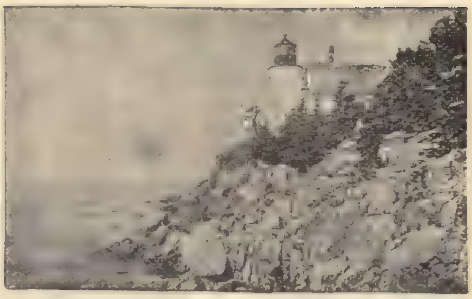
verses tnat describe the landing of the Pilgrims; it occurred to me that these lines might more fitly portray the landing of the ship "Gabriel," which came to these parts in early times from England, rather than the arrival of the Mayflower, which landed at Plymouth, where the "stern and rock-bound coast" does not exist.

At many of these snug, little coves and harbors the boat called, its bell ringing for each stop, and reminding me of the clang of the old schoolhouse bell of childhood. From a dreamy reverie on deck, I was startled about every fifteen minutes by that bell, and rushed to the side to look on, for there was always an interesting scene on these island docks. Here the ubiquitous summer girl lends life and beauty to the scene, with her pompadour, her ribbons, and her brown, brawny arms which offer formidable suggestions for the young men of the future. At one dock, the hawser was handled by a pair of buxom Maine girls, dressed exactly alike in yellow, who, with their sunbrowned hands and arms and streaming golden locks, made a picture that for picturesqueness puts forever out of the race the glories of the oldfashioned tar.



STEAMER J. T. MORSE OF THE EASTERN S. S. CO.

It is entertaining to watch the adjusting dock slips go up and down, as they are regulated by hydraulic force. On the wharves was an interesting indication of the way in which the Maine summer resorters live—piled on the docks were evidences of the epicurean taste of the city dwellers—all the choice tidbits of the season were put ashore by the same hands that brought to the natives their frugal supplies of pork and beans.



OWL'S HEAD LIGHT, ROCKLAND HARBOR

Dotting these islands, were picturesque homes and little, neatly-trimmed lawns, so individual and characteristic—differing from the factory town, where all the houses are exactly alike and are set along in military precision. Even Fifth Avenue, New York, does not evidence such originality among its inhabitants, with its regular piles of brow stone. Even Baltimore and Philadelphia with their elaborate white stone steps, become monotonous for lack of variety. But here, when you look upon the vine-covered cottage, nestling in a clump of trees, and yonder the stately mansion, there is a varied aspect that adds infinitely to the winsomeness of the picture, and is not to be found close to the great world centers.

* * *

Dark Harbor and Islesboro were on our schedule of stops, and toward sunset we entered Rockland Harbor, where stands

THE INCOMPARABLE HOSTELRY OF THE RICKER HOTEL COMPANY, THE SAMOSET

Owl's Head Light, waiting to flash forth its warning as soon as night falls. The fact that the owl's gaze when night comes is steady and almost uncanny, makes the name of this light—with its steady, warning eye gazing over the waters—seem especially appropriate. To the right was the great Rockland Breakwater, where at night the Rockland Flashlight delivers its warning message to the mariner, while Owl's Head Light affirms and corroborates the story from its station opposite. Rockland Harbor is one of the most picturesque inlets along the coast, and here Admiral Evans and his squadron rendezvous during the warm August days.

Rockland is known as the "Governor's Town," for here resides William T. Cobb, Maine's stalwart executive. To the right, as one enters, is that incomparable hostelry of the Ricker Hotel Company, The SamOset. There are busy times about sunset at the Eastern Steamship Company's wharf, when the Bar Harbor boat arrives, and again later when the Bangor boat comes in.

As I looked out over the expanse of Penobscot Bay, my mind ran back to the story of Enoch Arden; I suppose because I recalled the fact that in the early days, this bay was a great fishing ground, the rendezvous of schooners, smacks and fishing craft of all kinds, while the beautiful scenery might well suggest a tale as romantic as that of the luckless Enoch.

Leaving the wharf at Rockland in an automobile, we soon whirled around the sweep of Rockland Bay, and out to the point where stands the SamOset. The wide stretch of water, the lights beginning to twinkle and the soft evening shadows made up a picture that touched the emotions. As we spun along the great drives, I felt as if going to mine own estate, for was I not at the SamOset the day it was opened, and was I not returning home again? Swinging around the promontory—dashing up to the steps—the scene presented by the towers, the wide, long veranda, covered with matting, decorated with gala flags, — the electric lights, red and white — made me feel for the moment that all this might have been done in honor of my home-coming; the fancy was aided by the cordial greeting of A. W. Hodgdon, who has long since won a reputation as one of the premier hotel managers in the country. In the great lobby there was an air of sociability, such as one rarely finds in a hotel; then the wide rooms gave an idea of space and welcome, while the chatting groups showed that the tide of enjoyment was

VERANDA OF THE SAMOSET, OVERLOOKING ROCKLAND HARBOR

THE LOUNGE ROOM, THE SAMOSET

at its full height. Everything suggested that I had arrived at a great country home, and was about to become a member of a delightful house-party. Music was provided by the members of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, and the harmonies mingled sweetly with the voices of the guests. In the large lounge room was a plate glass section, which served as a sort of sounding board. At the left were billiard tables, but no partitions intervened—everything was open and unrestrained.

From the windows of the great dining room may be seen a succession of wonderful landscape pictures, framed in the plate glass—if such pictures as are seen here could be placed on canvas, the painter would be an artist of world-wide fame. On one side lay the great expanse of surf and islands, and on the other stood the Camden Mountains, the only range which touches the surging shores of the Atlantic. The ocean, the islands, the lakes, all the radiating points of beauty within the reach of the eye seemed close at hand—every phase of still life was here outspread for recreation: farm, field, open country, island, mountain and ocean—landscape, sea-view, mountain vista or any other delightful picture that the eye could desire.

What especially impressed me in the atmosphere of the SamOset, was that, although it has as fashionable a clientelle as can be found anywhere, yet the guests have that charming simplicity of manner which befits country life—and it occurred to me that this is a characteristic of the Ricker hotels, wherever located. Another peculiar feature of these hotels, is that one cannot mention the name "Ricker," without at once arousing a thirst for the famous Poland Water. The SamOset has the Rickeresque look about it, and one is filled with wonder remembering how the Ricker boys of Maine began by taking the first load of furniture to the old homestead in a hay-rack, and how they are today pastmasters of the hotel business and rulers in the hotel world, where their mission is to make everyone comfortable and happy.

Not only do they receive new guests each season, but the same persons return season after season and generation after generation; for one who enjoys the hospitality of a Ricker hotel looks no farther, for he knows that here is reached the acme of a summer hotel home.

At the SamOset, as in all the other hotels of this company, there is on every side a watchful attendant, ever anticipating the wants of the guests—and how delightful it is to have one's wants anticipated! The visitors never seem to grow tired of talking of the splendid accommodation they are enjoying here, and of the delightful innovations they find on their return each year. In these hotels there is no grouping in cliques, but every unpleasantness or embryonic disturbance is mysteriously smoothed away.

At the SamOset they go to bed early—everything is quiet by eleven o'clock, even the ballroom being empty by then, and the last good-night said on the veranda—so the guests are ready for an early start on the next day's pleasures. At night the great rugs are folded on the veranda, and before anyone descends next day, everything is neat and bright as the proverbial "new pin."

THE DINING ROOM, SAMOSET

Well, that was a delicious night's rest at the SamOset, and I awoke next morning with the sunshine, and arose to look out once more upon the beautiful grounds and sea-view. I soon discoverd that they "scratch gravel" at the SamOset, for every night the walks and drives are raked over, and the new days open with not a speck defiling the grounds. I descended to an appetizing breakfast of berries, fish, coffee, real cream, and finally, as a "wind up," "raised doughnuts" with pure maple syrup.

Out on the lawn was a pretty scene. Against the background of the sea, were the golfers early at play on the green links, while the tennis players were getting ready in the courts for another tournament. There never seems to be a tiresome or lonely hour at the SamOset, but for those who prefer to be quiet, there is always pleasure in just looking upon the varying hues of the sea or upon the glory of the sturdy mountains. Then there are always handsome books and relays of every paper and magazine for those who desire to read. On the whole, I felt that if the "happy habit" ever could be traced to one radiating center, it would be the SamOset.

It was here that I had the pleasure of meeting Senator L. C. Hanna, brother of Senator Mark Hanna, whose memory the National Magazine will ever cherish. Here, too, I met many other friends, who added much to the enjoyment of my visit.

* * *

Over the country roads, I went to the home of Mr. Cyrus H. K. Curtis, "Beauchamp," where the distinguished publisher of the Ladies Home Journal and the Saturday Evening Post, spends his summer days. At the Camden Golf Club, the golfers had laid down their clubs for the time, in order to decorate for an amateur play which was to be given that evening. It really seemed to me that these decorations had something of the tasteful suggestiveness of the Ladies Home Journal. From the Golf Club we passed to the East shore and the grounds at "Beauchamp." A great many friends of Mr. Curtis wonder why he leaves his beautiful home in Philadelphia so early, to spend so long a time at his summer home in Maine; but no one who has been there will ever marvel at his fondness for the Maine home, for a more picturesque stretch of seacoast does not exist. A passenger on the Bangor boat, looking on Camden shore, said:

"There is the place where I wish to live some day, and pass my time in peace and quiet, tasting the real enjoyment of life."

It was difficult to realize that Mr. Curtis bought a wild stretch of land comparatively a short time ago, and that all this beauty is the work of a few years. The lovely home at Beauchamp, nestles among the natural trees of the locality, from which the underbrush has been cleared. A massive sea-wall has been built, and the view here obtained of Penobscot Bay is one which can never be seen too often. Mr. Curtis' real summer home, however, is his yacht, and his days are passed chiefly upon the water.

Sitting on the veranda at Beauchamp, it is not difficult to realize whence comes the inspiration which has made Cyrus H. K. Curtis the greatest publisher of his day. This summer home has an unparalleled position; the veranda overlooks a seaswept coast, and here not only the freshness and vigor of the beach may be enjoyed, but a mountain climb to Mount Battie may be included in a day's program of pleasure. A miniature Europe is here at command, with fishing and the charm of the islands and lakes. Beauchamp may well be termed a compound of outing pleasures.

Mr. Curtis' yacht is indeed a dream. It has been christened the "Machigonne," the old Indian name of the owner's native place, Portland, Maine, meaning "deep water." She is the pride of her owner, and exhibits the same taste and perfect appointments, which characterize the great establishment in Philadelphia.

BALANCE ROCK, CAMDEN, MAINE

CAMDEN LIES TUCKED AWAY AT THE BASE OF A MOUNTAIN

The day passed all too soon, and it was time for return in the whizzing automobile of Mr. Moffat, who kindly brought me over from the SamOset. We drove over the picturesque roads in the tempered cool of a Maine summer evening.

* * *

You have often heard of the "Bangor boats," and to see the hundreds of people passing to and fro every day on the sea convinces the traveler that this is a popular route to and from "Down East." The boats are built with a view to providing every comfort, and it makes just enough of a sail to give the tourist an idea that he is a thorough seagoer—without the dread experience of seasickness.

What a beautiful sight it was as we left Rockland Harbor in the evening. The last remembrance I have of those pleasant days in Maine is the view of the steady, clear glow of Owl's Head Light, and the winking of the Breakwater Light, as we ploughed out to sea, leaving a great, surging white "wake" glistening in the light of the waxing crescent moon. In the early morning, we picked up Minot's Light, and then Boston Light.

All this pleasure was compressed into two brief July days, and I returned with lungs ballasted with ozone, which brings red corpuscles into the blood and inspiration for new effort and better work. My heavy grip was grasped as if it were a real pleasure to carry it, and I walked from the wharf feeling that no two days of my life had ever been better spent than the forty-eight hours which encompassed a trip to and from the Maine coast. Now I can revel for another twelve months in happy memories of the "Golden-Rod days" that I spent in the state of Maine.

"CITY OF ROCKLAND," ONE OF THE FLEET OF EIGHTEEN STEAMERS OF THE EASTERN S. S. CO., PLYING BETWEEN BOSTON, PORTLAND, BANGOR AND THE MARATIME PROVINCES

# STORIES OF THE WEST

## By W. C. Jenkins

### A GREAT IRRIGATION PROJECT

WHILE in Idaho a few weeks ago, I had the pleasure of being driven over the great tract of land in the Snake River Valley, which will be reclaimed through the irrigation project of the American Falls Canal & Power Company, with head offices at Pocatello, Idaho. Heretofore, this immense area of land has been nothing but a wilderness of sagebrush, and yet the Snake river has for centuries carried waters that, if properly diverted, would make this barren country blossom like the rose. When irrigation was in its infancy, shrewd western men saw the immense possibilities of this beautiful valley, if the waters of the Snake river could be utilized. Investigation showed that a natural point of diversion could be obtained ten miles above Blackfoot, Idaho. Engineers were engaged to make surveys and a corporation, known as the American Falls & Power Company was organized, and then began the work of reclaiming one of the most beautiful tracts of land in the United States. It is pretty difficult to realize the full extent of enterprises of this character, and yet this great project is being carried to completion with the ability and intelligence that always command the admiration of men who admire pluck and energy. The American Falls Canal & Power Company is composed of the leading financiers of the West, with ample financial backing.

It would indeed be difficult to find a region where nature has been more kind and considerate, and this beautiful tract of land in the Snake River Valley will in future years blossom like the rose. The canal will be ready for the irrigation of these lands by next spring. Its completion is being pushed with all possible vigor. The project has been visited by hundreds of people, many of whom have made investments and will next year become actual settlers on the land.

The climatic conditions are all that can be desired—there being an average of 275 days of sunshine each year, and the country is free from those disagreeable extremes of neat and cold that characterize many farming sections of this country. This vast tract of land is susceptible of cultivation that will produce immense profits to the farmer. The soil is principally sandy loam, and varies in depth from ten to twenty feet. Its fertility is unsurpassed. All the tame grasses grow to perfection, while alfalfa, the most nutritious of forage plants, flourishes under the soil and climatic conditions, until the most bountiful crops reward the farmer for his labors. From four to six tons of alfalfa to the acre may be raised and two crops can be harvested each year. All cereals, fruits and vegetables attain the highest state of development in this valley. Wheat averages sixty bushels to the acre, and the beet sugar industry has been tried enough to demonstrate that the soil and climatic conditions are admirably adapted to the growth of the best sugar beets in the world. Immense factories have been constructed to handle this product of the farm.

The American Falls Canal diverts the waters of the Snake river at a point ten miles above Blackfoot, Idaho, and travels in a southwesterly direction about six miles west of the river. The main canal is eighty-five feet wide at the top, seventy feet at the bottom, and carries six feet of water. Its length when completed, will be sixty-five miles. In addition, there will be many miles of laterals and smaller ditches. The canal is being built under the Carey Act, and will reclaim 80,000 acres of land.

There is no section of the West more inviting to the homeseeker than the great Snake River Valley in Idaho. Land under this irrigation project can be purchased for twenty-five dollars an acre, divided into ten annual payments. Land under irrigation projects similar to that of the American Falls Canal & Power Company, but less favorable, have increased in value within two years, after the waters are turned on, from twenty-five to two hundred dollars an acre, and it is safe to say that some immense profits are in store for those who take up their allotted quarter-section under the project of the American Falls Canal & Power Company of Pocatello, Idaho.

* * *

## THE GREAT SALT LAKE

Is the Great Salt Lake drying up? This is a question that affords an opportunity for endless discussion by scientist and layman alike. That recent years have witnessed a surprisingly rapid shrinkage is an admitted fact, but whether this shrinkage will continue and the disappearance of the lake within the next few decades be an actuality, are interesting matters that will engage the attention of the people of the West. The Great Salt Lake is a body of natural brine occupying the main depression within the Salt Lake Valley in the north-central part of Utah. It has been an object of curiosity since the first English narrative regarding it appeared in 1735.

Much has been written about the Great Salt Lake, and during the period of human occupancy, it has been the subject of much individual study. Washington Irving's account, published under the title, "Adventures of Captain Bonneville," has rightfully found a place in the treasury of American literature. It is fortunate, however, that Mr. Irving's efforts to change the name of the lake proved futile. An effort was being made by certain persons to name the great body of salt water, Lake Bonneville. Washington Irving joined the chorus, but the appropriateness of the name, Great Salt Lake, was too plainly apparent to be disregarded.

When the Mormon pioneers came to Utah in search of a permanent home, the great lake was an object of much curiosity. They saw a sterile valley, walled in by mountains on all sides but one, the lowest portions occupied by a lake of brine. A more forbidding spectacle would be hard to find, but they were hungry and footsore, weakened by the vicissitudes of desert camps and mountain journeys, and when Brigham Young proclaimed the scene in front of them as "the promised land," camp was pitched, and before the sun set that day, work had been begun on an undertaking which has excited the admiration of both the friends and enemies of the Mormon people.

It has required many years of strenuous effort to transform the Great Salt Lake Valley into its present garden site. The Great Lake is the pride of the people of Utah, and its gradual shrinkage is being noted with regret by all.

* * *

## BREYFOGLE MINE, DEATH VALLEY

Now that the craze for gold has again reached that interesting stage, when men are willing to brave indescribable dangers and hardships in search of wealth, the recollection of bygone days often brings to mind many incidents that make up the history of the West.

Many interesting legends are told regarding Death Valley, and some of the fascinating accounts of exciting experiences by the pioneer gold hunters would read like a novel. While gold seems to be the underlying cause of the great interest taken in Death Valley, yet a mysterious fascination takes possession of those who brave its dangers. The happenings in this uninviting tract, whereby scores have lost their lives will never be told, yet at the bottom of all may be traced a craze for the yellow metal that lured these men to their death. Death Valley is the same now as in days gone by; the old Indian trails and signs still point the way from spring to spring with the approximate distances and the accompanying information whether the water is good or bad. To the tenderfoot, these guiding monuments mean nothing—it is only to those familiar with the Indian customs that the signs are of any value. At intervals, beside the trails are monuments of stone, with a pointed rock indicating which direction the traveler should take. Two rocks pointing in opposite directions mean that the country ahead is impassable. In order to convey the information that a spring is half a day's travel, ahead metate stones have been placed in the sand. A metate stone is a rock hollowed in the center and used by the Indians for grinding acorns for flour.

Death Valley has never been faithfully described; its dangers are all that were ever painted. At times a man or beast would mire out of sight, and at other times the shifting sands would bury them alive; and yet the experienced traveler across the valley seldom meets with misfortune. He knows where he may go, and how to prepare for emergencies.

Somewhere in Death Valley is the Breyfogle mine, and several million dollars await the man who can find it. Away back in the fifties, Breyfogle was fitted out by prominent men of Austin, Nevada, and started on a prospecting tour. After several days' search, in Death Valley, he discovered some of the richest gold quartz the world has ever seen. Great chunks of free gold permeated the rock, and to the dazzled eyes of Breyfogle the quantity seemed limitless. The happy prospector filled his sacks with specimens, and started for Austin. In the excitement of his discovery, however, Breyfogle had forgotten that his water supply was only intended for a week, a period which had elapsed, and before he had traveled far on his return trip, he found himself without water. Crazed with thirst, his horses stampeded and ran into an Indian camp. The Indians started in search of their owner and when they found Breyfogle he was nearly dead. After several days' care by the Indians, he was able to proceed on his journey homeward with his specimens. Breyfogle made a number of efforts to locate the property again, but without success. Thousands of daring prospectors have gone out in search of the Breyfogle mine, and some have never come back, but the exact location of this valuable property is still a mystery. Breyfogle's pick and shovel are at the mine where he left them, aud the person who locates them will stand upon many millions of gold.

* * *

## P. H. CANNON, PRESIDENT OF MANY COMPANIES

Among the many eastern men who braved the dangers and hardships of the West in the early days, and who through industry and economy combined with intelligent energy have acquired distinction in the mining world, may be mentioned a former Boston citizen, Mr. P. H. Cannon. Mr. Cannon left Boston in 1872 and selected Virginia City, Nevada, as a place of residence. In those days, Virginia City was a hive of industry. Men were being made millionaires in a surprisingly short time, and young Cannon determined to acquire some of the rich mineral lands that have given Nevada the distinction of being one of the wealthiest mining states in the Union. Success does not always come by chance. and it required several years of intelligent observation before Mr. Cannon saw the right paths that led to mining success. During his quarter of a century's experience in Nevada, he has witnessed the folly of hundreds of eastern men who have come West with a greater surplus of money than brains, and he points with much amusement to the scores of monuments to departed wealth that exist in the mining sections of Nevada. Mr. Cannon is president of the following mining companies: The Old Imperial Mining & Milling Company, The Biscuit Mining Company, White Pine Gold Mining & Milling Company, all of Cherry Creek, Nevada. These mines are among the most promising in the Cherry Creek district.

It is not surprising that eastern people have lost millions of dollars in western mining ventures. Mining is a science, and a knowledge of those details necessary to obtain success can only be gained by long experience. In hundreds of cases where mining corporations have been formed in the east, some relative or particular friend of the principal stockholders was sent to the camp to assume the responsibilities of superintendent of the mine. Sometimes this man is a confidential bookkeeper or a retired minister. The stock holders know such men will watch their money with a zealous eye, but they overlook the fact that a knowledge of mining is the most important necessity.

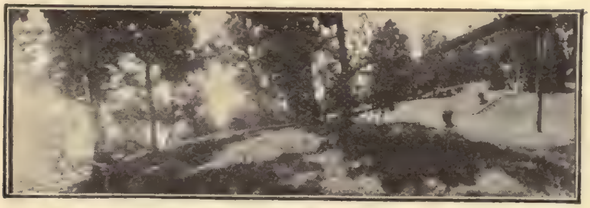
As an illustration of the blissful ignorance of eastern mining men regarding mining, the following incidents may be mentioned. In the year 1870, Boston and New York capitalists obtained possession of property at Belmont, Nevada. Without determining whether they had a mine, they built what is known as the "Combination Mill," and which stands today as a typical monument to eastern ignorance. This mill can be seen for forty miles across the valley. It is a magnificent structure, built of brick, with a chimney 200 feet high. The mill never ran a day, because the company had no mine. The childlike simplicity of these eastern financiers is amusing to mining men, who understand the effect upon a brick mill which would result from several hundred stamps constantly dropped for a few weeks.

In 1886, a company of St. Louis men bought a piece of mining property at Spruce Mount, Elco County, Nevada. The property contained a mill and smelter, and the person selected to manage the new mining company was a minister of the gospel. The smelter was fired up and the mine became a busy hive of industry. Everything was running in first-class shape. Promptly at twelve o'clock on the first Saturday night, the minister-foreman shut down the mill and smelter, in order, as he said, to give the men a chance to "praise God, from whom all blessings flow," on the Sabbath day. At twelve o'clock Sunday night, when he attempted to resume operation, he was confronted with the knowledge that the furnaces were all cold. It took four days to clean them out and get the fires started again. As the dawn of the next Sabbath approached, the minister directed the men to "coal up" for Sunday. That day was spent as was the preceding Sabbath, and with the same discovery when an attempt was made to resume operations on Monday. It is related that in two weeks as superintendent, the minister succeeded in running the smelter three full days. The miners became disgusted and quit in a body, and it dawned upon the minister that the ten commandments must be broken or the mine could not be operated.

* * *

## PIONEER DAY IN UTAH

Pioneer Day in Utah is full of interest to the people of this wealthy western state. It is a general holiday, and the old Mormon pioneers meet and exchange greetings. There are various exercises in which the "47ers," with their ancient emigrant wagons, participate; besides, there are sham Indian attacks on the emigrants and various other features of an interesting character. July 24, 1847, Brigham Young led his little band of 142 followers into the Salt Lake Valley, and then began the work of founding a commonwealth in a manner more wonderful and perhaps more unique than that of any other commonwealth known to history. After a turmoil of trouble and persecution in the eastern states, the Mormon pioneers sought refuge in the wilderness beyond the Rocky mountains, where they endeavored to establish a haven of peace. That these enthusiastic men made grievous mistakes in their early days in Utah, cannot be successfully contradicted, but the errors may have been to a large extent unintentional. Utah has invariably been a troubled state. Factions and religious contention have caused bitter feelings and a rich and beautiful country has been grievously wronged. Bitter feelings between the Mormons and Gentiles prevail today. Time, in its gentle manner, seems to have caused a haze, something like that of Indian summer, to drift in between the people of today and those of the polygamy era, and as the years go on, this haze will more and more soften to the view the outline of the harsh aspects and conditions of those incidents that caused serious blots to be cast upon the history of the Mormon people. In an early issue of the National Magazine, I shall endeavor to describe the present business and social conditions in Utah.



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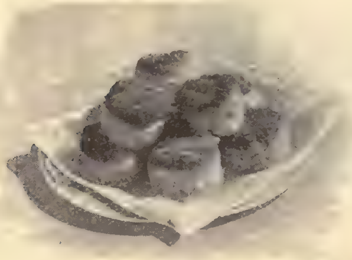
*Armour food products always have been sold on their merits. They are as good today as they were yesterday. They will be better tomorrow if we can make them so.*

## Pastry Made Perfect



¶ For making biscuits that will "melt in the mouth," for pastry, or eve "shortening" purpose, there is nothing like Armour's "Simon Pure" L Lard. This is so because it is a *special* la It is made entirely of selected, flaky kid fat, rendered in open kettles to remove o indigestible substances. This pure lard — very "cream of lard" — is as sweet and cl and as easily digested as the best butter. is the cheapest lard in the long run, beca there is no risk and no waste in using While it may cost a few cents more than other lards, the saving in unspo

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